

# Valor

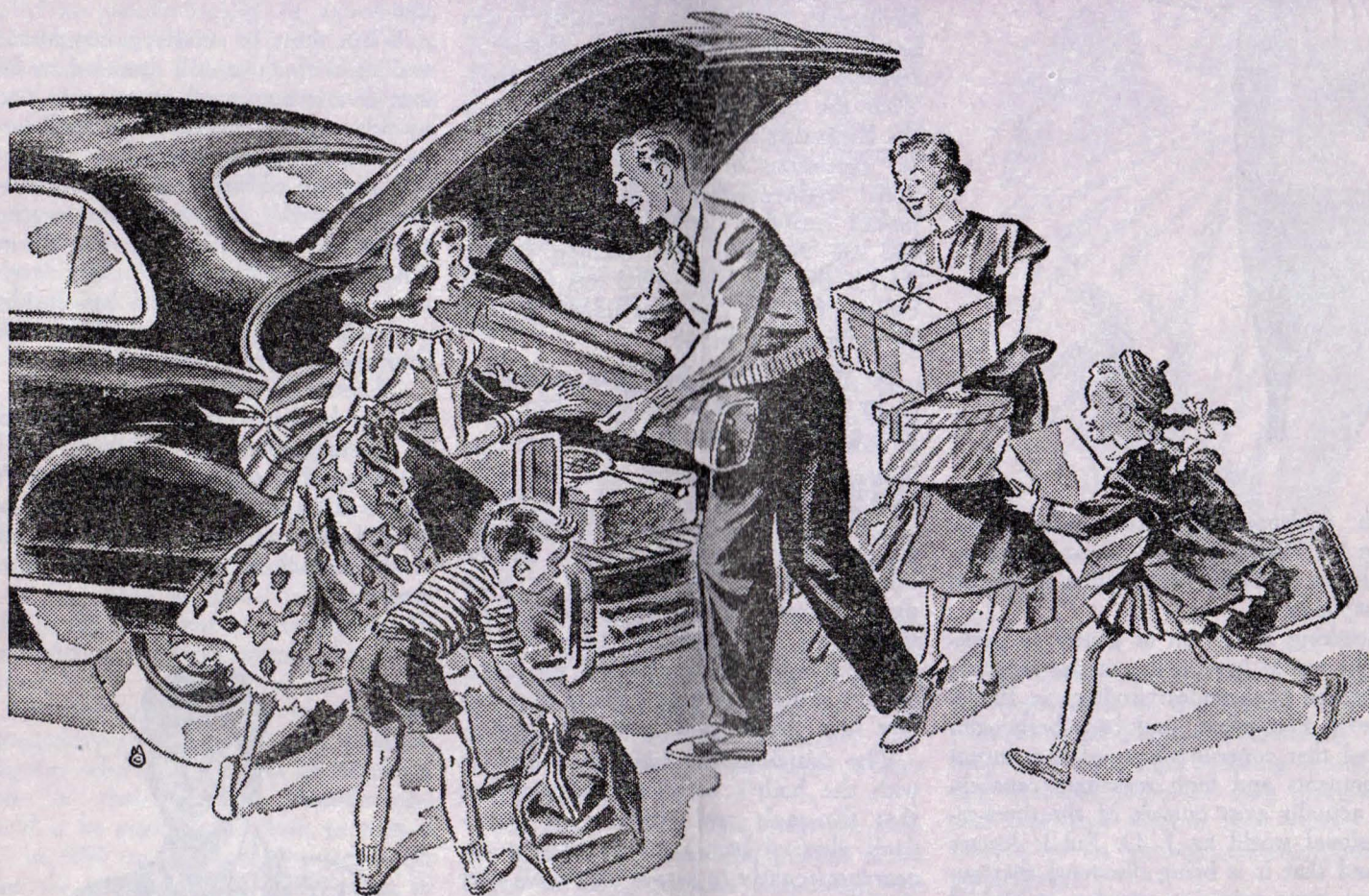
*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

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Number 15



## LIVING THE COSMIC IDEAL

*SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT*

**I**NSTEAD of sloughing into mental doldrums over Great Pyramid dates that may or may not mature fraudtly this month, suppose we cinch up our pessimism a couple of notches and treat our troubled hearts to an altered line of thinking. For there is an altered

line of thinking that it might pay us to give consideration, and it isn't desire-wishing, and it isn't desperate rationalizing. It concerns a significance to these hectic times that John Q. Public has no way of suspecting because John Q. Public, worse luck, has been kept immune



from credence of certain information. John Q. Public, in fact, doesn't remotely dream that the information is known to *anybody*.

Breaking it to him as gently as possible, he would have to be carried into the latest and profoundest findings in Extra-Sensory Perception, and be soberly convinced that super-intellects of rare moral attainments and high reasoning capabilities actually exist outside of the three-dimensional world as J. Q. Public knows it, and that it is being discovered that supernal communication can be established with them and enlightenment obtained about where the world is going and why mortal life is performing as we see it.

The blessed and redeeming feature about it all is, that granting John Q. Public can be convinced such things are so, the information brings joyous solace of highest quality.

**I**N THE past, when prophets have appeared among men—usually associated with religion in some form—and talked about the "end of an age", the implication was natural that dire woe and ca-

tastrophe was being signaled. Those dour old pessimists of yesteryear, could fill whole scrolls of parchment, according to tradition, with accounts of fire that was to fall from heaven, planets that were going to reel with earthquakes, floods that were due to drown ungodly, and all the rest of the long list of hellish retributions that were counted on bringing civilization to a full stop. Period.

No one could possibly interpret the End of an Age in any other aspects, it seems, but universal demolition.

That the End of an Age of perplexity, confusion, skulduggery, political gobbledegook, and social convulsion might be the real meaning of the prophetic utterances never dawned on the auditors. That the End of an Age might imply the Beginning of a New Era when a better expression of national and international righteousness began, was overlooked entirely. Certainly Man couldn't end one age and have nothing follow. And if the Age that ended was very bad indeed, then the Age that followed could be nothing but better.

So it's a Better Age man is looking at, by the sheer weight of logic. However, let's go deeper than all of that.

**T**HE COMMON run of human beings living on earth today and going up and down in it, accepts in general acknowledgment that when one of them dies physically, he perishes. True, there is a vague conceding that some sort of soul existence follows, but by no means on this planet's surface—always and forever in a distant state called Heaven.

The consciousness does not terminate with the body's becoming defunct, but that the souls and intellects of yesterday's physical beings are putting in appearance nightly in seance rooms all over the five continents, definitely proving their identities, addressing their loved ones anew in voices that are recognizable, talking intelligently and irrefutably about interests they had left on earth—is known only to the limited few who explore in such branch of Ontology. Of a recent Sunday evening, the voice of Harriet Pelley, the Recorder's oldest daughter, was heard clearly and distinctly on the Soulcraft electronic tapes by a hundred audiences of Soulcrafters, spoken in her materialized form in a psychical clinic at Hanford, California. And Harriet had "died", in 1914.

The important thing is, that if the personality of *one* young woman can so survive and demonstrate herself, the personalities of a hundred, a thousand, a million, can—and *do*—survive and demonstrate themselves. And if the personalities of a hundred, a thousand, a million so-called "departed" persons are thus continuing in existence, among them must be some of the greatest and brainiest individuals who have ever distinguished the pages of history. Pretty young women are by no means monopolists of this marvel of proven survival. Which brings up this further consideration—

When those so surviving, communicate audibly with those still ensouled in flesh, and give it out in all affectionate sincerity that these high-caste "dead"—who are anything but dead—are organized into a great philanthropic phalanx whose purpose is the renovation and regeneration of present malodorous earthly society, what they may be achieving or planning to accomplish should be considered as holding the cue to the whole current drama of this bedeviled world.

This is the basis and foundation of all resplendent, clairaudient knowledge, or prescient wisdom obtained by the spreading Extra-Sensory Perception. And the basis and foundation of such wisdom being truthful and factual, then what is disclosed as of "top-zenith" importance . . .



**WELL, WHAT IS** thus disclosed?

The thing disclosed is, that humanity is by no means headed for irremediable perdition, but that men and nations are being guided step by step to invite and perfect a more equitable social order—not Communism, not Socialism, but a universal cooperative system constructed on the general illumination not alone of the fact of soul-survival but the fact that individuals in time return into new bodies as infants and live again and again on earth in progressing civilizations. Society's altered psychology, when these tenets are as commonly accepted as today's biology or astronomy, must alter the relation of man and man, and nation and nation, since both men and nations must come to grasp there is no such thing as escaping responsibilities for acts of folly or chicanery. Religion becomes secondary to ethics in this, that the moral precepts of Christ as laid down in the Sermon on the Mount will be embraced by John Q. Public as the basis of his ordinary culture.

This will not be Utopia. It will be the higher reaction from common sense based on a more transcendent wisdom.

**THE WHOLE** great Program of it was first flashed into the mind of VALOR's editor in October, 1930, of all places at an afternoon tea at the Madison Square Hotel in Manhattan, whither he had gone as guest of a gracious lady deeply interested in metaphysics. In the midst of a dozen guests she asked him—

"Mr. Pelley, if you're in conscious communication with persons of great intelligence who've stepped up an octave or more in their spiritual manifestings, would it be possible for them to state—say in fifty to a hundred words—just what the essence of their converse is, in respect to yourself?"

The editor transferred his attention from outer to his inner ear, for he had been conscious of several personages of importance present in the Invisible. Instantly he asked, "Is there a stenographer present who can take this down?"

A young lady secretary to a prominent businessman obliged. And these four paragraphs were dictated—

"We propose giving the complete delineation of the new World order—religious, sociological and political—building by a new terminology what is the essence of the New Society, not conceived

by a few men after their own whims but as conceived by those who are planning the New Society from the Higher Dimensions of Time and Space . . .

"It encompasses a New Global Program, beginning with renovated standards on which religious thinking is based, as being the starting point for the application of a new set of ethical and sociological principles, both practical and academic . . .

"This grand work has not been conceived in a day, but is the outgrowth of a union of Moster Minds, who have been many ages selecting or discarding from the fruits of both observation and experience what is both wanted and needed in an entirely metamorphosized social order.

"This concept is twofold in principle: Making Man to understand what his purpose is in mortality, and his reflections out of it, or to put it in another way: on both sides of that Veil now known as Physical Death. Essentially, we tell you, there is but one life—perpetual life—having these two locations or aspects of manifesting . . ."

**I**N THE twenty-three years that have passed since that long-ago afternoon, not only have over a million words to such end been dictated by transcendent intelligence, but something else has been emphasized, putting to shame and oblivion the forecasters of disaster and calamity so rampant in the present—

*This American nation has been founded and brought to its present dominant influence throughout the earth, as a global Ideal for the high standard of living, learning, and material enjoyment prescribed eventually for all other peoples of the planet!*

The upper middle class American family, living in the thousand-and-one small towns of the American hinterland, enjoying a comfortable and sanitary domicile, owning and getting about in its latest-model motorcar, sending its younger members to the patriotic public school system on weekdays and to some denominational church on the Sabbath, well dressed, kindly, charitable, and imbued with the inspirations and incentives of patriotism, civic pride, and political responsibility for free government, all unbeknown to itself **IS LIVING A COSMIC IDEAL!**

It has never been duplicated by the inhabitants of any other land or system of government in recorded history.



By "cosmic ideal" is meant the crystallization in fact of the findings and conclusions of the Planetary Guardians "who have been many ages selecting or discarding from the fruits of both observation and experience what is both wanted and needed in an entirely metamorphosized social order."

Upper middle class American life is by no means a product of free enterprise, mass production, or even wild cat economy. It is an evolution from the recommendations of the Planetary Wisemen, who obviously consider American institutions as developing spiritual life to its highest point in the mortal state.

To declare therefore, that a product so laboriously arrived at, with previous civilizations mainly experimental to this end, is to be allowed to be wrecked, destroyed or gutted by workers of international or cosmic iniquity, is to mock the

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# Can There Be Such a Thing as the Soul Falling Ill? . .

## Proving Survival Is Not Enough to Heal a Grief Whose Cause Is Not Understood

**H**ERE would seem to be much truth in the statement of an anonymous philosopher: "An obstinate man does not hold opinions; opinions hold him!" Dispassionate observers of human nature as it is affected by various higher-life manifestations cannot help but exclaim at the grim satisfaction it affords certain temperaments to find assuagement for their griefs or frustrations in naught but beliefs which they want to believe in furtherance of their own spiritual limitations. Such people merit more than passing condemnation as spiritual egotists. If they do not perform in the normal manner, what is the reason?

The wonder arises if there can be such a thing as the very spirit-soul of man falling ill, precisely as upon occasion the earthly body falls ill?

If this be so, what should we estimate as the nature and cause of a soul-spirit illness? . .

In trying to analyze it, here is the letter from an English communicant of the Spiritualistic faith, recently published in London, that offers much data for elucidation—

"**I** HAVE been a Spiritualist for some twenty-five years," says the writer of the highly suggestive letter. "The knowledge and philosophy of Spiritualism coming newly to some unhappy persons might conceivably make a great impact, and change their whole outlook.

"But I have lived with the knowledge for many years, and had discussed the question of death with the woman with whom I lived for sixteen years, and for whom I left my legal wife and two children.

"We had agreed that death meant little—just a few years to be lived out apart, but with the solace of communication all the time, and the knowledge that we should be reunited in due course.

"We were living aboard a small motor yacht, on which we intended to cruise in European waters anywhere fancy might lead us. One morning, with no preliminary illness, my partner fainted once or twice. Holding my hand, she said, 'I'm dying!' closed her eyes and ceased to breathe.

"It was a coronary thrombosis.

"**F**OR a year I tried to carry on as I thought she would wish me, becoming adept at handling our boat single-handed and living as normally as possible among our many friends. She returned, of course, many times through many mediums.

"All our knowledge was fully confirmed, if confirmation were needed. But slowly I found my attitude changing. An occasional contact in words, sometimes bringing the fullest evidence, could not begin to replace her presence.

"I found life quite empty of all it had held. There was no longer any point or interest in trying to do anything, since she was not by my side to give purpose and reality to all that life once held. In final desperation, I attempted suicide by means of Calor gas, alone aboard my boat. I was frustrated by supernormal means, for none but such could have approached me, lying at anchor out in the middle of a river.

"This attempt was referred to, some weeks later, when I visited a medium, who said 'They' had prevented me once, and would try to do so again if I approached that 'precipice', as there was work for me still to do. Later messages



specified the 'work' but worldly circumstances are such that, short of a miracle, this happiness can never come about.

"**T**HE MONTHS and the years begin to go by and there is not the least prospect of their fulfillment. I have lost faith in them. Now I am forced to consider the reasons, if any, why I should stay on here instead of seeking the only way out that is apparent to me. *I reject completely any suggestion that my partner was taken in order that I might learn some lesson or other.*

"Firstly, she was not just a pawn in my life. Secondly, the only lesson is, that love is the one and only sanction for this otherwise miserable business which passes for life. Without that love I am developing into an introspective, unhappy man, where I was once happy every moment, doing all I could for my fellows, in company with the largest-hearted woman one could imagine.

"I find no nobility in suffering, only a growing distaste for this life, shorn of all that once made it as much a heaven as existence on the Other Side can be, and a cynicism about the whole business of purpose and planning that can hardly be regarded as a desirable lesson to be learned.

"To offset this lonely misery all that I possess is the knowledge that my partner lives on and loves me still. It is as if she had been deported to Australia. Were this so, my friends would have told me to go to her.

"But she is 'dead', and so, suddenly, it becomes wicked or wrong to wish to

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# How Your Lives of the Past Are Disclosed by Your Temperament



YOU think, perhaps, that it exceeds all bounds of your accreditability to be soberly told that you carry around in the mystical recesses of your subconscious mind a fairly accurate working knowledge of all the major events your life is expected to comprise between birth and death.

Consciously you can scarcely remember how much you owe the butcher, or the name of the girl you were engaged to at nineteen, or which of your four brothers it was that fell off the cowshed back in 1909 and nearly broke his neck. Judging by your weakness of conscious memory, you deem it preposterous that you may know approximately what you will be doing at half-past five o'clock on the Fourth of July, 1965—if so be it your life-plan has it that you shall exist till that date.

You hear occasionally of clairvoyant people who contend they can “read the future,” but although you may know of some predictions of theirs which came true, you decide they must do it by looking ahead into some mystical dimension where events to accrue have already happened.

It never dawns on you, even with such evidence of the powers of subconscious mind before you, that perchance such persons are deliberately “remembering forward” and arousing from the depths of their subconscious a knowledge of affairs arranged for before birth.

Perhaps you are one of those souls who get overwhelming “hunches”—of what to do or what not to do in your daily associations. You don't know precisely where such hunches come from, or how they work, only that they do.

It never occurs to you that even the item of your hunches may be nothing more than your keen subconscious fore-

## *Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Practical Mysticism . .*

knowledge of events, suddenly pushing up close to the conscious.

And yet some of the demonstrated wonders of subconscious-mind performance are beyond all explaining. For instance, in the volume *Behold Life*—which contains a complete exposition of the whole Life-Scheme for every man and woman in its proven entirety—there is related an anecdote of a psychology professor who was an adept in hypnotizing the pupils of his class.

ONE DAY this professor hypnotized an ordinary subject and said to him: “When you arouse from this hypnosis, I instruct you to let twenty four hundred and eighty nine minutes elapse, then walk up to the first man nearest you and tweak his nose!”

The professor himself made no effort to calculate how many days or hours were contained in two thousand four hundred and eighty nine minutes. He simply awakened his subject and dispatched him about his business.

At the end of one 24-hour day, 17 hours, and 29 minutes, the professor was informed that his subject had landed in a devil of a mess because in a store where he was buying cigars he had suddenly and unexplainably walked up to a fellow customer and administered a painful wrench to his nose.

Whereupon the professor started calculating. He found that the lad had



obeyed his orders given under hypnosis, to the exact minute.

Here then was a proven case, duly attested by record in no less a work than the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, of a human being carrying in his subconscious mind a time-recognizing apparatus so accurate that he knew precisely when 2,489 minutes had elapsed. True, he was obeying order received under hypnosis, but in a manner of speaking are we not all under orders in a similar kind of hypnosis when enmeshed in these deadening confines of flesh?

If a nondescript young man could thus keep track of the passing of time in minutes while presumably following out his daily program in all other respects, is it so overdrawn to say that the subconscious mind of each one of us does exactly the same thing in spacing off the activity-sequences that make up the programs of our life?

The thing that truly appalls us is the minutiae of detail which such remembering forward entails, and keeping up a constant comparison with such detail as we have on tap to use consciously.

ON THE other hand, we do not think it at all extraordinary that we can keep recorded in memory ten million details of happenings that have distinguished our lives to the present. We can look backward over our lives and spend hours, days, weeks, summoning up



recollections of things transpired in which we had a part.

If each one of us started in to put down on paper every last shred of intelligence that is "remembered" in our heads, we would be compiling a personal encyclopedia. If the present mortal mind can experience and retain all the text of such an encyclopedia, why is it so necromantic to deny to the prenatal or Eternal Mind a similar encyclopedia covering events that are still to happen?

If we exclaim at the marvel of an intelligence that can retain and carry about a more or less complete roster of all the principal events in a whole life program, why not exclaim as well at the marvel of an intelligence that can retain and carry about a more or less complete roster of all the principal events that one's life has comprised to this moment? One is no less stupendous than the other.

Looked at abstractly, the thing that bewilders us consciously is to consider the apparent myriads of persons and happenings making up the mortal scene. There would be too many of them, we think, for one mental apparatus to grasp. Vaguely picturing all the millions of folk who live on this planet at the moment, it stacks up to us as preposterous that the affairs of their lives and their inter-relationships can possibly be charted in advance. We feel this way because our minds are not powerful enough to carry so much detail. That is not saying, however, that Cosmos does not contain minds capable of doing it, and thinking nothing about it.

We of the white generation in America look with pitying disdain on the African savage who cannot count beyond his ten fingers and toes, lacking the mental power to conceive numerical detail above

twenty. By the same token, higher wits in Cosmos may regard us with the same disdain in the respect that we have difficulty visualizing a hundred or a thousand.

We would not consider it as being at all miraculous for a great impresario to gather together a cast of two to three hundred people and assign each one of them his part in a mammoth pageant. But jump the number to three thousand and we would consider him a wonderman. Jump it to three million and he would be considered a god if he did it. Yet exactly the same principles might apply for the three million that applied for the three hundred. It would all be a matter of expanding the consciousness.

Now there are not nearly the formidable number of people in life at one time that we commonly suppose. We walk up crowded Broadway, New York, or Michigan Avenue, Chicago, or Market Street, San Francisco, and we wonder to ourselves where all the people come from, or how the Almighty can possibly keep track of so many. But look at the matter in this fashion—

There are, by fairly accurate international census, approximately two billion human souls in physical bodies in all countries of the world at the present time. Well, how many is two billion?

Up on the Massachusetts coast and across Buzzard's Bay from Newport, Rhode Island, is a dot of an island called Martha's Vineyard. Perhaps you have visited it. It is about fifteen miles long and not over ten miles wide.

Suppose we figure that human beings of all countries, averaged as to measurements, were not over one foot thick nor more than two feet wide across the shoulders. Fat men will balance up the children, so the average will hold. That would mean that it would require two square feet to accommodate each mortal person now existing on earth.



Are you aware that all the people in Europe, all the teeming millions of Asia including China and India, all the Negroes in Africa, all the Englishmen in



the world from Great Britain to Australia, all the polyglot population of the United States, in fact every last man, woman, and child existing anywhere on the planet at present, could be stood upon the island of Martha's Vineyard? If the weight of them caused it to slowly sink beneath the surface of the North Atlantic, there wouldn't be a human being thereafter in any spot of land on earth.

**H**ENDRIK Willem Van Loon has another way of putting it in his Geography. He asks if we are aware that the same crowd of two billion human folks, averaging all of them at six feet high, could be put sardine-fashion into a packing case a half-mile wide and long and deep. Yes, a box, 2,640 feet in its three dimensions would hold the entire population of the earth, and if you doubt this, call for a pencil and satisfy yourself that it is true.

If that box, says Van Loon, were carried to the Grand Canyon and pushed over out of sight, the whole planet would be as empty and desolate of human life as it was in the Miocene Age.

Of course, we couldn't say who would tote the box to the Canyon's edge, and where the power would come from to lift and heave it over. On hitting bottom, too, there would be an awful thud.

If we so put the earth's population in such a box, and then identified its human contents as being all the people whose life-plans we had to worry over, we mightn't consider it such a stupendous proposition.

Considered so, we begin to realize that perchance it isn't such a headache to chart these lives and provide specific experiences for each, as we first imagined.

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# Can There Be Such a Thing as the Soul-Spirit Becoming Ill?

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be with her. It offends against some plan, that I should be actively concerned with suicide, even if it should prove ineffective. I cannot see this point of view. I long to rejoin her and I am not concerned in the condition that may then exist, whereas I know that she will not return to me while I remain on earth. Suggestions that I turn my attention to 'goodly works' or find something in life that will interest and occupy me, merely sidestep the fact that I do not find anything in life worth the struggle.

"Mere knowledge does not necessarily bring solace and comfort. When the touch of the hand is absent, it is even possibly exasperating to know that she is so close yet so far away, living and loving still. Yet I may not go to her. I am thrown back on a message which I had from a guide, who said that she could give me nothing of comfort, only that every day was one day nearer. Thank God this is so, but there are so many days!"

**T**HIS WHOLE lament states in a column a reaction felt by tens of thousands of bereaved persons, no matter what their psychical enlightenment in respect to Survival. But it also states something else.

It expresses the one great deficiency in orthodox religion, and in religion's two philosophical corollaries, Spiritualism and Christian Science, accounting for their limitations as factors in the soul's complete equanimity as it climbs up through the worlds. This missing ingredient, whatever it is, can be responsible for what we might designate "spiritual malady" akin to arthritis or possibly carcinoma in the body.

This Missing Ingredient is the clearly defined hypothesis of what life itself is all about, essentially, and the basic understanding—allowing small misinterpretation—of why the human spirit ensouls in organism at all.

Unless this one cosmic fundamental be satisfyingly understood, one spiritual malady is due to exceed another until the end of worldly time.

Just as the writer of the foregoing states, it is not enough to have proof of survival in any higher state—as supplied

*The Rev. Jadwin's weekly article will be back on this page next Saturday. This past week he has been visiting Soulcraft Groups in Pennsylvania; Baltimore, New Jersey and New York.*

partially by the various phenomena of Spiritualism. It is not enough to manifest in a physical equipment which the positive attitude of Mind renders immune from distressing or painful disease, as supplied by the recommendations of Mary Baker Eddy. So long as the concept of this earth-life is premised on one's soul being birthed by the procreational function of a pair of earthly parents, with only the single sequence for testing the rules and rigors of this world, the soul is due periodically to fall sick at the apparent futility of the whole ephemeral prospect. Falling sick, it likewise is to be expected that it shall have no further grasp than this lovelorn swain on why the program of mortality has turned out as bitter as it has.

It can be compared to the schoolchild in the middle of the third grade, faced with failure in its passing examinations, "breaking down" neurotically or emotionally at the "bitterness" of education, lamenting that it is able to make neither head nor tail as to why colleges and universities be any feature of civilization.



Note that the writer of the foregoing "rejects completely any suggestion that his partner was taken in order that he might learn some lesson or other." Granted he is right in such rejection, is he not missing the perspective by which all life can and should be regarded, a repetitive process for the gaining of *serried* experience that cannot help but serve him up ten thousand years of the future, no matter what his station?

**T**HE SAME Spiritualist newspaper in which the foregoing lament was published, it is interesting to note, harangues in a score of places against the "mischievous" doctrine of earthly return. Like communicants of orthodox theology, the acceptance is insisted upon by the Spiritualists that this planetary earth is the great factory for the manufacture of immortal souls, filling up "heaven" at the stupendous rate of 64,000 per literal day, that this world is the basement-cellar of existence where such productivity originates, and the various planes of the Summerland comparable to the higher and higher "floors" of the heavenly mansion up which that soul—conceived or manufactured for the first time in the cellar—proceeds to live in vaster and more brilliant expressions of individuality.

Such mentalities, purblind in respect to the celestial curriculum of sentience, are declaring in essence, "I was born in the cellar and if I can't have my beloved woman companion with me constantly—originated at the same time in the same cellar—I intend to repudiate any and all benefits to my intellect that premise from the prospect of education as an institution."

And when a doctrine like SOULCRAFT comes along, presenting the entire panorama of the Whys and Wherefores of Consciousness, no matter on what plane functioning—it is ignored as just another *ism*, built upon Hindu mysticism.

SOULCRAFT would diagnose the spiritual ailment of the bereaved swain responsible for the lament, as a case of never having had celestial education as Education portrayed correctly and adequately from the start. Beginning on a

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# Valor

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## Road into Sunrise

**L**T IS mainly from correspondence that the publisher of a journal like VALOR can obtain those true leads for its contents that really reach to the heart of its clientele. So from a small town not far from Jamestown, N. Y., the past week comes a remarkable letter from a retired businessman who wrote ordering *Road into Sunrise* a few weeks ago, read it, and became electrified by what he found in it.

However, VALOR does take issue with him about the causes for the deterioration of the American character which he deploras. More about this presently. First, his letter itself—

**D**EAR Mr. Pelley: Thanks for your letter of July 27th. About *Road into Sunrise* . . . I have read it through in entirety twice. Some parts of it I have re-read several times and expect to pick it up from time to time and re-read certain snatches of it several more times. Naturally I think the book is great, *stupendous!* the more so when one considers under what conditions it was written. How anyone could read it and not be better and wiser for the experience, I cannot imagine; for there is true eloquence in it, there is wisdom, there is nobility, a message to the world in the moment of its direst need. The book is thrillingly interesting.

It happens that I have been privileged to know most of the things it portrays as truths and facts as such, for several years now, my great regret being I could not have known them at an earlier date.

Also I naturally wish all mankind knew these things as truths and that we could all be taught them from childhood, rather than that which we are taught and is preached insofar as I know by most so-called orthodox religions and faiths.

Facing the *truth* is not a characteristic of the Americans at this time. Self-deception is fostered daily by the eulogies and flatteries of those who hope to profit by the child-mindedness of a people whose forefathers faced the sternest conditions in order to live. The pioneers were not afraid to look at themselves as they were. They were individualists. They knew that the worth of the individual was the yardstick by which they could measure the future. Now the cry is for organization, labor unions. Each is leaning on his neighbor and taking his thoughts, convictions and morals from such tendencies. Weakness of will and judgment!

Initiative grows with responsibility. I believe character here has been on the wane for forty years. Greed, lust for power, the weakening of moral fibre and the effort to find an easy way out of every problem, have made Americans a far different people from their forebears.

It is most regrettable that a majority of our people fail to see the consequences and end-result of the abandonment of the old American ideals of conduct, of regard for decency, of a sense of personal honor and integrity, of a standard of life that made character the main consideration. This strange idea of an America regimented from top to bottom I see as the beginning of the end of that proud land that once demanded only character and honor and the will to work.



**I** SAY the above in all possible humility. I myself am as nothing. I believe we are in all degrees of knowledge. Some, like yourself, are so far ahead of me On the Path and in wisdom that it beggars description. No doubt you have forgotten more than I will ever know for thousands of years yet. I think we both know that,

although there are countless millions on the Thought Planes awaiting a chance to reincarnate and once again manifest in a body of flesh, this being the greatest desire on their parts, to once again experience things of the flesh—such as the sense of touch, taste and smell, also to be able to recreate their own kind. I also believe most of these are souls that died early in their last earth lives, either in one of our great wars or in motorcar accidents or things similar, who thus wish to experience things of the flesh. It would seem to me that the older souls, those who have attained greater knowledge and wisdom, for the most part, would hesitate to reincarnate when world conditions are as they are today.

I also believe that if the truth were known and believed by the masses, I mean taught from childhood, that history would record quite a different tale. I have in mind the law of Cause and Effect, the law of Karma. If that were generally known and believed instead of the doctrine that if you repent of your sins and accept the Lord Jesus as your Savior, all your sins will be forgiven and you will be as white as snow. You and I know that this latter doctrine is untrue, but try to make the majority believe it!

This letter is already too long. One thing *Road into Sunrise* seems to emphasize greatly is the idea of Predestination. I have been most thoughtful about this, as heretofore it had generally escaped me and I had given it little thought. Sincere personal regards to you, . . .

N. H. R.

**A** SPLENDID letter, and yet one indicating the final grasp on the basic tenet of true Ontology needs to be made—the fact that character deterioration is by no means possible in a single life, much less in two or three current generations or in result of any pernicious political or economic dispensation. To concede it, would be to embrace orthodoxy in one of its most mischievous forms.

It is VALOR's considered opinion, arrived at in result of study of thousands of pages of Higher Illumination, that what has been happening on this planet—and particularly in this Republic—since World War I, has been the incarnation of what we might term a special class of cosmic soul-spirit students particularly needing the experience, and benefits from the experience, of living in



the United States during its period of spiritual metamorphosis. They come in as weak souls—using the term in all charity—to know the personal rigors of upset and change, and go out strong souls—stronger from what the experience delivered.

Unless we be long-headed in viewing them, we see the namby-pamby mediocrity of these special souls, behold no civic virilities coming from them, and in esoteric purblindness pronounce that the independence and stalwart morale of the forefathers is being emasculated in the current assailment of *isms*.

It is, of course, mistaking the Effect for the Cause.

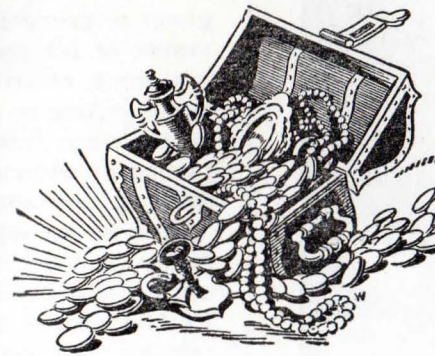
No great school of souls can become enervated in one lifetime, no matter how deleterious the influences to which they are exposed. It takes scores of lives, consistently on the negative pathway, to work results that actually show up in a country's culture.

The forefathers we are given to adulating had constructed their characters throughout scores and perhaps hundreds of still earlier lives. They followed the bent of their destinies in founding a nation on the North American continent that was an expression of their mass attainments. It was a civic and cultural condition that the nation they founded should subsequently attract those not so favored, who might become beneficiaries of its institutions and gradually develop and emulate the characteristics of the forebears. The critic of these times, ignoring the fact that such cosmic curriculum might be in process of embracement, takes a look at the Passing Scene and cries, "The country is going to hell in a hack."

The country, of course, is going no such place.

Then there is the item of ignoring or refusing to recognize the vast numbers of high, fine, erudite souls who are keeping their voices soft during the running of this great instructive period.

**T**HE NATION holds millions of them. The writer of the foregoing letter is one of them himself. But the times are not propitious for them to turn vocal. There is a program that must be played out. As the program develops, here and there these sterling souls rise to opportunities to give sight to the blind by astutely interpreting the cause and cure for malpractices.



## Rehabilitation



**I**KNEW a gent who slaved for gold,  
Was out to get the pelf,  
He walked on everybody's neck  
To get things for himself.  
"The world is mine!" he oft would shout,  
"I'll have it or I'll die!"

He thought of no one but his own,  
He was the great Big I.

He knew it all, or thought he did, and worked for Fame and hay,  
Without regard for anyone who might get in his way.  
And he got what he vowed to get, had scads of gold to lend,  
But looking back the path he'd trod, he didn't have a friend.

And then—the Market "busted" high, it blew up in his face,  
It cleaned him to his BVDs, he'd lost the Grabbing Race.  
He said, "I haven't got a dime, what's worse, I have no friend,  
I guess I'll have to hunt my gun, this seems to be the end.

My credit is all shot to pot," . . . he heaved a mighty sob,  
"Yes, I will find my rusty gat and finish up the job."  
But, when he looked the barrel down, he placed it on a shelf,  
"I'll first look up some fellow chap, who's worse off than myself,

"I'll do one final kindly deed before my life I stop,  
I'll help some poor lost Down-and-Out before I blow my top."  
He's now been helping other duds for twenty years or more,  
He's shot his selfishness to bits and thus reversed the score.

He now has wife and home and kids, his credit's in the sky,  
He has all sorts of loving friends, his bank deposit's high.  
He says, "No matter what you get, to hold it, you must give,  
My largest credit's in the Sky, for I've found how to live.

\* \* \* \* \*

For Gold and Gain is dust and dross without loved ones to share,  
So I now bank with Love Divine, my cheque account is there!"

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



## Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

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Remember, the most strident admonition in the whole Soulcraft agenda of admonitions is the statement that, "No group is permitted to exist without its mentor or Mentors." The whole nation is a group, collectively taken. It is by no means lacking in Mentors. But they are in no sense fuss-budgets, wailing and ranting at whatsoever goes on not commanding their approval.

Suppose we capture the broader and higher viewpoint on the whole of it, and concede that the Elder Brother as Master Guardian of this planet and its developing and expanding spiritual life, knows what He is about, and seems by no means cast down by the progress made generally. On the contrary, He speaks in terms of highest approbation of the efforts already successful to shepherd humanity further up toward the Radiance.

Give us another hundred years in which to operate, because Time works in our favor.

The human universe is a mighty university and all kinds and classes of students are attending it, taking from it what especially profits them. Let's not judge the institution by the aimless mentalities of the Freshmen and Sophomores. If they didn't need what the times have to give them, they wouldn't be about.

Road into Sunrise indeed!

### Soul Illness

(Continued from Page 7)

wrong premise, it embraces *some* of the enlightenments in Spiritualism—at least those having to do with certainty of survival—and assumes it to be everything, when indeed it is a very small fraction of "everything." A beloved life-partner graduates out of flesh, *probably for her own reasons*, and life is thereupon weary, stale, flat and unprofitable. And Christian Science is not much better.

Christian Science would put conscious attention upon the psychosomatic ordering of bodily life, ignoring what happens to the soul on graduation after graduation. Spiritualism would effect to pick up the soul where Christian Science abandons it—at the metamorphosis of spirit from one plane to another plane, and say that each is all there is to life, insofar as they manifest.

SOULCRAFT comes to each and says, "Sweep the whole headache into the dust

bin of the same debris made chiefly by orthodoxy. *Get a new and loftier viewpoint!* Your whole trouble, Mr. Bereaved Spiritualist, lies in your utter ignorance of the fundamental significance of Reincarnation. You simply can't fit all the harassments and disconsolations of mortality into the hypothesis of this being the one and only life that souls are called to live. It doesn't work and you can never make it work. You'll stay spiritually sick to the end of your days, trying to do it. You're spiritually sick because you are trying to make one grade of the cosmic public school, which you're attending at the moment, epitomize all the education that tends to exist in the great University of Eternality. It's immature ignorance that is felling you, and making you lean toward suicide. Instead of sympathizing with you for your suicidal mania, SOULCRAFT might even be so bold as to say, 'Go ahead and take a good whiff of the Calor gas, and learn for yourself just what the penalty is, so that you have the information in your subconscious mind as part of your higher cosmic evolution up future generations. See the consummate folly of what you want to do, because you haven't yet tumbled to the basic facts as to what consciousness is all about. Then grasp the greater canvass of Attainment that you are truly painting as the sum-total of all your lives.'

But no! . . . while Spiritualism affects to prove Survival, it opens one door and shuts another—the greater door unto Magnificent Prospects. The "doctrine" of Metempsychosis is "mischievous" because it opens possibilities that the "souls" that come to each pregnant mother may not be so pure and lily-white as souls "fresh from the hand of God"—so by some twist of psychology and logic, each pair of procreating parents forces the hand of God to produce a "fresh new soul" and everybody is happy.

Everybody is happy, that is, but the bereaved of his lady-partner, who says quite bluntly that Spiritualism by no means satisfies him.

But how could it ever be expected to satisfy him?

It presents but one facet of the great jewel of Truth.

Take one comprehensive look at the Whole Jewel and all *isms*, cults, and even orthodox "doctrines" fall into orderly places. Furthermore, Life becomes a well-rounded and satisfying curriculum of

learning, not just passing tests in ephemeral bereavements

Yes, indeed it is true that, "An obstinate man does not hold opinions; opinions hold him!"

**Cosmic Ideal**

(Continued from Page 3)

transcendental intelligences and creative powers of those who have given so much to the effort. It is saying that they stand impotent in the face of the mischief-workings of the Dark Element.

All unknown to the public, therefore, the presence and supervising of this Transcendental Phalanx is truly humanity's safest insurance that our culture and civilization is by no means going where the woodbine eternal twineth, but is really standing on the merest threshold of its ultimate achievement.

AMERICAN LIFE AS A COSMIC IDEAL HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN ON THIS PLANET!

It is something to think about.

True, there are technical adjustments that still require making. The system is by no means perfect as yet, either politically or ethically. The industrial system lends itself to many improvements, the monetary and banking system is to undergo major changes and improvements.

But the Pattern has been realized—in upper-caste American life in this middle Twentieth Century. All the increments of mechanics and invention have been introduced, and will continue to serve a people climbing ever higher and higher—without being conscious of the superiority of their attainments.

The crowning stroke to make Utopia almost actual will be Man's alteration in thinking respecting Death and Reliving Mortalities.

But our civilization is not due to crash down in debris, or by over run by the hordes of Tartardom or the Orient, because this last could not happen and have the advances and achievements still to be realized, come to fruition according to the forecasts made by the Invisibles.

The "wise" have insurance against catastrophe that the "ignorant" know naught of. But like everything else, it must be distributed with discretion.

So a fig for calamity on August 20th—week after next!

The Pyramid is only a lot of figures. Figures can lie, but not Immortals.

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**Soulcraft Chapels**



# COGITATIONS

what the Lord had in mind—and from what caprices—when He took it into his Divine Consciousness to originate flies at all . . .

o—o

OR FOR that matter fleas, cockroaches, floor-termites, moles, geranium kitties, and all the more sociable brands and breeds of rattlesnakes. It's one thing to be philosophical and rational when beholding the universe as a collection of suns, stars, moons, planetoids, moss roses and violets—but what sort of a mental doldrum the Almighty was plunged in, when the notion of fleas, cockroaches, termites, moles, skunks and rattlers entered into His conceiving, appalls me. It must have been total evidence of His divinity, that no one was permitted at His elbow to see the first specimens and make inquiry, "Beg pardon, but are these things absolutely necessary?" . . . I can understand to a degree, why the fleas might be alibied. It was David Harum years ago who declared in a famous best seller that "a certain number of fleas are necessary to a dawg just to make him conscious that he is a dawg." But what bothers me now, especially at August 1st birthday parties, is the possibility that fleas, cockroaches, termites, moles, skunks and rattlers may be necessary just to make me conscious that I am a *human!* Do I not have tax assessors, radio commentators of the more raucous persuasion, lawn mowers that break down with the grass half cut, sheets of paper that go into the automatic presses sideways, electronic reels that come back from chaplains with Butch's snores spoiling the sacred music, and rain coming through holes in the garage roof, to apprise me of my humanness? Why must

I require insect pests to eat me out of house, home and birthday party refreshments, to convince me I am a long way yet from being a saint, an archangel, a flying saucer, or a shrinking violet? No, no, somebody must do a better job of rationalizing than the David Harum brand to alibi the creation of what arrived for Mel's party uniformly jet-propelled and as supersonic as Buzzie when I've overslept o' mornings . . . These things making a birthday party of their own off my ankles must have had some legitimate purpose to serve by being brought to reality. The fact that the Lord made so many of them ought to give us a cue but doesn't . . .

o—o

OF COURSE, things can happen to them suddenly. Indignant females have been known to grab up fly swatters, or even rolled newspapers, and work havoc among such intruders—even though the cream-pot levitate accidentally into somebody's collar by reason of the vehemence of their gyrations. Last night, after the usual evening thunder-shower quieted and I tried to enjoy some belated sleep, an explorative mosquito came winging through the dark, buzzed audibly and violently near my left earlobe, and something huge and disastrous catapulted through space, flattening him flatter than any corporation's bank account on March 16th. The something was my palm, cuffing my own ear. I tried putting myself in that mosquito's place, for I am philosophical-minded respecting such episodes. Suppose that I had been created a mosquito, given a whole planet on which to forage. My mosquito ancestors would long-since have schooled me in the fact that they were God's Chosen Insects, that the insect creation was the last word in organic ingenuity—which I'm not so sure it isn't—that the Great Pyramid held measurements that in due process of time God meant to take the planetary universe away from the fleas, flies, wasps, skunks and reptiles and

**M**EL HAD a birthday party Saturday afternoon because he was 37 and the fact should be noted. Most of the Headquarters' staff turned out with gifts. There were, in attendance at the consequent luncheon under the backyard elm tree, a dozen adults, a generous quota of small fry, five four-legged dawgs—all hungry—and twenty thousand flies, still hungrier. It's about such flies that I would expatiate. Not the flies that came to Mel's party. Flies in general. Mel got an assortment of gifts ranging from short pants for summer heat relief to fifty feet of garden hose for washing Winkie off in the sideyard when the boy comes in too besmirched for any session in a bathtub. The flies got everything remaining. They came in swarms, platoons, phalanxes and regiments. Not a single fly cared a wing whether or not it had been invited. It just came—and brought its relatives. "Hey!" it radioed to all party adherents in Hamilton County, "a guy is having a birthday party and we've got ice cream and cake—jet a wing and get in on it!" Some of these responding brought nippers along with them, not for the viands but for my ankles. Evidently they got the notion in their fly-heads that somehow or other I fell in the class of Mel's birthday refreshments. I sat back and regarded the black swarm of levitating pests that couldn't understand the technicalities of the fly netting over the birthday nourishment, and wondered



bestow it in divine favor on mosquitoes, in short, that mosquitoes should inherit the earth. My mosquito parents would have taught me this, I say, and my mosquito Bible confirmed it, though I might have been persecuted for publishing articles about it in mosquito war-time. I fly by night therefore, in my sublime mosquito faith that I am the Main Exhibit, and because I approach—in the dark of a monstrous house—something that is long, vibrant and extremely savory stretched upon something called a bed, find it both available and delectable and prepare to make landing and feast on it, a Huge Something comes flying through the vasty Deep of space and presto!—am I Messed Up? Yes, indeed, that Mighty Something—that was really no more than a human hand—has stopped me permanently from making friends and influencing people; it has altered my destiny and malformed my contours. I am a forgotten item upon the divine ledgers, otherwise cluttered up with long rosters of Fallen Sparrows. I tell you in those moments when I trade stations with such entirely well-meaning nocturnal mosquitoes, I am cast down. Philosophically, I am pretty much what the lone mosquito of last evening became physically when he gave me fair and square announcement that he was about to attempt a six-point landing and make me scratch one spot for the next ten to fifteen minutes. I said the 'ell you are. And without a moment's consideration for mosquito's rights under the First Amendment, I Let Him Have It. Where is that mosquito's soul at this moment—the time being 11 a. m. of the Morning After? In the laws of Eternal Karma, am I due to keep slapped by the nocturnal mitt of an archangel for buzzing too close to its ear with demands for food, lodging, raiment, or donations to make up the deficiency when the price of paper stock bounces out of reason? Such matters make my whimsies . . .

o—o

**B**UT MY question is still unanswered, Why Did God Make Flies? . . . He made 'em, undoubtedly because He was in a making mood and I've got things all wrong about the earth being designed for man instead of man for the earth. For all I know, there are whole bevyes of creations who classify Man in similar category with fleas, flies, mosquitoes, wasps, cockroaches, termites, and red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats

on, the morning after the abolition of 18th Amendments. When they buzz in the Night, say these supercreatures, slap 'em before they bite. So we get tornados and cataclysms and New Deal elections and highway motor fatalities and depressions and polio epidemics, and feel as indignant about 'em—that we, being lords of creation, should be so humiliated as to suffer 'em—as last night's mosquito seven seconds after God Called It Home. And we hatch up Esoteric Movements to ameliorate our Injured Vanities—the outstanding tenet of which should be to shut off the siren and proceed with silence about the universe, then you don't get spattered. Actually, that mosquito died last night because it was too voluble. Had it swooped down upon my prostrate pulchritude noiselessly I would merely have jumped, turned over dourly on the other side, and proceeded to lie awake and scratch the rest of the night. The mosquito could have winged its way onward into other bedrooms and gone home so blood-gorged that it couldn't climb its own mosquito stairs with dawn. But no, it had to raise its singer and give notice its stinger was Coming In. I have described already what it got in payment. I daresay its own mother wouldn't know it now, to bury it with honors . . . therefore maybe I, too, sing too much, when I ought to keep my singer silent and leave long lines of archangels scratching in regiments . . .

o—o

**B**UT I started to talk about Mel's flies . . . or the flies at Melford's party where he drew the short pants. None of us gave thought to the fact as we sat beneath the elm tree that the 20,000 intruders got their name from the Teuton term *fleugan*, and that it applied to many orders besides the guests that jetted over from Woodward's barn. Equally there is the butterfly, the dragon fly, the blow-fly, the meat-fly, the flying fish, and the fly-by-night that pays bills with a bad cheque and is over the State Line by dawn with the merchandise. But my understanding is, that Melford's twenty thousand superfluous guests were *Musca Domestica*. A Mr. L. O. Howard—God rest his ashes—got out Circular 72 of the Bureau of Entomology, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, 1906, in which he informed the nations that in 1900 he made a collection of the flies in dining rooms in different parts of the United States—he didn't say how

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many dining rooms, nor whose—and out of a total of 23,087 flies, 22,808 were the common house fly. Think of it. 2,808 more than Mel's guests last sunset. Its geographical distribution was the widest—as if that shocked anybody—and its rapidity of breeding so great that as a carrier of germs of disease, especially cholera and typhoid, it was recognized as a potent source of danger. And William McKinley was Republican President when that sort of thing happened, and in fifty-three years we have done nothing about it. In my boyhood you could go to the corner grocery and buy a packet of Tanglefoot, which you peeled apart and laid, sticky-side-up, on top of tables, sewing machines, bookcases and cabinets. The theory seemed to be that *Musca Domestica* would make six-point landings on such savory glue from policy, but despite the numbers that did so, greater numbers survived. So the practice of buying and spreading Tanglefoot seems to have been abandoned, and L. O. Howard lived and counted dead flies in vain. McKinley died too, and William Jennings Bryan who ran against him, and Theodore Roosevelt who succeeded him, and Taft and Wilson and Harding and Coolidge and the Lesser Roosevelt. Everybody is dead but the flies, with the two exceptions of Hoover and Truman, and Hoover may go any day now, the man is really growing elderly. Truman will be around, of course, so long as there is one single *Musca Domestica* anywhere in Missouri to put on the public payroll. But we swat the flies even if we are not allowed to swat Hoover and Truman for still being around. There isn't one of us who could make a fly that would fly, much less a mosquito that could get into my bedroom after an Indiana thunderstorm and make me swat or scratch according as I was lucky. Still, whether we could duplicate a fly mechanically, despite all we've done in the field of nuclear fission, we do like to feel we've sent 'em each and severally to the Elysian Fields, even though they do nothing but bite the ponies in the Sioux Happy Hunting Grounds. . . . If you'll excuse me, I'll stop talking about 'em now and do something myself to make up for all that McKinley, and Roosevelt, and Wilson, and Harding, and Coolidge, and Hoover, and the Lesser Roosevelt, and now the General haven't done to date—get the kitchen fly swatter and produce a real massacre around this place. I'm getting domesticated with muscas so that it looks

like Mel's last evening's food table, with Pam waving her arms and almost knocking the cream-pot down her father's collar . . . If there's any cream left in any cream pots I want it for tomorrow morning's coffee. I can't improve my Java by dunking it with Melford.

—THE RECORDER

## Your Past Lives

(Continued from Page 6)

THE EVIDENCE seems to have it, collected from hundreds of psychical records, that each person, in periods between his separate lives, takes stock of himself and his character-attainments up through the ages, and gradually works out the specifications of a career for himself containing items of experience which he recognizes abstractly and dispassionately he needs most.

A person's temperament is largely the arbiter of these items. What the temperament does, or does not, contain determines what the next succeeding life is to comprise. If the temperament is weak in this or that attribute, then earthly conditions are contrived, or awaited, that will give him exactly that benefit and none other.

Naturally it happens that such conditions cannot be ordered or manufactured out of hand. The whole earth-scene has to be studied and watched carefully—with the kindly assistance of astute mentors to whom the interwoven affairs, of two billion human lives are a mere trifle in cosmic mathematics—and precisely the right conditions provided so that the individual soul will get the definite increment and naught else.

That is why it often takes such a lengthy time between lives, not that the spirit is unable to endure the stresses and strains of a new ordeal in flesh so quickly but that the opportunity is not available in world conditions for them to enter and receive the experiences they know they should suffer.

The period between lives, in a manner of speaking, is the great examination-time of Temperament, looking at themselves, weighing themselves, analyzing themselves, deciding that no matter what the cost, they must go through this or that and come out with the needed profits extracted.

The profits have never been lacking.

One of the most astounding things in examining such cases, is the raw cruelty of certain souls to themselves, insisting they shall endure persecutions, crucifixions, penuries, and physical handicaps, in order to gain spiritual advancement with maximum speed.

OVER and over, in examining cases where a particular soul in life seems to be getting more than his or her share of hard luck, we find that truly it is not so much hard luck at all, that is being so mysteriously encountered. The process that actually is at work is, that in that particular person's case they made the decision before entering upon the current incarnation that they would take upon themselves the troubles and the harassments of two or more lives at once—or in one life-sequence—in order to catch up with others of their own group who are further along the pathway.

We must never lose sight of the fact that we only make the spiritual progress that advances us along the route of cosmic attainment, by undergoing, and triumphing over misfortune and hardship. The more trouble one surmounts then the stronger becomes the character and the more eligible one is to enter the higher planes of Consciousness.

Therefore always make sure, when it seems that you are having a particularly tough time of it, that you have not asked for just that travail, that your cosmic progress may be the swifter.

Temperament is concerned in all of this to a greater degree than you think. In fact, it is the experiencing of such ordeal that refines temperament and results in a lovable and beautiful spirit.

It is because of all the ordeals and spiritual victories that you have had in the course of all your lives that you are the person of character and stamina that your friends recognize as You, today. And the more lives you live, and the more trouble you thrash to a standstill in them, the faster is your cosmic progress up the worlds.

It seems a strange—and withal a somewhat cruel—process at times, considered from the strictly mortal standpoint.

Do not overlook the fact, all the same, that mortals are not forced into it—by God or anybody else. They go into life of their own election, and prescribe for themselves exactly what they shall suffer—if we want to call it suffering when viewed from such a premise.

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God forces no one into mortality. No Simon Legree lashes souls forward into earth-life. To the average spirit, the earth sojourn, no matter what it encompasses, is a privilege. Millions of souls are waiting constantly at the portals of birth to get into physical bodies that their characters may benefit.

It is the Grand Refinement of Tem-

perament that is at work, and as such we should view it!

A DUNKER preacher had preached for an hour. The next was about to take his turn. He began by saying—  
“I always think that when Brother Jones has risen to his feet, the ground is pretty well covered.”

## A f t e r t h o u g h t

**T**HE ARTICLE on Page 5, I believe, is something worth pondering. These are the summer days when large numbers of Soulcrafters, interested in having demonstrations of the survival of their beloved "dead", are making vacation visits to Chesterfield, the nearby Indiana Spiritualistic Camp, then coming over to Soulcraft in various reactions. What do I think of this medium or that medium? What could have been the meaning of this phenomenon or that phenomenon? What is the significance or past history of this apport or that apport, and will I take them in my sensitized left hand and psychometrize them? Generally speaking, the Spiritualistic officials at Chesterfield might well be appalled at the consensus of lay opinion of their Faith's tenets and practices.

**T**HUS am I elected to role of arbiter in Spiritualistic matters when I'm basically and earnestly interested in the straight-line promotion of the strictly sacred occult. But I do think I know what the big thing is, inhibiting and circumscribing Spiritualism—the thing I might call, in all charity, its own commercialized pettiness in too many instances.

The Spiritualists have hold of something so big that the personalities handling it by no means grasp its magnitude. Not in the eccentricity of "raising the dead", I don't mean, or charging two dollars to have some spirit "guide" advise through the trumpet whether to sell the house-lot. Rather in grasping the Cosmic Facts of Life through the spectacles of such prejudicial preferences.

What I mean was brashly expressed by one of the big Spiritualistic officials in a cult journal recently when he said, "We by no means subscribe to any doctrine that souls born to expectant mothers can have had any prior experience with this world of evil, or that any expectant mother may give birth to a soul guilty of reprehensible deeds in allegedly earlier existences." There it is. Regardless of what the cosmic facts are, the Spiritualistic doctrine must be something that sells to the public, and you can't sell the idea to the average mother that she has not originated the soul of her child as well as its body.

So pass the collection plate and interpret the Cosmic Law as we wish it interpreted. Anyhow, pass the collection plate.

**S**OULCRAFT is not interested in concocting something that will "sell to the public." It is looking the facts of Cosmos in their faces and seeking to tell the truth about them, letting the chips of personal opinions fall where they may. True, it does limit or curtail its student body by such policy, but that fault is the student body's, not the doctrines. Warping the doctrine to suit squeamish customers is reducing Mysticism to polite racketeering. Recently the statement was made that "the day will come when the entire Spiritualistic following will be in the ranks of Soulcraft," but true or false, it won't come

about by Soulcraft performing some type of unlawful entry and purloining mailing lists; it will come about from the same type of persons who now drive to Noblesville after a week at Chesterfield suddenly recognizing that it's the valor of Soulcraft—not being temperamental about looking cosmic facts in their faces—that will supply the more enduring attraction as between the two, and espouse Soulcraft in its tens of thousands to resultant loss to the ranks of the Spiritualists.

It is more or less common knowledge to the adept mystic, that spiritualistic mediums uniformly cater to the same types and temperaments on both sides of the veil of Transition. Adept mystics do not attend spiritualistic seances as any practice because they know the persons who materialize in them are doing so chiefly from the lower astral, or the immediate next plane to that of physical occupancy. They have not of themselves "been over" long enough, or progressed high enough, to be equipped with much more knowledge than the fact of their survival. The elderly lady "on the Other Side" who cried indignantly at a recent Chesterfield seance that she had "been dead 86 years and not seen a single instance convincing her that earthly return is a fact," was crying in her dear ignorance, "I am an infant of 86 spiritual years—comparable to months on your earth-side. I see no evidence of people becoming adults and carrying on procreational practices publicly, so therefore adults do not cohabit." And everybody present in flesh cried, "How true! How true!"—and went away convinced what they had learned was profound . . . But ask spirit-souls who have "been over" a thousand or two thousand years, whether or not they concur in the statement of reincarnational practices being factual—granted they can be contacted.

"Of course," they rejoin, "why a question so elemental?"

**A**NYHOW, these are the weeks when a residue of Chesterfield visitors ends up at Soulcraft and wants to know How Come? And most of them are voicing the sentiments expressed by that English Spiritualist on Page 4, only without the unconsolable infantism. All they can be told is, that Spiritualism merely attests to the fact of Survival and naught much else. It's like attesting of a roomful of little kindergartners on the first day of school, "All these children are actually *alive!* . . . isn't that marvelous?" No, it's not marvelous, excepting to the ignorant.

Isn't it time, wouldn't you say, therefore, for the doctrine to be shaped, not for popularity among the cash-paying customers, but in the interests of Cosmic Processes that are bigger than any individual, no matter how many spirits he or she calls from Vasty Deeps? Soulcraft would say no. Meanwhile, such mediums as Soulcraft endorses do seem to be doing pretty well, thank you! And why not? . . .

*Pelle*