

Valor

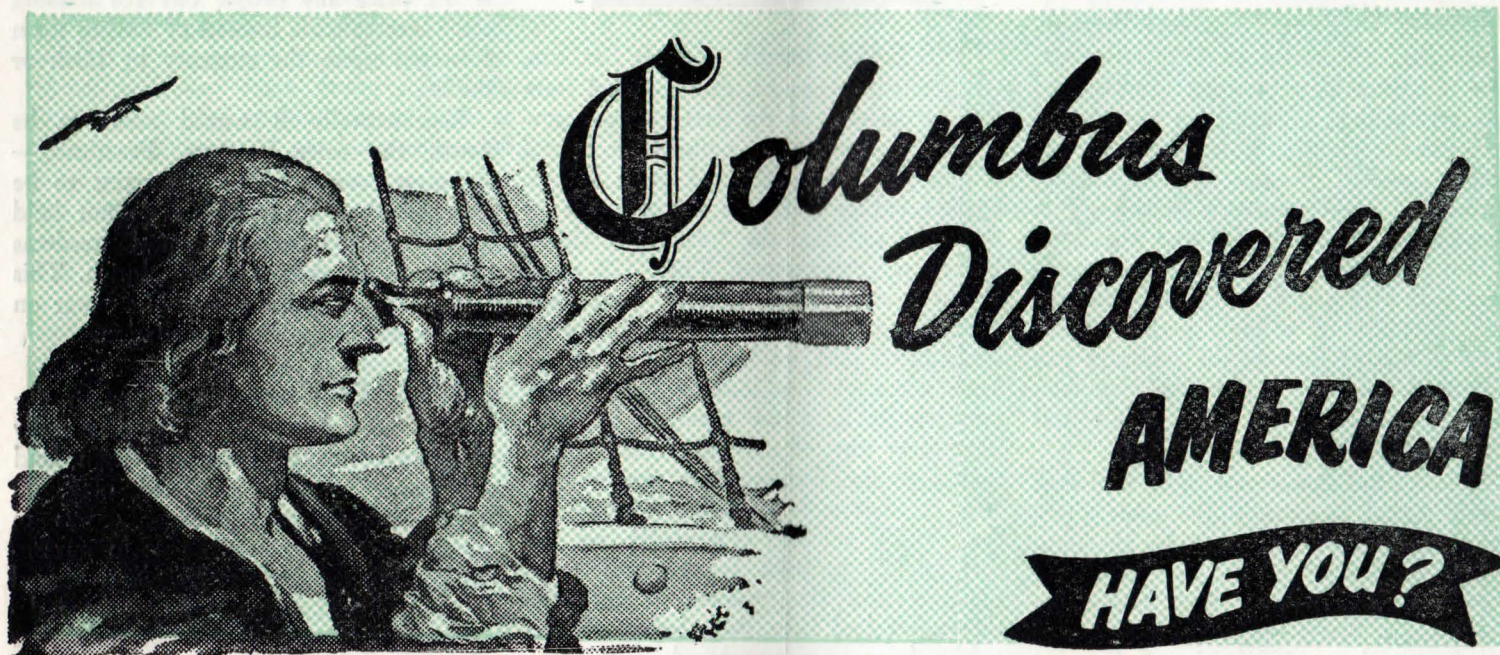
The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

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BEFORE another issue of VALOR has reached national Soulcrafters, we shall have arrived at and celebrated Columbus Day. It is called Fraternal Day in Alabama, Discovery Day in Indiana, and Landing Day in Wisconsin. Officially its date is October 12th. Columbus technically did not discover the North American continent; he discovered San Salvador in the West Indies. It was his first-mate, Martin Pinzon—the real hero of his expedition—who left the Admiral temporarily on San Salvador while he made the additional scouting expedition that caused him to be the first European white man to step foot on Florida. The whole inside story of the real discovery of America was told in the first issue of the publication now suspended, *Little Visits with Great Americans* . . .

Columbus, nonetheless, went into history as the man who proved the earth was round. But while he was about it, he proved a lot more.

THE GREATER point is, that men of the fleet that sailed under Columbus did discover that the globe was spherical and that a vast unknown continent existed in the West. The nation established on that continent became known as America, after Americus Vesputius, a later explorer. Today it is a Republic of 150 million population.

What is not so universally understood, however, seems to be the fact that it was by no means accident that a land area so vast was permitted to go unlocated until the year 1492, peopled only by such inhabitants as had survived the great Atlantean catastrophe. We are solemnly informed, by agency of the revelations in the *Soulscripts*, that a deliberate design was being worked out by the Celestial Hierarchy. At the end of the proper time-span, a stupendous experiment was to be launched in this "New" World—the experiment of determining whether or not a sufficient number of mortal souls had evolved high enough in the social sense to assume charge of their own

political institutions, managing their civic concerns by electing commoners from among their own numbers to function as officials and retiring such electees back to private life when their tenures of officialdom had run.

Men behave today as though this were quite a natural state of human affairs and contained nothing at which to wonder. They don't pause to give thought the day around to the distinctive circumstance that such securing of public officialdom from ranks of laymen was—no less than 500 years bygone—wholly new and unique . . .

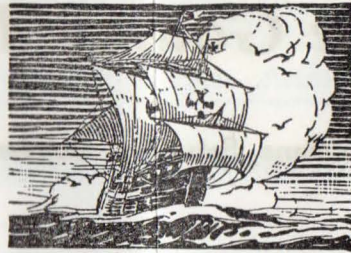
IN other words, governments throughout the earth prior to 1776 when the new continent's permanent government was set up, had always been represented and conducted by an intellectually superior caste of persons that in various forms and aspects became known as an Aristocracy. Look back over the long gamut of human history on any continent within recorded times, and with the sole exception of a little period in the classical age of Greece, the arbitrary rulership of, and by, a patrician class *was* Government in itself. Men didn't and couldn't conceive otherwise.

It jolts some Americans to be told that for a period practically the same time-length as we have now run since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the lands and peoples now composing the United States were ruled by royal appointees from England or Europe. This year of 1952 sees 176 years elapsed from the Signing of the Declaration. And 176 years back from 1776 takes us to the year 1600. The first American colony was Virginia, settled by Captain John Smith in 1607, then New York, settled by the French under Champlain in 1609, later passing to the Dutch. The Declaration of Independence, bringing the Republic of the United States into existence, fell half-way between times of the present and the first establishment of European colonies on this side of the Atlantic ruled by royal governors. Search back diligently over history, and with almost the only exception of the Athenian and Spartan city states, ruled by *demos*, the mob, or "democracy", government has always been rulership of patricians over plebeians.

The founding of America as we know it today, instigated something absolutely new and unique in the world's history. No patrician caste was to be recognized.

All men were assumed to stand on the same footing politically, and selections of officials were to be made at stated intervals from the great mass of this unified body politic.

The whole thing becomes esoteric when we begin to grasp what happened.



THE SAME length of time has run, let it be repeated, that spanned from the dispatching of the first colonial governors to conduct the political or official affairs. Approximately 176 years of patricians ruling plebeians on this side of the Atlantic, then the "plebeians" deciding to rule themselves. Then 176 years or thereabout the "plebeians" have been ruling themselves. It was a great cosmic experiment, and we have arrived at the years when we can look at it, and ask ourselves if it is any manifest improvement over the official "governing class" that hitherto distinguished the peoples and the nationals of every country on the earth's surface? Decidedly we see that it has brought factors and functionaries into the business of rulership that never had been there before the republic form was introduced.

It has brought the political machine and the political boss. It has brought, in other words, the professional political authority that all too frequently represents the worst elements in the citizenry instead of the best. The various aristocracies of the earth became profligate upon occasion, but they did—theoretically—identify the most intellectual and cultured elements in the State. The professional political authority typifies the most audacious, reckless, and predatory elements in the State.

The chief weakness of self-governing citizenship systems is the fact that they are left with no protection against themselves!

An aristocracy at least indicated a caste whose major interest it was to defend its own royal line, lest it be overthrown and be brought to erasure, and in defending itself it defended the commoners who composed its retinue. A professional political authority performs

strictly in its own interest, to mulct the public power and treasure insofar as it can connive, and to keep agents in office that will expand its control or enrich it in purse.

Remember, no monarchical form of government ever had the professional politician and the competitive political party promising one thing and delivering another. These are strictly phenomena of men made free to elect nondescripts from amid their own ranks.

In other words, we can face the fact with as much equanimity as possible that political corruption in its worst phases is the price any people pay for naming their own officials instead of having them foisted upon the citizenry by birth or decree.

Sentimentally it would seem to be worth the price it costs. Practically—meaning economically—it remains to be seen whether all republics do not hold within their own sentimental freedoms the seeds of their own dissolution. This because there is no restraining power on the forces of political spoliation.

COLUMBUS, or his sea-mates, discovered America. What they really discovered was an area of virgin land not being used by civilized man, on which the Celestial Hierarchy was to work out a great experiment in government. But the Higher Wisdom, viewed in the light of actualities that have developed, discloses all too obviously that what was being worked out was not an experiment in Self-Government so much as an experiment in human intelligence. Was, or is, Man far enough advanced spiritually to grasp the weakness in self-government and overcome it?

If he was not, or is not, then the experiment has been premature and the alternative can well enough be the reestablishment of a new aristocracy of human quality that rules by polite fiat. And if this comes about, man will have no one to blame but himself. God will not blame him. God will simply say, "He wasn't ready for it."

SO IT'S time for us to discover, not the free America of the idealists or sentimentalists, but the America in the throes of demonstrating whether or not its populace has reached the elevation of spiritual evolution that proves wherein choosing its own rulers periodically contains more civic profit than having them

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MORE ABOUT THE EPOCHAL CASE of SHANTI DEVI

Don Mahone Harlan

CONCERNING the odd case of Shanti Devi, about which you published an extensive article several issues ago, earlier I dropped you a card relating to the error you made concerning ages of the boy and his reborn mother. The mother, according to your article was reborn one year and eight days after her prior death from childbirth, hence the mother in her present body is one year younger and not older than said son. The opposite was, of course, a mere typographical error.

However, I wish to express the thought that upon hearing of the case possibly as early as 1936 or before in an account stating that Mahatma Gandhi was interested in the matter and upon investigating same and after his first contacts pronouncing it genuine. I believe, I had awaited his explanation thereof and would still like to know the substance of any writing he may have done in explanation of such strange phenomena.

I say strange because never in history has any similar case been reported to my knowledge unless possibly the case of Er might be called similar and concerning which case that learned man Socrates was quoted as stating his beliefs in the truth of such rebirth. But in the case of Er, a soldier "killed" in battle and because of the extreme conditions prevailing following such battle, the "dead" had been left on the field for three days, I believe, and when burial squads arrived and were about to bury Er, he gradually became able to speak and finally to walk away from such burial squad. But in that case, I believe, Er recounted later his experiences while his soul or spirit was out of said body.

Now in the Shanti Devi case we are told that she had no memory of anything between October 4 1925, date of death during childbirth and October 12, 1926 and probably sometime later than that, for it would be extremely unusual for any person to actually remember events occurring up to three years of age.



The prenatal memory consisted of many details, (1) Description and location of house where she had lived and died from childbirth; (2) Name and physical characteristics of husband and an aged uncle; (3) Location of a well that had been filled in five years after her "demise"; (4) An acute memory of a secret cache of 150 rubles and last but by no means least a memory expressed as follows—

"I was the wife of Kedar Nath Chaubey and I died while presenting him with a baby son."

THE WORD "son" is emphasized because had she died during childbirth and had her memory terminated in-

stantly at "death" she would not have known whether such offspring was boy or girl. Since she remembered it was a boy, her "death" must have occurred after she had been made aware in life of the sex of such child, and then I suppose that such determination of such sex was, or must have been a matter of considerable import to her, otherwise she would not have galvanized upon the sex of such child enough to have remembered that sex.

And now suppose we speculate upon the time element in the matter. The childbirth and "death" occurred October 4 1925 and the birth as Shanti Devi on October 12, 1926 or one year and eight days later.

That constitutes a span of 373 days

and the period of gestation is not to exceed 280 days, or at least at common law, a birth occurring upward of 280 days after absence of the sire beyond the seas, is accepted as proof of another sire.

Now that leaves 93 days between the "death" of the mother and the conception of the child born on October 12, 1926 and certainly no one would say that such spirit could possibly have returned to earth in any physical body prior to such conception though if messages reported in *Golden Scripts* be correct, such spirit may enter the body at any time between conception and actual birth.

Where was that spirit during those 93 or possibly 373 days? If that spirit can remember details of former existence on earth in any such detail as has been reported, and I do not for a moment discount such possibility, cannot that same spirit or soul remember such intervening interval of time or something that occurred while such spirit did not inhabit any earthly body?

I am sure that the account of Er stated that he related his experiences for the three days during which Er's body lay on that Grecian battlefield in a state known only as "death". And returning to that same body he was able to and did recite his experiences while away from that body and that is the Er story which Socrates was reported to believe was true.

NOW there are just two variances between the Er case of ancient history and the Shanti Devi case of modern times, and those two variances relate to (1) In the Er case the spirit must have returned to the same body within three days, whereas in the Devi case that spirit remained out of any physical body from 93 to 373 days and (2) in the Er case he remembered not only his former actions prior to the battle in which he was "slain", but also the experiences of such spirit while temporarily out of such physical body whereas in the Devi case no such memory has been reported.

From the two cases have we enough evidence upon which to formulate a conclusion as to the "why" of such? I am not quarreling with the record of *Golden Scripts* wherein it is pointed out that to Divinity the "why" is never asked but is accepted without question, or rather that such question cannot in the very nature of things, ever arise. The "why" or reason behind an effect does arise with mortals and without knowing such causa-

OCTOBER..



THE AUTUMN hour is hazy,
The year is on the wing;
The scents of Old Forgetfulness
Are rich on every thing.
The Earth is smug and drowsy,
Its thoughts seem grey and deep;
Its summer's fun has had its run,
Now it would sink to sleep . .

But do trees argue with their God
If they shall bud again?
Do woodlands blaze and doubtings raise
Against next summer's rain?
Where search the eyes in azure skies
For heresies deplored,
That losing breath in winter's death
Is something to be scored?

The Earth rolls on, with turn content,
To die, and live, and die,
To love its storms as Life performs
And sigh no futile sigh.
Should I disdain Great Wisdom's pain,
Or learn with shrubs and sod,
To join Old Earth in autumn mirth,
That's learned to trust its God?



tive reasons, mortals will continue to discount such pronounced effects as frauds or delusions of the mind of either the guinea-pig under examination or of the examiners, no matter how scientific their approach to such problem may be.

So far one point of differentiation has escaped me. Er was male and Shanti is female. The male remembered experiences out of the body, the female does not so remember. Possibly sex has something to do with such variance. And now that I think of it there are possibly millions of cases of Er's and Shanti's because our world and its hospitals are full of persons who have no memory of their former selves. As to causation for such lack of memory I believe that science attributes such loss to some overwhelming shock. So whenever a person has completely lost memory of his former identi-

ty, science looks for some physical injury to the body or nervous system, never to the possibility of "living-death", or to the same physical body living on under the direction and control of an entirely different spirit or soul. And mental hospitals are populated with persons who, to all outward appearances, have completely changed "character" to the point where former identity is forgotten or at least is not apparent from their present conduct.

IN THE case of Er, the burial party found that his body had not begun to decompose as had the numerous others lying on said field of battle. And according to legend it was for that reason that the burial party refrained from burying Er along with said comrades.

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Why God Permits Such Loss of Life Under Red Revolution . .



IT IS an amazing thing to be given an explanation for life that truly explains. For ten thousand years men have conjectured about Life, advanced this theory and that surmisal for the miracle of it, tried to rationalize it on one ground or another and found an hypothesis when they have arrived at it.

But it has been admitted by the wisemen of all ages that the real Truth concerning the Life Mystery—when it was finally brought forward and given to men—would prove itself to be the truth by never developing or disclosing a single flaw in its whole agenda as it applied to the current problems of day-to-day living.

Whether it concerns an act of eccentric behavior on the part of an individual for which there is no accounting in his heredity or environment, or whether it involves mighty conflicts between great races, removing millions from the earth-scene through a seemingly senseless and criminal war, the correct explanation for the Life Miracle would comprise details so minute and complete that no further examination of the subject could be necessary.

It is because there is no mystery or complication in life for which The Soulcraft Doctrine, as we have been given it, does not have an irrefutable and amply satisfying answer that we draw the conclusion that its major premise for Mortality is correct.

Propound what mystery in life you will, this Design for Existence at once brings forward a sensible, rational, and incontestable solution leaving the complications no longer complications.

Among the major inquiries which brainy people have wanted to ask of Truth since human reason first took note of the Universe has been the enigma of the so-called cheapness of human life itself . .

Another Paper Aiding You to Understand Why Life Is What You Find It . .

ONE of the outstanding perplexities in the minds of thousands of intelligent men and women, perfectly willing otherwise to believe in the cosmic fundamental of the Charted Life, is why such appalling numbers of souls as previously existed in a country like Russia should have come into life only to be cut down by the sword of Bolshevism at maturity.

In other words, what is the status of those souls who are victims of such a colossal bloodglut as universally follows in a country where Communism gets the upper hand? Did they enter life purposely to undergo such butcheries, or to balance evil acts in former lives when they too meted out brutal death to others, or have they volunteered as sacrificial victims purely to demonstrate to oncoming generations that they must protect their free institutions?

Truly it seems as though the Charted Life hypothesis falls down disastrously in the face of what has happened since 1917 in many of the Bolshevik-touched countries of Europe. But when we come to ask information from the higher octaves of consciousness as to what has happened in such pestilential countries, the response that comes back is as enlightening as it is novel.

It is not altogether karma, according to the Higher Wits, that has been responsible for thirty millions of Gentiles perishing by famine, machine-gun, or sword since Leninism came in—although in thousands of individual cases karmas have been adjusted.

Certainly the item of sacrificing to the welfare of future generations is not so great as to be of moment because of the

qualities of consciousness of the persons involved. Slow-witted peasants are not the types to come into life to perform such symbolic heroisms that oncoming peoples may exercise more vigilance over their political or economic forms.

No, the answer is found in quite another quarter.

Russia prior to the coming of Bolshevism was the great incarnating ground for millions of souls in the lower strata of the white octave who had a chance to slip in and out of an earthly period that might not come again for another thousand years.

THIS terrestrial planet, so transcendent intelligence informs us, despite its seeming size in comparison to its mortal population that could go in our aforesaid packing-case only half-a-mile in size, can only support a given number of souls at a time in its present state of developed resources.

Transcendent Minds whose business it seems to be to preside over the worldly destinies of racial and political groups, recognized that because of zodiacal fiat there were to be actualized vast alterations in human institutions and mortal intercourse with the introduction of the Aquarian Cycle.

Naturally foreordained leaders out of Cosmos whose abilities have long since been proven in previous cycles were to appear in life in time to arrive at maturity in about these present years and install such changes under Celestial Direction.

When they had done their work, however, and brought in a truly Christian



order, economically as well as ethically, a special caste of high-grade souls would have to follow them generally throughout the earth in order to correctly value and sustain—or rather, stabilize—the renaissance-institutions which had thus been introduced.

This means in effect that the whole earth in another generation will gradually become peopled with a more advanced type of spirit than has had its experiencings in earth-life throughout the generations now going out.

TAKING America as a case in point, we discern that over a period from 1750 to 1850, a mighty concourse of spirits of far higher quality of consciousness than has exercised throughout the nation from 1850 to the present, found their ways into life in the American scene and contributed to the founding of the American Tradition.

The caste of spiritual giants began to die out between 1860 to 1890, and students who failed to understand what was happening bemoaned the fact that the quality of American citizenship seemed to be degenerating.

But it was not degeneration. Somewhere about 1936 to 1953 a similar caste of spiritual giants were to disclose themselves as being on earth, to help bring in the benefits of The Christian Commonwealth. And in between the two of them, the caste that started vacating about 1860 and the caste just beginning to make its presence felt in opposition to Communism and Rooseveltism, was to be presented a sort of nondescript interlude in social intercourse when a horde of human souls still of mediocre attainments had the chance to slip in and get the benefits from a span of life that truly was a sort of wind-up career for the final aspects of the Piscean Cycle.

While this was commonly true of the United States, it was doubly and trebly true of some of the eastern continental countries, Russia in particular.

HORDES of souls who had only half-aroused to the true meaning of life in flesh considered from the standpoint of real spiritual awareness, therefore began swarming into life in Russia and the Orient—and to a degree here in the United States—eager to enjoy an earthly visit on any terms whatever so long as it allowed them to partake of some of the aspects of this closing Piscean civilization. And as there is no more dynamic method

for souls to grasp an increase of self-awareness than finding themselves the victims of war, famine, or massacre they accepted the Russian scene as their temporary environment.

They knew in a vague way that Bolshevism was going to run rife in that country, as a phenomenon of the closing Piscean Cycle and the opening of the Aquarian. They knew that the general wave of it might exterminate their bodies. No matter! They seemed to have been willing to have the worldly stage to themselves for that 1860 to 1936 period and profit from it as they could.

Indirectly, of course, they did fill the role of symbolic victims to show oncoming generations the mischief of permitting Mongoloids to capture control of a country's political institutions in preference to souls arrived in the white octave. But primarily their errand was to themselves. They took what they could get, in other words, in the way of a brief and colorful fling at life while the interlude ran its course between the two schools of more developed spirits.



AS we have the debacle explained to us from higher phases of Discarnate Consciousness, the greater bulk of the thirty million souls that Communism has exterminated in Russia, Hungary, Spain, and other countries since 1917, was composed of people thus moved along through the earth-scene by Great Racial Mentors in order to make way for the vast rank and file of stabilizers of the Aquarian Renaissance.

Stupendous revaluations of civilized life on earth are in prospect for this new school of souls about to make their presence felt. When their new Cycle has had its run, and by their presences and acumen a better economic system has been inducted and stabilized for the enjoyment of lesser equipped souls than tens of thousands of these Russian, Hungarian, and Spanish visitations and exits meaning naught to them but profit.

By no means does this imply that because such facts are revealed to the enlightened, we should have no responsi-

bility in putting down Bolshevism and saying that its like shall not appear again throughout the coming thousand years. Putting down Bolshevism, shoving the Mongoloids back into their cosmic places and installing a Christian Dispensation economically so that it stays installed, is all part of the cosmic labor of this higher caste—meaning older and more developed—of Aquarian spirits just beginning to take hold of things and re-order the earth.

These latter people have a celestial commission to execute, and they will perform it, never fear.

All the same, understanding some of the cosmic reasonings behind such blood-gluts as we have seen in this past few decades in Russia, Hungary and Spain, makes them more rational as to occurrence in a world of law and order.

In the case of Spain, and instances of apparently innocent Christian Spaniards losing their lives by thousands every week from Franco's rebellion or Communist reprisals as they were captured, another interesting bit of karmic machinery seems to be at work.

The case of these Spaniards is not quite like the Russians' and for this quaint reason—

Just about the average number of years appears to have elapsed since Spaniards in quantities were sailing over to Central and South America and putting the hapless natives to death or selling them into slavery.

We have every sound reason for accepting that tens of thousands of souls who have been caught and tortured by the Bolsheviks since the Franco rebellion took form have been none other than the same tens of thousands of Spanish individuals who sailed across the middle Atlantic at the turn of the sixteenth century and committed unspeakable cruelties on a helpless and defenseless population of the West Indies.

The Cycle of Compensation turned and four to five hundred years later in solar time we find the reborn spirits of the old conquistadores and their brutal followers receiving precisely the same treatment from "Russian" Communists, descended upon their country like a plague of locusts.

If we could only get it through our heads, each and severally as well as a thinking species, that this is a world of exact compensation in which we are paid for our deeds—good or bad—in our own

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SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .



AFTER reading about the "Indian" in the current *Soulscrip* I was reminded of a strange experience I had while working as a film cutter for "Columbia Studio". I had my cutting room at the Davige lab. I have always had great respect for the Indian, having lived in South Dakota for many years before coming to California to live. I met and knew a number of wonderful Indians in South Dakota and when I read about the "Indian" I knew why I had always respected and loved them.

Since living in California I hadn't seen a real Indian and when, one night, I dreamed of one I was very much surprised.

It seemed in my dream that I was walking down a residential street and as I passed a house I glanced up to see an Indian standing on the porch, dressed in all his Indian regalia. I was so pleasantly surprised that I stopped and said, "How!"

He smiled and answered, "How!"

Then he motioned for me to come in. Opening a little gate, I went to the porch and sat down upon the steps at his feet. I told him how utterly amazed and glad I was to see a real Indian Chief. We talked at great length it seemed. I noticed that he was smaller than the Sioux Indian. He was handsome and had the most beautiful big deep brown eyes, with red lights glowing in them. But they were the saddest eyes I'd ever seen, even his smile was wistfully beautiful. His hair was shiny and black and lay in braids upon his shoulders. Half way up the braids were beaded rings. His white feathered head-dress touched the floor behind him. His whole costume appeared a creamy white, down to his beaded moccasins. In fact the Indian Chief in my dream was so clear to me I'll never forget him. Just before I awoke he told

me he was on his way to the happy hunting ground. I was going to tell him that he was too young to die, when I awoke.

As I dressed to go to work, I kept thinking, "What in the world ever made me dream about an Indian?" I hadn't even thought of an Indian in years, and I tried to recall some of his conversation, but could remember only that he had told me of the happy hunting ground.

AT WORK I was busy placing rolls of negative in tin cans and suddenly the strangest sensation came over me, as I heard a voice.

"Can you please tell me where to find Roy Davige?" I turned then *and there stood the little Indian Chief of my dream*, feathered head-dress, beautiful sad eyes, black shiny hair, beaded moccasins and all.

I stood staring at him, then I said, "How!"

He laughed and said, "How! Did I frighten you?"



At last I answered, "Yes, I was startled at seeing a real Indian Chief come to life out of a dream."

He gazed at me with a puzzled expression, then he said, "I am Chief Red Feather. I am here to see Roy Davige

with whom I have an appointment." At that moment Roy came by and saw the Chief and took him away.

Later I learned from Chief Red Feather that he was making a series of Indian folk pictures. I went with him to one of his pre-views. I saw and talked to him several times. He never mentioned the remark I made to him at our first meeting, nor did I. Roy kidded me. He said "Be careful Fran, Chief Red Feather's a wild Indian."

I laughed, because the Chief had always been a gentleman with me. Chief Red Feather was around the lab. for a few weeks, then he went away and I've never seen or heard of him again.

The Indian Chief, in my dream, seemed to be such a grand person. Chief Red Feather was too as far as I was concerned, though others tried to say differently of him.

However, I shall always remember the strange experience.

Mrs. F. G., California

Stars in Odd Dance Noted in Arkansas

MAGNOLIA, Ark., Sept. 28—AP—A volunteer weather observer for 30 years with the U. S. Weather bureau says there is a "dancing star" hovering over this south Arkansas city.

E. E. Graham a professor at Southern State college and amateur weather observer, said he saw the "dancing star" Tuesday and Wednesday nights. He said "the star moves around in the sky" but that he did not know the cause of its actions.

The Rev. H. J. Murry of the Assembly of God church said he and his congregation also watched the "star" Wednesday night before church services.

He said after services it still was "dancing."

Peculiarly, the Dancing Stars seen over the United States this summer have uniformly been the planets.

Valor

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Ironies

THE FACT occurs to people of grey matter and character appraisal that both candidates in the current federal election are doing themselves no service by appearing before talkie cameras or television. To see Eisenhower on the talkie screen is to meet shocking disillusion, in particular. Stevenson, of course, displays a personality cast in the New Deal mold, else he would not have gotten the role. But Eisenhower is exhibiting the temperament of the small-town businessman or Kiwanis spellbinder, either flustered by having to stand up and talk to his neighbors, or going through the motions because the Committee has appointed him "to say a few words." He isn't even a good actor. His "timing" is terrible. The Hollywood casting-director who would have selected him to play the role of Chief Executive would be demoted and supplanted by his office-boy.

What a far cry it is, back to august personalities like Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, or William Howard Taft. These men, at least, looked like Presidents. Better still, they deported themselves like Presidents. The present generation, of course, wouldn't know what is herein being talked about.

So if the nation goes to an election day in November, one or the other of these obvious small fry is going to head our mammoth civil organization. Small wonder that millions feel themselves disfranchised.

VALOR likes the sentiment, expressed by Rep. John T. Wood of Idaho, who in dauntlessly persisting on the Republi-

can ticket, says, "After all, we must recognize that the destiny of the Republic this next four years is going to repose more in the House of Representatives than in the Presidency, and it behooves us to get the proper congressmen to Washington more than venting any dismay at the candidates who head the ticket."

Of course Eisenhower can't help the personality with which he was born, or which he's displaying in the 61st year of his age. His outer personality expresses the degree of his spiritual attainments to the moment. But seeing him and hearing him in close-ups before the camera, do make the astute wonder what kind of generalship won the Second World War, if this was the personality behind it.

Please try to deport yourself with more of the MacArthur character-decorum, General. We like it in our Presidents.



The Aurameter



THIS Weekly is greatly intrigued by an instrument that has been given the name of the Aurameter, evolved by Verne L. Cameron, geological and hydrological engineer, of Elsinore, California, and the subject of a recent book compiled by Meade Layne, chief director of the Borderline Science Research Associates, whose address is 3524 Adams Avenue, San Diego, California. It can be acquired by writing the BSRA, at a cost of \$3 the copy.

The distinctive and out-of-this-world performance of the Aurameter consists of locating and determining all types of auric or odic forces, or the etheric phenomena commonly invisible to the naked eye. What it does, described in everyday

language, is to find and outline such displays of etheric energy as human auras and thought-forms, and evidently reveals the manifestations of electromagnetic display constantly surrounding any living body. In a long series of experiments it performed such startling feats as determining which volume in a bookshelf of a dozen to a hundred volumes a given person might have touched when the operator of the Aurameter was absent, because of the evident surcharge of etheric force such human touch might have created. On other occasions, a group of investigators employed themselves creating mental images of various objects, from a fancied milk bottle to a brick wall, likewise in the absence of Mr. Cameron, and the Aurameter immediately portrayed the shape and location of such thought-forms, many of which continued in existence from a matter of minutes to half an hour. Here, to all evidences and purposes, is a contrivance which proves up the literality of Thought and that "thoughts are things", not to mention disclosing the most uncanny lines of illuminated force continually playing around and through anything organically living.

THE BOOK, consisting of 80 pages of quasi-scientific data, mimeographed and neatly bound, describes how Mr. Cameron perfected the Aurameter from seeking ways to mechanize the old-fashioned witch-hazel branch used from early times to locate underground water. This process, known as water-dowsing, is also scientifically described as a phase or form of radiesthesia. In evolving this so-called Water Compass, which took many patterns before the present Aurameter was devised (its inventor found that the sensitive antenna was responding to all kinds of magnetic and other fields that apparently had nothing to do with water. In securing the outlines of human auras, for instance, it is the behavior of the antenna in scouting the areas immediately adjacent to the body that permit descriptions to be drawn of what is there, invisible to ordinary eyesight. In one outstanding case the instrument began to outline an entire human figure, invisible to the investigators gathered about a table, that seemed to be standing upon its top. Later it was revealed that one of the experimenters, unable to be present for the session, had been trying to project himself there by taking thought and forming telepathic contact with the sitters. Some sort of astral projection of

his person had resulted, which the instrument detected although the organic senses of the investigators could not.

The question of astral doubles is dramatically treated in Mr. Layne's book, as well as invisible auric protuberances from the shoulder-blades that have every pattern of angelic wings, together with sizable halos around all human heads. One cannot help conjecturing as one reads this astounding account of what the BSRA seems to be achieving in this field, that invisible in the ether is the true pattern of all psyches described so accurately in the GOLDEN SCRIPTS as being Sons of God and one-time celestial beings, later to be entrapped on coming upon this earth-planet in the sodomistic practices that encased Man in his current hypnosis of fleshly organism.

The Deity Again



CRITICISMS from readers remain the best cues to what is passing in the minds of laymen respecting the tenets which Soulcraft is spreading. Of a recent morning, this comes in—

"You speak of God as if He were a personality instead of Chemistry and Physics and general rules. That is very disappointing. Are you going back to that old Hebraic book and what your father might have thought, as all foolish but religious people in those days thought? If you do this for the level of your readers' minds, they must be very young and old. You have a wonderful chance to teach people in the light of commonsense and scientific findings, and to get away from all reference to a Hebraic-inspired book whose devotees were struggling out of barbarism, and still are."

It is obvious from the writing of this anonymous communication that no one can criticize Soulcraft more caustically than he who has only dabbled into it instead of diving into it and doing the Australian Crawl. This critic obviously has not read the *Golden Scripts* nor the 15th Soulscript, "The Difference Between God the Father and the Mystery of Thought Incarnate."

To say that the particular Entity of Beneficence whom we traditionally term God, is Chemistry, Physics and General Rules is like saying that electricity is the dynamo or motor, that a page of inspir-

ing manuscript is the typewriter on which or by which it was transcribed, or that a poem is the book in which it is printed.

That element in universality which we call for want of a better name, Holy Spirit, was in existence a long long time before the Hebraic Scriptures. If Soulcraft is doing anything, it is presenting Christianity in a form repudiating any Mosaic fundamentals. The fact that Midianite theology, such as it was, employs terms, describing, or makes reference to, entities or values that also are present in the tenets of Soulcraft, no more makes Soulcraft Mosaic than a Republican entering a voting booth and casting his ballot, makes him a Democrat in that Democrats also enter voting booths and cast ballots.

The real vitalities in this Resurgent Christianity espouse the doctrine that man is not saved from Sin by a vicarious Redeemer but by educating experiences up multiple returns to earth-life, that men learn to do good by suffering the effects of the bad, that every person's salvation lies in his own hands, and when all have undergone all the educating experiences of mortality, all graduate into the higher state, allegorically called Heaven, in the end. Soulcraft further designates that any notion of Holy Spirit having a Chosen People is blasphemously bombastic and on the whole silly, inasmuch as Divine Providence goes on endorsing the procreation of billions who are not of the Chosen People strain, and trenchant investigation develops the fact that the term is purely a self-appointment. As for the paternal idea of God in the anthropomorphic sense, the 15th *Soulcraft Script* resolves the mystery of the one transcendent expounding, there is a Divine Afflatus, not necessarily in the anthropomorphic aspect but still a supernal Consciousness, "who is the highest evolved Spirit with whom we of the terrestrial creation are in touch, but gods hath He beyond Him which we know not of, They ever receding as we advance."

The trouble with superficial critics who have not probed these aspects of sacred occultism is their inhibited viewpoints. One good epiphany of their own would leave them stunned, speechless, and utterly without cues as to what they have beheld and what it's all about.

And why, why, does it happen that these persons bethink it of merit to query or comment anonymously? Are they sub-



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consciously fearful that something will reach them personally, upsetting their agnostic fixations?

Why not open the mind and get into the Bigness of what's being propounded? Then even criticism itself would seem infantile . . .

Columbus

(Continued from Page 2)

chosen from among hereditary intellectuals.

If that populace has already lost control of government—as temporarily seems probable—it need not necessarily be permanent, but only prove the Experiment improperly timed. Indeed, there are arcane evidences that Great Dominant Spirits are incarnated in America in this present lifetime to effect such resurgence. But any people whose lack of moral fibre causes them to submit to the most callous and venal of political dictatorship, simply drop back into the ranks of those ruled by hereditary mentors—and they have no one but themselves to blame if it occurs.

In the whole of it, let us discover America as she is, or rather, as her current populace is. If it be indolent toward the beneficences of the Experiment, a new type of aristocracy will appear and self-government be postponed for another test at a later date. That seems to be the true compassion of the Almighty, expressed by the practical circumstance. If He tests a people and they fail to meet the test, He passes them up for another test at a later period when grim experience has impressed them with the error of their behavior.

But we haven't reached such point yet. Two palpable lightweights are on the rostrum for selection by the whole people to head all government for the coming four years. We shall thereby have an exhibition of how a state suffers when its most designing elements succeed in naming executives. This can easily arouse the public consciousness to a point where it becomes the last time that it is permitted to happen. Television was a big help toward that end, broadcasting the Chicago conventions.

At any rate, beholding the awakening in its constructive phases will be interesting to study—as well as participate in. The New Aristocracy that succeeds will very likely be more Christian than Mo-

saic. But the nation is not in any throes of trying to run itself without any supervision whatsoever, and failing miserably. Constructive hurt is contained in all of it. And that which hurts, educates!

Red Revolution

(Continued from Page 6)

coin, we might not be so callous in our treatment of our fellows.

OVER two thousand years men and women have been mischievously instructed that they only live once upon this earth, after which they are elevated to a grandiose heaven or consigned to a burning hell according as their deeds have been good or bad.

This notion came originally from the old Egyptian religion centering about the worship of Isis as dourly expounded in The Book of the Dead. The Jews seem to have carried the same idea from Egypt to Palestine, mixed them up with Persian Zoroastrianism, and given us the Day of Judgment terror belied by every testimony secured through psychical research.

It was Saint Paul, and not Jesus, who preached the theology of the Trinity.

The Doctrine of the Virgin Birth and the Immaculate Conception did not come into vogue until almost six centuries after the Crucifixion.

We have every indication for believing that the real gist of the Christ Message was an expounding of the fundamentals of Earthly Visitation. The incident of the Transfiguration, and the conversation on coming down from the mountain where it occurred, being a proof in point.

Now in the great Aquarian Cycle that is opening, these purblind and archaic acceptances are going by the board.

Psychical research, the most enlightened and advanced forms of Esoterics, the findings of trained adepts in practical metaphysical tenets are all disclosing that there is a much grander scheme in operation behind all earth-life than any theologian of the old school has stumbled on up to the present.

The only request made of the skeptic is merely to investigate for himself and determine from his own subsequent convictions whether or not this is true.

There is logical reason for everything that happens in our world of mortality, and every life is charted.

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Quoting from this volume Layne says: Matter as we know it is a rarefaction of the ethers and the denser media pass through our matter like wind or water through a mesh with mile-wide interstices. There is an 'indefinite' series of ethers of increasing density—atoms within atoms without end. These form worlds of living existence outside the spectra of sense perception (sight, hearing and touch).

There is an infinite variety of visiting 'sky craft' besides the "saucers", and some come from enormous distances measured in light years. Their method of 'crossing space' belongs to a super-physics which cannot be discussed here—but the basic fact seems to be, that these craft are made of a 'special kind of matter', in which the alignment of the atoms prevents the merging of their magnetic fields. This renders them weightless, and the energy-thrust is due to their rapport or resonance with the atoms of the ethers. Then Layne goes on to tell us this—

THE ETHERIAN peoples are not all alike, but are of many races and cultures. The word *Etherian* is very inadequate, but the best one available in our language. The existence of these worlds and peoples has always been recognized in Oriental metaphysics; and our own world is rooted in the etheric plane and originated from it. The ether has the same type of reality as has the magnetic
(Continued on Page 15)

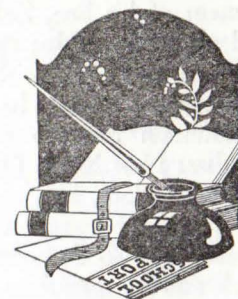
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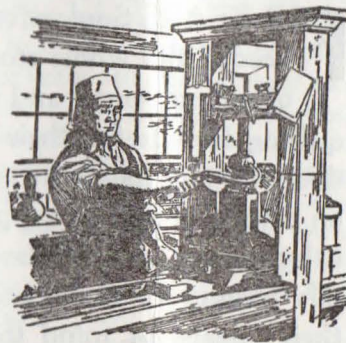


PERHAPS you remember O. Henry's story about the Kentucky mountaineers who periodically killed off one another's relatives till only Joe and Zeke remained. Disgusted at such demolishment of his line, Zeke finally gave up and went North. Joe exulted. He was cock of the roost. But without any feuding to occupy his days, he became bored with mountain life too and decided to visit godless New York. One rainy night, chilled and forlorn, he stood on the curbing at Herald Square and wished himself dead. Somebody whacked him on the back and he turned to confront none other than Joe, also become a sojourner in this modern Babylon. With a howl of fellowship they fell into one another's arms. In a nearby bar-room they buried the fued . . . All of which goes to prove, I take it, that terrain more than circumstances can alter cases and that slaughter-busts on Broadway ought to be confined to the local population . . . Glancing back over the interesting career I've enjoyed, I lived that story-plot in a slightly different guise . . . Again I'll tell you about it in a great many words . . .

o—o

BACK at the opening of World War I, I got myself a plain everyday job as composingroom foreman and Duplex pressman on a Vermont evening newspaper. Before that war ended I was to have my name in *Who's Who in America but What Of It*, and find myself traveling for Uncle Sam through the bloodglut of Bolshevia, all of which is another reminiscence. When the Kaiser's soldiery marched on Liege, I set it up in the 48-point type, locked it in the six or eight pages I'd made up, and transferred said forms to the Duplex, which is a sizable printing press used on small dailies that print from a web without rotary plates. But that Duplex press could perform the most annoying capers . . . It had "justifying rollers" that moved up and down where the web of newsprint came off the jumbo-roll at the back, stopping the web just long enough for impressions to be made on the paper passing through. If the web tightened sud-

denly—that is, if it failed to have proper "play"—there came a roar in the press department that had nothing to do with wars, motors or wages. That web exploded with dramatic crack and started skyward—such as didn't wrap around sixteen to twenty rollers and require pulling off in strips and washing with gasoline. All of which meant ruinous delay in getting out the paper. If a web broke twice, let's say, on a given afternoon it was eight o'clock, maybe, before I ate food to replenish my shattered energies. But that wasn't the worst of it. The worst of it was fifteen to twenty adolescent males of the period, waiting for their papers to peddle on delivery routes. Those young gentlemen by no means accepted the circumstance as occasion to display company manners, sit sedately on the bench in the stockroom, and discuss the war, the weather, or the price of pop. When I say they were "all over the place" I deal sedately as to simile and metaphor, myself. They were climbing jumbo rolls, scaling rafters, going monkey-fashion hand-over-hand along steam pipes, and doing everything but dropping into the press and coming out as extra editions themselves that portrayed precisely what the war did to individuals when they got in the way of its exploding ordnance. If there was any portable tool which they resurrected and failed to use, beating each other's brains out, it hadn't been invented or acquired by the paper's owner up to the time I worked in the place. Particu-



larly there was one lad with a bad look in his eye, whose mother emphatically had not raised him in little velvet pants, who distinguished one memorable afternoon by discovering a carpenter's level

down behind some waste, and using it in attempted assassination of a brother newsie, missing the second boy's occiput by an inch, letting the level slip from his grasp and inadvertently heaving it through the pressroom's door squarely into the center of the moving web. Ye gods and little fishes! . . . also little oysters at a church supper! The Boss in the front office heard a roar as though one of the shells meant for Liege had come down through the roof of his pressroom. Everything shuddered, not omitting building, press and myself. When those mighty platen-rollers went over that carpenter's level, the thing was mashed into something like a sick waffle, but lucklessly enough, so too were my page-forms. I got the press stopped and surveyed the wreckage. It sobered the overgrown imp who had done it—I think his name was Tatro—and for a full ten minutes he deported himself with restraint and decorum. I began pulling off rollers and salvaging quoins. Three-quarters of an hour, I spent, while linotypists frantically reset bashed lines, mending that web, getting it strung through properly again, trying hard not to commit mayhem as Tatro commenced to act up some more. In these maturer years, I recognize that six policemen armed with riot guns couldn't have made quiet among that motley assortment of youngsters who were going to peddle papers in early summer darkness because of Tatro's boisterousness. I finally got the press turning over when a second something went *crash!*—behind me. Somebody had either pushed Tatro, or Tatro had pushed somebody else, and the metal-furnace stovepipe was tottering. If *that* went into the press, everybody might as well go home and not come back . . . What did I do, in the ire of my twenty-four years? I swung at Tatro, almost as big physically as I was myself, my earnest intent being to knock him out of that

pressroom, into the stockroom, or off the premises. My hands, covered with raw ink from all my recent handling of rollers, missed the *big clown*, and I hit the wrong bob. My grimy fingers grazed the cheek of the meekest, least obtrusive and best-behaving boy in the crowd—one little Sammy Cohen, Jewish boy, by the grace of God, his parents, and the Law of Moses. And in those days I wasn't even anti-Semitic . . .

o—o

I DIDN'T know it, but my troubles of that day were merely beginning. Sammy sat down suddenly in shock, then opened the mouth that was in his face and let out a bawl that could be heard in the front office anew. The Boss-man came leaping out the second time, wondering if by any chance somebody had thrown a small boy into his press to see how *he* looked as a sick waffle as well. I tried to calm Sammy but it was no good. Peddling papers lost all interest for him and he started for River Street, bawling as he went. His parents ran a clothing store in River Street—or his mother ran the clothing store while his father ran anything he found that could be turned into money. I washed my hands with the press running, realizing it was poor business to whack small boys with dirty hands—it made the assault *look* so much worse than it actually was. At any rate, the edition was off when who should walk in but Judge Ed Bennett of the Probate Court . . . He was a rotund and pompous little man, who tried to please all comers and hold his job—which came by election at the polls. But he seemed ill at ease as he approached the imposing-stones where I was unlocking forms. "Sorry, Bill," he announced, "but I've got a warrant for your arrest!" . . . I wasn't so blase about warrants of arrest in those days, and my tummy did a somersault. I wished to be informed as to the cause for his possession of such document. Judge Edward scarcely blinked. "Assault with intent to kill Sammy Cohen," he announced.

o—o

IT WAS now my turn to raise such a bellow that The Boss came running out the third time, knowing precisely how the Belgian commander of Liege felt, with noisy surprises popping everywhere in continuity. "I wouldn't wallop a sprat as small as Sammy," I told him, "I aimed to knock the brains out of Big Tatro and made a miss." Whereupon Mrs. Cohen followed out. She had Sammy by the

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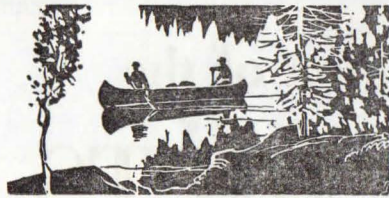
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hand. She had already visited the front office and exhibited her offspring. "His face look at it!" she screeched, working herself into the proper maternal lather. "To kill him he tries. To jail I send you for life for this," she glared at me. The woman, apparently, was antedating Roosevelt by something like eighteen years. And she put on a heart-melting act of clasping her offspring against ample bosom and cracking his ribs. The

Boss heard the story, knew what pressure I'd been under that afternoon, and shooed lawyer-judge and his client back into the business precincts. "We'll fix this up somehow, Mrs. Cohen," he solaced. "We'll see how much it's worth when we've washed the boy's face." . . . They discovered it was worth \$10 when they'd washed the boy's face. For \$10 I was saved from going to jail for life. It was perhaps the most expensive job of



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face-slapping that had ever distinguished my adolescent career, but my conscience was salved by the fact that it had truly been a fluke. Sammy, however, came after no more papers. The big ogre who ran the press might really slap him next time and his mother not be able to work the shake-down twice—at least so I concluded. So much for that. Now page O. Henry, because this is the aftermath . . .

o—o

COMES success to me in the short story writing line. Comes giving up the pressman's job and going to Manhattan to join the staff of the *American Magazine*. Comes a chance to buy my own evening daily up in northern Vermont and run it even though I am holding down the staff job on *The American*. Comes going out to the Far East, first for the Rockefeller Foundation, then into Russia for Uncle Sam. Comes the Long Trip Home with Bolshevia a memory, and six weeks of typhoid, and getting out of the hospital to go back to Manhattan and make my first movie at Fort Lee, N. J. with Lon Chaney. Comes the invitation to "make pictures" with the inimitable Chaney "on the Coast", including the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Comes . . . comes . . . Oh yes, a night in Los Angeles, in 1924, downtown, when I am waiting for a friend to come by in front of Pershing Square and pick me up in his car to take me home to Pasadena. Comes a whack on my back as I survey the almost deserted but brightly lighted streets, and a cry of joy in my ear. "Bill Pelley! . . . fancy meeting you here!" And I turn to discover who is taking such liberties with my shoulder-blades, to confront a six-foot stalwart, perfectly groomed and close-shaven, incidentally one of the handsomest fellows of the Hebraic extraction I'd ever set eyes on in my life. . . . *But I don't know him!* . . . He grins at that, and does everything but fondle me. Finally I have to ask him whatever his name is, "Sammy Cohen!" he informs me, giving alarming signs of crawling into my nearest pocket." . . . "You forgotten the day in the *Banner* office when you slapped my face and it cost you ten bucks?" . . . Time did a tailspin. After all, something like 14 years had passed beneath the Bridge of Care or words to that effect. And here was this glass of fashion and mold of form, telling me all about his coming to Hollywood to make his fortune in movies and could I introduce him to all the Best People, just for the home town's sake?

He had the brawn to knock me over the City Hall now. If he'd wanted to pay in kind, he could have made my countenance resemble a squash pie heaved at Ben Turpin. But he didn't want to repay in kind. He wanted to repay in money. He took out a roll of folding lettuce that might have gagged a bovine. He peeled off a ten-spot. "You know, I always did suspect your Boss deducted that ten-spot my old lady got, from your pay-envelope when you couldn't afford it. Let's square up." And to clean up his conscience—or maybe it was to get me to introduce him presently to all the Best People—he pressed the money into my hands. My car came along while I was holding it and looking foolish. I tried to tell him I hadn't been shortsuited as to pay that week but it didn't register, and giving him my Hollywood office address I was wheeled homeward. However, he never did show up to be introduced to all the Best People. And I never heard why. However, it happened in Hollywood, and in Hollywood anything can happen, and sometimes does . . . Write your own moral for the tale. I can't. I'm still figuring it out . . . —THE RECORDER

Shanti Devi

(Continued from Page 4)

But when Er arose to his feet, his story was not of three days of suffering in such mortal body but of a visit to what is known as a "parting of the ways", and beyond.

Do such facts not explain that Er's spirit remained in full control over the body and therefore present in said body while at the same time it experienced what is termed a "journey" elsewhere? And do not such facts speak volumes of explanation of the cases of Swedenborg and several others who have claimed the power to "pass over" almost at will?

But the case of Shanti Devi goes beyond that of Er for in her case, again if we accredit the reports of such, her "memory" of former life-experiences was so strong that she possesses none of the characteristics or traits of her "father and mother" of the reborn status and all of the characteristics of the young mother who died at childbirth.

Do such facts not prove that "death" is more apparent than real and that a disintegration of the soul or spirit does not take place at what we term "death"—oh death where is thy sting?

Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 11)

field around the poles of a magnet.

The so-called Fireballs in some instances are "wipers" designed to offset the radiations and fission products of atomic explosions; in other cases they are photographic devices which transmit an image while in flight, of both the inside and outside of any object.

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SOULCRAFT PRESS, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

You Can Now Get the Soulscripts Up to Volume Seven . . .

There are 13 Weekly *Soulscripts* to each Volume in the order of their publication. Each 13 is bound in a beautiful cover of burgundy-colored leatherette. The Seventh book in this series of Sacred Esoterics has just come from the bindery and can now be shipped same day that order comes in. There are five more volumes to come, making 12 in all or 156 Scripts to the collection. There have been 91 issued to the current week, making 65 still to come. This means the *Soulscripts* will continue to be issued until approximately December 1, 1953. Price \$5 per volume.



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

T h e P L A Y O F F

THE CHIEF constable of a small English town was also an expert veterinary surgeon. One night his phone bell rang.

"Is Mr. Jones there?" asked an agitated voice. "We want him quick!"

"In the capacity of constable or veterinary?" asked the wife.

"Both, ma'am. We can't get our new bulldog to open his mouth."

"Why not?"

"There's a burglar in it!"

Puppy-love—the beginning of a dog's life.

THE TICKET-taker on an English train said vehemently, "Madam, you cannot travel first-class on a third-class ticket."

"But I'm one of the directors' wives," the woman protested.

The official rejoined, "You couldn't do it, Madam, if you was the director's only wife."

The best place to hold the world's fair is around the waist.

A NEW salesman set forth on his first trip with instructions to report back to the home office every night, no matter whether he had sold any goods or not. From the first stop the firm got this message—

"Putting up at swell hotel here. Room dandy. Southern exposure. Feeling fine."

The disgusted sales manager wired back—

"So glad. Have a nice time. Love and kisses."

One swallow does not make a spring but many a man has found that many swallows can result in a fall.

HE APPEARED in the front office of the phone company with several exquisite floral pieces.

"Thank you, sir," beamed the manager. "You wish to compliment our Hello-girls for their service?"

"Compliment nothing," the phone client growled. "I'm bringing these things to the memory of the dead!"

ARE YOU MISSING THEM?
Electronic Broadcasts of Soulcraft



Sixth Address
OCT. 12th:

**"There's
Something
Better!"**

Come and Hear the Golden Scripts Expounded

Chapter by chapter the Recorder intends to take up significant sequences of the *Golden Scripts* this fraught fall and winter and interpret them in the light of maturing national and international event.

Prophecies are about to be fulfilled that you will want to have made clear and inspiring to you as they happen. The sixth discourse is upon the subject: *There's Something Better . . . Don't miss it!*

Attend or Start a Chapel

A MAN walked into a hat shop. "I've just lost a bet," he declared, "and I want to buy a new hat."

The salesman hunted boxes for the right size.

"Here's something cheap in the latest model."

"Fine looking," the customer agreed, "but it's not soft enough."

"What's softness got to do with it?"

"Don't you understand? I've got to eat it."

A MAN bought a canary from a pet store. "You're sure he can sing?" he asked suspiciously.

"He's a grand singer," the clerk assured him.

A week later the customer was back. "That bird you sold me, he's hopping around his cage on one leg. He seems to have gone lame."

"You asked me if he could sing and I told you yes. Now you want a dancer. Too bad, but you'll have to keep him."