

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume II

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, November 24, 1951

Number 4

THE POWER BEHIND UTOPIA . .

WE ARE confronted by the reality of a dominant Internationalism. Go into any movie theatre in America and listen to the News Weeklies or the subtly clever propaganda in such current events features as *Time Marches On!* Pick up any publication on the nearest newsstand. Everywhere and in all of these the doctrine of a United Nations world is being inexorably promoted.

Only to those persons "wise as serpents and harmless as doves" does it occur that United Nations and the International Idea are by no means promoting themselves. United Nations is by no means a spontaneous change of heart on the parts of the statesmen of the world to resolve their troubles by universal cooperation.

No, there is something tremendous to be gained by the cleverest and mightiest power bloc on earth, in craftily shifting the attention and interest of the vast American public away from its own nationalism, and making it appear that this World Parliament Idea is invincible, inexorable, and the induction of Utopia.



Only the mightiest power bloc on earth could divert the whole trend of propaganda at this particular time to the feat of "raising the standard of civilization all over the globe" at the expense of a quarter of the wages paid to the American working-man every Friday night.

IT LOOKS to the naive that an altruistic change has come over the pattern of life among the nations and all are learning the lessons of helping each other. The truly sophisticate, however, ask themselves this question—

can it be possible that United Nations has been permitted to come into existence to serve a far different purpose than its progenitors supposed?

Such gigantic departures in statecraft never come about by themselves or at the whimsical manufacture of predatory interests. They would not be permitted to come to fruition on such an international scale if the ultimate design was a permanent mischief. On that we can rely if we can put the slightest credence whatever in the faith that Almighty God has His fingers in such developments.

At the present time United Nations seems a fetus of the super-State, designed to supercede Constitutionalism as we know it here in America, and exert a controlling hand over the destinies of whole races and peoples, our own not exempted. Already in New York the courts have decided that the premises of the new super-state are not American territory. Even the Manhattan police have no jurisdiction over that particular part of the city's territory where the United Nations headquarters spread . . .

BUT PERHAPS the "powers that be" in the higher realms of Cosmos have seen in United Nations an assembly of statesmen and representatives of foreign peoples that can be made to serve the loftiest constructive purposes when, as, and if some great international demonstration is required to create a new transcendent order in this earth.

What more propitious rostrum could exist in the world for a display of the Christ Epiphany if the Man of the Ages elected to show Himself to the nations in a spectacle proving His literal return to earth?

This is something to give more than capricious toleration.

Christ people must put faith to the test in this.

Either they believe that Transcendental Powers supervise or influence the mass affairs of this world, and see good coming out of evil, or there is no God, no Christ, and no Higher Moral Order that cares anything about this planet on which we dwell. In that direction lies stark atheism, and we are existing in Hell indeed.

The fact, however, that we can have one demonstration of the supervising at- of Our Elder Brother in the affairs of the least of us, is proof that He never

went away from the surface of this planet 1900 years bygone and left it to run hit-or-miss until He came again.

His Voice addressing Saul on Damascus Road—thereby creating the Apostle Paul as progenitor of the Christian Church—proves He went nowhere, at least He didn't leave the planet at His ascension or He couldn't have made Saul and his companions hear His voice as He did.

The Voice that has apparently dictated 257 chapters of the Golden Speakings, supplying us with the 844 pages of superlative counsel, that began transcribing in Manhattan of 1929, ought to be added attestation that He has the affairs of the nations under His daily supervision down here in the present.

Would He permit a gigantic piece of international dictatorship to come to fruition in San Francisco in 1945, and continue work that was to be forever arbitrary in Lake Success and presently Manhattan, when one word from Him lodged in the right quarters could have forestalled the whole conspiracy?

The only conclusion we can reach is, that this great international body is due to be used by the God Forces in ways that we cannot at present suspect . . .



NO particular damage has been done as yet in international councils by the creation of United Nations. True, the Korean War has been launched, but the Korean War at present is pegging down the vast hordes of embattled Chinese that might otherwise have started westward long since, with the driving of Kiang Kai-Chek off the Asiatic mainland. On the other hand, the Golden Speakings of the Elder Brother have assured us over and over again that with the squaring off of Orient and Occident for the great and real test of world military strength, the date is thereby indicated for some sort of majestic epiphany.

Today we have the most dour predictions of what United Nations can accomplish as a super-state, coming under the domination of an international finan-

cial group. But that's an eventuality that can work both ways. What can United Nations accomplish as a super-state if suddenly taken out of the hands of mercenary or surreptitious interests and used as a great constructive agency by Divine Power? To say that this cannot occur is to declare that such Powers do not exist . . .

TOO MANY people fail to realize the general effect it's due to exert on the mass thinking of the world to have a visual demonstration made of the literality of Christ. The atheists and Machiavellians now pursuing cynical and materialistic ends, take for granted that the whole Christian Hypothesis is a fanaticism and superstition. Christ may or may not have lived, but that He was any Son of God causes them a superior and supercilious smile. At any rate, He was merely a debatable moral instructor who lived and died nineteen centuries in the past, like any other human person. The strange thing that they could prove up for themselves in logic—since they lean so heavily on logic en masse—is the circumstance that if it be demonstrated in one seance room that any cobbler or schoolteacher has survived the experience called Death, then the assumption is irrefutable that the Great Teacher of Galilee must have survived it. If the cobbler or schoolteacher can give an unchallengeable exhibit of "materialization"—which the publishers of this journal have witnessed not once but a score of times—by what law of rhyme or reason can it be doubted that the Greatest Character Who Ever Lived on this Earth lacks similar capability to thus coagulate Himself anew in atoms?

There is a Power behind Utopia in this instance that is fearsome in its significance.

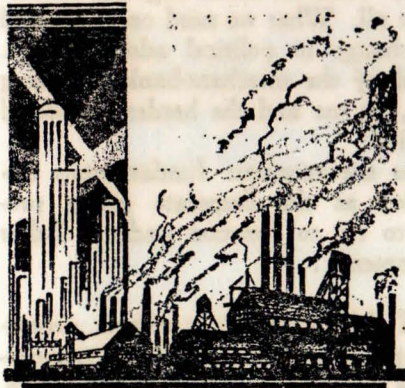
It is always a tragic circumstance to close the eyes and mind to the possible literality of Holy Spirit. It is a sentimental conjecture to millions. It is a very real and deadly force in the philosophy of metaphysical adepts . . .

THE POINT is, that there are those in the great body politic not bemused nor bamboozled one little bit by the massive and innocuous propaganda coming in a flood from the money-mills of the Machiavellians. The situation being created is a dangerous one. Ameri-

(Continued on Page 11)

Little Lessons in Economics . .

The Five Men on the Desert Isle



MR. AVERAGE Man does not understand Economics. All he does is suffer blindly from it. Economics is "the science that investigates the conditions and laws affecting the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth or the material means of satisfying human desires." The name for this science comes from the old Latin *peconomicus*, meaning orderly or methodical. The word *pecuniary* derives from the same root.

A queer paradox of life—and human nature—is, that whereas everybody is interested in money because of the goods it procures, the means by which it is produced, distributed, and consumed, holds interest for a peculiar type of mind only.

Only when money runs out, and nobody has any, does the layman try to grasp what it's all about.

Meantime, individuals composing great power blocs actually don't want the layman to know too much about it, because it's through Money—its excess or scarcity—that society can be supervised.

NOW THERE'S truly nothing complex to understand about Economics excepting the terms by which it's presented. All the layman requires to do is reduce the two billion souls alive physically on the planet at any given time, to five men shipwrecked on a desert island. For the island, substitute the planet itself, surrounded inescapably by ether instead of water. What goes for the five men, goes for the two billion.

Basically considered it's as simple as this—

One man agrees to scratch the surface of the island and raise tubers for food, that the five may eat. He's the farmer.

The second man agrees to catch and tame a certain number of wild goats, that their hides may be sheared and hair woven into clothing. He's essentially the manufacturer.

The third man will make a business of digging resinous fuel out of the soil, that it may be available during inclement weather. He's the miner.

The fourth man will pace the shoreline all day, either watching for sails of a rescue ship or fighting off predatory beasts that sally down occasionally from the mountains at the back. He's the soldier.

The fifth man will say, "I will see to it that the tubers raised by the first man, the mohair garments made by the second man, and the resinous stuff dug in piles by the third man, are apportioned among all five of us, and that means are effected for translating the amount of labors of each one into the labors of the rest." He's the merchant, and in a sense the banker.

The five fall to, and proceed to live their lives, permanently isolated from their kind. They can eat, clothe themselves, and keep warm in cold weather. But three of them are what we call "productive" and two are what we call "non-productive."

Three are supporting themselves, and two others. Mark those two others!

ACTUALLY it's the largess of God Almighty that's providing them with tubers that grow from the soil when it's properly prepared, with wild-goat life that's the basis for their raiment, and with the peat or coal that's brought to the surface of the ground to keep all five from perishing when wintry temperature goes down to zero. However, the five

take God Almighty's largess for granted. The largess is only available actually as they make it available by getting busy and "working" for it.

The lives of the three productive castaways could go on if the fourth and fifth men met with tragic mishap. But the reverse isn't true. Kill off the first three, and the soldier and merchant have no way to subsist.

But that's only the beginning of it.

THE TIME arrives, let's say, when the peat-digger and wild-goat shearer decide that "only suckers work" . . . They serve notice on the rest that henceforth they're going to help the big stalwart patrol the shoreline, or sit in the hut with the merchant and help keep the accounts.

"But you'll throw our economic system out of balance if you do that," cries the merchant-banker.

"So what?" ask the herder and miner. "We can eat so long as the tuber grower brings in his seasonable crop of potatoes. If you don't like us quitting our departments, you and the soldier tend the goats or work the shovels."

"That's not our work. We're not equipped for it," the soldier and merchant protest.

But the herder and miner only shrug, and take life easier. The farmer has to work doubly hard, because he has to take on such herding and digging as he has time to do. Thus four men are living non-productively off the labors of the one.

Well, the overworked first man can't keep up the pace, falls sick, and has to quit.

"Where's the food?" the four are presently demanding.

"There isn't any," says the merchant, "because we've piled too much work on the shoulders of the one."



Heart's Acre

There lies a ragged, unkempt yard of graves
 Somewhere,
 Beneath whose sod are sleeping all the Unborn
 Things,
 The poignant, futile things, I ever sought to do . . .
 And hid below kind willows tilt the motley stones
 That mark each eager aspiration of the past,
 With brave but mossy fronts awaiting deeds anew.

There are great mausoleums in that Acre Old,
 That cost much rock for august walls and portals
 grim,
 And years of strain and weeks of sleepless wrack,
 But like the smallest, thinnest stone the Briers of
 Time
 Creep up and work their havoc at no lesser pace
 Than any corner slate that vines may crack.

I do not wander often in that Vale of Hurt
 And never in the sunlight, for each dawn finds
 Me greeting still more Noble Hunger as my guest;
 I go there in the deep grey eves of hopes forgot,
 When worlds and willows weep; perhaps in whisp'ring
 nights
 Or in those border hours that come 'twixt fret and
 rest.

But when I visit that love-hallowed spot in tryst,
 One sweetly solemn thought leaves with me out
 the gate:
 I know I love the smallest, humblest stones the best!

"No," cries the miner angrily, "it's not that at all. What we need on this island is a change in political administration. Instead of the merchant-banker running things, let me and the herder be elected to do it."

Thus are economic fundamentals disregarded as the desperate group proceeds to try to function under a Labor Government . . .

BUT NOTHING is solved, excepting theoretically. The two non-productive workers had been bad enough, but when they became four, living off the labors of the one, the island actually had established a bureaucracy.

The sick farmer wracks his brains for a solution to their predicament as he lies on his cot in a heatless hut, but the problem is too much for him. The herder comes in and they talk it over. Both are agreed that Economics is beyond them. It would be going back to "horse-and-buggy days" for the three manual workers to return to labor and do an honest day's work. So long as the merchant-banker works with his head instead of his hands or muscles, they all want to work with their heads instead of hands or muscles. Working with their heads instead of hands or muscles is Progress and the New Order of Things.

Meantime, of course, all five are growing hungrier and hungrier, and their clothing is wearing out, and they are living without heat of any kind. In desperation the merchant-banker colludes and conspires with the soldier.

"You're big enough physically to trounce these three bumptious nitwits and *make* them go back to producing," the merchant-banker says. "You overthrow this Labor Government with its four-to-one bureaucracy and beat the living daylight of the farmer, herder, and miner—in other words, make them work by force. Then all of us will eat again and you and I will control the Situation."

When the soldier has been promised a hog-share of tubers, garments, and fuel for acting thus as straw-boss, he sallies forth with a club he has cut and thrashes the three producers so soundly that they assent to returning to hard manual labor rather than suffer more of it.

The Five eat again and are reasonably clothed and warmed. But it is a forced situation, that lasts only so long as the Soldier stays on guard.

(Continued on Page 11)

What Happens to Theology when Electronophones Connect Us with Eternity?



*Have You
Realized
that Science
Is Bridging
the Abyss
Between
the
Worlds?*

ing to assure the living what they have been trying to say to them through the agency of spiritist mediums for years, that no such designations await either the wicked or the "saved" as ecclesiasticism now avows.

Survival of human personality and consciousness after death of body is already attested in ten thousand cases—something that only the grossly ignorant or blindly prejudiced are at present unaware of. But being able to talk articulately with such "graduated" persons by means of inter-plane communicating systems, must revolutionize the whole hypothesis of conventional dogma.

Some theologians and clergymen are already preparing themselves for such adjustment. But the blindly and fanatically orthodox are due to have a hard time of it. They will find themselves so pitifully without cues.

That our great church systems have been preaching and teaching grandiose error and ancient conjecture about the destinations of souls in the After-Life, instead of scientific fact, is due to be a shattering blow for Fundamentalists to take. The immediate reaction for a time may well be the disgruntled repudiation of all religion. Then gradually, the people in the Transcendent State themselves may win back their earth-relatives to faith in matters spiritual.

But sooner or later the thing must be faced . . .

SOULCRAFT has recounted at some length, in one of its Weekly Scripts, the investigated and corroborated occurrence of a young man, drowned in a New Jersey lake, who "found a way" some ten months after burial of his body, to "hook up" the mechanism of an affluent Philadelphia woman's apartment-hotel telephone and talk with her audibly over a period of months. Every mechanical test possible was put to the switchboard and instrument, and no hoax found involved. The young man's fiancee and relatives

SAYING that "it simply can't happen, therefore we've got nothing about which we need worry" is a primitive or childish view to take of the prospect. The fact has to be faced that we shall not have proceeded much further toward the twenty-first century before telephony between the planes of life—between the living and the "dead" if you prefer—will be as common as calling the grocer to order a pound of butter. Already the feat has been done, in isolated instances. In authenticated cases, given little or no publicity for fear of "offending" ecclesiastical authorities—who are teaching far different locations for the departed soul than the soul itself attests—persons commonly credited as being "dead" have made their voices audible

through present-day telephone equipment. But the "catch" in it, preventing the practice from becoming widespread, is the fact that telephone receivers involved have to be "magnetized" by the personal vibrations of those doing the listening. What this magnetizing consists of, is the enigma to be cracked. But the fact that it has been done—talking across the telephone wire from higher dimensions—although in isolated instances, proves that mechanically it is possible. And if it has been done mechanically, it is only a question of time before it is done universally.

The name of the instrument will probably be the Electronophone . . .

THE DAY that it is done marks the date when the "hell-fire and brimstone" doctrines of Christendom are due to totter and crash. The "dead" are go-

"listened in" and recognized the departed lad's voice. The Philadelphia lady, long an invalid, desiring no ribald notoriety, kept news of the phenomenon confined strictly to her intimates. But the young man declared he was able to make such connection because her constant use of the one instrument to carry on her affairs from a sick bed, had "magnetized" it—and this magnetism was the medium he could employ to get Higher-Life auditions of his voice upon the wire.

Incidentally, he recounted conditions of his existence that squared one hundred percent with the descriptions of survival already recorded in the Soulcraft books and literature. Likewise he gave audible higher-life instructions to the lady in the case about her physical condition and the remedies to apply to cure it. She followed his orders and was restored to health and use of her paralyzed limbs. Her astounded physician could offer no explanations.

The whole episode was hyper-dimensional.

THE RECORDER of the Soulcraft doctrine has since had similar cases vouched for, by apparently reliable correspondents. Not knowing these persons as intimately as he came to know the lady in Philadelphia, however, and having no opportunity to check on possible frauds, he refrains from listing these additional instances.

But in his own Extra-Sensory Perception work he has received advices from personages on higher planes of consciousness that the discovery—when it comes—will pertain more to developments in the field of electronics than strictly to telephony. The microphones of the various wire and tape recorders in the electronic-voice fields apparently lend themselves to more sensitive and facile adaption than the hard-rubbed tympana of common telephones.

The day, nonetheless, that the first voice comes from the After-Life clearly and audibly will mark an achievement as epochal as that of Alexander Graham Bell on hearing his assistant's voice reach him over a wire from another quarter of the Bell laboratory back in 1876.

HOWEVER, the impact on conventional church dogma, from hearing the literal and audible attestments of hundreds and perchance thousands of departed people giving the lie to dogmatic assertions about the nature of the Here-

after, must be nothing short of terrific. Those "departed" people, telling their earthly relatives precisely how it was and is with them, and concretely and minutely detailing what the after-life conditions are, in voices that are familiarly recognizable, will attest positively and sacrosanctly to the literality of the Christ in the higher dimensions, but not as to heaven and hell. They can be expected to state flatly that on the loftier actaves of life there is no evidence of there being any hell, anywhere, at any time.

The toughest pill for the Fundamentalists to swallow will undoubtedly be the illumination from the spiritually erudite that the individual human soul returns into earth-life again and again, in different races and dispensations, to augment its spiritual progress and advancement. The Plan of Salvation, of which the evangelical denominations make so much, will be the revelation that each man and

woman works out his or her own salvation, up vast series of lives in mortal bodies. *There is, in other words, no Vicarious Atonement*, as today's churchman understands and expounds it.

Of course the devil will come in for responsibility for any such invention—just as he formerly came in for responsibility for invention of the telescope—a devil who doesn't exist and never has existed. Evil and ignorance will be found to be synonymous, nothing more.

All of it must mean that the organized church revamps its entire religious philosophy.

Theology will no longer be able to terrify people into being good. Goodness must ever be an achievement on its own merits and because it spells faster and higher spiritual advancement.

Once the church had to take a body-blow from the discovery of the aforementioned

(Continued on Page 11)



TOLD in a 1944 issue of the *San Francisco Examiner* is the eerie tale of the constant materializations of whole armies of 'dead' peons, slaughtered in the building of a jungle railroad through a particularly difficult district of South America. The tale merits mention in this STRANGE EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT as attestment of phenomena from a strictly commercial source—

SAD armies of ghosts, the specters of the thousands upon thousands of white and brown men who lost their lives building its 226 miles, today are seriously hindering operations on the "world's most expensive railroad."

The story was told recently when, still

Strange Experiences

Engineers on Railroad through Jungle Saw Ghosts

shaking and jittery from his experiences, Andrew L. Higgins, a "boomer" American railroad engineer, came by plane down the Amazon from Porto Bello to Para, after working for a year on the famous Madeira-Mamore Railroad, which links the upper Amazon with northeastern Bolivia.

"I quit," Higgins abruptly told his friends in Para. It was a good job, he explained, so far as the work and pay and living conditions were concerned. "But," he continued, "there was one spot I had to pass about midnight that was driving me nuts. And I defy anyone to run an engine over that line very long and be able to stand it. I know people say there's no such thing as a ghost, but they can't tell me that, for I've seen whole armies of 'em, and not just once either."

He described how, about midnight, on every run between the terminals of the short line railroad he passed the little village of Candelaria. It was there that

(Continued on Page 11)

Why Small Children Die in Babyhood . .

Infant Fatalities Pose Problem, Answered in
 "Why Did This Have to Happen to Me?" Series . .



PATHETIC case in the newspaper tonight. Phil Jones, local truckman, was backing his machine from his garage this morning when his small son, Jackie, ran carelessly behind the truck and was unspeakably crushed. The grief-stricken father was not held. The boy had toddled down the kitchen steps when his mother went to an inner room to answer a phone-call.

Why do such things happen to parents who seemingly deserve no such penalty, not to mention the cutting off of the four-year-old's life almost before he had begun it?

We find the answer in the lore of the Ageless Wisdom that has to do with the purposes for which all souls come into life. Repeat mortal existence is the key to it.

There is truly no such thing as a "child soul", of course. There are only souls occupying children's bodies for the few years that they are growing to physical maturity. They have come into life anew, to gain some particular phase of worldly experiencing concerned with their spiritual progress. What the specific thing is, may be known only to themselves.

But deep in their subconscious minds they are carrying the need of it and the estimate of the conditions that will supply it. If they come into a given environment, whether by prearrangement with a given pair of adults or not, and their prospects seem abortive, in nine out of ten cases something "tragic" will happen to them to carry them back upon the Planes of Thought for a more propitious try.

A lengthy paper on "Why Little Children Die in Childhood" transmitted to the Soulcraft Recorder in 1929, is particularly pertinent in explaining this

morning's tragedy at the Jones' home. Let's see what it tells us—

When men and women come into life as little children, they are uniformly led to expect that certain environments will surround them from time to time while they are growing up. They have, in a manner of speaking, provided for such environments and later life influences arising from such environments, by the character of the parents whom they have selected to bring them to manhood and womanhood. They count on such parents to produce such environments as a matter of course. They expect certain conditions to accrue to them which will result in the influences they want brought to bear on their developing lives and thus give them the benefits needed to fully expand and refine their characters.

Now if the race could only know it, parents are always chosen by the children, never the children by the parents. Those on the Higher Planes of life go over humanity regularly, if the term will be allowed, scouting the field to behold and tabulate the expectant mothers—for bear in mind it is another truism that the soul does not necessarily enter the infant organism at the moment that the procreational functions have been completed. At any time up to the actual moment of birth, the soul may enter in and take possession of the organism that it is to bring to maturity. And this moment is carefully calculated, so that all the vibratory factors in the cosmos will be correct for the successful execution of the ministry to itself or to others according to the laws maintaining in such cases.

This being true, it naturally follows that birth is quite often an expediency. That is to say, a child who is an old, old soul with such a mission to execute at a particular time, that is, at a special period in the world's history, will make the best arrangements it can, or be satis-

fied with the nearest conditions prevailing at the moment, that approximate the situations it would like to have encompassed when it becomes a full-fledged human being.

Think what this means, you who are ignorant of the most essential natural processes, and who think that birth is the result of accident in the physical indulgences of married people.

A man and a woman marry and have children. But it by no means follows that under one set of material conditions they would have the same child souls with them, to raise to maturity, that they would have under another. The child determines not only whom it wants to be born by, but what the time shall be when it makes its advent, and how it shall conduct itself, or be conducted by the parents, up to a certain date in maturity when it branches off for itself and thereafter lives its independent life.

What we are getting at is this: the child makes the best shift it can to arrive in the world by the parents who will best treat it for furnishing those factors in the life equation that will approximate its wanted goals. It agrees to forego certain benefits in one direction to receive others in another. It acts on expediency, as we put it, and receives what the resultant environment has to give.

All this might be termed accident of a sort. And yet it is not strictly accident. The soul *knows*, and in knowing it is more or less equipped temperamentally to combat the rigors of later life. It knows that it has expected to get certain increments of a basic nature from those parents and that environment. It proceeds on its mission to itself or others in life and takes a sort of gamble that in the main it will achieve those ends which caused its entrance into life at all.

Uniformly, let it be said, it does so.

(Continued on Page 11)

Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality. published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. II NOVEMBER 24, 1951 No. 4

Low Bridge



HERE'S something that's a fairly grave matter to give consideration. A balance sheet of all the working capital of the corporations and private business firms of the United States shows the grand total to be in the neighborhood of 70 billions of dollars. And a couple of weeks ago this current Congress passed a 60 billion annual tax bill, most of the money to be spent on armament that has no productive value, on foreign commitments by virtue of which we pay for Britain's socialistic aberrations or build hydro-power plants on the Upper Nile or on Chinese Formosa. No one in his senses denies that Uncle Sam collects taxes in cash, on the barrel-head. The taxpayer, whether he be corner grocer or plutocratic manufacturer, has to write off money for his federal taxes as already expended. In other words, it's ear-marked for departure from corporate asset-sheets on a given date.

Very good then. Behold Uncle Whiskers in the business of commandeering 90 percent of the liquid capital of all private and corporate business in the nation within the next twelve months. It amounts to that. And where is substitute capital coming from to replace this wholesale lesion of working money? One man's guess is as good as another's.

If there's no substitute capital to take its place, American business can't operate and taxes have finished the American economy—*just as Lenin predicted!*

VALOR has in its files the more or less tragic compilation of the working capital

of all American business. The present Congress has made it mandatory that Business relinquish this operating wealth within the next twelve months.

All of it means that the payoff shall have arrived for the insufferable military situation overseas and the equally insufferable labor situation at home. We've tossed our money to every improvident people under the sun, or let horse-and-buggy Russia be used as a pistol at our heads, to disgorge on the excuse of military necessity. But here's the payoff for Labor—if corporations can't do business because their capital has been drained off, and a socialist type of federal takeover is the alternative, Labor may be locked in the permanent strait jacket of the Civil Service, where the pay is frozen and all future right to strike abolished.

It's no longer a question of whether or not these gargantuan costs of bureaucratic government—with foreign aid and excessive military expenses—will bankrupt the American economy. What the effect is, that's been sought from the beginning, is to produce a situation where all citizens depend on government for their sustenance.

This is the "take-over"—obviously—of which we've heard so much.

View it dispassionately, VALOR says.

There's a Low Bridge ahead. But out on the other side there's a triumphal re-entry to the renewed integrity of the forefathers.

That's where this whole conspiracy is due to fall down. Its progenitors scoffing at Christ and the Christ Men as being any serious factor in the "settlement".

We shall see!

Roman Stability



IT'S a valuable service the Roman Catholic Church is rendering civilization just now, albeit a situation not intentionally of Rome's making. She's unalterably opposed to Communism, and probably honestly so from the moral and ethical standpoint. But there's another reason, not so apparent, why Rome is unalterably opposed to Communism, that Protestants aren't so widely aware of—and it's nothing to Rome's discredit that it exists.

It was a wise old man in the Secret Service of the State Department who tipped off VALOR's publisher a long time ago,

that the Roman Church isn't supported by the contributions of parishioners like Protestant churches. If Rome had to depend on Sunday contributions of worshipers for the support of her vast system of parochial schools, nunneries, colleges, universities and what-not, she'd go broke in a month. Rome conducts her vast ecclesiastical establishment *on the dividends from her industrial securities all over the world*—the legacies and endowments which have been left to the Church up over the generations being invested in such securities. They run to millions of dollars. Rome is, in other words, a titanic business corporation.

Private corporate ownership is the very life-blood of the Roman financial hierarchy, because if a Communistic system ever came in, or even a Socialist system, there would be no dividends on which to underwrite the expense of Rome's establishment. Rome stands for private ownership because private ownership means dividends on her stocks and bonds. Without those dividends she'd be a dead duck.

It's for *this* reason that Rome must remain unalterably opposed to Communism. Communism means the abolition of dividends from any corporations, all of them being owned and conducted by the State.

Rome is a stable asset to other institutions of Christendom on this account, alone. If the Methodist Church of North America derived its funds from its holdings in United States Steel Corporation, it, too, would never be guilty of sending forth such a Communist bulletin as was the Methodist Political Action Committee's most recent manifesto, offering the most shameless communistic measures under the guise of Christian altruism.

Rome must fight for free enterprise on the issue of her own ecclesiastical existence alone. Roman Catholic money is in banks, industrial corporations, and commercial trusts.

None of which is saying nor implying that Rome is insincere in her opposition to Communism from the moral and ethical viewpoint. But a state of society where all citizens work for the Administration—and are obliged to accept what compensation the Administration decrees, as in Russia—means the swift and permanent drying up of dividends on capital.

All this squabbling about representation at the Vatican from the ambassadorial standpoint, has truly to do with business representation. It so happens

that Rome is grounded in the healthy soil of business enterprise. If her business interests demand a Vatican representative, what's wrong with letting her have it?

At any rate, let Soulcrafters bear in mind at all times this secret of Rome's commercial interest in free enterprise. It will explain a hundred enigmas a year concerning Church policies.

Rome needn't be ashamed of it.

Wouldn't the Methodists like to be similarly endowed? . . .

Sunrise Road



IF the author of *Road into Sunrise* had written this same novel twenty-five years bygone, had it published by some orthodox professional firm like Little, Brown & Company, or George P. Putnam Sons, the book would now be a best-seller in its eighteenth to twentieth edition and making its writer \$50,000 to \$100,000. *The Fog*, published in 1921, made its author \$46,000. But without national retail distribution through conventional sales channels—in other words, the “supervised” national bookstores—*Sunrise* is doomed to a few hundred scattered copies, known and bought only by Soulcrafters. That's the penalty the author pays for having elected to give time and energy to the promotion of the Christ literature via Soulcraft, not to mention flouting the political potentates who started plans for domination of this nation back in 1933. “Knocking off” those who “know too much” can be accomplished by retail boycott quite as much as by personal incarceration. The grim humor of the situation is, real crusaders never count such cost . . .

The acclaim attending the publication of *Sunrise* from mail purchasers exceeds anything presaging a best-seller on the old standards, antedating 1930. But one might write a *Ben-Hur*, a *Quo Vadis*, or a *Magnificent Obsession*, yet unless the Machiavellians can get their “take”, these masterpieces can die aborning. That's the current set-up. How long it remains so, is the interesting conjecture.

Soulcraft has a meagre and somewhat pathetic 2,500 copies of the book on its shelves, for which no distribution is possible—at least for the present.

Maybe not permanently. We'll see.

Books of 13 Scripts

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.



A Complete Library of Scripts

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

Beauteous Surfeit



RIENDS visiting Indiana Headquarters will remember the Chief's private studio and work-room on the west side of the garage. At present its tables, chairs, and benches are piled high with *Golden Scripts*, being delivered in limp leatherette covers from an

Indianapolis bindery, and going forth into the United States' mails at the rate of 40 to 100 daily to pastors and clergymen of the nation.

It's unique in the history of publishing that a 448-page book, worth \$5 the copy by any current publishing practice, is available on a give-away basis to anyone who writes Soulcraft Headquarters that he desires a copy. But that's precisely what's happening. You

*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 ex-carnate 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

can behold a beauteous surfeit of *Golden Scripts* at the Noblesville publishing plant just now. Nobody writing in for a copy is being refused. The request comes in at nine in the morning. By four in the afternoon the volume is in the United States' mails.

Soulcraft Headquarters is proceeding on the basis that these are the words of the Elder Brother that are being circulated throughout the United States in this fraught period. No price can be attached to them.

Do you desire a copy?

Write for it.

There are no “strings” attached to your getting it. There is no “racket” being worked.

Soulcraft Headquarters wants you to know the Elder Brother's adjurations. That is the Beginning and Ending of the project undertaken in May of 1951.

How pathetic it is, that American-Christian morale has fallen so low that the rank-and-file of United States' populace can't understand such a gratis gesture.

However, *getting the books out* is the immediate challenge.

Soulcraft Headquarters is meeting it.

Desert Islanders

(Continued from Page 4)

Actually, the Five have embraced the “beauties” of Communism.

Not knowing that they have shifted to a Slave State, however, they hold May Day celebrations in “honor” of the dictatorial merchant-banker who conceived a scheme so “progressive” . . . this at the direction of the merchant-banker himself who hungers for adulation where a few months before he has hungered for tubers.

What the merchant-banker and soldier don't know, however, is the circumstance that the farmer, herder, and miner are secretly constructing a boat by night to flee the island and get away from the slavery. Sooner or later they will finish it, whether it carries them back to civilization or to death by drowning in the first storm they encounter.

No matter. The merchant and soldier have denied them recognition of their latent godhood and the right to do as they please—starve to death and freeze to death if they please—rather than use

their minds and determine what has gone wrong with their original arrangement.

Thus presently the merchant and soldier find themselves alone on their island, a pair of sovieters without a proletariat.

Not being willing to do an honest day's labor productively themselves because "only suckers work", they lay down and perish of malnutrition. But with their dying breaths they curse God for not giving them tubers that grew and harvested themselves, and goats that were self-shearing, and peat that erupted of its own accord and dropped into their fires without transportation from the bog.

Economics!

What's so abstruse about it?

Utopia

(Continued from Page 2)

can resources are being squandered and dissipated to the four corners of the world to make this super-government effective, by seemingly reducing the prestige and international power of America from the material standpoint.

If there were no Celestial Influence behind life in the practical world the prospect would indeed be a dark one! If, however, the Man of the Ages should use the rostrum of United Nations for a superb demonstration of His literality, the international miasma would be worth whatever material price it costs!

Smart boys, indeed, these overseas master-minds.

What they don't appreciate, however, is the fact that Cosmos holds smarter, that are truly Master-minds.

Watch them demonstrate as the moment becomes propitious.

Electronophones

(Continued from Page 6)

tioned telescope. The Bible had expounded "infallibly" that the earth was the center of the universe and the sun, moon, and stars mere "lights" set in the heavens for the earth's particular benefit. Men were burned at the stake for possessing telescopes. Nevertheless, telescopes persisted. The inter-plane telephone—or *Electronophone*—will persist!

And human grief at burying beloved relatives will be cut down ninety percent!

It is a prospect from which the Church

will recover, returning to a pristine status of being a temple for the adoration of God, instead of a sacred rostrum for the discussion of doctrinal conjectures.

When the Electronophone comes, by the way, look for it to happen in the nature of seeming accident. It will be no less than "thinking made audible" . . . voices not of this world will suddenly begin expressing themselves through electronic amplifiers.

And it can happen any year, or month, or day now.

It's the temporary reaction of religious disillusionment that must be intelligently met and negotiated.

Railroad Ghosts

(Continued from Page 6)

the uncanny and gruesome apparitions, which finally drove him back to the coast from his job, used to suddenly appear.

Maybe it's just a coincidence, says Higgins, but the fact remains that at Candelaria there are the graves of thou-

(Continued on Page 14)

Child Deaths

(Continued from Page 7)

It finds the expectant mother with whom it can show reasonable compatibility. It settles down in her loins to await its advent in the world of flesh. In due time it is born as an apparently helpless infant. But at once a great process is at work, of which the world too little reckons.

These child souls, once ensconced in flesh, make a great to-do if they cannot have the basic factors in their wanted existence unleashed to them, so that they can profit by them. They give no quarter and take no quarter in this regard. Life to them has become a deadly serious business. They have forgone existence on higher and freer planes of Spirit to know circumscription for a purpose. They resent the time wasted if those conditions are not to appear. Only the child-soul itself, deep, deep in its prenatal, Eternal Mind, can say what they should be. But they manifest quickly enough if alterations occur of such a nature that they cannot get more profit than loss. That is to say, in balancing the life equation for its increments against its handicaps

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.

and circumscriptions, if the latter outweigh or outbalance the former, the child will either renege on its bargain with mortal life or it will get adjustment in some manner which is hard for purblind society to explain, seeing only the outward aspects of the law manifesting.

(To Be Continued)



.. COGITATIONS

MY FATHER was a pompous man. The dictionary defines the word *pompous* as, "Of the nature of pomp, or spectacle; magnificent; characterized by ostentation; self-important." Such people, I realize, looking back on it now, are merely mortals a little bit terrified by life, not precisely sure of themselves, seeking to bolster up their own estimates of themselves by putting on moral dog, whistling in the dark, so to speak, in respect to their importance to the universe. Withal they are pathetic and need principally, love. Father was a poor Newfoundland boy, who came down here to the States when he was twelve years old and who made out as he could, from experience gained in earlier lives. He "went into the Methodist ministry" when he was twenty-two. Boys who go into the ministry when they are twenty-two are merely inverting their need of love. He sought it, and so tried to invite it. In between times, when seeking to put on importance the world withheld from him, he would cut the most inexplicable youthful capers, seeking to get balance in his own psyche. God love him, I realize now he was merely lonely. One of the inexplicable capers he cut, the year of the 1893 depression, was bringing a horse into the house . . .

NOW WHAT ever possessed father to bring the horse into the house, I have no way of knowing. Maybe he merely wished to learn how a horse looked in the house—the juxtaposition of equestrian animal and domestic environment being so incongruous; maybe he only wanted to know how a horse would

act in the house. But we owned a small black mare, back in 1893, that was supposed to answer to the name of Benny—although Benny is by no means a feminine name. And father one noontime thought he would take Benny into the kitchen, and thence into the diningroom and sittingroom and even the parlor, just to see what would happen or maybe to break the ennui of being a minister and pompous. A woodshed connected the barn with the kitchen—after the style of houses in New England—and the kitchen, of course, connected with the dining room and sitting room. I don't need to mention the parlor because no matter how it was connected with other compartments in our domicile, Benny never got into it. I'll tell you about it. Benny got as far as the dining room when something told him a human's house was no place for a horse. Father's mother-in-law, my esteemed grandmother—Irish as Pat Murphy's pig—convinced him of that. She also convinced father that bringing Benny into the house meant that the wits had "turned" in his head. And if there was one thing that grandmother excelled in, it was convincing people their wits had "turned" in their heads. Grandmother didn't think the house was a place for horses on principle. I strongly suspect that father merely meant to play a joke on grandmother, to "see what she would do." Well, he found out. He likewise found out how a horse behaves in a house, and between the group of us, it wasn't so hot . . .

THE THING was pulled off about noontime. Father had eaten his own midday meal and gone out to feed Benny. Grandmother and father had enjoyed a bit of argument at table over this or that, as sons-in-law will banter repartee with mothers-in-law, even if the year was 1893. And somehow, in the stable, the notion seized father to ease off on his ministerial pomposity and have some fun with grandmother. He would bring the horse in the house and present her to his mother-in-law. Grandmother

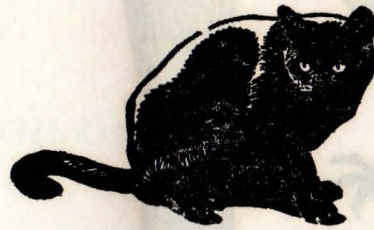
happened to be in charge of the place at the time, my mother being convalescent from the birth of my sister and certainly from her bed in the north room she was in no position to get up and throw Benny out. One doesn't throw a 1100-lb horse out as one takes a broom to a cat. As the dramatists would say, a Situation was developing in the ministerial domicile. Sick wife in the north bedroom, bellicose mother-in-law in charge of domestic arrangements, and a clergyman fed up on his own pomposity possessing a horse that might be led up into the kitchen and sitting room. Father untied Benny and backed her from her stall. However, instead of leading her out to the watertub, he veered to the left and led her into the woodshed. Benny snorted and sniffed at various objects that didn't distinguish the barn. But she trusted father on principle. She snorted and sniffed as father opened the kitchen door at the eastern end of the woodshed. The kitchen invited and grandmother was in it—facing toward the sink. Father urged Benny and with a quick pommel of hoofs she responded to the urging. She stumbled on the woodshed steps but recovered her balance. Grandmother whirled about and the kitchen was full of horse . . .

FULL of horse, I say. Strictly speaking, the kitchen was full of *mare*, but horse or mare, grandmother didn't approve of the prank. "Will Pelley," she screeched, "you get this creature out of here!" And being outraged and Irish, she hurled a teacup. The teacup hit Benny's skull and exploded into thirty-two pieces, including handle. That tore it. The kitchen was fantastic enough—to Benny—but having something hit her in the forehead and explode into thirty-two pieces including handle, convinced her that she ought not to have this orientation put upon her. Knowing but one recourse to such an experience, she embraced it. She tilted forward on forelegs and got action with her kickers. You take a 1100-lb mare, suddenly con-

fined in a 10x12 kitchen, hit with a teacup that breaks in thirty-two pieces including handle, and her kicking with her two rear hoofs is a serious business. She can kick so *much*. I have a four-year-old recollection of father backing up against the mare, still clutching the tie-rope, hearing the kitchen range being kicked to junk and the stove-pipe flying in all directions, taking soot with it, and making like he had carried his own joke too far. But what could he do about it? The marvel was, that the kitchen floor in that New England parsonage held the weight of the mare. However, it did. New England houses were sturdily built in 1893. Had mare, father, grandmother, and all the furnishings of the kitchen gone into the cellar, I cringe to think what could have happened. But the kitchen floor held. And Benny kicked. She kicked the stove over, she kicked four or five chairs through the window, she brought down a whole shelf of lamps and kicked them out upon the woodpile for good measure. Father tried to back her into the pantry to keep her from kicking grandmother, for much as he might argue with her at table, he certainly didn't want to see the old lady go through life with horseshoe tattoos all over her. Benny got her rear into the pantry and kicked glass and shelves at random. Pies, doughnuts, and a cupple flour barrels and the contents of several drawers felt the reaction from her hoofs. She was the kickingest creature that ever got loosed in a Methodist parsonage. And when rolling-pins, tinware, and a cupple gingerbread jars festooned her rear, she decided it was time to go into the dining room and kick the dining table and half a dozen chairs to kindling wood, just to prove she could do it. Mother had a canary in the window and it had been singing sweetly when this whole *faux pas* started, but when a horse came in and started reducing the place to junk, the canary decided that it had better stop warbling and start screeching. Benny caromed around and hit that canary cage a wallop that hung it out on a tree.

OUR HOUSE was a wreck. There was pie in the clock and garbage in the organ. Father persuaded the doughty beast to come back into the stable in due course of event, and mother in the north room swore she would never bear another infant—whatever that had to do with it. Grandmother had the mess to put to

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



**“Behold
Life!”**

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

Price, Leatherette, Copy \$4

rights. Esoterics? There isn't a dang shred of esoterics in it. Father brought a horse in the house to relieve the tedium of his ministerial pomposity and if anyone had offered my parents \$13.75 for the domestic layout, they would have closed the deal. However, it cured him of playing practical jokes on grandmother. Dirt has been described as merely displaced material. Our whole sancrosanct domicile was misplaced material, however, without being dirt. God love him, what my father needed was affection—particularly after he'd gotten Benny back in her stall and returned to survey the prospect of that parsonage. All of which goes to prove that all things have their places, but a horse in a kitchen isn't one of 'em . . . Here am I, fifty-seven years

after, retaining a picture-image of the whole of it in my memory. What good will it do me in my life in the twenty-first century? Possibly nothing. Only I shall never bring a horse into a house. To replace even the busted kitchen range cost dad a half-year's salary. No, nothing caught fire. Benny had kicked the coals halfway down to Blodgett's Store in the village. Grandmother's temper kept the domicile warm till the range could be replaced. I remember that, also . . .

DECLARED THE city sage, “The human race is very amusing.”
“Yeah,” said the country philosopher, “and it'd be more so if you didn't happen to belong to it.”



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.

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

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.

Railroad Ghosts

(Continued from Page 11)

sands of workers who died of fever, snake bite, dysentery, poisoned blow-gun darts and other causes in building this little known jungle railroad.

The history of the Madeira-Mamore Railroad goes back to 1870 when Colonel Charles E. Church, a former engineer officer in the United States Army, obtained a contract from the Bolivian Government to build it.

Work was actually started in 1878, but in less than two years the appalling loss of life from fever, jungle hazards and hostile Indians, who didn't want the strange iron monster puffing through their home jungles, caused the abandoning of the job. Already thousands of forgotten graves dotted the jungle clearing along the short right-of-way.

Nothing was done further until Bolivia ceded the territory of Acre to Brazil by the Treaty of Petropolis in 1903.

Thousands of workers were hired and hundreds of young engineers went into the deadly bush. Workers perished by the thousand and scores of fine young American engineers staggered out of the jungle blind with fever to die in the company hospital at Candelaria, or left their arrow-pierced bones to rot in the jungle. The mortality in the four years that the road was under construction ran as high as 65 percent. The Candelaria hospital during the period handled more than 30,000 cases—and only the seriously sick were sent to it. The company imported two tons of quinine a year. Finally, after an army of men had given their lives and, at a cost of more than \$30,000,000 in money, the road was finished.

But it is not so well known that the turnover of engineers on the line is tremendous. Not all of them talk when they quit. Probably they're afraid of being kidded. But Higgins stubbornly declares that he doesn't care whether he is believed or not.

“I know what I saw,” says Higgins, “and I saw it sober and more than once. And, believe me, brother, I don't aim to see anything like it again.

“It was like this. When you get to Candelaria, which is just a whistle stop in the jungle now, but used to be quite a place when they were building the line,

there's a considerable clearing in the bush. That's where the old graveyard used to be, right along the line, and heaven only knows how many poor devils are buried there.

"We used to slow down coming through Candelaria because now and then there'd be a stop signal set for us. Those were the standing orders. I'd been on the run several weeks before anything out of the way happened. Naturally, I'd heard yarns here and there that some funny things went on along the M & M but, shucks, you'll hear those roundhouse yarns about the Pennsy or the U. P. I didn't pay them any attention.

"This night I'm talking about, however, I slowed down when I got near Candy and when we came out of the bush and into the clearing near the village the moon made it as bright as day.

"And, so help me, what I saw there made me give one yank on the Johnson bar and send old 304 through that clearing like a bat outta hell. Afterwards I wondered if I'd really seen those rows and rows of grey figures, all misty in the moonlight, stretching out their arms toward the train, asking for a ride. After I got in and had a bit of sleep and a couple of snorts of native rum I figured I must have dreamed it—you sometimes do get sort of half asleep on a night run. You're awake all right to see a signal, but just the same your mind is sort of sleeping."

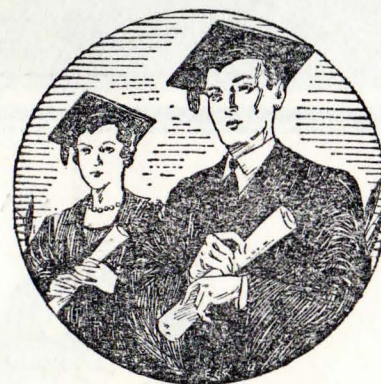
Nothing weird happened on Higgins' next few trips past Candelaria and he says that he had pretty well convinced himself that whatever he thought he had seen had been imaginary. But more was to come.

"I had been working for several months before one night I slowed up again for Candelaria.

"I suddenly felt as if a cold wind—and remember there's no such thing as a cold wind in that jungle—was sweeping into the cab of 304. And there were those rows of grey figures, standing by their graves, stretching out their arms to the train again and I swear I heard them give a great moan. Say, I pretty nearly yanked the throttle off its base that time getting out of there.

"I stayed on the job for months longer just trying to beat the thing but I never slowed down for Candy again—I highballed through that clearing just as fast as I could. Nobody gets me back on the M & M either."

*"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



“Road into Sunrise”

Man first discovers the Universe; then he discovers God; then he discovers himself. *What was the fourth discovery* that Norval Grane succeeded in making?

A Two-Volume Story of Smart People on a Quest after the Eternal Verities

Road into Sunrise was written for those who can follow readily and easily the dramatization of life's fundamentals when they see them operating in the careers of story people with whom they can sympathize, real people doing real things, yet conforming to the Master Plan that is directing this generation's society.

A Novel Written for Women that Only Men Will Understand

This novel has been pronounced a truly big book by all those Soulcrafters who have read it. But only a fraction of them have done so.

Make a business of reading *Road into Sunrise* this autumn as a matter of your own mystical education and inspiration. You will get a big *lift* from it.

In One Volume, Cloth—\$6 Two Volumes, Deluxe, \$8

Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

THE SHERIFF was after Olaf, who'd taken refuge with his friend, the general store proprietor. The proprietor didn't like the sheriff any more than Olaf, so he'd hidden Olaf in one of the canvas mail-bags belonging to the Post Office Department and drawn the cord tight.

"I know Olaf's in here and I'm gonna find him," announced the irate officer. "What's in that packing case?"

"Ginghams," said the storekeeper.

Surely enough, ginghams turned up when the sheriff investigated. Wherever the sheriff looked, the storekeeper's report on goods was correct, although his stock was unique and varied. Finally he came to the mail-bag.

"What's in that?"

"Sleigh-bells," said the proprietor.

The sheriff kicked the bag viciously for confirmation.

Olaf, in the confines of the bag, cried promptly, "Yingle! Yingle! Yingle!"

A COLORED evangelist was hurling questions at the converts.

"Sam Jones," he demanded, "whar de Lord?"

"Search me, preacher," said Sam. "I ain't seed Him."

Around the tent the same question went and Sam withdrew. But next night when he went to revival, the same procedure started.

"Whar de Lord?" cried the preacher.

Sam demanded, "Am He lost again or yet?"

THE LOVESICK young man raved about the actress, "Father, she's an angel. I adore her. I won't let you breathe a word against her."

"Certainly not," said the father. "Why, I wouldn't let anybody else breathe against her either, when I was your age."

SAID the cop, "Your Honor. I noticed that this man wobbled as he walked. But I wasn't sure he was intoxicated till I saw him out a nickel in the letter box on the public square, look up at the illuminated town clock and cry, "Gad! . . . losh fourteen pounds!"