

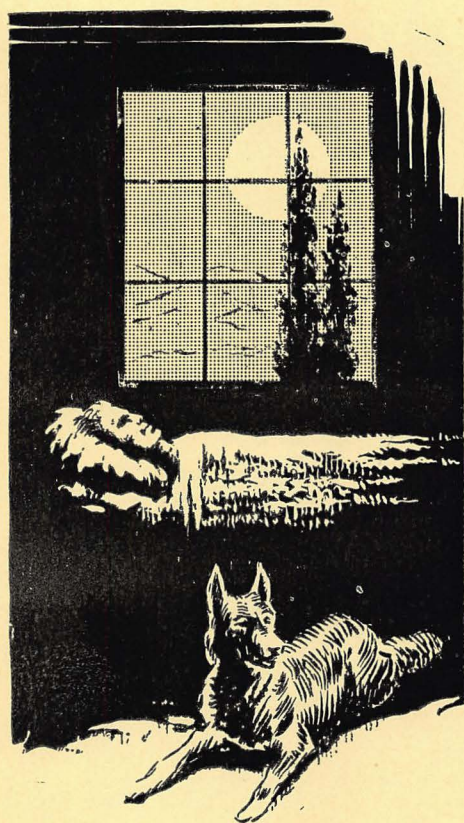
JANUARY, 1957

Valor

*The
Magazine
of Soulcraft*



"You Read It and You've Got It! . . Having Got It You Never Lose It!"



OUT in a quaint little house on a California mountaintop, back in 1928, a man thought he'd died when he went out of his body for about four hours. But he didn't die. He came back into his body remembering what life was like in the condition that people reach when they've left their physical selves in what the world calls Death. He lived to write up the experience for "The American Magazine"—

Seven Minutes in Eternity

Out of that one night's experience the man wrote something like 20 books on what happens to us when we die, that people are now reading all over the world. The contents of those books are now called—

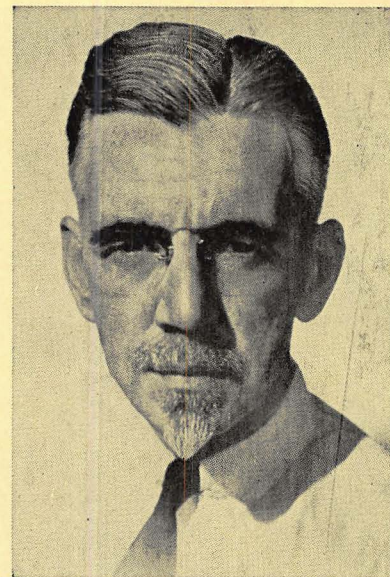
SOULCRAFT

Get a copy of this story by sending \$1 to this same man's publishing house and reading the book that comes back, telling all about it. You'll never be afraid of getting killed when you know the truth of what happens to you when you die . .

The 1929 American Magazine Story that Has Been Read by 3,000,000 People . .

It is making religious history throughout the world, that experience. Because it was followed by others. If you wish your whole spiritual philosophy made over, with facts about the Afterlife that you can sink your teeth in, send \$1 to the address below for a copy of this book of 78 pages, bound in Burgundy leatherette—

IT HAS been reliably estimated that nearly 3,000,000 people have read *My Seven Minutes in Eternity* since its publication in "The American" for March, 1929. Copies of the original magazine are so rare that they have changed hands for as high as \$7.50 the copy. Will Levington Comfort named it "The Story of the Century" . . You decide!

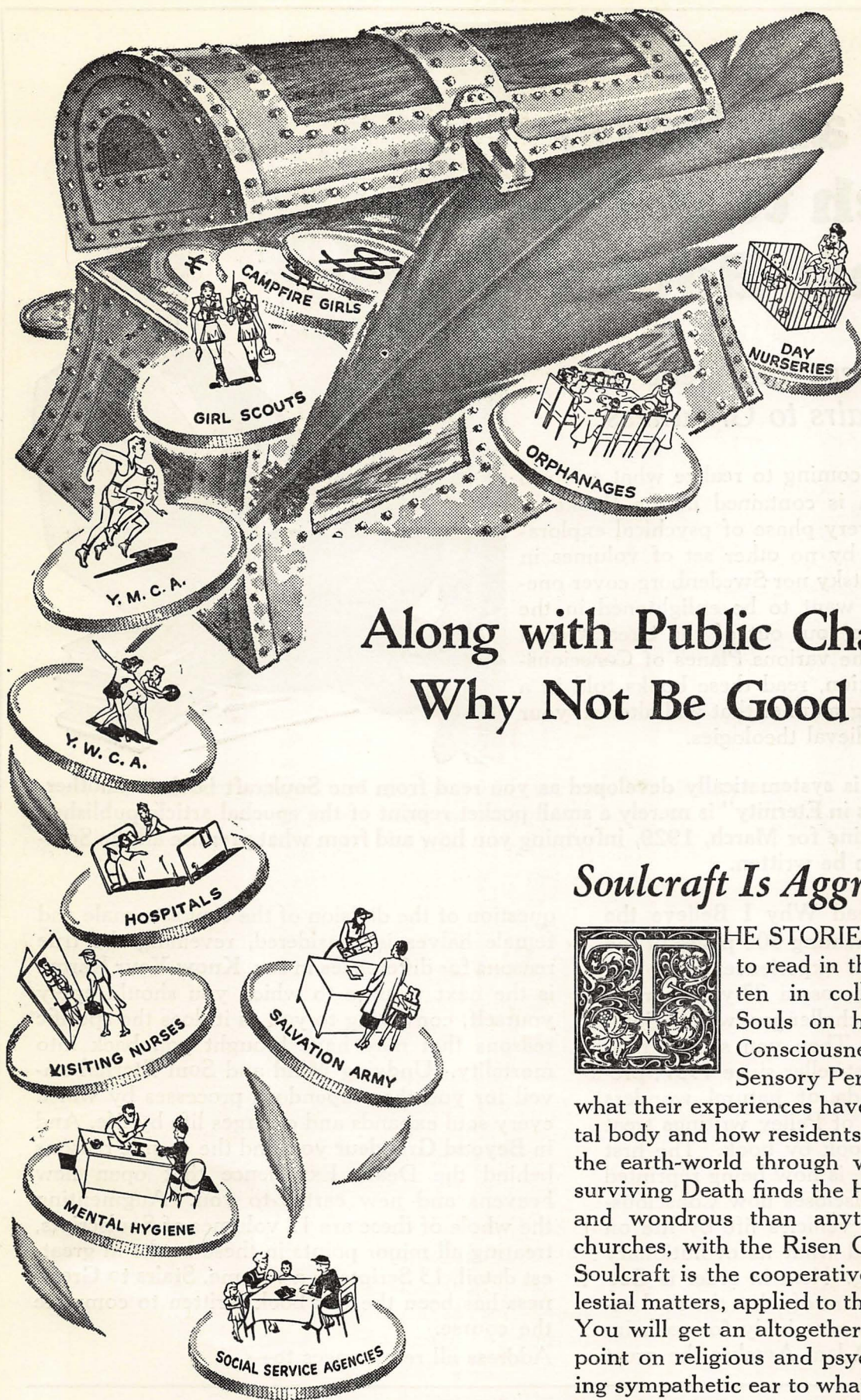


Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc.

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Noblesville, Indiana



*Knowledge
Can Have
No Peer as
a Gift Given
to Ourselves*

Along with Public Charities Why Not Be Good to Ourselves?

Soulcraft Is Aggressive Christianity



THE STORIES and articles you are about to read in this magazine have been written in collegueship with Graduated Souls on higher echelons of survived Consciousness, contacted through Extra-Sensory Perception. They are disclosing what their experiences have been since leaving the mortal body and how residents of the loftier octaves regard the earth-world through which we are passing. Life surviving Death finds the Hereafter far more beautiful and wondrous than anything proclaimed in earthly churches, with the Risen Christ a very real Personage. Soulcraft is the cooperative understanding of these celestial matters, applied to the world in which we yet live. You will get an altogether new and illuminative viewpoint on religious and psychical fundamentals by lending sympathetic ear to what is herein presented. A New Year is in prospect in the Great Book of Time. We owe it to ourselves to prepare for its auspicious events and revelations in store, beginning with 1957 . .

There Is an Order in which to Read Soulcraft Books!

From *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*; to *Stairs to Greatness*

SLOWLY the nation is coming to realize what a world of Mystical Erudition is contained in the Books of Soulcraft, which cover every phase of psychical exploration in a way duplicated by no other set of volumes in the world . . . neither Blavatsky nor Swedenborg cover one-half the ground. If you want to be enlightened in the entire development of the soul out of the Great Ocean of Spirit up through all the various Planes of Consciousness, to ultimate incarnation, read these books told in a popular and understanding manner that will alter all your acceptances based on medieval theologies.



A GIGANTIC theme is systematically developed as you read from one Soulcraft book to another. "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" is merely a small pocket reprint of the epochal article published in *The American Magazine* for March, 1929, informing you how and from what premise all the Soulcraft books came later to be written.

NEXT, you should read *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, narrating 300 pages of the author's autobiographical experiences with discarnate phenomena up across a 27-year period, presenting the various challenges which Soulcraft meets and solves. Then you should read *Behold Life*, a steady best-seller since 1937, presenting the entire agenda of natural wonders which some 30 volumes of Pelley writings treat with in greater detail, book by book. The first of these, *Thinking Alive*, is now being reprinted for the third time and discloses how Consciousness ensouls in physical vehicles life by life on this particular planet and what its evolutionary development is achieving. Next in order is *Getting Born*, a detailed account of what the soul experiences in selecting its new body for each infantile advent. But in *Adam Awakes* the great

question of the division of the soul into male and female halves is considered, revealing the true reasons for differences in sex. **Know Your Karma** is the next volume to which you should apply yourself, conveying to you as it does the specific reasons that may have brought you back into mortality. **Undying Mind** and **Soul Eternal** unveil for you the stupendous processes by which every soul expands and enlarges life by life. And in **Beyond Grandeur** you find the cosmic reasons behind the Death Experience that open new heavens and new earths to you. Augmenting the whole of these are 12 volumes of *Soulscripts*, treating all minor points in these books in greatest detail, 13 Scripts to a volume. **Stairs to Greatness** has been the last book written to complete the course.

Address all remittances to—

Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc. P. O. Box 192, Noblesville, Ind.

SALUTATION

SOMETHING like 28 years of highest and deepest exploration into psychical realms lie behind these articles you are now about to read. VALOR has announced this before and will announce it again. Soulcraft really appeared as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand when *The American Magazine* for March, 1929 came out with a lead-article titled *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*, in which its senior staff writer told the remarkable story of having vacated his body in the night in a mountain bungalow in California and visited a more sublimated plane of reality, returning to his physical self at sunup without death resulting. Something like 2,200,000 readers perused that article and 30,000 of them took trouble to write him back that they as well had passed through a similar experience but lacked a great monthly periodical as a medium for publicizing it. Mayhap you were one of them.

WHEN *The American* would accept no more writings of this nature, fearing the disapproval of orthodox religious authorities, the writer of *Seven Minutes* founded his own publishing house and has since been circulating literature of a hundred kinds, telling of his further experiences in discarnate communication. None of it is Spiritualism in its accepted sense. It is the most modern psychical research brought up into popular presentation, with particular attention to its sacred aspects.

WITHIN six months this same author's clairaudient senses became awakened, which merely meant that his hearing had become attuned to hearing sound sensations on a higher octave than those accepted by the ordinary human ear. There is nothing "goofy" about such hearing. The Chinese have long possessed a dog-whistle from which the sound vibrates at so keen a rate that it can be heard by a canine two miles distant while only exceptional persons standing near are aware of it. When conscious intelligence on a loftier octave of existence started conversing on such vibration, the hearer began making written records of the speakings. *A great doctrine embracing the higher values of life began to be compiled and has proceeded for over a quarter-century.* The Soulcraft books embrace all that has been learned or recorded in those 28 years.



Valor

The Magazine of Soulcraft
with which is combined "Bright Horizons"

Volume X

January, 1957

Number 2

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VALOR is a magazine of 32 or more pages, published on the first of each month in exposition of the tenets and principles of American Soulcraft and sacred psychical research by SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, INC., P. O. Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana. W. D. PELLEY, Editor; A. M. HENDERSON, Business Mgr. Subscriptions: \$5 Per Year of twelve numbers; \$3 for Six Months; 50¢ single copies. Supplied without charge to members of the SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, INC. in paid standing. Not connected with any Denomination, Creed, Cult, or Political Ism. Copyright 1956 by SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, INC. Quotations permitted where credit is given. Address all communications and make all remittances to—

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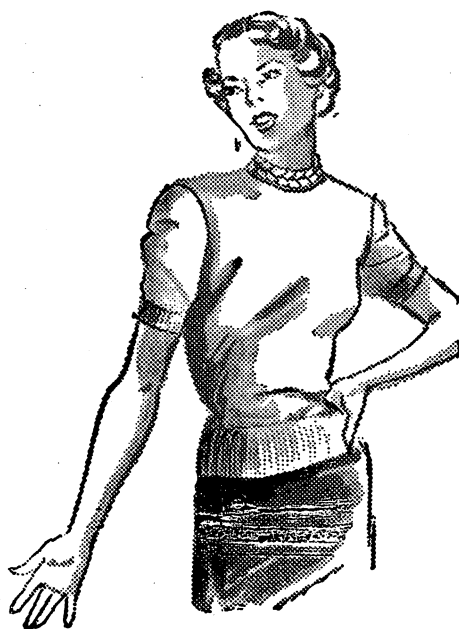
Noblesville, Indiana

*“How could he do such
a thing to ME?” . .*

Know your Karma

The Book that Clarifies Why Your Life
Contains the Seeming Injustices It Does

KARMA is any action you have done toward another that results in his holding resentments against you. Some of the worst cases that carry over from life unto life are brought about by assuring a given person you will do a certain thing for him, carelessly defecting on that promise, congratulating yourself you “didn’t put it in writing” so that he might recover from you under the law. There is a higher law that operates which keeps you his debtor nonetheless until his feelings toward you is adjusted . .



IGNORANCE OF THE LAW IS NO DEFENSE

ANYTHING you have ever done to retard another person spiritually is collectable under Karmic Law, though it go over into lives yet to come. Whoever holds feelings of any sort toward you because of your thoughtless or willful treatment of him puts a weight upon you that holds back your spiritual progress. But always it must be intentional. You do not acquire karmic debts from accidental happenings . .

People Don't Understand Karma

The masses of the Orient have been educated for generations in the workings of the laws of Karma, but they make several wrongful interpretations of its causes. Carried to excess they accredit what they call The Wheel of Karma that holds them in academic thrall to others life unto life. Soulcrafters profit by the higher Christian explanations of the karmic process and avoid situations that increase it right here and now . .

THIS Volume, KNOW YOUR KARMA, takes you into the next phases of consciousness with John Foundryman, an ordinary American, who had contracted small-time political debts as a small-town official. You see from the reactions of earlier associates toward him, what most men and women face in result of irresponsibilities toward others. One of the most practicably illuminating of the Soulcraft books. It enlightens you in the exact conditions confronted on making the lethal Passing, preparing you to take your place intelligently in the next higher orders of society.

Last Year's Best Seller

KNOW YOUR KARMA proved to be one of last year's best selling Soulcraft books. Readers expressed their gratitude for it because it enabled them to handle moral obligations and repayments in kind if, as, and when they returned into the mortal cycle by observing scrupulous equities toward associates in the current life . .

320 Pages of Fascinating Higher Life Facts

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\$5

SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc.

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Noblesville, Indiana

Out of the Mail

"I want you to know that Soulcraft has lighted a lamp for me that will never, never dim. My life, which was barren and drifting, now has a beacon that shows me the way to the harbor of Love and Eternal Truth. Through Soulcraft I am learning that one day I shall be worthy to be counted among the Elder Brother's Company. My eternal gratitude is ever with you, His Chief Mate, and I stand ready any time the call comes from Him or you to respond instantly."—H. H. C., California.

"Often wonder if you really realize how much good you have been doing for mortals like myself and wife? We incarnated in this era of eternity as just average folks and through your teachings we see the meaning of it all. What more could one ask? We hope and pray that we have opportunity to broadcast the real truth to those less fortunate than ourselves. Reading *As Thou Lovest*, the best book you have written, certainly brought results in our family. *We just don't feel deserted any more*. What more can be said for a book? Thank you again for your wonderful guidance and God bless all of you at Soulcraft."—F. W. B., Seattle, Washington.

"This is surely the Elder Brother's work on earth today."—J. H. M., Oreg.

"Each book is like a beautiful gem and it is so difficult to put them aside until each one is read and re-read. I get so much comfort in them in these chaotic times. The predictions are so true and right on schedule."—Mrs. J. W., Calif.

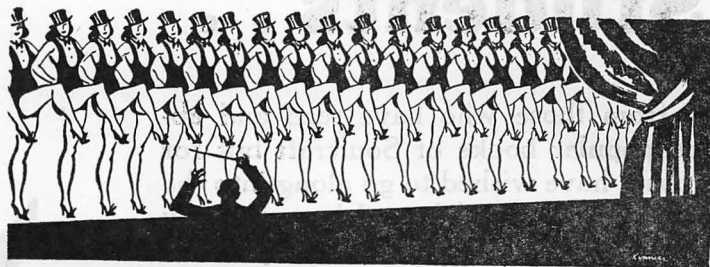
"The weekly letters I receive are all very scholarly. It is absolutely the most wonderful communication that anyone has ever received."—Mrs. W. F. G., So. Dakota.

"In and out of many different schools of thought . . . then into Soulcraft where at last life is taking on a sensible pattern. I have never been less fearful and more at Peace in my life."—E. M. G., Indiana.

"From the time I started to read your *Stairs to Greatness* I could hardly put it down. It is truly a wonderful book. Today's news only confirms the wisdom of Dr. Michael."—G. E., Florida.

"I find that it is integrating my years of metaphysical studies. . . It is interesting how Nostradamus prophecies agree with those of the Bible."—D. E. G., Florida.

Do You Remember this Musical Hit? "Song of the Nile"



It was the musical theme song in the Richard Barthlemess screen hit—

"Drag!"

the first all-talkie motion picture ever made by Warner Brothers in Hollywood the year that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic.

"DRAG" was written by the editor of VALOR and founder of Soulcraft. Its sales didn't reach the magnitude of those of "THE FOG", but it was nevertheless a best-seller for 1924-1927.

"DRAG" told the story of a fledgling Vermont newspaper chap, the awful typographical mistakes in whose Green Mountain newspaper resulted in his writing a successful New York musical comedy. Moving his family to New York, he discovered his wife's multitudinous Vermont family all joining him in Manhattan to enjoy his artistic success with him. The climax of the story is the episode in which he divested himself of the drag of them.

Page after Page of Laughs!

purchase a copy of "DRAG" and give your humor-sense a joy ride. The original electrotpe plates of this notable story are now in Soulcraft's possession. That the book might be preserved, a special edition was run off the Soulcraft presses, of which several hundred copies still remain.

YOU CAN BUY A COPY FOR \$3.00

Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc.

Noblesville, Ind.

"*Stairs to Greatness* is superb. How much light it throws on the dark spots of earth as well as so much that has been unknowable!"—E. A. W., Indiana.

"It is useless for me to attempt to detail what Soulcraft has done for Mrs. S. and myself. The Nostradamus letters are priceless."—G. I. S., Ohio.

"I don't feel that the Nostradamus Letters should be classified as predictions. In

reality they are advance information on actuality. I am glad and very thankful that I have been privileged to be in on this great Soulcraft Program and to receive the great spiritual and mental benefits and assurances it affords."—J. C. B., California.

"What a wonderful privilege to read these letters. Every step of the way has been forecasted by Dr. Michael."—E. V. M. S., Ohio.

Nostradamus Students . .

are recruited from those who have read and absorbed all the popular books of Soulcraft but for teaching purposes have wished to go along into the deeper discarnate phases of life and know readily exactly what happens during and after physical death, what the conditions may be which all humanity encounters, and particularly what happens in the average materializing session when audible communication is established with those not yet quitted their physical bodies.

The Substance and Uses of the Etheric Body

are specially treated in these weekly correspondence lectures together with satisfying knowledge about the vagaries of Ectoplasm and why the phenomena result that often produce contradictions and confusions.



Events of the Coming Seven Years

are taken out of the realm of religious mystery and made commonplace of understanding from the quasi-scientific basis. The whole instruction is slanted to enable the Soulcraft Teacher to expound ninety per cent of the psychical quandaries that will unerringly be put to him by the benighted public. Incidentally, all of it is exceptional material for the Fellowship member to know for his own profit.

It Costs \$100 for Two Years

to obtain a reference-file of the Letter-Lectures that have distinguished the Fellowship Student-Course during 1955-56, and then continue along with the new Nostradamus prophetic material that appears week by week until July of 1957. There will be no books, gifts, or personalized service included in this two-year offer. New enrollees merely get the Nostradamus Bulletins plus the past years' Lectures, that they may understand many of the references made in the Seer's new material.

The sole exceptions to the opposite paragraph will be an annual subscription to VALOR, plus the fact that when the new Nostradamus Quatrains terminate, a bound volume of them done in wine-red leatherette covers, will be presented to each new \$100 enrollee. This series well may wind up the Soulcraft doctrinal instruction, as Nostradamus declares he sees the Recorder engaged in practical maneuvers for bringing in The Kingdom! Send \$100 today, if you are not already listed, to—

SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc.

Noblesville, Indiana

Soul Eternal

An
Absolute
"Must"
for
Every
Soulcrafter . .

STRANGELY enough, the most important book of Soulcraft was written last. Its importance lay in the fact that no other volume, with the exception of a portion of *Know Your Karma*, has carried much description of the various planes above the mortal so that the student knows their separate features and all that confronts the soul on its upward journey.

*Why the Earth-Plane
Is What It Is . .*

is more clearly grasped when the various levels of conscious life above it are intelligently understood.

By William Dudley Pelley

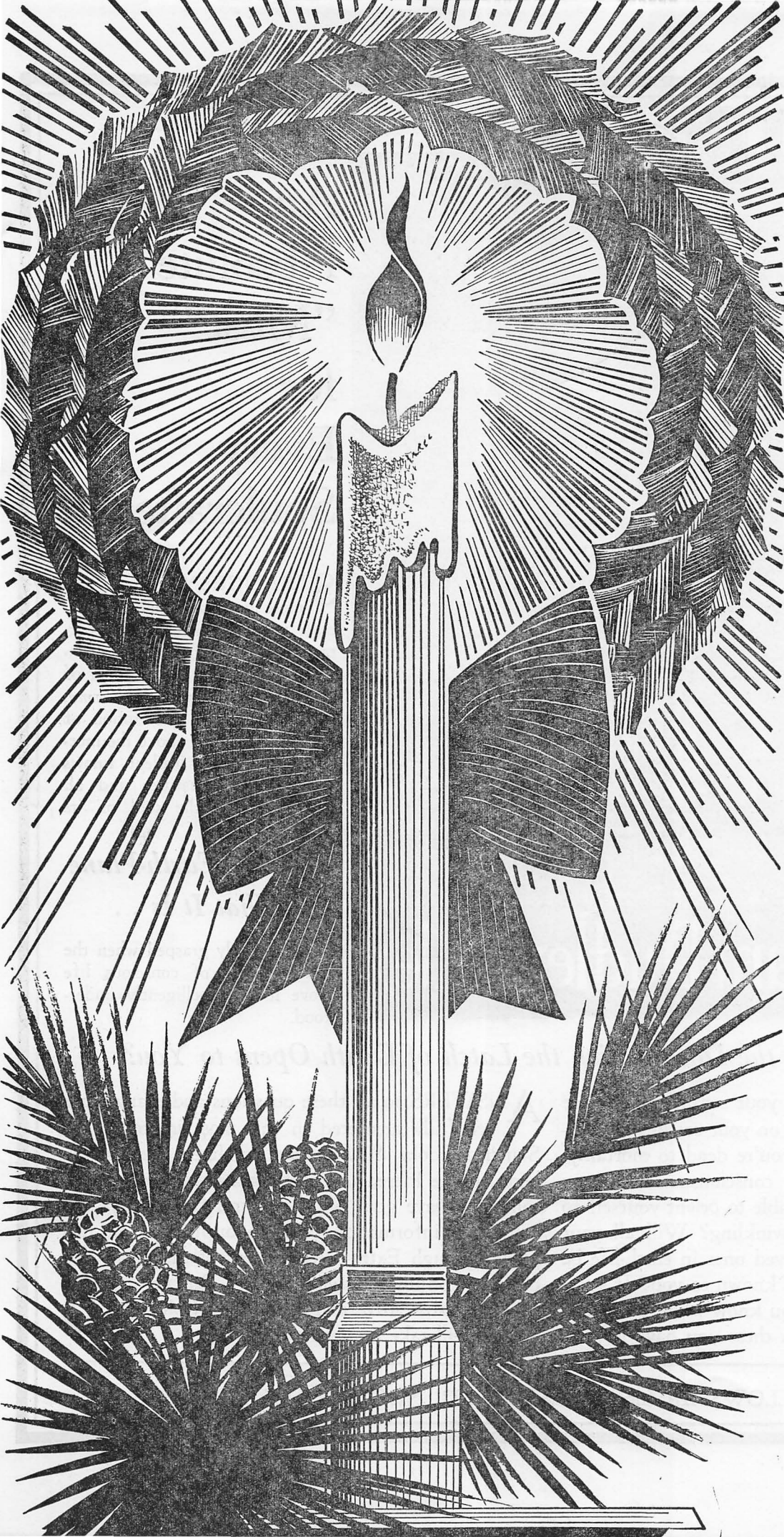
Do You Know the Doors which the Latch of Death Opens to You?

WHAT do you imagine your sensations are due to be when you sit up on your cot in the after-life and realize that while you're dead to mortality, you have by no means lost consciousness? Do you imagine you're going to be able to orient yourself to your new conditions in a twinkling? Will all your earlier acquaintances and loved ones in earth-life be on hand to make themselves known to you? If some of them are missing, will you know why? How will conditions be different from these you have left?

ANSWERS to all these questions and many more are fully answered in this most important of Soulcraft books, *Soul Eternal*. It's like a great guide-book to the Hereafter, with data furnished by persons who have gone on ahead and found ways for conveying information back to authorities on this plane through Extra-Sensory Perception. Read this book in conjunction with *Why I Believe the Dear Are Alive* and Death and Spirituality will take on a new meaning.

\$5

SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP Inc., P. O. BOX 192, NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



*Suppose
We Keep a Candle
Burning
Steadfastly to
Soulcraft
Ideals
throughout 1957 . .*

Valor

Vol. X

JANUARY, 1957

No. 2

"Their Mother"

By William Dudley Pelley

First Published in The American Magazine, August, 1917

(See COGITATIONS this issue, Page 26)

IF YOU should come up here to our little Vermont town of Paris and go eastward to the end of Main Street, you would come at length to the old Marshall mill-pond bottom, known in our local parlance as the "Flats". On the farther side of the Flats and crushed up against Haystack Mountain, you would come upon a scrubby little farm called the Poor Purse Place.

Now we, in our country daily newspaper office, probably know more about the "kineology" and inside history of every man, woman and child in our town than anyone else, for that is our business. But we especially know more about the Poor Purse family because it is intimately tied up with the *Daily Telegraph*, verily by ties of blood. And while the rest of the town drives the stranger past the scrubby little farm with the comment, "This is the Poor Purse Place, the home of an unfortunate family of fatherless kids who eventually summoned up gump-tion to amount to something," we drive past and see that poor little house half hid by the ragged lilacs and wild rose, and we of the *Telegraph* love the Purse place. For it recalls to us more and more vividly, as the years pass, the story of Mary Purse, "Old Mary" we called her

later who before her marriage to Jack Purse of the *Telegraph* office was Mary Wood.

I REMEMBER as though it were yesterday, the day that Mary Wood got her job in our office. She was only a girl just out of her teens. She was plump, pretty, with lots of common sense showing in her face, and she owned a pair of wistful brown eyes that left an indelible impression upon you.

There was a reason for Mary's wistful eyes. She had been born and brought up on a farm back in the New England hills, of a high-strung, sensitive mother married to a sordid, coarse-grained, materialistic father. It was the old old tragedy of the country, a girl marrying the boy on the next farm or in the same country church for fear of becoming an old maid, or because the boys had to have wives and took the first "picks" at hand.

Mary's mother had brought three children into the world and grown discouraged and shapeless with work. She had



buried her second child, leaving only Mary and a brother who was younger. Then after a time the husband died of lung trouble. The burden of raising the two youngsters fell on her weary shoulders, and the moment Mary was old enough it had been necessary for her to go to work. She had helped in the local box factory making berry crates. She had picked berries, and tended store for Miss Merriam the milliner. Then gradually the proposition came of marrying one of the local boys and repeating her mother's tragedy, or getting out into the world and making a choice of a man her mental and temperamental equal. She had decided to learn the printing business in our office, then take a bigger job on some city paper.

But one night after she had been with us a matter of seven months, I came into the back room to find her weeping, with her head down on the type case before her. She was in there putting in some overtime to swell her slender pay envelope. Daddy Joe, a fatherly old tramp printer, happened to be working in there too. Kidlike I stopped and listened unbeknown to them.

"Daddy Joe," said the girl, "tell me,



is it terribly wrong for a girl to want to marry money?"

"Suppose you tell me the circumstances, honey," said old Joe sympathetically.



"Oh, there aren't hardly any circumstances, Joe," said she, "only I'm just tired, that's all. I'm tired of living in a boarding-house bedroom all alone. I'm tired of getting up to the remorseless jangle of an alarm clock every morning. I'm tired of having no one to talk to at night, no one who cares about me for myself alone. I'm weary of making endless motions, setting endless galleys, correcting endless proofs, drawing my pay envelope every Saturday afternoon, that's spent before I get it, for my board and clothes and the help of Mother out on the farm. Sometimes I feel just as if I'd like some man—any man—to come along with about a billion dollars, pick me up and carry me off and do anything he wants with me, so long as he'll only take away the endless grind and provide me with pretty clothes and proper food and just let me—rest. Yes, I'm wondering if it's sinful to want to marry any man for his money."

NOW those are dangerous sentiments for an honest girl to be expressing. Daddy Joe saw in a moment that it wasn't money the girl craved. It was love. When folks are in love they don't give a hoot about making endless motions, or paying board, or getting up every morning to the bang of an alarm clock. Old Joe saw the girl was tired, friendless and alone, and it was up to him to keep her on the straight track.

"Yes, Mary," said he, "it's downright wicked to want to splice up for cash alone. What you need, Mary, is for some nice chap to come along and get you interested in him. Ain't you got no steady, Mary?"

"No," said she.

"You just hang on, Mary," the old man counselled. "The right boy's comin' along sooner or later. You'll know when he comes, all right. Then you'll marry

him and have a nice home, and all your troubles will be forgotten."

The old chap cheered up the girl and she went on with her work. But as he bent over his stone, I saw him shaking his world-wise old head sadly.

Well, the right chap did come along pretty quick after that. Jack Purse came to work for us.

IT was an out-and-out love match from the start. In the winter and spring that ensued a change came over Mary. The pallor left her face; she did her work with an energy that had but one origin; frequently she sang a fragment of a love song as she busied herself at her work about our office. She had developed into the swiftest and most accurate compositor we ever had, but during those last few months she was with us she fairly broke even her own record. There were no more tears over the type case. There were no more confessions to Daddy Joe. And, too, there were no more references to marrying for money. We all knew that Jack Purse was as poor as a pauper at the town farm, and the wages he was drawing while learning his trade were barely supporting himself. But these things place no stumbling block in the pathway of love, at least the kind we had up in Vermont. Mary believed she could still keep on with her job in our office, and together they would furnish the little white house they had taken over on Maple Street. So she married him on Memorial Day—that wonderful day of peace in New England, when the air is heavy with the odor of wet lilacs, the quiet corteges move to the grass-grown graves in the village cemetery, and over the face of all nature hangs the hush of approaching summer.

Somehow love in a quaint old New England town is a deeper, sweeter thing than anywhere else on God's green earth. It lacks the sensuousness of the dreamy Southland. It has not the virility of the West. But to make up for both it is an indefinable soft sturdiness in a setting of strong and sturdy mills and valleys and towns that hallows it and nurtures it—the thing we of the *Telegraph* office have termed the New Englandness of New England.

If, on the eve of her wedding day, Mary gave a thought to the dreams she had dreamed, of wealth and aspirations and the great opportunities which marriage was to open to her, no one knew it but

herself. If there was the least thing of bittersweet disappointment it never disturbed the outer surface of her love for the young chap whose wife she had consented to be. And that, after all, is the way of the world.

ALL of us have dreamed dreams and built castles in the ether and imagined great and glorious experiences for the future. All of us have thought we were going to marry the superman or superwoman. All of us, up to a certain age, believed subconsciously that fame and fortune and great vistas of opportunity would be opened to us by time alone, and that the years were nothing but things to be lived, that every hour was a golden moment and time but a thing to pass away that would bring us nearer and nearer each evening to our hallowed anticipations. But the days have come and the days have fled. Each one, somehow, has passed just like the one that went before. It was not the superman nor the superwoman whom we married—who came into our lives in a halo of mist.

If we are women, we married the young chap at the church social whom we didn't like at first because his hair stuck up in the back like wire and he didn't know what to do with his hands. But somehow we couldn't resist his attentions or ignore his prospects, and we drifted on and on toward the moment when the great ques-



tion came and was answered. The wedding day lay in the past and he became the father of our children. And he rolls his cigars around in his mouth, and likes to go about the house with his shoes off, and makes us hate ourselves for our servility in having to pry loose two dollars to pay the milk man.

If we are men, there came a night when we sat under the summer stars with a girl

who had been working in the same office as ourselves, or that we met at the Odd Fellows' dance. And the witchery of faint perfumery, a strand of golden hair against a rough-shaven cheek, the leap of a hot pulse at the touch of a soft hand, told us that the girl somehow was different from all other women and life without her would be a hollow, lifeless thing. And we married her without knowing just why, except that we loved her and the blood called, and to find her at home when our work was done at twilight seemed very good and satisfying and much to be desired.

As it has been with marriage, so has it been with other things of life. There came a day when we realized that the only dreams which come true and the only air castles which materialize are those which we construct ourselves with effort and care and infinite toil. And if, indeed, we stand at last on a pinnacle and view the world from the heights to which we once aspired, along with the grim exaltation has come the bitter recollection of the price we have paid, the care we expended, the damnable, inhuman opposition which was ours to overcome, which has left its scars upon our souls.

MARY married Jack Purse on love, and Jack got his pay raised to twelve dollars a week, and took semi-charge of our back room. They settled down to that same variety of matrimony which has dotted America with a million of such homes, built on a very great amount of affection, a still greater amount of hope and the courage of ignorance, and a pitifully small amount of money.

We didn't see much of Mary after the first youngster arrived. Now and then one of us would meet her pushing a somewhat noisy wooden baby carriage along Maple Street of a pleasant afternoon. We would notice how very plain and over-worked were her clothes. The sleeves of her light jacket would be a trifle out of fashion. Her hat would be pinned too far back on her head. But her face, despite the fine lines of care and labor that were beginning to come, was still pretty. And when anyone stopped—as fussy old women sometimes will—to gush over the size and health of the moppet in the carriage there was a pathetic pride on it which seemed to defy the town and the world.

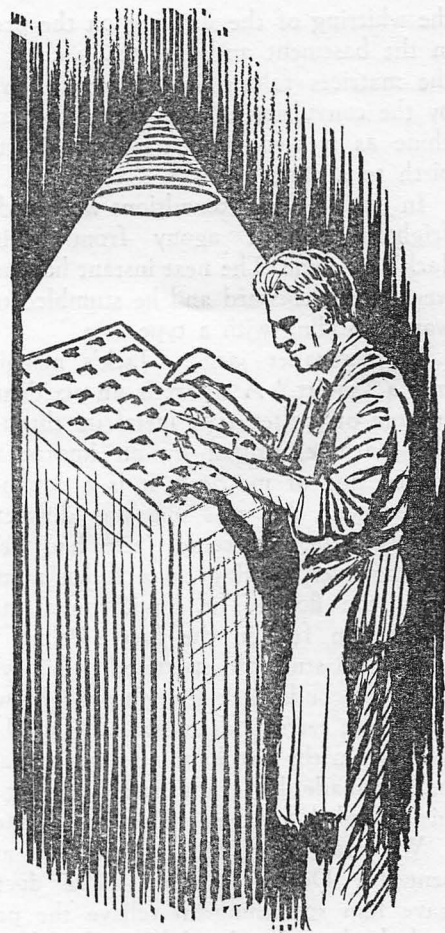
Somehow the babies seemed to come along in rather record-breaking succession

after the first. I don't know why that family all ran to boys, but it did. There were six of them, not counting the one they buried in the plain little two-foot grave out on Riverview Hillside Cemetery. That was along about the sixth year of their marriage.

I give Jack full credit. He tried to do his best by his dependents and his job. That was the pathos of it. He must have realized there was no future ahead of him, that all his energies and all his life must now be spent on raising those boys, helping them to grow up just a little bit better men than their father was before them, and to avoid, if possible, their father's mistakes. America is filled with that kind of men, men who know they have shot their bolt and missed, that the best they can do now is to help equip those young lives for whom they are responsible to take up the battle of life where they will leave it off, and carry it forward to a better conclusion. And they are heroes—the real blue-blooded stock of which this nation is made.

It was about the time that we put in the linotypes that Jack bought the place out by Haystack. He figured that he was never going to draw more than three dollars a day in our office, and it would take more than three dollars a day to raise those six kids. So, by putting up a few dollars he had managed to scrape together, Jack acquired the little property which still bears his name in the village.

But if Jack realized he was a failure, Mary, too, must have looked into the future and had it brought home to her that, after all, she had made the same mistake that her mother had before her, that life would be but one dreary day of toil after another on through the years, so much cooking, so much dish-washing, so much mending and cleaning and hanging out of clothes. Some day death would overtake her. There would be a plain, average American funeral with the relatives and the church choir, and the young local pastor, not old enough yet nor wise enough to understand the heart of human folks, who would mouth conventional preacher's phrases and look gloomy, and be thankful when it was over. There would be a six-inch funeral notice down in the corner of our paper sandwiched between a report of the county political convention and an advertisement for a patent medicine. There would be a plain white stone out beside the little grave on Riverview where



had lain for so long the little child forgotten by all but herself and God. And it would be marked with the words: "Mary, Beloved Wife of John Purse. Born, Sept. 15th, 1864. Died, April 8th, 19—." Life, like her wedding day, like the dreams she had dreamed, would have passed.

But, so far as anyone in our town knew, those who came in contact with her heard no word of bitterness. The features which had made her once the prettiest girl in Paris took on deep, dull lines of worry and care and mother-anxiety. She was growing rapidly into a plain old woman with nothing ahead but the successful manhood of her boys, like a million other wives of average men all over America tonight.

And yet the picture is not all gloomy. For these women have their reward, even as the day came when Mary Purse received her reward. And that is the plain and simple tale I am narrating.

JACK had been running one of our linotypes about three years when the accident happened. It was a rainy April morning; we had been at work about two hours; the only sounds in our office were

the whirring of the shafting on the press in the basement and the steady click of the matrices falling into place followed by the convulsion of the typesetting machine as it went into travail and gave birth to a slug.

In one of these convulsions we heard a frightful cry of agony from behind Jack's machine. The next instant his chair went over backward and he stumbled upward, colliding with a type case.

In newspaper jargon, Jack's machine had a "squirt." A squirt is an accidental splurge of molten type metal up through the machine, caused by an improperly spaced line of matrices; it is a common occurrence. But this one was different, because when it came Jack had been leaning over, picking up a fallen matrix from the floor. The liquid metal had taken him full in the face. Pellets of the hellish stuff had splattered in his eyes. In two seconds Jack Purse's eyesight was destroyed, terribly destroyed. He writhed horribly in the wreckage of the type rack he had made, his grimy hands clawing at his mangled features. Then he fainted.

We straightened him out somehow and sent for Doctor Johnson. The doctor gave him something to relieve the pain and shock and ordered him taken home. I hurried over behind the Baptist church and backed out Jack's stupid big-hoofed old horse. Sam Hod, who owns the paper, got him into a buggy, and we started with the doctor for the poor little farm outside of Haystack.

MARY was in the side yard hanging up clothes when the old horse clumped into the yard. She did not faint when our tragic faces told her something terrible had happened, though her face turned so white that it was almost blue when we whispered what had occurred. But she helped us get Jack out of the rig and into the house and stretched out on the pine bedstead in the little bedroom off the sitting-room. Sam Hod and I were weak and sick when our task was done. As we sat down out in the cluttered dooryard and waited for the doctor's verdict, Sam said hoarsely:

"What's going to become of Mary and all those boys if Jack's permanently blind?"

I did not answer. I did not know.

Doctor Johnson came out after a while. His face told us the story.

"The poor chap's eyes are burned out,"

he said. "He'll be blind as a bat all the rest of his days."

The three of us walked back to town in silence. Just at the moment we could do nothing. We left Mary to her sorrow.

It was a beautiful spring morning when next I knocked at the door of the Purse Place a couple of days later. Mary came to the door. She looked haggard and drawn and tired-out. Her old-time beauty was fading fast, but she was the same Mary Wood. When I had explained my errand and told her the boys in our office had sent me to see what they could do for her and Jack, she only said:

"Tell the boys I'm grateful to them. But I guess we'll manage somehow."

"I guess we'll manage somehow!"

It is the brave battle-cry of human-kind all down the years, the undaunted spirit of men and women who have faced with set faces the problems of life, come out of it rich in a philosophy, and found the old earth very good all the same.

"Does he know yet?" I asked, referring to Jack's blindness.

"Not for certain," she said. "We haven't told him yet. He went out of his head last night. He said if he was blinded for life he would kill himself before he'd be a drag on me and the children." The tears welled into her brave eyes as she said it.



A few weeks later, an all-merciful Providence took him away. It seemed that his heart had been weak, and one night it stopped ticking.

I don't know how Mary stood it. She must have gone through hell the first days

following the funeral. When she came to the office the following week, somehow she had mellowed. Grief and terrible trouble affect some folks like that. Others it makes mean and cynical and hateful toward their fellows and God. And others—it just mellows and deepens them and makes it good just to have them around. She said to Sam Hod:

"I shouldn't complain. I am not the first woman who's lost her husband. Don't talk to me about it. I just want to bury it in my thoughts and my life. All that's ahead of me now is the raising of those boys to be good men. And when I've done that, I'm ready and willing to lay down my heartache and follow Jack. Besides, if you knew those six boys of mine you'd appreciate that I haven't time to feel sorry for myself. Troubles are sent us to be overcome, Mr. Hod. If I can impress that on my boys, my work will be rewarded."

"How can I help you, Mary?" Sam asked.

"I'd thought some of taking Tom out of school. He going on sixteen and might help me. But just because my own life is a failure is no reason why I should aid in making his a failure, too. So I'm going to try to keep him at his books and let him finish at the seminary, and if he wants he shall go to college. We've got the horse and cow and the place. I guess we can manage somehow—if you'll give me back my old place. That's what I've come to see you about. If you can give me the chance to earn eight or nine dollars a week here, it will keep them in clothes and pay our taxes. Then as fast as each boy gets through college, I count on his turning around and helping the brother under him that's struggling to get through."

"What?" cried Sam. "Mary, are you going to try to put those six boys through college—alone?"

"Yes," she said proudly and with some of the old-time fire in her eye. "Once I wanted to go to college. Once I wanted to amount to something in this world. But things happened to prevent me. Somehow the chance never seemed to work around. Then I got married and the babies came. After that there was no hope, and I faced it. But they're going through school if the struggle of doing it kills me. I'm hoping that Tom will go through a theological school and turn out a preacher. I guess every mother wishes that one of

her boys would turn out a minister. But, anyhow, I shall do what I can and leave the rest to the good God. Can you give me the job, Mr. Hod?"

"Yes, Mary," said Sam. "Come in tomorrow morning and take your old place. Your wages will be fifteen dollars a week, and the place is yours if you live to be a hundred."

WHEN she had gone I said to Sam: "But she can't set anything but straight matter, Sam. And we don't set any more straight matter by hand. We dumped all that eight-point body type when we installed the machines. There isn't a case of it in the place."

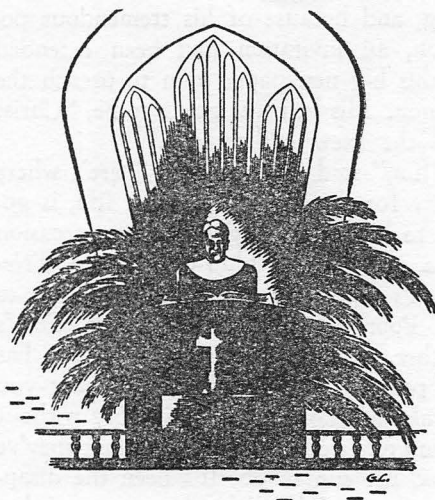
"Then, by Gad, we'll buy some!" roared Sam. "So long as I own this bed-quilt the town calls a newspaper, that woman is going to have a job as long as she wants it. And if anyone around here ever tells her I bought type a-purpose for her to stick there'll be some printers taken suddenly dead and having to be hauled out by the feet. You tell the boys that—and say it in language that don't leave anything to the imagination!"

So Mary Purse came back into our office.

Her hands, once so deft and delicate and slender, were red and stiff and contorted with labor. She couldn't set the string of seventeen years before. But she didn't appear to notice that. Or if she did, she never mentioned it for fear she might lose her place. Day after day she toiled at her case, and then went home and worked at the houstwork for those growing boys, far into the night.

I wish that I might stop to set down here something of the struggles that woman went through as the seasons paced slowly by and bills came in which must be met, and cruel setbacks and hardships handicapped the noble work she was doing, work for which it seemed there never could be an adequate reward. But I can only say that she did her task, a task almost beyond her strength, but one in which her will power and mother-love triumphed, and which she completed, her only reward as she went along being the fervent hope that Tom—or at least one of the boys—might go through a theological school and turn out a preacher.

BUT Tom did not turn out a preacher. When he was graduated from the seminary he said that he wanted to get into newspaper work. He said he was



going to make a success where his dad had been a failure. And, all glory to the lad, he tackled the proposition like a young Juggernaut. He didn't start in the back room. Sam took him into the front office and made a reporter out of him. I can seem to see him yet hammering out his items at the little walnut typewriting stand by the window.

If Tom's decision to pass up the ministry for a newspaper man's career was another great disappointment in his mother's life, she never made any fuss about it. If she ever dreamed of a time when she should look up into a pulpit and see her son there preaching the message of the good God to a great congregation of people, and realized, like many other dreams of hers, that it would never materialize, she buried that also in her tired mother-heart and went on working to educate the rest.

Tom Purse was a good boy. He was too good for our office. He stayed with us just a year, and then went to the Springfield paper where his father made the mistake of his life in not going. He had been on the Springfield paper a year, sending what money he could back to his mother, when word came that opportunity had arrived for him to go to New York. He accepted the place, and then for a time we lost track of him. Next we heard, he was married.

The other boys were now coming along. Fred had taken the agricultural course at the seminary and used the poor little hillside farm to try out experiments. He was the natural-born farmer of the family, anyhow. He went to Amherst and spent some time at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Next we knew he had

taken a chair in some little farm college out in Indiana.

For a time Teddy worked for us, carrying papers. Later he was devil for a time in the office. But Teddy's mind worked in mechanical grooves. He nearly killed himself once, trying out a homemade flying machine. He left in the second year of a technical course to go with a firm of mechanical engineers out in Akron. He must have had his mother's push in him, because next we heard of him he was on a big bridge job down in Pennsylvania.

Dick stayed around Paris until he was nineteen. But he was the business man and Yankee trader of the family. A shoe firm down in Boston offered him a city salesman's job somehow, and so he flew the nest and went on the road. He used practically his whole salary for three years to assist in getting his two younger brothers, George and Dexter, through school. George plowed through law school and then went under his own sail. He got a place in a firm of Boston attorneys, and the last we heard of him he was just married, so he must have prospered.

DEXTER was the last to leave, and the day he set out for college there wasn't a more pitiful sight in our town than "Old Mary." That's the name the town gave her; but they spoke it in kindness.

One day she laid her frail old hand down quietly on her case, and with a voice trembling with emotion said:

"Oh, if only one of my boys had turned out a preacher!"

That was the nearest to a complaint we ever heard her make.

"Mary," said Sam one day, "isn't it terribly lonesome for you, living alone out there in the house against Haystack now Dexter has gone?"

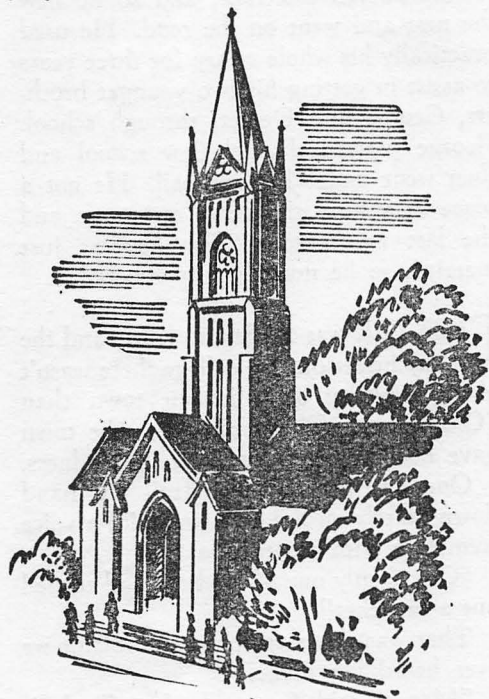
Old Mary shut her lips tightly. The tears would not stay back.

"Yes," she said huskily, "but I love it. I went into that house with Jack when my second boy was only a baby. Life was very full of many beautiful things. The little place still stands for them. It would kill me to separate myself from them. Little Harry's coffin was carried out the side door. One by one I watched the boys go away to college and out of my life through the cluttered yard and down the bend in the road by the sumachs. No, Mr. Hod, I can't leave it. The dear Father knows it's lonely. But it would be lonelier to live somewhere else now with-

out the memories. They're all I've got now, Mr. Hod, the memories. But they are sweet memories."

All the same, Hod got an elderly dressmaker, Jim Norton's old-maid sister, to go out there and live with her. Then came the day when Mary dumped her final stick and walked out of the office never to come back. Sam pensioned her, and for quite a while she just lived on, waiting for kindly death, roaming through the rooms of the little place, seeing little ghosts playing about the old toy-scarred furniture opening doors to feel the presence therein of those who were gone afar.

And the pathos of her life was that she had not lived to see one of her boys in a pulpit.



One day Sam Hod came over to my desk and laid down an open magazine.

"Bill," said he in a queer voice, "look at that photograph. Who is it?"

"Great Caesar!" I cried. "Why—it's Tom Purse!"

It was an issue of a New York trade paper published for newspaper men. And there, in the center of the front page, was a big half-tone of Mary's eldest boy. He's just been promoted to be leading editorial writer on about the biggest paper in New York. But that wasn't all.

The call had just come to arms for the fight against Germany. The article went on to say there was to be a great union meeting of three of the biggest New York churches in a great tabernacle there in Manhattan the following Sabbath eve-

ning, and because of his tremendous position, an invitation had been extended to this big newspaper man to preach the sermon. His text was going to be, "Christ and the New Millennium."

"Jim," said Sam thickly, "here's where Mary for the first time in her life, is going to be the chief guest of the occasion at a whale of a blow-out at the *Telegraph's* expense. I want you to go out to the Poor Purse Place and get Tom's mother. I want you to see that she has the proper clothes, and then I want you to take her down to the Big City without saying one word to her about what they've asked her son to do. It's been the disappointment of her life that none of her boys ever occupied a pulpit. Take her down and get her into that tabernacle without her ever dreaming what she's going to see and hear. And for once let the poor starved old soul get one little ray of sunshine into her spent and exhausted life."

Sam provided me with a roll of greenbacks that would choke a good-sized cow. I had my wife rig Mary out in a new outfit, and got her to consent to go down to New York at the *Telegraph's* expense and visit her son.

We got down there on a balmy afternoon, my wife and I and Old Mary. She choked up coming down on the train, and wondered whether or not Tom would be glad to see her, walking in on him and his wife unannounced this way. But my wife reassured her.

I had a hard job inventing excuses for not going at once to Tom's house over in Flatbush and finally I had to tell her that Tom had written me that he would meet us after the close of the service in the great Manhattan tabernacle. I remarked that, as we had to wait we might as well take in its services.

THE tabernacle had been built since I was last in New York and I was somewhat awed myself at the size of it. And yet despite its size, the place was being mobbed with people. I thought at first there was a disturbance of some kind. It was only the rush for seats.

Old Mary bore up well in the crowds, and I fought her way up four flights of stairs until at last we came out onto a great balcony, with the whole vast sea of space below us thronged with chaotic human faces. I discovered three unoccupied seats down at the rail fairly on the edge

of the dizzy depths down to the body of the house. I got the women seated, mopped my forehead and congratulated myself on a good job well down.

Just before the great organ began to shake that titanic edifice Old Mary leaned over to me.

"Who's going to be the speaker tonight?" she whispered.

A flood of emotion went over me that almost swept me over that rail. Poor Old Mary! If she only knew who the speaker was to be!

"Wait and see," I parried.

I stole a glance at her while we waited for the services to begin. Her face was now deep-lined with the care and struggles she had known. Her red hands were distorted, ill hid by the new black gloves. But she was gazing over the rail with the delight of a child.

Time flew quickly. We hadn't been early, anyhow. The biggest organ in America—or the world—began to fill that tremendous edifice with sound.

I don't know who the minister was who read the Scripture nor the one who made the prayer. The fellow who led the singing didn't interest me, either. But I was mightily interested when three men mounted the high chancel and took seats in the chairs just behind the pulpit. For in the center of them, in a smooth frock coat which fitted his stocky and somewhat youthful figure, my eyesight wasn't so bad that I didn't recognize Tom Purse of the *Paris Telegraph* and the *Poor Purse Place*.

IT WAS twenty minutes past eight when the preliminaries were ended and a tall Cassius-looking man arose to announce the speaker of the evening. That official certainly did lay himself out. And then he ended up with Tom Purse's name.

"Huh?" said Mary to me in a hoarse whisper. "What did he say the speaker's name was?" she hadn't caught it.

"He said, Mary," "Mr. Thomas Purse."

"Why—why—that's the same name as my boy," Mary grasped frightenedly.

"Mary," said I, half fearing the result, "that is your boy!"

Old Mary drew back and for one tense instant paused as though turned into stone.

"My boy—Tom?" she cried. It was heard all over our part of the balcony.

"Yes," I confirmed.

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EVERY Life Entered Upon Is a Heroism!

In Every Child's Eternal Mind Is Dormant All the Lessons Its Careers Would Comprise

ACTUALLY it's time to take stock of all the notions, benighted and otherwise, society has acquired up the past nineteen hundred years concerning the phenomenon of plain everyday mortal existence on a well nigh incomprehensible planet and see it for what it is. This vicious and primitive idea that new human beings are called into society by procreational acts of parents, intentional or otherwise, to live a given span of years at the caprice of environment, meet with malady or mishap and go to some mystical theologic borne "from which no traveler returneth" in a process known as Dying ought to be relegated to the supersti-

tious claptrap which it is. Nothing of the sort is true, and when we really get it through our heads, society as a whole cannot help but alter.

How do we know that nothing of the sort is true? We know—those who have made a sturdy business of investigating and exploring—because we have the testimony of tens of thousands of persons, under unchallengeable identification, who have made the Passing called death and come to look back on mortality's significance from a viewpoint of personal experience.

Religion isn't really any more concerned with it than religion is concerned with the development of nuclear fission, excepting for the ethical preachments involved. From Socrates to Thomas Edison humanity's social consciousness has "instinctive-

ly" conjectured that there have been other forms of human life than those that man sees walking about of a given business day in the embodiment of fleshly vehicles. Socrates expressed his views about it to Crito. Thomas Edison is belatedly reported as having perfected a type of hyperdimensional radio before his death which translated the thought-galvanisms of otherwise dead and invisible people into mechanical sounds, so that grandma might be buried at 3 p. m. after her funeral and at seven p. m. her grieving family at home suddenly hear her inimitable and well-remembered voice sounding from the sitting-room loud speaker, commenting upon the religious service that consigned her worn-out biologic remains to the grave. But the introduction of such an epochal invention to society would spell the swift ruin of powerful religious denominations who still clung to the pagan view that "death ended everything" until the theologic Judgment Day, so the Cardinal of a mighty church and the current chief executive of the United States prevailed on Mr. Edison not to release so disastrous an invention but destroy it. And it was allegedly done.

But we're learning now from several psychical groups about the nation that Mr. Edison has regretted bitterly his being influenced and has found ways of effecting materialization and counselling at least two groups of inventors, one in Michigan, and one in southern California, in the perfecting not alone of the hyperdimensional radio but the hyperdimensional television set. The next stupendous advance in TV is apparently due to be a machine where the snapping of a button results in views being transmitted of environments in the Higher Life and the

pictures and voices of people who have departed life being obtained as readily as living photographs of Dwight Eisenhower making an afternoon's welcoming speech to a foreign potentate at the entrance to the White House.

All that seems lacking to create such a machine is a practical method of transmitting ultra-violet light down into the lengths of light-rays visible to the human eye, in other words, actinic light.

THE TROUBLE with the somewhat stupendous advances that psychical science has made up the past two-score years has been the wall of silence that has met reports of progress, communicating between the five or six separate Planes of Life out of deference to the dignity and veracity of established churches, that would have their doctrines' concepts slashed to ribbons if the truth came out and was accredited.

Orthodox religion for upwards of nineteen centuries has presumed to be unchallenged authority and arbiter on what happens to the human soul after death of body. Scarcely one worshiper in ten thousand knows what went on in the Council of Nicea, and latter the Council of Carthage, determining Christian belief for man by the decisions of a group of attending theologic potentates. That Christ Himself taught series earthly embodiment and that the visit of "a certain rich young man, Nicodemus," to Jesus by night had quite other significances than what the clerics allowed to appear in Holy Writ, is a page in religious history that science is already exposing for its presumption and spiritual arrogance.

Those early clerics were of a mind that it was more or less impossible to "sell" the human race that some individuals might have to return into earthlife to expiate their sins and injustices toward their fellows, and that the whole religious recommendation better be dropped from church canons entirely. Better to promote the ancient pagan hypothesis of Judgment Day and each soul being called before its Maker and admitted to "heaven" or consigned to "hell" . . . and it seems to have been done. Therefore as well, has such decision endured in effect up through all the centuries since. That those clerics are presently due to be exposed for the pious deceivers they were, by optical and electronic science, is the crisis humanity presently faces. Fear of hell-fire, an utterly

fallacious and barbaric doctrine—a libel on a Creator of love and compassion—has been driven home into men's hearts from ten thousand pulpits so long that men have accepted it as being as factual as the orbit of the planets about the sun.

Nevertheless, either through the agency of Spiritualistic sects or the scientific findings of great international psychical societies, the truth of human survival and series rebirth has had such a tremendous credence that the only thing the modern clergyman can do is castigate the facts as impious or psychopathic. Christ implied in no uncertain words that the "last en-



emy to be trodden underfoot was Death". Interpreted literally, what He was saying was that acceptance of demise of body as "the end of everything" was due to come to termination. That human consciousness went onward in the sense of the self-aware individual was quite something else.

And along with understanding and acceptance of the real facts in the case as to what happened after the heart stopped beating, must likewise come understanding and acceptance of the equal truth that every human being has lived before in earlier lives and will live again in lives still to come. A fanatical hatred and denial of Reincarnation still remains among those who are quite ready to acknowledge the durability of the ego. But we can't comprehend one without comprehending the other.

How does it happen otherwise that the rematerializations of thousands of "departed" souls will walk out and attest to having had more than one life on earth, while the very mediums making their tangibility possible will awaken in wrath and

denounce the testimony of their own phenomena as "Hindu nonsense"?

It's a case of the Nicean counsellors all over again in the year of Grace 1957.

How does it happen that the human being doesn't live who, under proper medical hypnotherapies, won't recite all the lives and sequences it had known in earlier embodiments as "other persons", and it has been done so often that *The Search for Bridey Murphy* reduces to the status of a primer for psychical infants?

ADMITTEDLY it commands intestinal fortitude to face up to the true facts—and fallacies of orthodox belief—in consideration of the bonafide facts enduring behind human birth and death.

Every new life-career is a heroism on the incursionist's part, because it must knowingly face a world of mortal society still as illiterate of fundamental cosmic facts as any savage of darkest Africa. It does face such illiteracy in the world of people into which it is embarking because there are other spiritual values obtainable in it which it can procure nowhere else in Cosmos.

Suppose Science were based upon "beliefs" of scientists in this or that according to temperaments? Suppose one school believed in nuclear fission but another did not. We say nuclear fission is a fact of materials to be explored and utilized—for purposes commercial or military as expediency discloses. Yet great religious organizations are just as presumptuous with other facts of life no less significant than atomic energies. From somewhere inexplicable they would claim to have acquired a monopoly on what the Afterlife resembles, in the interest of orthodox unity and stability.

There is nothing irreligious about finding out the facts and believing them when thus determined. But there is everything that is nontheologic. Meanwhile, Mr. Average Man and his wife is called to confront the Great Darkness without a shred of light but what the clergyman lights out of his denominational ignorance. He will tell you he fears Atheism, if these matters be explored and church establishments disregarded.

As well talk about fullest knowledge of the atom bomb resulting in Atheism. Meanwhile, the little skull of the nearest beloved child holds information about the true God and Afterlife because it has so

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EVERY Woman Truly Knows What She Wants!

A

CCREDITING the romantic sense in every human female as being a very literal attribute, we are told that every girl approaching her teens

dreams of the "Prince Charming" whom she hopes will make advent into her life. He is supposed to be compounded of her dreams and idealities about the masculine sex. Some seem to prefer that he be "tall, dark, and handsome." Her sisters in illusion will settle for a blonde. Actually what turns up, and what either marries for better or for worse, is a splay-footed specimen of *genus homo*, whose hair won't stay barbered, with exhalation suggesting chronic asthma and a tendency to upset furniture merely by passing through apartments. She welds herself connubially to this bizarre-contrived creature and her romantic sense is dampened by awaking beside him in post-marital mornings and discovering his face is turned toward the wall.

Is it a fair query to propound: What can be responsible for her preconceived notions of a cross between a scion of the House of Rockefeller and a movie hero, and why she makes compromise so fatally with someone who is working his way through college by selling magazine subscriptions or the cigarette-inhaling hombre who drives a laundry-truck? Does she know what she wants or doesn't she? If so, for what reasons?

SOULCRAFT takes the academic position that she does—in both cases. She knows what she wants and she knows what she doesn't want. Almost, we might put it, almost no human female is born



MARRIAGE Is Truly but a Means to a Preconceived Earthly Destiny . .

into mortality who isn't engaged to some male by the mere fact of coming in. And the same thing goes for the *he* in similar circumstances.

The apostolic writers made statements as positive as they were dangerous that "marriages are made in heaven," while in another place in the Book someone in authority gave it out that "in heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage." How to reconcile the two? How could unions of males and females be affected in celestial realms when there were no such alliances in the place? The facts were, of course, that the theologic attendants on the ecclesiastical Council that evolved the Nicean Creed got a beautiful hodgepodge of logic when they did their utmost to expunge the Scriptures of authoritative declarings that "Christ wasn't the first fruits of them that slept" and that millions of human beings made return trips to earthlife as souls and passed through ten thousand embodiments.

Three hundred and twenty-five years after Emmaus the consensus of the early

church was, that if people weren't promised a Land that Was Fairer Than Day in reward for a life of daily turmoils and taxation of spirits—and the promise of exceeding Hot Fire lying in wait for all earthfolk whom prospective converts didn't like and wanted to see get theirs—the new religion would have trouble obtaining customers, at least in any quantity. How to rewrite the text of the Lord's volume to delete all that Jesus had uttered concerning Reincarnation, from His identification of John the Baptist as re-born Elias—coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration—to Nicodemus biologic quandary as to how a man could enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?

That anybody could possibly do this latter stunt implied that there must be such a thing as prenatal existence—at least some form of prenatal consciousness. Very well, where or in what state was it affected? Further, by what rule or law did it mean that this earthly endurance was the last time 'round, seeing that the destination of the mortal at physical life's

close was permanent celestial bliss or everlasting incineration? Mahavira of India had already sold a goodly fraction of the East on the Reincarnational principle before Christ was born, but what his own ecclesiastics in turn had done to the theory of Earthly Rebirth was likewise a headache. Even the Jains talked of rebirth of the human soul in the bodies of animals and plants—which is nonsense.

WHAT the early Biblical writers were trying to express anent the marriage business comes perfectly clear when we assign the proper cosmic basis to all mortality in the first place. People's etheric or spiritual bodies sever occupancy of their biologic organisms and dwell for a comprehensive period in manifestations of Matter of a higher vibratory or atomic frequency. As their etheric vehicles operate at increased vibration of atoms and molecules, their sense of reality of the higher planes is just as graphic and pertinent as those of terra firma although the former is largely invisible to the latter. And the paired-off souls of men and women make plans on such elevations to go down into organic bodies together and live earth lives on the slower and coarser vibrations purely to obtain certain benefits spiritually to be acquired nowhere else.

Marriages are *made* in heaven, true enough—in that they are *arranged* in the areas of etheric Matter before the fleshly occupancy is attempted—but the ceremony itself occurs after each has adapted itself to its adult body, chiefly for the propagation of biologic bodies of new young. Get familiar with the truths behind what the editors and censors of Holy Writ were dealing in, and no contradiction turns up.

So it likewise doesn't appear so puzzling why the girl-child approaching her teens begins to have romantic dreams of her Prince Charming. In a manner of speaking, she has "sealed" herself more or less literally to be one male's mortal partner—or perhaps indeed the partner of a dozen men if her karma require it to straighten out complications of early lives between them as souls—and it's this cosmic hombre that's upsetting her appetite and causing her cardial palpitations when her subconscious thoughts hover in his vicinity or upon his memory. The thing that's happening, causing her to suffer those emotional spasms, is *recalling*

him in his ideality—not as she confronts him encased in a body when one of its hands knocks on the backdoor and asks her for the first time what she's got that week going to the laundry . . . or doesn't she want to buy a smack of fullerbrushes?

We have to bear in mind that our physical appearances on the earthplane and our physical appearances on the higher ethereal planes may be as different as a movie hero upon the screen and the same man taken out into alley and his



million-dollar profile rubbed in differential grease by some irate director who wants the mug to stay away from his wife.

AS a general thing, all of us are fairly good-looking people on the Higher Side between earthly sojourns, because the powers of thought which we exert over our vehicles remedy most of the sundry little blemishes that stay on in this life and mar our pulchritude to disconsolation. It requires a lengthy period to alter the bodily appearance for the better on this level by "taking thought". But on the loftier levels we can do it in ten minutes. Naturally we don't go shuffling about on club feet in consequence, or with jowls showing a three-week growth of beard, or knees that knock. If a male have a "beautiful soul" on the etheric octaves, it shows in his appearance and his female is properly proud of him and

finds not a moment's hesitation at promising life-long fidelity to him or bearing his young. But after he gets into earth-life—born of a mother down across the tracks—what a difference environment works in him!

His fine aquiline nose has been flattened in a fistfight when he was twelve and biologic genes inherited from his mother's father insisted on presenting him with a mouth like a squash pie that's been stepped in. He wheezes because he inherited defective sinuses from his male parent twice removed who used snuff to satiation, and he upsets chairs in crossing rooms because in his last earth-life he was an Eskimo and when the furniture of the family igloo toppled over, it didn't break.

The romantic maiden knows what she wants, all right, . . . she wants her Joe to maintain his familiar etheric pulchritude that he displays to the envy of every other female from Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand. Always he's been her Prince Charming because between most earth lives she's beheld him as the Elvis Presley of the spheres. So when he knocks at the back door of a Monday morning and wants the wash, it takes her more than one look to see through his vehicular disguise and recognize the Joe she sported with in Babylon four thousand years come Michaelmas.

The trouble with people who rise reactively in a dudgeon at the prospect of being "sold" reincarnation isn't the fear in their minds that it's true but the fact that they know in their intellectual instincts that it *is* true and they rebel at facing its implications. They shrink from acknowledging the debts they owe to others, which must be settled before they can truly climb the spiritual heights. By repudiating it with a glib or bellicose "I don't believe a word of it!" they're negatively admitting the dilemmas in which earthly revisitation leaves them. People with nothing of special import in their karmas to secrete, or who may be making their last incarnational round, merely shrug their shoulders, take it in stride, admit that it may be true but so what? It doesn't excite them one way or another.

In the case of the unmarried woman whose Joe hasn't caught up with her or whom she hasn't overtaken in the current sequence, she has her instinctive yen for

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ARE Dream Houses Replicas of Our Fourth-Plane Homes?

*Thousands of Us Left Residences
to Come Down into Mortality*

IN the back of almost every mortal adult's head is a vague concept of an ideal residence. A woman may have a specially sentimental name for it—she may call it her Dream House. Out of nowhere, seemingly, the design looms periodically for a structural domicile peculiarly one's own. As he or she pries further and deeper into higher-plane detail, however, and the manner of life to which nine out of ten people succeed upon quitting fleshly bodies, the perturbing query sooner or later presents itself: *Can it possibly be that this Dream House which I fashion in my mind's eye is nothing more nor less than my own ideal property on the upper octave where I spiritually belong?*

By no means is the idea so bizarre as it seems at first grasp.

When one gets into a great study of the Higher Octaves of Consciousness, such as Soulcraft provides for instance, the utmost data about geographic terrain, architecture, dress, customs, and social behaviors become as familiar as the scenes about one's city or town where one dwells on terra firma. Naturally the higher echelons of living are far elevated above earth-scenes as to meteorological conditions, horticultures, and even public buildings and conveniences. But it's not because such phases of the Afterlife are particularly "improvement" on earthlife; chiefly it's because Fourth or Fifth Plane life are the true idealities, whereas exist-

ence here in one's clumsy physical vehicle on this primitive First Plane is merely the shadow or imitation of the Utopian existence to which one returns when the trials and errors of earth have supplied him with their proper amounts of required education.

We "came down" in every instance from a loftier and more agreeable area of existence to undergo an educative sequence on this peculiar earth ensemble purely for disciplinary purposes. But the extent of our psychical knowledge is becoming such that thousands are "finding out where they belong" according to their spiritual attainments. And life on this First Plane thereafter takes on a wholly altered significance.

THE ENDURANCE of consciousness on this earth-surface plane, at the very low rate of atomic vibration at which atomic materials function, is an absolute necessity to enable us to learn positive control of character. Holy Spirit has projected and integrated the materials of which this First Plane is composed, and we cannot alter them by taking thought . . . we can only alter them by exerting

some sort of muscular effect upon them, either with hands or tools. They dictate to us, in other words, instead of our dictating to them.

Persons making the Passing and reporting back on their enhanced conditions "out of the body" or rather, "above the biologic body", declare to us—whether the report be made at a session of psychics in Melbourne, Australia, or Noblesville, Indiana—that after getting through or over the Purgatorial Second Plane and up into the illuminations of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth, a world not unlike the well-known earth-world begins to assume shape about them, a world bedecked with arboreal landscapes, hills, valleys, rivers, forests, gardens and parks. But instead of being constructed of implacable "God-Materials" that hold their own integrations century after century, they are constructed by the galvanic thought-processes of their own inhabitants.

Mind, in other words, has celestial creative faculties, and fashions even public scenes and landscapes out of Ether. Even great and enduring buildings are erected of etheric materials, retaining their designs and shapes strictly according to



the adeptships of erectors. Pretty much of a conception of what occurs is given in that detailed book on higher-plane conditions, *Know Your Karma*, published by Soulcraft in early 1955.

Does the skeptic demand where these exist in literality, that they do not seem visible to mortal eye at present?

An erudite study of higher-plane physics reveals that materials are only "real" if, as, and when perceptible to faculties of bodies operating on the same wavelength of vibration as themselves.

HOWEVER, these faster manifestations can be perceived by the "eye of the mind" that operates in our etheric bodies, which are the vehicles in which we live while our etheric bodies in turn are contained within the atomic interstices of our physical selves on this plane. "Death" is merely the permanent vacating of the latter by the former, resuming our function thereafter in an etheric exclusiveness. There is little overly mysterious about it.

These items are being disclosed by direct converse with individuals who have made the transition and yet periodically find the means to communicate intelligently and lengthily with those who think they have been "left behind" in the earth-frequency of vibration. It is being done every night in a thousand seance-rooms. But it isn't conventional Spiritualism. It falls more in the realm of sacred parapsysics.

Unquestionably the early metaphysicians who concocted our books of so-called Holy Writ knowing little or nothing of atomic integrations and their different speeds at different octaves of Reality, pardonably assumed that the loftier demonstrations were "heaven" and let it go at that. "Heaven" covered anything not understood or explained by normal processes of earth.

Again and again we have instances of "graduated" souls exclaiming to us how astounded they have been made to confront sights and scenes upon leaving earthly bodies that bore uncanny familiarity to them, even estates occupied by near and dear relatives who had preceded them into "death." Some kindly relative eventually remarks to them, "But it is *your* personal home, my loved one, which you quitted many years ago in earthly time to go down into life and get yourself born a physical human being. Either you had debts to work out to peo-

ple already in earthlife which could only be done on that lower level, or you had some special job to do for the Divine Hierarchy that called for your absence from this plane for a specified time. You thought you were poor and well nigh homeless during your earth tenure, but all the while you had one of the 'houses' in the 'heavenly mansions' Christ talked about, waiting your return to it as your mission was completed."



"But every nook and cranny of it is so *familiar* to me!" such souls have cried.

"Why not? You yourself created it at infinite mental labor and expense half a dozen lives bygone, and it has merely been waiting for you to return to it in a state of existence where there is neither moth nor dust that corrupts nor thieves that break through and steal."

IT IS something to think about.

Up on the Fourth or Fifth Planes, of course, there is never any stupid arguing about the truth or fallacy of Reincarnation. They don't call it Reincarnation, by the way. They call it Reembodiment. And for special reasons or objectives, everyone goes through with it as conditions may dictate. The soul reembodies many times under divers conditions and at particular times in the earth-world's history to obtain personal experiences of the period for lasting spiritual enhancements. But because there is almost no way to transfer memory from the etheric brain-cells to the organic brain-cells spontaneously, there is little recollection of those Fourth or Fifth Plane homes or experiences in them antedating the natal day of earth. But now and then strange flashes or in-

tuitions may come, as when one encounters an earth-scene almost identical with some celestial locality, or in the presence of some strong soul whom one has known in the prenatal state before either entered into a mother's womb and was "born", and a feeling of uncanny familiarity amounting almost to an ague will take possession of the earthly personality. However, it passes as briefly when the memory veil shuts down afresh. But after severing the Life Cord and the etheric self quitting the fleshly self permanently, *everything* comes back with vividity. And one hears oneself murmuring, "What a silly weakling I was, to imagine that my tawdry *worldly* possessions were all I possessed in Cosmos that were truly my own!"

But other things come back as well.

Chief among the presentations of Cosmic Recollection are realizations of earth-lives when one may have been great and famous and perchance played so vital a role in history that its significance is well nigh overwhelming.

"What an ignoramus I was to fight what Earth called Reincarnation so vigorously," one likewise exclaims. "I had accepted it meant nothing but serried toil and trouble, repeated over and over, when scarcely a single ordeal I met and overcame in the mortal scene did aught but improve, strengthen and ennoble me!"

And one retires to some quiet and tranquil spot—in an entire world of Tranquillity—to dwell upon the *real* goodness of God and how much kinder and more generous and considerate of us He has been all along than anything we had remotely considered for ourselves. Yet it's all in the point of view of regarding it.

A man and a woman on this tawdry and crude First Plane, lovingly married, experience persistent "dreams" of an ideal structure they aspire to build for posterity, their "very own" distinctive residence according to what they deem the whims and foibles of worldly experience. Yet all the time *they may be only remembering in unison*. In forty to fifty years they will actually be back together again in precisely the house that seems to be the model for their current imaginings. Undoubtedly it's waiting for them at this moment "Up There" precisely as they left it to make the earth incursion in company and profit from its foment as their spiritual expansions dictate.

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HOW Does a Woman Gauge the Number of Children She Will Have?



*The Extent
to Which
Previous
Planning Rules
Earth Life . .*

THE QUESTION in the above title isn't a query in Gynecology.

What we are learning from the Higher Planes of Life as we pursue our investigations deeper and deeper into Sacred Cosmology is the perturbing illumination that almost no woman has an earth-child—or a dozen earth-children—that such conception, gestation, and delivery wasn't fairly well arranged for before she ever entered earth-life!

The Holy Text remarks that "Marriages Are Made in Heaven." What it seems to have neglected to add was, "So are maternities." Proof that it isn't metaphysical illusion lies in the fact that girls

in their teens reduced to deep catalepsy for therapeutic reasons will disclose with uncanny accuracy precisely how many offspring they "expect" to have during marriage, though the fathers of such infants may not as yet have come into their lives.

But the years will confirm it.

This is well nigh stating that "few women have children by accident." The sole exceptions seems to be those types of

hussies whose patterns of dissolute living attract discarnate souls to them who yearn to get into physicality again at any price and through any mother who will have them. But that is the exception and not the rule. The proof that most lives are carefully planned as to progeny is found in the data on file in the great Halls of Records of the Fourth and Fifth Planes, where the blueprint of almost all lives undergoing mortal exercise are available for checking.

Practically all the major experiences which any given life is to hold are likewise contained in such records. And proof of it too seems to lie in the circumstance that when provocation justifies it, individuals on the Higher Levels of Consciousness can get permission to examine such records and learn what the significances of the events in any earth life are to be. Coming forth with the answers, such individuals can advise relatives in mortality what their purport is. Too often such

earth relatives, thus gaining such knowledge, are assumed to be clairvoyant or prophetic.

Clairvoyance or prophecy has no part in it. The records themselves prove to be bona fide because they disclose events which unerringly occur.

IT COMES as somewhat of a jolt to the ignorant and orthodox earth-person to learn that practically everything of consequence ahead in his career is recorded in advance and can become the knowledge of interested higher-plane parties who are sincere in their desires to aid him. But more ominous is the discovery that the precise years, months, weeks, and days of the average person's life are similarly recorded. In other words, obviously, before embarking on the mortal sojourn the incarnating soul has worked out the major events which his forthcoming life is to contain with fair degree of accuracy and record been made of them. Such record thus enables relatives on the Higher Side to know almost to the hour how long dear ones in mortality are to continue their earthly experiencings and approximately when they are "coming over". Usually *where* and *how* they are coming over is also part of such advance-data. Thus are those relatives able to be on hand at a given location, or in a given hospital ward or chamber of illness, at the precise hour when the loved one is due to vacate the physical self, and console and care for him.

Soulcraft has had too many occasions to test out the actuality of this Advance Recording, to accept that such records are imaginary. But the Soulcraft messenger or agent on the Higher Side who goes to such Hall to obtain such data can only procure it when the purpose is purely altruistic; never can it be gotten merely to gratify an idle or morbid curiosity. Certainly it cannot be obtained because a given person is alarmed—now that he is actually in life and reasonably grown—about what vicissitudes he prescribed for himself in anticipation of improving himself by sundry earth experiences. The Hall of Records' data are inviolately private.

Naturally such records in the case of an adult woman would list what her conceptions and confinements were to be, although legion are the would-be mothers who confess on provocation that they "feel instinctively" how many offspring

they will have before they die. This would tend to establish the fact that the same general roster of lifetime events is likewise recorded in the deep eternal mind-memories of the one who has incarnated. Having been the ones who specified before birth what they wished to have happen to them after it, they would carry dimly in recollection what the life-history was they had submitted for recording.

Likewise, and this is even more reliable, there has ever been the matter of specific souls with whom the prospective child relationship was made.



HUMAN life and human relationships would be chaos otherwise, if the chief experiences of mortality and connubial mating "happened by accident" as the common person supposes. What actually is found, after one has graduated from flesh and returned to the particular plane from which one descended, is that Reembodiment has long since become more or less of a science. And two hundred to five hundred years is frequently required to examine all the karmic or akashic records, plot or chart the prospective career, and arrive at adjustment of all the appointments one will make after all the parties concerned have come back into mortality. How do we know? We know in that we are informed by face-to-face contact with materialized people as we confront them in seance-rooms and receive this and other information in response to specific inquiries.

Soulcraft has been engaged in such investigation work over a matter of twenty-eight years. Its thirty or more textbooks

cover the major findings that have resulted.

What happens in the mother-daughter relationship seems to be that conscientious women laying plans for an earth-return, take note of other women souls to whom they have been indebted for loving favors or services in earlier careers, and offer to be mothers to such feminine characters if the latter so desire to have it. Or there may be rival women whom they have used badly in previous dispensations and the one way to square these would be to have one of these—or maybe a pair or half-dozen—for offspring, when their own loving care and life time of maternal service cancels the obligations left over from more thoughtless sequences. And of course the same thing goes for incarnating men-souls.

It is usually a matter of prenatal arrangement.

OF COURSE the orthodox person, hearing about all of it for the first time, cannot help but wonder if all such people keep their appointments. The answer is, by no means—worse luck! A hundred and one items may arise, preventing a given masculine or feminine soul from descending from a given thought plane and taking possession of a developing embryo in a given woman after her conception. Whereat, generally speaking, one of two things may occur.

A fourth-plane soul will make the natal descent ahead of the precise time that had been otherwise planned, and adopt the body of what otherwise would have been an older sister. Or . . . no particular soul desiring to take admission to life through that specific mother, "the child that should have been" will arrive still-born. In the great majority of instances, however, matters go uniformly as planned.

If the expectant mother suffer an accidental injury that did not seem to be provided for on the chart—so that the expected female soul cannot get her proper vehicle—the mother-woman may have one more gestation and confinement than was originally expected.

The whole thing is an arrangement so ingenious as to make one wonder why more curiosity has not been excited about it on the earthside. And yet for purposes of making earth events seem to happen spontaneously and naturally in order that earthlife may contain its proper zest of

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If Our Souls Determine Our Looks Why Are Some Silly Appearing?

WHAT'S the first indication we register that a person is a moron? Is it what he may say when he opens his mouth? By no means. The indication is his—or her—physical or facial appearance.

Usually his hair is unruly and ragged. In nine out of ten cases his eyes don't focus. Presumably his eyebrows meet about his nose-bridge and generally speaking his mouth is a mess. He may have little or no control over his limbs and what he utters for speech approaches gibberish. Even purblind society is ready to concede that his soul within must be responsible for his lack of organization physically. But what society is not yet ready to concede is, that similar deficiencies may result from *soul*-defects all the way from a wedge-of-pie nose to feet that don't track.

We are what we are physically because of what we are etherically.

By etherically is meant not the spiritual so much as the precise thing we are in our pattern bodies, against which the physical cells grow, develop, and shape the fleshly "outer person."

You never beheld a man of super-brains appearing like the progenitor of a brood across the tracks. You never saw a woman with a face that would launch a thousand ships springing from a breed resembling a broken washline that has spilled the week's wash in muck.

Brainy people *look* brainy. People giving exhibits of ladies and gentlemen physically usually have characters befitting their appearance.



The Plight of the Dumb Tomato Who Really Does the Best She Knows How . .

But how many of us have stopped to figure out *why*?

PARAPHYSICS is enlightening us that the soul upon seeking a fresh embodiment, first forms an etheric pattern of ectoplasmic stuff against which developing body-cells take shape. This etheric pattern or blueprint compromises between the spirit's concept of itself eternally and the biologic *genes* of personal forebears that transmit physical features peculiar to a racial or social strain. As the body cells grow in size and strength, so does this etheric vehicle giving design to them. By the time the new infant is gestated and is ready for delivery its etheric pattern is fairly well set and will continue throughout earthlife. For this one reason alone, it seems to be that a given human being retains a standardized appearance from decade to decade, des-

pite the physiological fact that every cell throughout its whole physical body is renewed at seven-year intervals.

This etheric pattern-body it is, that ultimately vacates the physical and society announces that such-and-such a person "passed away" at four o'clock this afternoon, funeral Thursday at Woodlawn Mortuary. Such and such person has not passed *away* to be literal, however. Such-and-such a person has passed *out*. To stay out. And there being a sensitized brain cell with its load of memories in its etheric cranium for every brain cell in its fleshly cranium, one interpenetrating the other, the said Passer Outer will be just as conscious of himself and his individuality as he ever was in the physical. Moreover, the enigma of how the "dead" can recall every detail of earthlife is solved by identification of this Etheric Self through the fleshly husk is duly em-

balmed by the Woodlawn undertakers and later interred under six feet of earth. When we realize that, under proper conditions and by a camera with a quartz lens we can even *photograph* this Etheric Self as it exhibits in ultra-violet light, the mystery of Death loses half its morbidity.

But to get back to appearances.

IF the occupying soul-spirit be deficient in spiritual attainment, intellectual quality, and normal soul-experience from earlier manifestations in mortality, it will have small concept of how to "shape" its etheric pattern-body to a fairly accurate replica of its soul-self.

Certainly we have the evidence of our senses in a thousand seance rooms that relatives or acquaintances who have physically died minus arms or legs are by no means thus afflicted in the bodies they present in ectoplasmic materialization. One case came under VALOR's observation last October where the substantiality of a male acquaintance was so whole and vigorous that although he had "gone over" two years earlier minus a left leg, he was able to slip an arm about the waist of his elderly widow—who was only five-feet-two—lift her off her feet against his chest while he kissed her on the lips in greeting, while at the same time he gave VALOR's editor a hearty handclasp with his extended right hand. Try such a physical exploit sometime even on this flesh-plane and see how well you manage it. Lift a full-grown woman and kiss her after slipping your left arm around her waist while with your right hand you shake the hand of a friend.

Only a male of extraordinary physical perfection and adroitness could have done that act, well poised on both feet. Which checks on the information supplied in hundreds of such sessions that our bodies on the immediate higher levels of consciousness are shaped instantly and to amazing detail by the strength of our constructive and molding thoughts. If a man of sixty lift his wife off her feet while extending a right hand to a friend, he must do it first mentally, or at least provide the mentality to do it physically. Reverse-ly, we can logicize that to the exact degree that one is deficient mentally to provide such body, the body will be defective.

That would bring us to a psychosomatic accounting for our moron—or even, as teen-agers say, the high-school tomato whose eyes don't evenly focus or whose

kissable mouth is ruined by lack of chin. Instead of providing physique corresponding to her mentality, she is defective physically as her mentality is defective artistically.

Does she, on the whole, appear silly-looking? In her spirit she has not the artistry and sophistication as yet to perfect



her vehicle otherwise. Or to put it in another way, in her twirks of character she has a body that follows suit. If character has the galvanism to make a strong and handsome physique then body must disclose whatever the character truly is. If a strong-minded American man had the thought-strength to present his thought-body replete with all its members, a mind of uncertainty and vacillation could be accredited in a young woman whose pulchritude is marred by facial finesse leaving certain items obviously in need of correction.

"SILLY-APPEARING" people are not necessarily silly of quality in their souls but they do express a deficiency in appreciation of beauty and virility so as to form their bodies in reasonable perfection of features and members.

In most people, as they grow older and more sophisticate from experience, their faces take on the stamina and acumen of their souls and intellects. Pretty women even become *beautiful* women—for there is a wide gulf between the two, quantity of intellect controlling it. As a general thing the "handsome" man is truly the characterful man, and the more scarred and rugged his profile—showing the abrasions of time and ordeal—the "handsomer" he is.

It isn't enough to say poetically that "the face mirrors the soul", as to put it that "the soul portrays the face."

On the higher planes of consciousness

the soul can stand before a mirror and supply the figure or profile to symmetry and balance by molding ether like clay—indeed it's often done before our eyes in the seance-room materializers having difficulty recalling their exact appearance at the time that some eager spectator knew them most intimately in earthlife. On one occasion of this kind at Soulcraft, a famous woman religious leader was overheard to exclaim to a guide on retiring behind the curtain, "You know, I'm positive I succeeded in presenting myself just as I looked in earthlife at the time that my friends out there knew me best!" There was exultation at achievement in her voice. We learn from many sources that old people arriving on the Thought Planes proceed to "grow young" in easy stages until a norm of about 33 years is reached. Undoubtedly that age is the goal—demised children proceeding to grow older as they would in the physical but rarely surpassing an appearance of 33—because it is the acme of the physical development. At 33 in either man or woman the enshoused spirit has achieved maximum growth, after which the ravages of middle life begin to leave traces. Undoubtedly it is all because the average person, in idealizing himself or herself, settles on the early years of the thirties as the period of apex adulthood, before the spirit has begun to grow weary through maturity's cares and the body itself has started to age.

The beautiful thing about the Etheric Planes is the fact, on the whole, that Thought can control and mold even the etheric vehicle in which we reside and get expression, and if we acquire true atray on the features or in the carriage. In short "everyone can look his or her best, continually and unmistakeably, in the lives above the mortal," and reports of suddenly changing into winged angels are but primitive concepts of the uni-formed. We are very similar to the people we have always been in earthlife, only sublimated and idealized and with defects or handicaps vanished. If this were not true, how would we be recognized by those who have loved us and look forward to being joined to us anew?

So shed a tear for the "silly-appearing tomato who is trying to do the best she can" and perchance is just as conscious of the disfiguring squint of her eyes as any boy in the block. Just as in this life,

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WHAT Is Chiefly Responsible for a Cheerful Disposition?

What Makes Human Temperament Alter from Life to Life?

MOST of us take it for granted that if we want to feel "ornery" and bite someone's ear off, such is our privilege, especially at home. Other days

life seems one grand sweet song, the goose honks high, and we wouldn't do worse than step on a kitten, providing it was by accident. But how much thought have we ever given to this matter of changing mood and what makes us respond to it? Or to give a deeper aspect to it, what makes one person of a happy and cheerful disposition while the next person would send a rattlesnake scuttling for cover in competition? Such things mean more to the person who has a rich mine of esoteric assets to draw upon for solutions.

The average psychologist—if any psychologist is average—is ready to defend his explanation that mood is largely a matter of bodily well-being and reflects the state of affairs within ourselves organically. The wise old wife beholds the scowl on the face of her spouse and advises him to take a snifter before mealtime. "Your liver's out of order." Physical condition is most popularly supposed to dictate the status of the disposition.

But there are persons "naturally cheerful" of temperament and there are those as constitutionally grouchy as a turtle

with ricketts. Should we look for any deeper symptoms than bodily hecklements for sunshine or stormy weather? We most certainly should.

There can always be the person who is fundamentally embittered that the life incursion was a "must" in his spiritual "going onward" . .

A GAIN VALOR repeats, there is nothing obligatory about entering mortality. People do it because they have sufficient reasons. But it mayn't always follow that those reasons give them happiness.

A man or woman who has been constitutionally cantankerous for fifty to sixty years of an earlier career so that his or her propensity for hurting the feelings of others has caused them to do all sorts of aberrant things, who have ridden roughshod and selfishly over the wishes or designs of associates, who have taken advantage of naive human nature and left others, all and sundry, to "hold the bag" in graver responsibilities, such a one comes into realization of his pernicious temperament and its effects and desires to make amends. But he mayn't be happy about making amends.



To leave the cheeriness, beauty, and all-around compatibility of the Fourth or Fifth Planes for an indeterminate "sentence" into a world of frustration, muscular labor, and neighbors whose most cherished ambition is to poke the eye out, make the entrance more of an ordeal than an excursion entailing pleasure or entertainment. To stay in an area of perpetual storm and strife for twenty to seventy years for the dubious purpose of squaring something we've done to another in an earlier life that can only be repaid by disinterested service that truly serves, produces the effect of a growth at Cosmos more than a grouch at the person responsible for the reembodiment. Always in the background of the eternal Subconscious is a feeling of indignation, not altogether at the person so much as at oneself—that we were ever stupid enough to let ourselves in for any such annoyance. It's truly ourselves we're wroth at and it produces effect on our dispositions. Such a temperament can appear "soured" from birth. We're nettled with exasperation perpetually that others on the higher life are living so much more freely, intelligently, enjoyably by comparison with this harsh, slow-moving, altogether stupid method of existing and physically sur-

living, that we can't get the comparison of our predicament out of mind. True, it's subconscious mind because few recall the delights of the etheric world directly. But it curdles our buoyant spiritual selves and makes us what our earthly neighbors and perhaps mortal relatives stigmatize as a Grouch.

Oddly enough, frequently it displays from our very opening weeks in our cradles . .

OUR earthly mothers, never suspecting the real cause of our disgruntlement, bemoan to the neighbor or perhaps the sympathetic aunt, "I don't know what in the world ails this last young one of ours. From the very hour of his arrival he's acted peevish and discontented. Nothing has seemed to suit him. There hasn't been a night since his birth that his father or I haven't walked the floor with him. He actually seems at times to be perpetually mad at something. He must have taken his disposition from his father; I'm certain it wasn't from me."

The moppet in question is perpetually mad at something. He's made at realizing that misbehaviors toward others, or perhaps some one person, have made it necessary for him to come back and rectify earlier deportments as a matter of self-discipline. Even in cases of mortal psychology we concede that the grouchy person generally is the person with "something gnawing him or her internally." In the case of the grouchy infant it can be little more than being back in the physical predicament—that's the thing that's gnawing. It doesn't like earthlife a little bit—indeed who does . . when subconscious comparisons can be made with the beauty, facility and dexterity of life on the higher levels? However, as subconscious comparisons fade and earth conditions swamp memories of the lovelier and more compatible existence, the disposition "improves." That is to say, remorseful or embittered introspection isn't so constant nor so galling. Yet always throughout its whole earth tenure, it rectifies its karma with a certain dubious or skeptical reticence. And as soon as the rectification has been made, it "gets gone." An unaccountable auto accident, a sudden malady, a heart attack, . . what matters it? And few are really sorry to see it depart.

The fact is, it couldn't see earthlife for dust from the beginning. It was more for

the sequence under duress. But with the case of the naturally cheerful disposition, the situation was almost the reverse.

THE CHEERFUL or sunny disposition has long since learned poise and balance despite its location or environment or associates. The chances have been that it has long since learned through experience the joyous emotionalism that rewards the soul for having done a kindness, or executed some inestimable service to another who wasn't expecting it and



was ill-prepared to accept it, the feeling of indescribable benevolence that floods at the sight of tears in the eyes of another expressing unutterable gratitude.

The joyous and cheerful soul, in addition, has achieved that rare spiritual attainment of being able to see and appreciate Beauty not by comparison with that which is ugly but as an artistic attribute in its own right. It has no particular grudges because the earth predicament commands it again—it seems to tell itself, "I'm here to learn something that I can't get anywhere else or under any other conditions." It separates in its internal mind, so to speak, the benefits and increments of the various planes and seems to identify them for what they are. As one Soulcrafters put it, "You don't go up into the attic to shovel coal. If you want to enjoy a warm house and the furnace is the answer, you don't get your dander up because the furnace and coal aren't in the garret. You go into the basement, because in the basement is located all the apparatus for keeping the house warm. You merely accept the basement as part of the domestic arrangements and let it go at that." By similar token this earthlife can be likened to the basement

in the heavenly mansion. It has certain distinguishing features quite as necessary to life in the house as anything on the upper floors. In fact, why adulterate the upper floors just because they are *up*? All things serve in their places.

All in all, the inherently cheerful disposition is the perpetual mood of the soul that concurs that all things do serve in their places, and if the earth-plane is the basement of the heavenly mansion, consider it as essential to the divine ensemble as anything in one of the upper drawing rooms. To get delight and novelty out of any given level of consciousness, for what it does in enlightening and educating the eternal spirit, is the thing. And one can whistle as cheerily drawing out the ashes from the basement furnace as hanging any expensive art painting on any of the floors above. After all, the location of a level in a house doesn't matter to the soul occupying it at any given moment. It cannot occupy two levels at the same period. Conform to the behavior requisite to the level on which one finds oneself and the profit is the same—to the soul at any rate—on all levels. The profit, not the place, is the thing.

Cheerful people are uniformly people endowed with the rich capacity for enjoying life—or appearing to enjoy it—no matter where they find themselves, on any floor of experience regardless of its juxtaposition to all the other floors. What one really means by such a statement is, that they accept and profit by immediate increments no matter what their quality or variety just so long as they offer value that can be retained and utilized. It is a definite spiritual attainment to be able to accept things that way. Little souls, youngish souls, immature souls, cannot or at least they do not. They wish everything fixed to stay fixed so long as they condescend to inhabit the vicinity. If God had not had His reason for making the floors of consciousness as He has, the occupants of the life-house would not be subjected to them.

Cheerfulness, to put it in another way, is a matter of Poise . . or easy and gracious adaptation to circumstances. Forever comparing this circumstance or predicament, particularly while one is passing through either, achieves no effect beyond breeding discontent—which is proof of immaturity at once.

Take the long throw on your predicament
(Continued on Page 37)

DO Animals Make Any Plans about Owners? . .

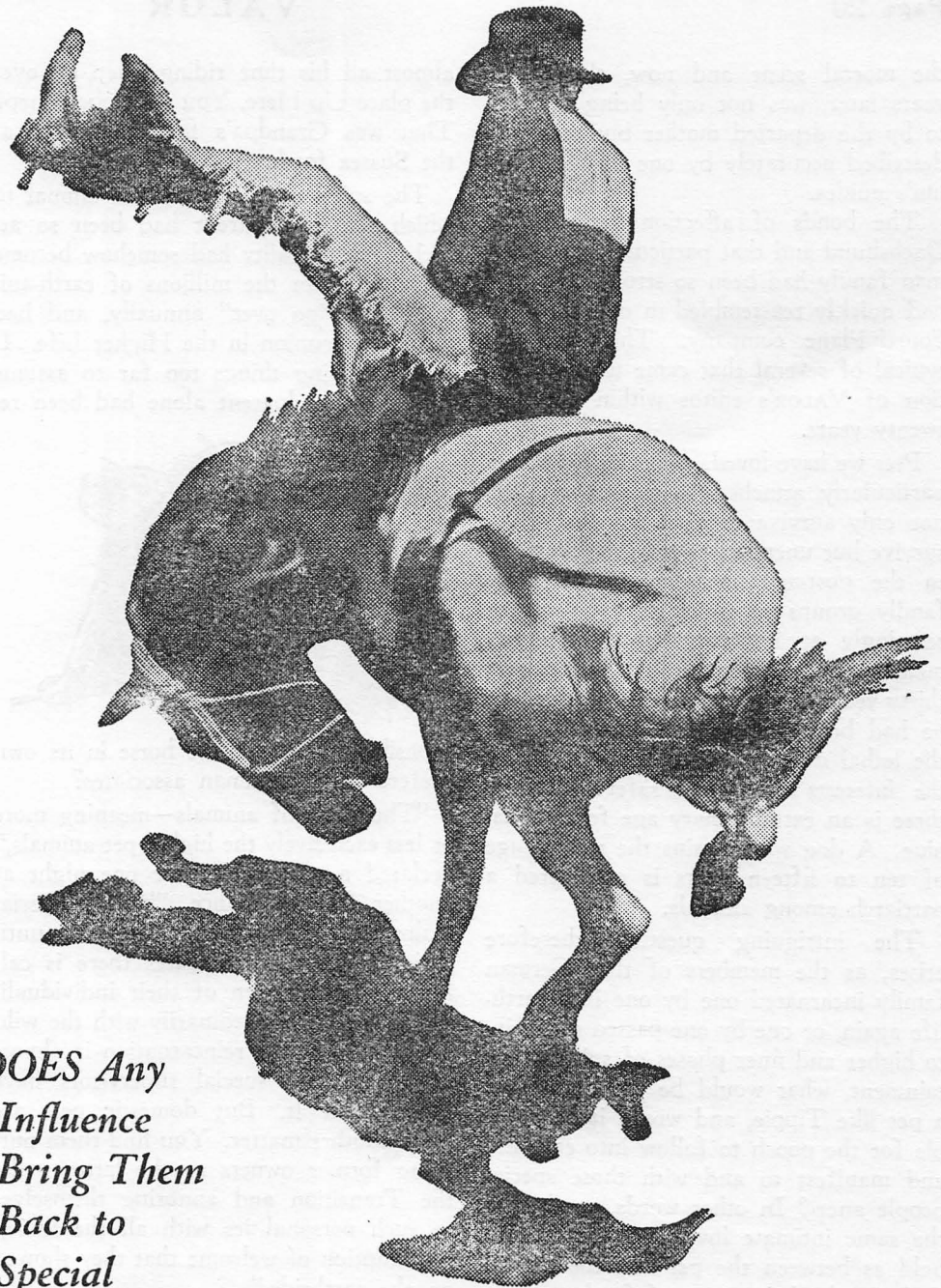
CONSIDERING it from the reembodiment angle, no question poses more fascinating as well as controversial possibilities than the life-sojourn of animals—particularly domestic animals. Is there the slightest self-election in their incarnational periods and can there be the possibility of their returning to earthlife as the associates or properties of various humans? Animal lovers can debate it endlessly. The fact remains that dog lovers in particular, in countless cases, are not at all ready to discount the possibility that the same dog-companions have not exercised in their mortal orbits before. Dogs have definite characteristics of individuality precisely like humans. We are interested in considering exactly what does happen in the reincarnation of the lesser animals and whether a pup to which any one of us has been uncommonly attached, finds its way back into repeat association with us.

A cue to it, so it would seem, might be suspected as lying in the definite survival of certain dog and horse spirits that again and again are reported as continuing in company with definite owners in sequences of consciousness above the mortal. Vaguely occasional guides or mentors will make reference to "the love bond" existing between a mortal owner and some particularly favored pet as enduring after death. Some of the most curious instances of it have occurred within Soulcraft's editorial observations . .

DOES Any Influence Bring Them Back to Special People? . .

AT a psychical session in a private apartment in New York in 1929 seven women were present, and three men. None of the spectators had known of each other's existence until they met the evening of the seance. The mother of a forty-year-old German woman, who had been on the Higher Side for approximately two years, soon made herself known to her daughter. In the course of the ensuing converse the mother had remarked, "I was overjoyed on making the Transition from the physical state to discover none other than little Tippie waiting for me, who gave me quite as enthusiastic a welcome as any of our family relatives."

The daughter was puzzled. Tippie? Who was Tippie? The seance had ended before it came to her with overwhelming rush. Tippie had been the family nickname of a Dachshund she had utterly forgotten which the family had owned in Iowa when the daughter had been a minor child. An epidemic of rabies breaking out, the mother had decided it discreet to have Tippie "put to sleep". Only by such drastic action could she be certain that a certain neighborhood mad dog had not bitten and inoculated Tippie with rabies virus which at any moment might be passed on to one of the children. Tippie had accordingly been transferred from



the mortal scene and now, thirty-three years later, was not only being referred to by the departed mother but seen and described accurately by one of the medium's guides.

The bonds of affection between the Dachshund and that particular Iowa German family had been so strong that they had quickly reassembled in one another's Fourth-Plane company. The case was typical of several that came to the attention of VALOR's editor within the next twenty years.

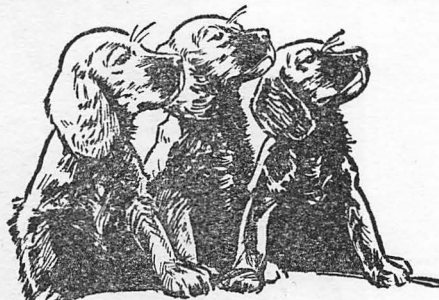
Pets we have loved, and who have been particularly attached to us in earthlife, not only survive even as human beings survive but unerringly find their ways into the post-mortem company of those family groups to which they have been seemingly as important as any mortal members of it. Moreover, solar years over thirty years of age by solar time, although he had been but three years aged when the lethal dose had been administered in the interests of family safety. Thirty-three is an extraordinary age for any canine. A dog who attains the mortal age of ten to fifteen years is considered a patriarch among animals.

The intriguing question therefore arises, as the members of that German family incarnated one by one into earth-life again, or one by one passed along into higher and finer phases of spiritual attainment, what would be the destiny of a pet like Tippie, and would it be possible for the pooch to follow into earthlife and manifest to and with those special people anew? In other words, would not the same intimate love-bond continue to hold as between the pet and the mortal souls involved, in event of further earth-life incursions, as had only too apparently held as between people in Iowa back at the turn of the century and individual souls as they had graduated into the octave of the etheric? What would deny it, if anything?

AND the same thing goes for horses. Only a man who has been "raised with horses" can attest to the strong individuality of certain equine beasts and the attachments that can mature between a given mount and its owner enduring long after death of the physical instrument in each case. And a little English girl, reporting on the continuity of her existence at a London seance, exclaimed to listening relatives, "Grandfather spends

almost all his time riding Shep all over the place Up Here. You remember Shep? That was Grandpa's favorite mount at the Sussex fox-hunts."

The spirit of the handsome animal to which the grandparent had been so attached in mortality had somehow become detached from the millions of earth-animals that "go over" annually, and had perfected reunion in the Higher Life. It was stretching things too far to assume that the grandparent alone had been re-



sponsible. What of the horse in its own preferences for human associates?

"The souls of animals—meaning more or less exclusively the higher pet animals," declared a passing mentor one night at another Indiana seance, "have a special realm Up Here where they abide until their Group Soul indicates there is call for another sojourn of their individualities in earthlife. Ordinarily with the wild species of life the reincarnation is almost immediate and special supervisors have charge over it. But domestic pets are quite another matter. You find them pursuing former owners as the latter make the Transition and annexing themselves to such personalities with all the loving presumption of welcome that they showed on the earthside."

VALOR's editor recalls asking, "Would you be so gracious then, as to explain to us just what is an animal? Is it a creature with a soul, in the same sense as the human being has an external soul?"

The mentor responded, "Everything depends on what you understand by Soul. If you mean unit of continuing consciousness or self-awareness, of course! The average orthodox mortal thinks any such possibility somewhat reprehensible . . . that God should have given any common beast a 'soul'. Souls, some people choose to think, are positive identification of human creatures being fabricated of finer spiritual stuffs. But remember there was a time not so far back in worldly history when masculine divines seriously debated

whether women-creatures possessed them in their own right, equal to men. Somewhat the same bombastic attitude may be in play in differentiating between the self-conscious spirits of humans and brutes. Whatever has self-propelled animation, in other words Life, is possessed of an ingredient that cannot die to extinction, being part and parcel of the all-creative Holy Spirit responsible for the life-manifestation in whichever form you behold it. It can alter that form and perhaps mode of manifestation, but the essential self-conscious galvanism is a different element than anything else among created materials. Animals therefore can almost be looked upon, for all practicable considerations, as self-aware units enduring the very earliest phases of thought-performance to create and perfect that elusive quality known as self-identification. But they do this, understand, whether considered in relation to Man as species or not."

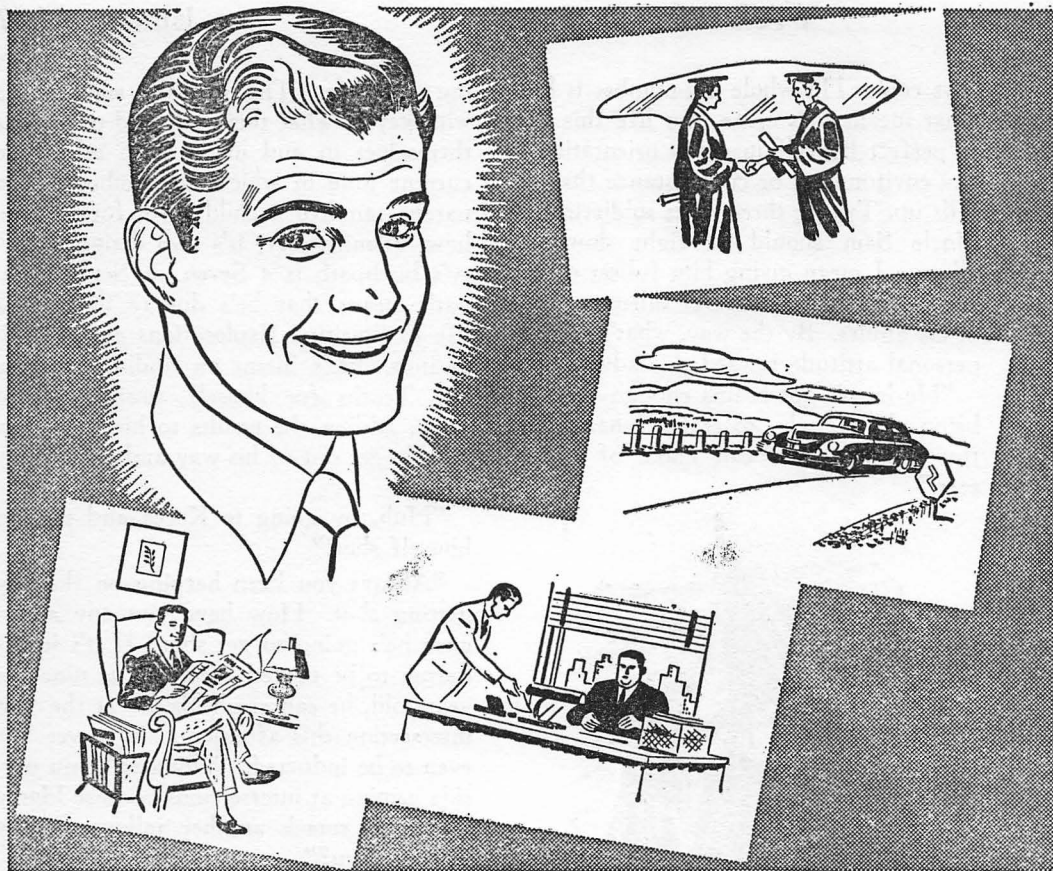
"But at what point," the editor persisted, "does choice enter in?"

"Choice is ever a matter of decision by Thought as between two counteracting influences, no matter what the predicaments or lack of them that result to the psyche. In that the psyche itself is 'alive', meaning possessed of the election to make decisions under its own voluntary power, it is self-perpetuating unto eternal time. But *where* and in what *aspect* it shall so perpetuate may not remain arbitrarily within its control. What matters that? To express itself without let or hindrance is the thing, all forms of expression resulting in stronger and stronger degrees of independent awareness."

"But in the case of the more advanced animals, is the question of ownership ever involved? If, as, and when called back into instruments of worldly expression can they ever express preference in associates?"

"The Love Postulate," the Mentor went on, "is something whose strength of influence you can scarcely appreciate in your inhibited earth-manifestation of physical election. Actually what is happening is affinity of personalities after a fashion. People who express the same thing—speaking of 'people' as independent and divine consciousness-units—find themselves in a common stream of material activity where contact is inevitable. Like is said to attract Like. This is so because

(Continued on Page 37)



*No Man's Life
Contains Any-
thing He Has
Not Specified*

Does An Army Service Really Hold Back a Young American's Career?

A Soulcraft father two years bygone came to Headquarters in high indignation. "My beloved boy Harry has been 'caught' in the Draft," he exploded. "They're going to ship him off to the Orient right at the start of his life and career. What kind of a country and a world did I bring the lad into, anyhow, that he can't have any more certain control over his personal destiny?"

That father disclosed thereby his limitations of understanding of earthlife's processes. It was indicative of his orthodox reflexes regarding human existence and the facts of birth and growth.

"Don't feel too badly about it," the Recorder advised. "Remember that Harry chose the experiences ahead for himself before he ever came into life."

"He didn't choose the experiences of

going forcibly to Korea and maybe stopping a Red Chinese bullet."

"By what infallible authority do you make such assertion?"

"The infallible authority of the boy's own preferences. He wants to go on to Massachusetts Institute of Technology and perfect himself in electrodynamics. And all of a sudden his supposedly 'free' government comes along and orders him off to the other side of the earth."

"You mean then, you consider that because Harry has decided now that he wants to be an electronic engineer, any prenatal decisions he made about himself shouldn't count?"

"But hang it all, how do any of us know what our prenatal decisions were? Don't we have to be guided in those things by our inclinations after we get into life and become a special part of society?"

"Wouldn't it be more reasonable to suppose that Harry must have known before ever making the decision to incar-

nate in America at this time and period that reaching the years of his majority he would be automatically classified as member of an Army pledged to uphold and sustain his country in its overseas operations?"

"No, I refuse to admit it."

"What good does that do either you or Harry? . . . what you *refuse* to admit. You may wish the sun to shine on a certain day so that you can make a desirable motortrip. If you awaken on the morning of the journey to find it raining cats and dogs, do you alter the weather by 'refusing to admit it?'"

"It's a devil of a way to run a world!"

"No, you mean it hasn't quite percolated home to you yet that the prospect of a given life embraces *all* the features that are to attend upon it by reason of the social, economic, and geological factors that are part of the family strain. Can't you accredit that it may be just as much a portion of Harry's earth-experience this time to journey forth into the

Orient and acquaint himself with what human life may be in its distant areas as spending forty-eight months attending an engineering college in Boston?"

"But he doesn't choose to do it now of his own accord!"

"The real period of decision in such matters isn't the present, after he's comfortably located in life and seeing the future through practicable standards. It's the months and years before he ever decided to have you for male parent."

"I refuse to believe it!"

"There you go again, deciding all life's graver fundamentals by whether or not you agree with them in substance. All in all, the matter is strictly up to Harry. He made the decision to come into mortality at this particular period which included everything the life of a young male at this point in national history entailed."

"I don't know as I fancy Soulcraft, holding all these nutty assumptions."

"Okay. Go ahead and abuse Soulcraft. Abuse everything that doesn't square with your bombastic notions of what you want to see accomplished. It doesn't make one tuppence worth of difference. The conditions of your boy's life and career were set by his determination to come in by a certain set of parents and at a period when he would be a part of today's overseas defense. What if your boy's real career isn't being an electronic engineer out of Boston or Timbuctoo, but becoming a great statesman in the year 1982 by reason of what he has seen and experienced in his young manhood in the Far East? How can we say authoritatively what another's karma should embrace to make the life complete and successful?"

"Prove the whole thing and I'll change my ideas."

"The proof really comes in the fact that conditions in your boy's life are what they are—or now promise to be by this great opportunity that's his to go far at the threshold of manhood and see sights and scenes that other boys can't. I happen to know that your son Harry's Numerology figures out to a One inner and Four outer, totality Five. That tells me that your boy is an independent and self-reliant soul, perfectly capable of taking care of himself, and putting all experiences to high practical use as he undergoes them. In his outer expression—that of Four—he's intellectually inventive, mathematical in his conclusions, able to cope with mental problems that other

boys can't. His whole life-number is Five. That means he's come into life this time to perfect himself in ready orientation to any environment or circumstance that life calls up. Two or three years soldiering for Uncle Sam should be right down his alley . . . I mean giving him fullest expression to adjust to whatever dilemma arises in his affairs. By the way, what's Harry's personal attitude toward this adventure?"

"He hasn't got brains enough—not yet being old enough—to realize what a hash this draft-business can make of his career."



"How do you know he hasn't got the brains? You mean he's not cluttered with your adult conservatism. Does he regard this prospective trip as any special tragedy?"

"I told you he wasn't able to see it for the jazz-up that it is."

"My dear man, get hold of yourself and stop trying to live Harry's life and prospects after your own complexes. You'll never be able to do it anyhow, because Cosmos doesn't permit it."

"Then why did he choose to have me for his dad?"

"That's not anything that this situation involves. Why he had you for his sire may depend on prenatal obligations you were under to him, and raising him was your payoff. You're confusing two great life fundamentals."

"You don't think he might have selected me for a parent because he admired my judgment in situations like this Korean thing?"

"I do not. Children don't choose their parents because those parents are most likely to make them follow out certain life-paths and designs. Their name-numerology indicates what they've made of their characters to the point of enter-

ing earthlife. The lifepath supplies us with key to what they've hoped to perfect themselves in and made them select the current time in which to reembody. No parent can live a child's life for it, anyhow. It must serve its own designs. Harry's birthpath is a Seven. A Seven-birthpath means that he's due to devote his life to Spiritual Explorations and investigations. He's intent on finding out cosmic Truths for himself, profiting from them, adding the results to his character. Simply get out of his way and let the boy do it."

"Huh, by going to Korea and getting himself shot!"

"Always you keep harping on the boy getting shot. How have you any assurance he's going to get shot? If it's in his karma to be moved from life at nineteen years old, he can crash his car at the first intersection this afternoon and never live even to be inducted. Why aren't you outside griping at intersections because Harry stands to smack another jalopy at any one of them?"

"I tell you there's no future for him in going to Korea."

"Again that's only indication of a prejudice. Why not try to grasp the idea of what an epochal opportunity is allotted to Harry to see the opposite side of the planet and its peoples at not a penny's cost to himself or you?—getting his country in a prospective that must follow him all the days of his maturity? Never within the history of Americans has equal opportunity been given to young Americans. Know your Soulcraft and you grasp that Harry can't meet with any sort of mishap that's not in his karma. But going out to the Orient at nineteen means the abolition of his provincialism for the coming fifty years. In addition, he'll learn discipline, obedience to authority, teamwork with his messmates. Add up the assets of the venture and there's nothing to balance them on the other side the ledger but physical safety in being a Boston engineering student with an occasional rollicking holiday at Nahant. Your boy Harry's a One inner-expression, totaling a Five in his overall estimate. Get down on your knees and thank your God that a sudden brilliant opportunity has come to him to see the world and his country from afar, as well as to develop his destiny according to his Numerology."

Harry will do it anyhow, whether his father approves of it or not.

"Their Mother"

(Continued from Page 6)

"He's — speaking — here — to - night? He's *preaching*?"

"Yes, Mary. That's why I've brought you down!"

Her boy!

DOWN there on the pinnacle, facing that gigantic sea of human faces, with the high lights overhead, the vast balconies and galleries swung round, the huge organ at his back, that stocky man down there on the podium facing that great assemblage and beginning to address it in strong, sure steady statements—that was *her boy*!

Her gnarled old hands gripped the rail, her care-furrowed face gazed down upon him transfixed, her eyes were vivid things.

Her boy!

Down there in that vital pulpit, the center of that huge throng, the focus-point of thousands of eyes, was Thomas Purse of the Poor Purse Place, and he was preaching! Down there was Thomas Purse, the man who had fought and conquered and won. Down there was the lad that by sheer merit and brains, and the blood that was in him, had pounded his way up until his voice and his pen were conceded among the mightiest in the land. And he was *her boy*— and he was *preaching*!

It must have come to Mary as she sat there as in another world, rigid and transfixed, what all those years of back-breaking toil in the *Telegraph* office meant. Long dreary days when she had looked forward into a cheerless future, and only done her task one hour at a time, for the sake of doing it and for her mother-love; quiet evening hours when she had worked into the dark midnight mending tiny jackets and sewing on little buttons, while her tears blended with the stitches; memory of the day when his father had died and she had accepted her grief with the brave philosophy that "troubles are sent us to be overcome"; monotonous, back-breaking months and years, working at a grimy type case for the sake of food and clothes and taxes and what meager tuition she could provide; days of agony, when one by one she had watched the boys go

around the bend in the road by the sumachs; lonely days, when she had wandered through the empty house and fancied that she had seen little ghosts toddling about the legs of toy-scarred tables—all these must have come to Mary in that great, wonderful, heart-pausing moment when she looked over the edge of the high balcony down on that black, stocky figure who was of the world and the world's business, yet *was putting Jesus Christ forward as the great pattern on whose precepts governments must be built to withstand the vicissitudes of ages and of peoples.*



HER boy! She had lain with her body wet with agony and heard his first wordless baby cry pierce the dark of his newborn nights. She had felt for him in that dark and gathered him to her mother-breast. She had watched over him through hours of feverish slumber. She had mended his tattered clothes, cooked endless meals to nourish his growing body, comforted him in his boyish sorrows, guided him as best she knew how into ways that led to honor and uprightness, as it was given her to know. He had finally left her, as is the law of life the wide

world over among all species—she who had given the best that was in her, she who had called herself a failure. He had left her and gone out to take his place in the battle of life among men. And he had been true to that good woman whom he had boyishly abandoned up in New England's bleak long hours of twilight. He had fought a man's fight and been recognized. He was *her son*! And I know that in those moments as she watched him down there before those thousands Old Mary was rewarded with an emotion felt only by the human mother-heart. It was her great, all-consuming moment of power and recognition and glory.

My wife and I somehow got her out of the place and down those interminable flights of steps. And out in the street, after the press of the throng, she fainted. It was too much for her. The body that had spent itself so long for others could not stand up under the weight of the reward which was hers. We took her to a hotel and summoned a physician.

Hours afterward, the man of medicine called me aside.

"Has this woman any children?"

"Five younger sons."

"I advise you to call them, somehow she seems to have given out, all at once. She may pull through it, and she may go quickly. You'd better get them here. Maybe they would help her. It's a peculiar case. I can't understand it."

But I understood. Old Mary had lived to realize that all her labors and sacrifices had not been in vain. She was now "willing to go."

We wired for all her boys, wherever they happened to be. Two nights later they stood about her bedside. It was a sight I shall never forget.

On the rich bed lay the frail, worn-out body of a broken-down old woman. She was sallow and spent, and her life was ebbing. And about that bed stood six strong, stalwart men—strong men, men who were doing the work of the world, clean-cut, well-born, strong-faced fellows.

FIRST there was Tom, who stood at the head of the bed and held his

(Continued on Page 33)

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Life's Dreary Path

It's not by the grey of the hair that one knows the age of the heart—nor its burden.

Too many people decide their wish-bone is the most important part of their anatomies.

The old-fashioned wife darned her husband's socks. The modern wife socks her darned hubby.

An optimist is one who looks in a cuckoo clock for eggs . . . or takes a frying pan on a fishing trip.

Rundown means not feel well. It also means you should be careful enough to get the license number.

Man is the only animal with brains enough to find a cure for the maladies caused by his own folly.

A parking-space is the place where you take your car to have those cute little dents put in the fender.

Seven Years

EVERYBODY imagines they would like to be clairvoyant and be able to foretell the future with accuracy. Comparatively few have the discernment to realize that perhaps such perspicacity might be more of liability to peace of mind than an asset. The average mind envisions

such prophecy in terms of being able to play the stock-market successfully or have an edge on the neighbors in reactions to the evening's news.

For 27 years the editor of VALOR carried about in his mind a well nigh infallible knowledge of the events to mature up to and after World War II, spoken to him by Nostradamus clairaudiently on September 11, 1929. Such burden is not enviable. He knows from that experience. The only consolation derivable from it is the realization that whatever happens that no one man or group of men can help, is supposed to happen and cannot be avoided. It is, in other words, on the cards of Kismet to transpire and therefore must have the Almighty's approval. Now the past year the famous 16th Century seer expressed himself in a repeat visitation and has recited most of the outstanding



events in United States and the world up to 1999. Some of these events appear almost unbelievable. Others arouse the most rational curiosity as to how they can ever come to pass. But on the whole the consensus of happenings for the coming 42 years is one that cannot do otherwise than restore one's faith in the actuality of Goodness and the Divine Compassion of God Almighty.

Atom bombs are not slated to gain worldwide use and destroy what man calls Civilization, although nuclear fission for peaceful commercial purposes will become as common as steam or electricity. The most startling disclosure in the field of Power is a wholly new Cosmic Force—as unknown as it is unsuspected at present—due to break upon the world and astound humanity as well as work fundamental alterations in the structure of society.

Accompanying such announcement is the additional information that evidence is due to be concretely forthcoming of life on neighboring planets as well and intelligent communication with the residents on such planets. Apparently such communication is going to lead to interplanetary travel within the experience of living persons and authenticate the reality of Flying Saucers.

But it is in the fields of international diplomacy that the prospectus of the coming Seven Years becomes of particular import.

TO the relief of many rational-minded persons, United Nations as any super-government is not to be realized after this year. Communism as menace to the world's free nations is set to vanish also. In place of U-N there is seen maturing what to all intents and purposes in an "International Round Table" where gather representatives of tripartite assemblages of States for settling of disputes of common interest, *with United States the most powerful and decisive of the group*. But vast changes are ahead in international finance and practices of common banking, with leaders coming to the fore that the nation by no means suspects to take prominence.

One of the most significant prophecies of all is the positive statement that the years 1957 to 1963, ushered in with the current January 2nd, are to turn out the most important and eventful seven years that our Republic has known since its federal organization—and that after 1963 there will no longer be anything approximating a war for at least four generations. And details of why this should happen are not withheld.

Praise God, the era comes to an end when rulers of great nations express themselves as is made of record in the following excerpt from eastern publications . . .

Good Words

“WORDS are one thing, actions another. Good words are a mask for the concealment of bad deeds. Sincere diplomacy is no more possible than dry water or iron wood.”

Those words of Josef Stalin are an appropriate preface to the valuable symposium by 39 authorities on Sovietism and international communism published by the House Un-American Activities

Committee. They summarize the reason for the general conclusion—that the current Soviet campaign of anti-Stalinism may be a greater menace than Stalin himself.

As William Philip Simms, foreign editor emeritus of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, puts it:

"The U. S. and the West are in graver peril at this moment than at any time since the Bolshevik revolution . . . because Moscow's goal of world domination is more shrewdly camouflaged than in the past."

However, the Kremlin's propagandists have been amazingly successful in portraying those amiable chatterboxes, Khrushchev and Bulganin, as men who have changed—as men who never were really bad. Former U. S. Ambassador William C. Bullitt contributes to the House committee's symposium a story about Soviet President Voroshilov, which reveals the true nature of that man.

At a vodka-drinking banquet in the Kremlin in 1944 when Mr. Bullitt sat between Voroshilov and Marshal Budenny, Voroshilov said:

"I think the most extraordinary thing we (Voroshilov and Budenny) ever did together was to capture Kiev without fighting."

"What happened?" Mr. Bullitt asked.

"Well," said Voroshilov, "there were 11,000 Czarist officers with their wives and children in Kiev and they had more troops than we had, and we never could have captured the city by fighting. So we used propaganda and we told them that they would be released and allowed to go to their homes with their families and treated as well as possible by our army. They believed us and surrendered."

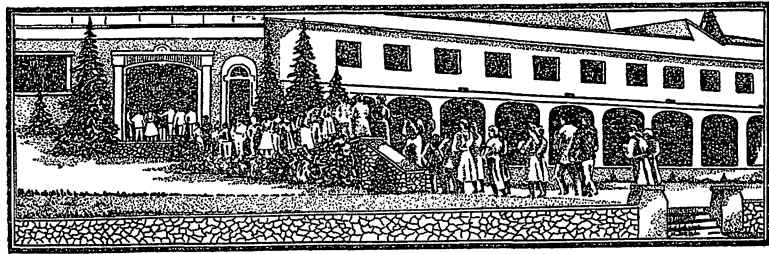
Mr. Bullitt—"What did you do then?"

Voroshilov—"Oh, we shot all the men and boys and we put all the women and the girls into brothels for our army."

Mr. Bullitt—"Do you think that was a very decent thing to do?"

Voroshilov—"My army needed women and I was concerned with my army's health and not with the health of those women. And it didn't make any difference anyhow, because they were all dead within three months."

Voroshilov today is chief of state under the new regime—a portion technically comparable to that of President Eisenhower in the United States.



AUDIT OF LIFE



THE NEW YEAR comes in for the boy of ten
As a volume unsoiled, unnoted of men;
The chapter untyped, to hold dauntless lines
Of combat and sport, flirtatious good times.
To fill with a doodling, implying youth's whim
With scarcely a thought to prayer or to
hymn.

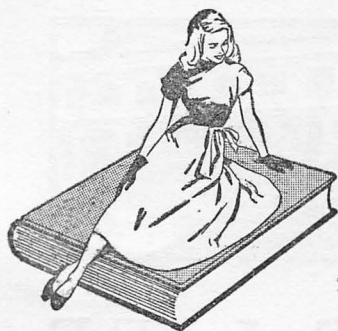
The boy sees it all as bright sequence set
To live what his heart will one day regret.

The New Year comes in to the lad man-grown
In terms of accounts and fat profits flown,
Comparing old trades with fresh deals ahead
And care that his books show no digits red.
Another twelve months for challenging wits
And rigging the mart to give rivals fits.
To keep the Old Bean from gathering moss
With perchance a shrill wife to write off as loss.

The New Year comes in to the clown of the pen
For swaggering, ribbing, pestering men,
To jolt duller souls by jests he would poke
At society's foibles as one tragic joke.
He views its fresh span as field to get rich
By tossing out banter of horseplay or pitch.
His role is an act, to show he's arrived,
In rough jousts with Life he proves he's survived.

But the year comes anew to one who is grey
And means but a sequence of pause and delay
Before being called to the Audit of Life
And total its columns of service or strife.
Another twelve months allotted to breath,
The days getting short to terminal Death.
So these are the dates when paragraph marks
Are stabbed in cavortings of dolphins or sharks.

How odd is this custom, dividing up life
As a husband at midnight comes home to a wife
And gives his complaint of a hard day misspent
Whatever at breakfast had been his intent.
We pause to give thought to the way life is turned
In stumblings for that which in youth we had yearned.
God meant it that way, its secret's no pun:
It's the fighting of life for itself that's the fun!



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Cogitations

Pelley

THREE great American publications have "folded" in recent weeks—*The American*, *Woman's Home Companion* and *Collier's*. Their passing means more to me than an item in the

news. My whole writing career, covering upwards of forty years, turned upon those journals. Particularly *The American*. It was a summer's night in Bennington, Vt., in 1915 that I first saw a copy of *The American* in Griswold's Newsroom. I opened it at random on a publisher's announcement declaring that aside from endeavoring to depict the American scene as it graphically was, its new editor John Siddall meant to give special attention to the work of new writers. He offered \$250 per story for such work as might be accepted from penmen who had never before appeared in any publication. My pay as mechanical foreman on the *Evening Banner* was not \$25 weekly, so I filed the announcement away in my mind. One night a few weeks later I attended the local movie to see a showing of Emma Dunn's play, "Mother." I came from the movie house boiling. "Mother" told the drama of a woman who had birthed five sons—as I recall it now. And each had turned out bad and brought down her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Phooie! What a tremendously bigger story it could have been had she birthed five sons, all of whom turned out thunderous successes! People weren't interested in failures. They were interested in victories. They were interested in mortals who might bite off more than they could chew but somehow contrived to chew it. Across the street from the movie house I had a private room in a business block where I transacted sundry business for the Green Mountain Fish & Game Association. At 9:15 I unlocked the door of this office and snapped on the lights. Twirling paper

in my typewriter I proceeded to tell the story of Mary Purse, compositor on a paper like the *Banner* before the days of linotypes. She married an ad compositor, had six sons, then suddenly lost her husband. Yet Mary complained not, neither let numbing grief get her down. She set out to raise those boys. And did she raise them!

—o—

I HAVE reprinted her entire story in this issue of VALOR in memoriam to the now defunct *American*. It was the first of almost a hundred I was to write for Crowell in the next 16 years. I mailed the manuscript at the Bank Corner on my way home to bed. Three days later came this wire:

MOTHER STORY KNOCKED US OUT OF
OUR SEATS. COME TO NEW YORK OUR
EXPENSE AT ONCE. JOHN M. SIDDALL

I got time off the *Banner* and journeyed to Manhattan. I found John Siddall at the old Crowell office, 381 Fourth Avenue. He was 6 feet 3 inches, a raw-boned Scotchman in his fifties, lately the Sunday editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. "You've got what we want!" he roared at me. "We'll pay you \$350 for 'Their Mother' and \$50 increase on every future story we use of yours till we reach \$2,000. That's tops!" He did, and it was. I would see *The American* grow to 2,200,000 monthly copies under his leadership. Barring the time I spent in U. S. Military Intelligence in Russia during World War I, I stayed 16 years with Crowell. Long since I had "made" the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Red Book*, *Pictorial Review*, and *Cosmopolitan*. One month I beheld my name featured on six different magazine covers. Because these plain Vermont tales of small-town people, down to the core and marrow of life, were what the public wanted. And got. When "Their Mother" appeared in August, 1917, it cleaned *The American* off the national newsstands. Only one other time in my life would I repeat on that, when I published "My Seven Minutes in Eter-

nity." Long before, however, while maintaining my monthly writing schedule regardless, I had become pals with the original Lon Chaney and gone to Hollywood to make "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and a dozen other films which featured him. When Crowell took on the ill-fated *Collier's* I appeared in that publication promptly on schedule. All the princely revenue resulting I relinquished to found Soulcraft. However one afternoon in Hollywood waiting for an associate to come from MGM, I bought a paper from a sidewalk newsie. There on the front page I read tragedy. *John Siddall had died in New York the previous night from cancer of the stomach! . .*

—o—

I RETURNED to New York. Old John Phillips, one of the corporate officers of Crowell, dined me at the old Waldorf and made me a breathtaking proposal. Being senior writer on the staff, *would I take John's place as editor of The American?* The salary, as I recall it now, was \$15,000 a year—and I was only thirty-three. But I shook my head. I was making double that revenue with Chaney and having too much fun to apply myself to a desk job in New York. "Well if you won't take it," Phillips said, "at least do us both the favor of elaborating 'Their Mother' into a book-length novel. It must only be a hit." This I promised to do. It was my first novel, which I named *The Greater Glory*. Yet I've always figured that "Seven Minutes" was *The American's* undoing, when the narrative appeared in 1929. One of the corporate officers was alleged to have borrowed enough money from a great orthodox hierarchy in New York to buy control of the company—on the strict proviso that never so long as he was Chairman of the Board would he ever allow a repetition of "Seven Minutes" to appear in any Crowell publication, attesting that the Afterlife was by no means what it preached. And immediately control had been secured, everyone who'd had anything to do with publishing "Seven Minutes" was summarily fired. A pro-Roosevelt, New-Deal crowd of editors took over. *The American* began featuring, not the spiritual inspirations of Christ, not the fortunes of humble Mary Purses, but which club to use to make lavish golf scores, was Madam Perkins a greater lady than Eleanor? . . or color scenes from the Riviera, which

(Continued on Page 34)

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The PAYOFF

“HOW in the world,” demanded the boy’s father, “did you ever get yourself engaged to five girls at once?”

“A trick of mythology, dad.”

“Mythology! What’s mythology got to do with the pickle you’re in?”

“You heard o’ Cupid in mythology, ain’t you, dad?”

“What about Cupid?”

“He’s got modernized and ditched his bow and arrow. He shot me with a machine-gun.”

A LONG a country road came a \$7,000 limousine. It caught up with a small and noisy flivver and passed it easily. The owner of the limousine called out tauntingly—

“What’s all the noise I hear comin’ from you, boy?”

The flivver’s owner made a gesture of indifference. “Just \$6,700 rattling ’round in my pocket which you haven’t got because its carrying you somewhere.”

TWO Negroes who had not seen one another for many years found that each had been married in the interim.

“What kind o’ woman you-all get, Sambo?” Rastus asked.

“Ah gets me an angel, Ras, that’s what Ah got.”

Rastus muttered ruefully, “You’ allus did have plenty luck, Sam. Angel, eh? Mine’s still livin’.”

THE SERGEANT was drilling a squad of raw recruits. One of them was marching out of step. He called to the erring one, “You know they’re all out of step but you?”

“Well, so what?”

“Don’t you think everybody in the company should march together?”

“You tell ’em. You’re in charge.”

“BOY, if I had a wife like yours I’d stay at home every night in the week.”

“I’ll say you would. Or get your neck broken.”

THE TEACHER pointed to the picture of a deer. “Now tell me, Horace, what’s the name of this creature?”

“You can search me, ma’am. I dunno.”

“I’ll help you a bit. What does your mamma call your papa?”

“Oh! . . . So that’s what a picture of a louse looks like, eh?”

TWO BOYS of color were having an argument about ghosts. One claimed to have encountered one the night before.

The doubting one demanded, “What war this spook doin’ when yo’ last sees him?”

“Just’ fallin’ behind, boy. Fallin’ behind rapid.”

THE SENTRY said, “Halt! Who goes there?”

A voice answered, “American.”

“Advance and recite the second verse of *The Star Spangled Banner*.”

“I don’t know it.”

“Okay. Proceed, American.”

SAID the Negro preacher, “Mah bred-den, when you-all hears Gabriel soundin’ his horn, Ah gibs yo’ fair warnin’, yo’ wants to be ready to jump.”

“Parson, whar in de Good Book do it say Gabriel ’nounces de Second Comin’ from a truck?”

MOSE said, “Don’t yo’ start no fight with me, big boy. I’ll hab yo’ know Ah was decorated in World War II.”

“Okay. Then I’s announcin’ to yo’, yo’ is about to be in world-war-three and get redecorated ’specially yo’ face!”

THE breathless passenger demanded, “Conductor, do you think I’ve got time to say goodbye to my wife?”

The conductor was doleful. “I dunno. How long you been married?”

JOE said, “The boss was just tellin’ us that when he was a boy back in the Ozarks they had a mule that was just like one of the family.”

“Uh-huh. And I know which one.”

HE had managed to get a job with the gas company.

"Take this master-key," instructed the manager, "and empty all the coin boxes. Take out all the quarters and dimes."

He was gone three weeks. Suddenly one morning he walked into the office and demanded a new key. "I lost the one you gimme," he confessed.

The manager cried, "Where have you been all this time? Three Friday's the paymaster has looked to you to pay off."

The employe's jaw dropped. "You mean I get wages as well?"

THE HUSBAND drew his chair up close to the wife's sewing-machine.

He cried, "Don't you think you're running it too fast? Look out, you'll hit the wrong seam. Mind that corner. Slow down. Watch your fingers. Don't hit that button!"

"What in the world is the matter with you?" the wife demanded. "I've been operating this machine for fifteen years."

"My dear, I'm just trying to help you, since you help me drive the car."

WHILE they were holding army maneuvers in Texas one of the boys came floating down into camp near the Davis Mountains. Brought to the officer's tent, slightly bruised, the Captain said, "What kind o' brains you got, coming down here in a chute with this 100-mile gale blowing? Don't you know that's taking the wildest sort of chances?"

"I didn't come down in a parachute," said the private. "I went up in a tent."

THE GUIDE was showing the sights of Italy. "Now this," said he, "is the celebrated Leaning Tower of Pisa. I can't remember at the moment the name of the architect."

"Dugan," said the tourist. "He built my garage in Kansas. I'd know his work anywhere."

FLYING over the Bay of Naples the pilot turned to his passenger and asked, "You heard that phrase, 'See Naples and die?'"

"Certainly," the passenger answered.

"Then take a good look. We just dropped our propeller."

"W/ATER, I'm so hungry I could eat a horse."

"Wonderful. You came to exactly the right place."



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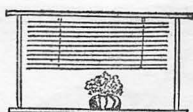


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The Long Table



DEVELOPING PERCEPTION

COLORADO: "You stress Soulcraft as being 'scientific.' Dr. Rhine has proven to Science the existence of Extra-Sensory Perception but has found no way by which it can be improved or developed. Has Soulcraft any method by which this faculty, which we all have, may be improved or developed?"

Comment: The god 'Science' comes up for obeisance again. The true "scientist" knows that what he so roundly proclaims and adulates is merely coded knowledge confirmed by common demonstration, with repetitive results arising from a process. Such results are known as "proofs." Extra Sensory Perception is merely perception of the receptive communicating senses beyond the normal. There is a dog whistle of such high frequency of sound that a canine two miles away can hear it, while an auditor two feet from the operator cannot. Because all men are limited to not hearing it either, is the distant dog more developed or is it a case of hearing merely on a higher octave of sound? Because of the common mein of hearing for interpreting sound on this octave, we name it Normality. Or we say the dog two miles distant hears Abnormally These are but names solely for function or specially sensitized equipment. People who hear speech out of higher dimensions clairaudiently are merely hearing through their amygdaline nuclei. It is not a case shaped of either development or improvement but *employment* of them, knowing what they are and when they are operating.

PENTECOST

FLORIDA: "You can never know how much your books, magazines, and lessons have meant to me during this past year. It has been a hectic year in many respects but thereby a year of growth. One of the big tasks in it was to stand on my own convictions when friends suddenly joined—and began pounding me to

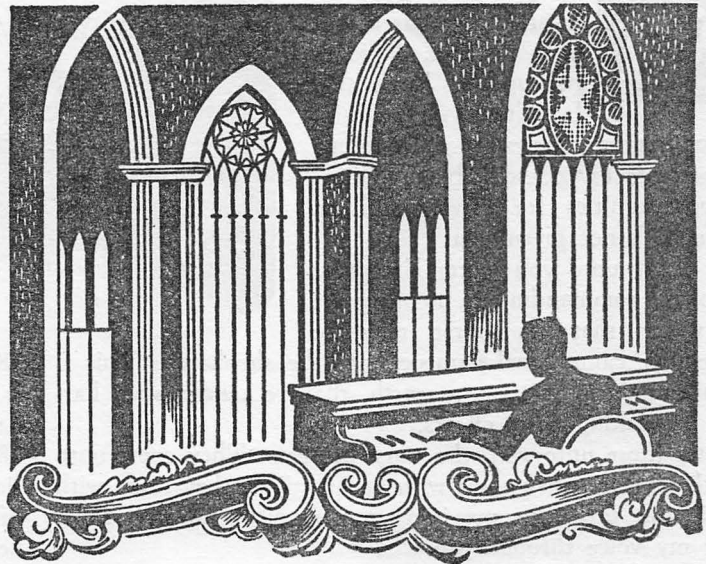
join—a Pentecostal sect. They wanted me to be 'saved', to prove which, according as their understanding went, I must speak in 'unknown tongues.' I wish I could say I kept my natural serenity amid this, but have to admit I was troubled. However, it has all worked out now. Somehow I know the stand I took was right for me. Sometime as you have opportunity could you write us a word about Pentecost and 'the gift of tongues'? . . ."

Comment: Pentecost took its name from a Judaist feast celebrated fifty days after Passover in thanksgiving for the harvest. It became a festival in the Christian church, celebrated fifty days after Easter, but altered in character by the early theologians to commemorate "the descent of the Holy Ghost" upon the disciples. The Anglicans of today term it Whitsunday. According to Soulcraft sources, some 325 years after the Crucifixion the general Church Council called at Nicea was beset by the seeming hopeless task of writing Reincarnation out of Christ's preachments as well as the documents left by His disciples. Especially did they have to rationalize a phenomenon of Lifted Memory of earlier lives that seemed to have happened to the disciples as a group. This "gift of tongues" was apparently little else than recalling fluently the languages each had spoken during earlier embodiments. It is so common a happening today in seances that it no longer excites comment, only psychological scientists don't accredit that it is the result of the Holy Ghost descending on anybody. VALOR's editor was present at one session where a young man in cataplexy remembered eight languages he had spoken earlier, one of them being Javanese and Second-Century French, mostly Gallic. On another occasion, mental therapy being done on a young woman caused her to remember ten to a dozen languages she had spoken in previous careers, including the country of each residence and names of her husbands and children. How

much those beset clergymen deleted from manuscript accounts for what had happened at the time of that original Thanksgiving Feast, and what the disciples had been discussing that suddenly caused them to "remember" their original Fifth Plane pacts to be present with, and survive the Master, we shall never know. Out of the Nicean Council came the approved Nicean Creed, a detailed doctrine embodied in the liturgies of the Eastern, Catholic, and Anglican churches and generally accepted by Protestants. It detailed that Jesus Christ came to earth to "save sinners from the wrath to come"—something about which Christ Himself had said nothing whatsoever authentically. A great hypothesis of the Day of Judgment and consigning of souls to heaven or hell was taken bodily from Mithraism and Egyptian-pagan superstition. Incidentally, "I believe in the Holy Ghost" was not added until 381 A. D., some fifty-six years later, when the clergy scholars affected to have determined just what the Holy Ghost was. Small wonder, indeed, it is, when church elders get up onto the Fourth and Fifth planes, they are appalled to discern what years they have spent preaching to congregations fundamentals of Christianity that were purely man-concocted or taken over bodily from Judaism or Zoroastrianism, entirely foreign to what Jesus had made the central core of His worldly ministry, to wit, "Thou shalt love the Lord, Thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself!" They had to have mystery, and penalty, and divine jeopardy confronting the soul, scaring people into being sinless as an aid to theology "conversion." So you see, Florida, what a mess it makes of true religion to dare claim that a group-lifting of recollection on previous careers—a pure reincarnational proof—can possibly be concerned with surety that the Mithraic-pagan process of divine judgment has resulted in the individual of today getting the fortunate celestial destination. The trouble is, that most Christians are wholly ignorant of the academic history of their own Faith, and even theology students aren't overly enlightened about it. It wasn't any "gift of tongues" that occurred at Pentecost, anyway. It was a gift of lifted group-memory. And a Holy Ghost who didn't become official till 381 years later seemed to solve it for the average believer. More of this in later VALORS . .

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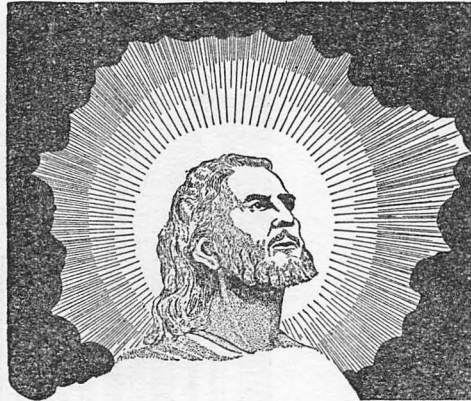
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New Golden Speakings



MY Beloved: Time turn-
eth onward as the wheel
of a chariot, the New
Year openeth as a trek
unto victories. I bid ye
rise up and know that
I address you . .



2 Come strange majesties manifesting,
come portents of indescribable nobilities,
come opportunities for service such as
earthlife hath not given you;

3 Yet I say unto you more: Except as
ye keep my commandments to bring the
earth water that its thirst may be
quenched, ye cannot make music unto the shepherds. This is
your mission bringing you to earth, that ye render such har-
monies bespeaking their efforts.

4 I send those unto you who must be seen. They come unto
you with treasure, they come with benefactions, they come with
witcheries on their lips providing opportunities for the earth
to hear my voice through projects.

5 Receive them well, I tell you. Honor and sustain them.
Give them ear to my beneficence. Presently it shall appear that
openings have arrived for the wines of high endeavor to be
poured upon the multitudes.

6 I tell you I pour them.

7 This is the year of ordeal which openeth, withal I tell you
that it is likewise the Year of the Beginning of My harvest.
Hear ye that well.

8 *It is the year of the Beginning of My Harvest!* Could I say
it to you plainer?

9 There will come many men beseeching you. They shall say
Let us do this, or, Let us do that. It is befitting that they
should say it. And yet I tell you, that which hath true accom-
plishment as its core cometh of Me and ye shall identify it.

10 I lead you up strange pathways in the year that cometh
in, I point you the vista, I give you the accolade;

11 There are those who leave earthlife by the thousands; what
is the that to those remaining? Surely the division hath its
bright import.

12 Fear not he who cometh unto you saying, Let us do this,
or, Mayhap if we do that, goodness accureth to us. *All is part
of the Program to be pursued.*

13 Go ye outward upon whatever journey beckoneth you and
let failure be only as the small animal scuttling across your
pathway. I, your Lord, have said it.

14 Those of High Accomplishment come to me and say, Be-
hold, Lord, the brethren suffer for substance, the avaricious
man denieth them, the penurious man escheweth them. Behold
action is crippled in that selfishness would smother it.

15 I say, Let it be so. The avaricious
man defaulteth to his own heartbreak,
the penurious man payeth penalty only
to himself when the Bright days come in
and the harvest is resplendent.

16 I have sent you on strange pathways,
I have caused those of high report to
make themselves known to you. I have
brought the humble man unto you that
his offers ennoble him.

17 Hath it happened by chance, be-
loved? Whereof cometh a man unless he
be sent, that the project be tangible for
that which inviteth him?

18 These are the Bright Days, introduced of ordeal. But what
is Ordeal? Is it other than opportunity to display that which
hath called you to magnificent attainings?

18 I have given you the Bright Accolade, I say, that your mis-
sions should find you, that the Work meriteth any extravagance
of effort and manners. The New Day is potent. Men and
heroisms serve you. And yet, my beloved, I add adjurations . .

19 Say not unto him who cometh, Who sent you? or, Why
thinkest thou the thoughts of thy heart are exceptional to the
Tocsin? Say unto him rather, The Lord hath appointed all
times and seasons for those of high motives to manifest their
valors. Speak your valors unto me and I sustain you in exerting
them.

20 Personal efficiencies in any task are the sums of earth's
lecheries directed against it; the wine of strong lustings dul-
leth the intellect that transcendeth the Message to make it of lustre.
Be not deceived by such.

21 When great is the increase that cometh unto you, marvel
not that it cometh but employ it to radiance. Shall the Wise
Ones not show you how to use it that Holy Spirit know the
proud fruits from turmoils?

22 Ye are called to lead cohorts. Do divers bafflements con-
fuse you? I say the Father's business abideth no obstructings.
Woe unto him who delayeth the Treadings of the Ennobled on
the High Ascent, who casteth obstructions before the feet of
the dauntless. *All who obstruct My true servants must render
accountings unto Me!*

23 Thus the New Year is your servant, beloved ones, fresh
portals to Action Halls of Excellence. Walk Time's Stage art-
fully, knowing liquids of unutterable majesties moisten your
throats that your declarings come out with ardor in them.

24 I, your Lord, give you utterance. Meet the convulsion with
faces that blanch not. All is of ordainment, even that drama
which portrayeth your talent, played that the benighted have
their divinities disclosed to them.

PEACE

"Their Mother"

(Continued from Page 23)

mother's hand in his. Daily he spoke to half a million men and impressed great truths on them with a power and prestige exerted by no pulpit.

Next there was Fred, who occupied a chair in an agricultural university and taught men how to take the great forces of nature provided by the Creator, and with and from them bring forth scientifically the food which should feed the race.

Beside him was Theodore, the man who wrestled with other forces of nature and made them do his bidding. He spanned streams for human commerce. He laid out great irrigation projects so that water was brought to arid lands, and thousands benefited from the desert that through his work was made to blossom like a rose.

On the other side of the bed were Richard and George and Dexter. Each man in his way, too, was on the road to success. But most of all, they were six manly men who were, first of all, *men*—resourceful, honest, forceful men, engaged in doing the work of the world.

And there between them lay the one to whom they owed their being. From her loins they had sprung, from her travail they realized the first sharp sting of breath of life in their nostrils, by her ministrations they had been nurtured into mature life until they stood, the completed product of woman and the Almighty. She was only a poor old woman, spent and worn and almost done with life. *But she was not a failure!* No woman who raises a child and spends her life to bring that child to the image of the Creator, to a successful and honorable maturity, is a failure, regardless of how humble may have been her lot.

I have told this story simply that you may know why it is that we of the *Telegraph* office love the Purse Place, shoved against hoary old Haystack Mountain out on the edge of our town. I have told it that you may know with what feeling we of our little country daily office each Thanksgiving make up a generous basket and send it out there to "Old Mary," not because she needs it, for her six sons are amply able to (and do) provide for her. But we do it to show our appreciation of her heroism.

And the knowledge that one woman "managed somehow" and treated her

How Life Came to This Planet in the Beginning



STAR GUESTS

THIS BOOK describes not only how the Soulcraft Recorder started his uncanny out-of-this-world transcripts but lays plausible background for the stupendous series of papers that came out of a higher dimension of time and space in 1930 reporting on the origin of earth-life as denizens of loftier octaves are aware of it.

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troubles as things to overcome often helps us, too, in our daily tasks. And that all of us may not have to go into the Great Peace that Passeth all Understanding without the chance of earthly reward is another lesson from Old Mary's life.

And that, again, helps some!

Every Life

(Continued from Page 8)

lately arrived from realms and regions where life's indisputable fundamentals are a matter of common knowledge.

People who cry, “But if I've lived before, why don't I remember it?” face the cold-turkey answer: “—because you're operating with a brain ensemble that only holds conscious memories of experiences you've had in your current body.” But that doesn't mean there aren't memories tucked away in the *soul*, and that their functions and peculiarities are not obtainable.

Soulcraft isn't a religion. It's a philosophy based on what's been unearthed about all of this to the present, probably anticipating the spiritual science of Tomorrow. And the twenty-five volumes of Soulcraft make every controversial point fairly clear and logical.

Meantime, look upon your child as an undecorated hero or heroine for having dared to enter a realm of such abysmal and stubborn ignorance.

Cogitations

(Continued from Page 27)

Vermont small-townners wouldn't see except from flying saucers of the Hereafter. The fine inspirational tone that thirty years ago put *The American* in a class by itself, vanished utterly. And last month the beloved book folded. This month *The Companion* and *Collier's* followed suit. When I saw Commies swarming into the New Deal by the thousand I wrote peppery remonstrances that landed me in Durance Vile. Oh well! . . . I'm not repentant. But when I got notice the Crowell had folded, I couldn't help a heartstab. *Would* it have floundered had I grabbed at John Phillips' offer that noon-time in the Waldorf? *Not on your maiden aunt's tintype it wouldn't.* But that's a conjecture from another day and life . . .

Anything which isn't for the good of the whole swarm isn't for the interest of a single bee.

Page 34

Every Woman

(Continued from Page 10)

her Prince Charming because of her fusion of ecstatic memories of romancings with him since Helen of Troy launched a thousand ships. If she has come into life anew to romp hand in hand with him for another earth-span, her responses are automatic.

Indeed she knows what she wants. She wants Joe and none other. It's all been fixed up with Joe afresh to provide her in her own person with a thousand ships to launch, and she's subconsciously joyous to be about breaking the champagne bottles.

Pity the people, men or women, who turn deaf ears and deafer intellects to all of it. They don't remotely suspect the surprises they may be missing. Instead of mortality being a joyous consummation of etherically-compiled plans for another lifelong tryst with a long-time complement of themselves, they prefer to relegate themselves to the category of animals, born of herd lusts, and refusing to admit that up the last ten thousand years they've been anybody in particular.

What an astonishment it would be if they found out they *HAD BEEN!*

Dream Houses

(Continued from Page 12)

What a delightful surprise Death is due to be for millions, if they might only recall what it has been they've left to come down into earth-life for a little sequence in eternity and make this earth-world a trifle better for such educational visit!

How Women Gauge

(Continued from Page 14)

vigilance and surprise, recollection of the making of such details will fade in the re-born mind, or rather be submerged overwhelmingly by the events of sensory life when the new body has been birthed.

When we talk therefore about some "grisly mistake" one seems to have made, succumbing to some major temptation or departing from what we "instinctively" identified as being "right", it's this prenatal chart and its hallowed stipulations

Page 35

"What Is This Woman's Strange Influence Over Me?"



A THOUSAND times a year we confront persons, of our own sex or the opposite sex, with whom we had relations in lives antedating the present. We suffer the effects of these without suspecting their true motives.

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The book was published and thousands of copies sold to Soulcrafters. Then at a seance at Soulcraft Headquarters on April 2, 1955, who should walk out from the curtains of the medium's cabinet but Nefertiti herself. She talked with the author for 15 minutes in broken English, thanking him for his interest in her and her family, every word of her voice being caught on electronic tape by an open microphone.

If you haven't read this great story, order your copy at once. A straight, hard-hitting narrative by a master story-teller. It will make Queen Nefertiti's materialization from the hereafter intelligible and significant.

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to which we're making reference. We *know* what we should do, to make a given life "happy and successful"—the presentiment of it and its features, we say, "has been ours from babyhood." The soul itself isn't infantile, of course. Babyhood is only society's benighted way of describing something that hidebound religious or theological tenets assiduously keep us from learning about or examining. Religion or theology has worked out a man-made hypothesis that advent into earth-life happens strictly at the caprice of father and mother, that the soul is an entirely "new entity fresh from the lap of God", that the career that opens at any birth is the only career mortality will ever know, and that when it has been run the soul "departs for heaven or hell" according to its transgressions or absence of them during earthlife. All this was concocted after the manner of wisdom and ideas back in an age when men were so circumscribed and ignorant that they assumed the sun, moon, and stars revolved about the earth which was assumed to be the center of the universe. But the theologic monopoly on information is so huge and arbitrary that it is listed as "sinful" to probe for, or know anything, so startling as prenatal existence and its specifications. Prenatal existence would mean that there must have been some sort of life or lives antedating the present one. And that would make hash of the Vicarious Atonement. The "truth" of the Vicarious Atonement must be preserved at all costs.

Nevertheless, modern psychical science is gradually discovering the real truth of origins behind the whole of earthlife. And everything we're learning adds up to Good.

Souls Determine

(Continued from Page 16)

deepening intellectual and spiritual quality alters men's features into magnetic benevolence and masculine strength, the cares and educations of mortality may eventually groove lines of maternal tenderness and human compassion on the maiden's countenance that one day cause some admiring male to demand, "Who's *that* perfectly handsome-looking Lady?"

Lady, forsooth, will be compliment enough.

Because that's what all women come to eventually!

Cheerful Disposition

(Continued from Page 18)

ment in life, therefore, and allow that it is giving you something God and Kismet have wished you to display in your character to make it balanced and gracious, and you cannot lose in the whole mansion-living in the end.

Yet some people seem to think that even such philosophy is an imposition worth a frown. Better kick the slats out of the cradle than enjoy it for the purpose for which one finds oneself in it—temporary rest and its increments as the period comes for physical recuperation. Slat do kick out of cradles with such an interesting and entertaining noise! . .

Animals

(Continued from Page 20)

in the association of like particles there is maximum harmony and Harmony is one of the major achievements of realization to the entire life-plan from the outset. But actually in practice, what you find happening is, that if a dog, horse, or other pet and a human or group of humans, show special compatibilities in result of long earthlife association and mutual service of any kind, due allowance will be paid to such affinities and the reincarnation take place under circumstances where the close association of units may be renewed. Rarely the animal as a lesser-aware form of life is consulted about it. The Group-Soul advisor is considering at all times what will bring that animal up to a higher and more positive Sense of Itself as a created entity. And a given animal *will* find itself in an earth situation where recontact with a higher manifestation of animate life becomes positive."

From all of which the spectators concluded that, somewhat analogous to gravity, the law of the Love Attraction operated on all created bodies inevitably and similarly.

Take it for what it is worth! Why not? It makes sense. And you may because it does make sense, find yourself ultimately in the company of all the pets you have ever kept.

What a forest of waving dogtails this means for some people scarcely expecting to confront them on coming awake on the Higher Octave!

Page 37

Thinking Alive!..

The Next Book You Should Read after Completing "Behold Life"

IT first was published in 1938,

When a book sells continuously for such a length of time, and when exhausted brings almost twice the original price per copy, it has something.

Based upon 5,000 pages of Mentor Instruction, its author had sought to expound how Intellect had developed from animate earthly life. For 17 years this book has been nominated by old and experienced Soulcraft readers as one of the biggest works he has ever written.

You should own it and absorb it in order to understand the two dozen authoritative books that follow. This is a new and unparalleled esoteric study and you should know its revelations from the very beginning. Plenty of copies now!



AT LAST
A heavy round-cornered printing at \$4 reprint price

The first book off the Soulcraft presses last fall was a 320-page reprint edition of "Thinking Alive" for thousands of readers added to Soulcraft patrons since the original edition was exhausted. If your library doesn't hold a copy of "Thinking Alive" it is short a major book in the whole Soulcraft Enlightenment.

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*Do You Want to Know
Where the Races Stand in
the Reincarnational Picture?*



Read the New
Pelley Book---

Stairs to Greatness

A Forecast of What's Now Due to Happen
in the Middle East and Orient

DO YOU realize we may have an utterly different line-up of nations by 1963? Not forever is Red China to remain a passive blockade in the Far East. Nor are India's Hindus and Arabia's Moslems to be content with life as the White man's market for western merchandise on colonial basis. The entire Asiatic world is to awaken to cope with it.

Treating with all these problems in the esoteric and prophetic manner, Soulcraft offers one of its meatiest books as the Suez Question starts the drums beating for an entirely new order in international affairs.

This new Soulcraft work first gives you a quick and workable synopsis of each religion of the peoples of the East, showing you how the major races, and all tints and hues of intermediate races, are regarded on the Higher Spheres of Consciousness.

FROM synopsis of the major races and conditionings from their religions, cultural and military trends begin to come clear. You see each Asiatic for what he stands for cosmically, and where he probably is going before he graduates into higher White. But midway of all this priceless information, the Great Teacher contributes this—

"All men must be honored for every effort they have put forth to improve themselves! . . . or climbed higher up the Stairs of Eternity to reach the Sweet Arbors of the Father's Greatness!"

The reasons for United Nations being replaced with Three Racial Protectorates, is set forth in treatment of a colossal theme.

Only one edition of this book is available in these fall months. It has been done on white paper, round-cornered, bound in red leatherette, to enlighten Soulcrafters about winter happenings in the Near East.

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IN CONCLUSION

CATHOLICS, Spiritualists, Christian Scientists, Judaists and Protestants are all "up in arms" about Soulcraft, but the reason is not far to seek. Discovery of the true experiences of the soul on the higher levels of consciousness proves that the Romanist doctrine of Purgatory is a cruel myth. Spiritualists decry the Soulcraft discoveries about Reincarnation, screeching that no such earthly return is general. Christian Scientists rely on Chapter Four of *Science & Health* wherein Mary Eddy solemnly proclaimed that no communication with the Departed is possible, regardless of the fact that such communication is occurring night upon night in a thousand seance rooms. Judaists repudiate the whole doctrine of the Christ, and that He was of divine origin, which is one of Soulcraft's sterling tenets. As for Protestants in general, their creeds are grounded foursquare on the Vicarious Atonement, and people who get out of life and report back on their experiences, tell us that only spiritual erudition and development account for the levels in the Hereafter which the demised soul attains.

IT TAKES courage and intestinal fortitude to pit the obtainable facts against the claims of these influential sects, all basing their doctrines on traditional Biblical resources 2,000 years aged. Nevertheless, the same situation is current today on this matter of survival that existed 400 years bygone respecting Galileo's telescope. Galileo contended the earth was spherical and revolved around the sun. The clergy declared it was flat and the sun, moon, and stars were merely "lights" set in the firmament to service the earth-world. People were burned at the stake for confirming astronomical truth.

The organized church is equally as wrong today about the condition of the human spirit and what adventures it confronts on quitting its earthly clay. Psychological Research, plus some Spiritualistic explorations, are determining the matter well nigh irrefutably.

If you want the probable facts, you can get them by buying and reading the entire list of the Soulcraft books. There are something like twenty of them and they take up and discuss every phase of this controversial Beyond-Life question.

SOULCRAFT, however, is not a religion in its own turn. It is not a church. It is merely a course of educa-



You Will Understand the Riddle of Survival When You Have Read **"UNDYING MIND" . .**

BEGUN as a sweeping compendium on Mysticism, this book turned out to be an examination of *Individuality* and why no two persons on earth are exactly alike. A strange work, indeed, not easy to describe, but offering you a new estimate of yourself as a factor in Cosmos. Incidentally, the whole roster of the Soulcraft ideology is in it—with more beside. The sort of volume that is going to make you stop and cogitate every few pages as new horizons on your own unsuspected capabilities startle you . .

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tional study, presented in the form of a Fellowship. It presents the facts as they have been unearthed or determined and leaves you to form your own judgment about their truth or falsity.

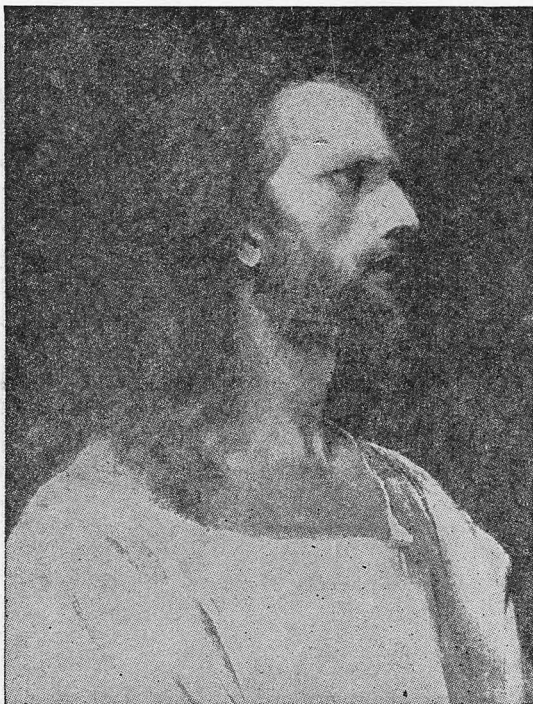
Strange to relate, as you proceed from point to point in Soulcraft, you discover all the religious terrors with which people are scared into being good, are purest fallacies, and as the incontrovertible facts are brought to your attention, a vast peace of mind comes to replace them. For the first time in your life you are not afraid

of dying. Forsooth you will discover there is naught of which to be afraid.

All of it is summed up in the old Biblical exclamation, "Whereas I was blind, behold I now see!"

You can't go wrong in pursuing the Truth in the many Soulcraft books to the final paragraph in each. Particularly does the last great Soulcraft volume, *As Thou Lovest*, supply you with an intimate picture of the Christ that you will never forget.

Thus Soulcraft for 1956!



*The Elder Brother's Career
as Reported through the
Pen of a Leading Disciple*

“As Thou Lovest”

Ohio Businessman Writes . .

Dear Pelley:

I got my copy of “As Thou Lovest” and bethought to read it like any other Soulcraft book. But I had not gone far before I found myself assailed by the most incomprehensible emotions. The story as it unfolded seemed causing me to remember something, something so profoundly poignant that when I arrived at about the fourth chapter from the end I found I would not be able to read through to the close. Frankly, I haven’t finished the story, and I cannot.

I can only explain it that I must have been alive in flesh over the time that the story covers. It was the arousing of my prenatal memory that so movingly affected me. This account of the Master’s life is so “right” that I am left appalled. “That is the way it was!” It seems I can confirm from out of my own subconscious memories.

Every Soulcrafter in America should read this book—and tens of thousands who are not Soulcrafters. It will give them a portrait of The Christ that most of them should have despaired of getting.

To me, “As Thou Lovest” is the work that proves reincarnation more than all the Bridey-Murphy volumes that have thus far been printed. I could never have suffered the reactions I did from the story unless I had been alive at the times the events occurred that the tale so masterly conveys. It seems like directly remembering Soulcraft in Action!

Most fraternally, P. P. C.

Next to Golden Scripts

AT LAST the biography of the Elder Brother as the Recorder of the Golden Scripts has known Him up across the centuries, has been completed and is being shipped to readers.

An Intimate Portrayal of the Great Teacher of Galilee

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INTO how many editions this book is due to go, is outside present telling. It is the one biggest story of the current generation. It is a portrait of that Christ who made no grandiose claims about Himself, who beheld this world of men solely as a vineyard to be tilled. You will gain to a new and rational understanding of this greatest of all world characters, by reading it. The first Deluxe Edition is \$5 the Copy. Get your order in at once if you have not already done so. Address—

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