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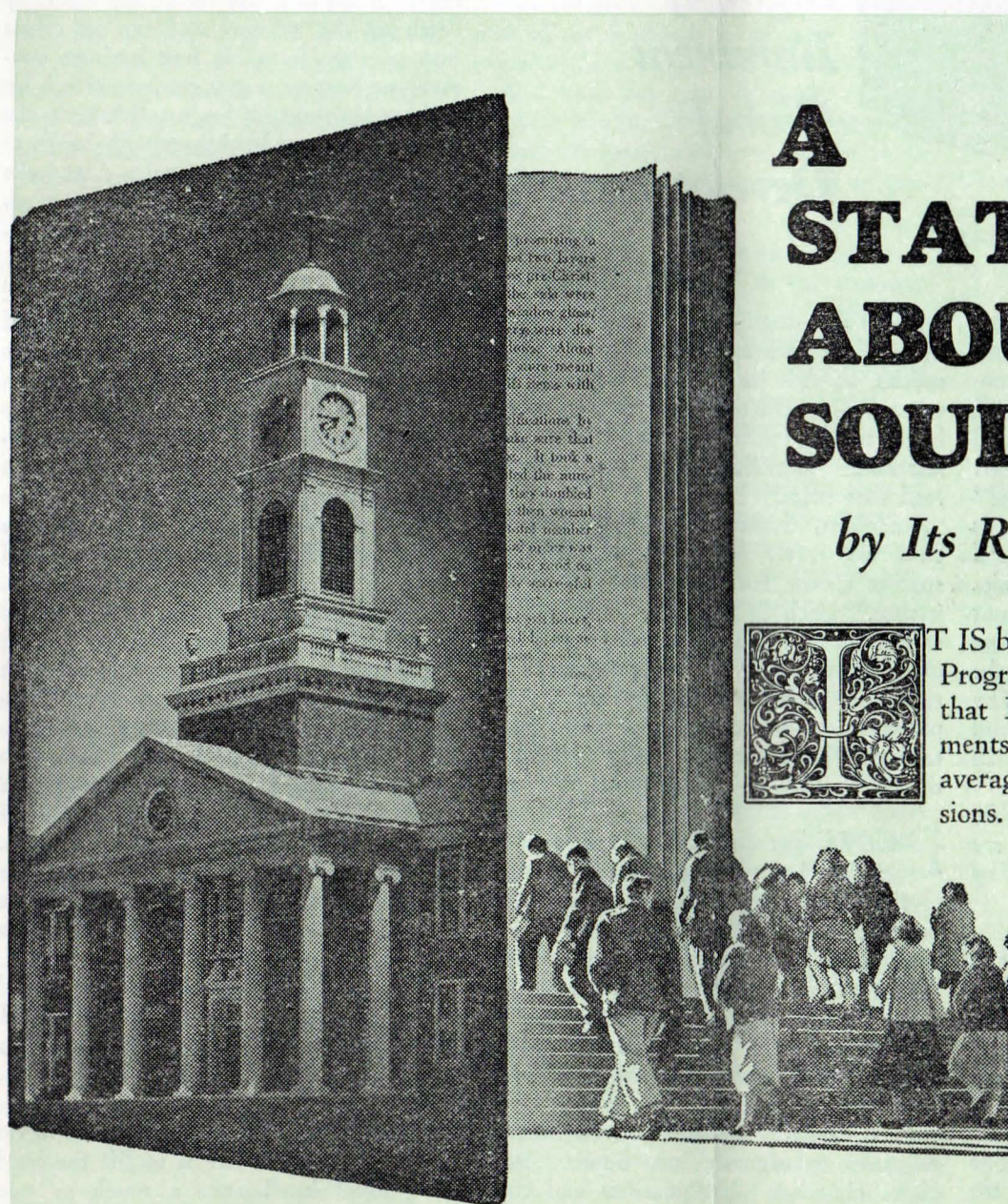
The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume V

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, October 24, 1953

Number 26



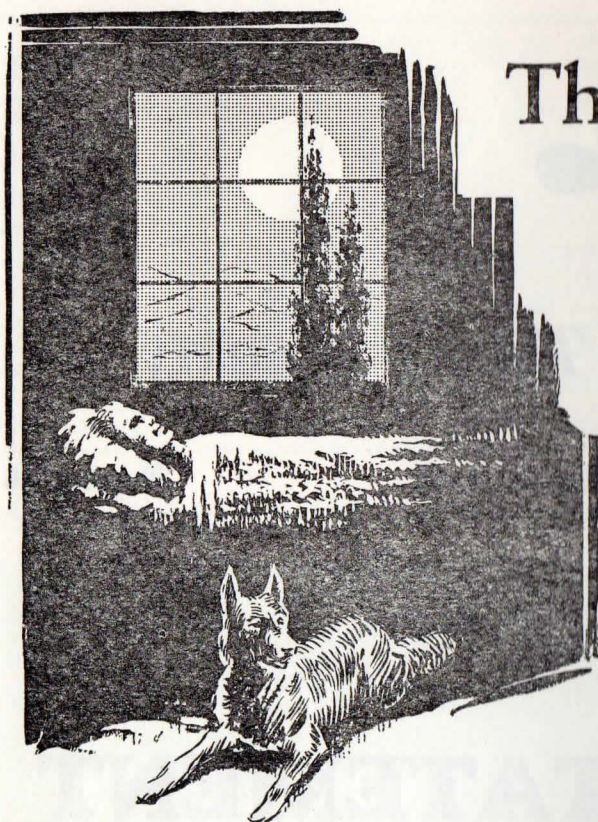
A STATEMENT ABOUT SOULCRAFT

by Its Recorder-Editor . .



IT IS because I see the whole Soulcraft Program with reasonably clear vision, that I react as I do when developments arise within the work that the average student considers progressions. I say over and over in various publicity announcements that I am *not* seeking to found any new religion, or church, or denomination or cult.

The ranks are not lacking in those who receive such statement with Mona Lisa expression. It conveys that while all due allowance should be made for my modesty, nevertheless we should face the fact



The Idealistic End Served Is

A Clarification of Soulcraft Objectives in Light of Imminent Global Developments

that a new religion, a new church, a new denomination, or a cult, is what is bound to grow from it. In other words, my conferees don't believe I am saying what I mean. "Human nature being what it is," they remark, "what else indeed can lie at the end of a movement like Soulcraft?" If I elect to say that the instruction is spiritual, then in some form or other I must be dealing in religionism. Besides—and the temperature starts to mount that forecasts a fight—if no new religion, or church, or denomination, or cult is the goal of our labors, what on earth *is*? Why go to all this expenditure of energy and money with no organization-goal to be reached in the end? . . .

It is useless to inform such people they are thinking in archaic terms. They see no evidences of its being archaic. Why in the world should it be archaic?

THE THINKING of such persons is archaic, I say, because the times have gone past when it is all-sufficient for the Form to function as the Fact.

Religions, churches, denominations and cults are means to an end, not ends in themselves.

The idealistic end being served by one and all of them is adding to raise the whole level of the social intelligence. Mark that!

Raising the whole level of the social intelligence is achieved *through* and *by* the

business of bringing higher and finer concepts of Cosmos and Reality to the man-species, so that its relationships are more tranquil, constructive, and directly profitable to the ethical advancement of the self-aware individual—and you'd better read that twice.

Religions, denominations, churches or cults are rarely concerned with this as specific excuse for being brought to existence. Each is a peculiar phalanx of soldiers of an exploring or conquering Ideology, integrating and compacting for a type of defense—meaning intellectual preservation—venturing into new countries of Thought across Plains of Agnosticism.

PEOPLE get together in religious societies because experiences in prior lives have taught them that the Independent Thinker, going it solo, is liable to some type of extermination for being "different" in mental viewpoints from the great human turkey-flock. Turkeys in flocks are said to attack and kill swiftly the bird that exhibits the slightest deviation from the species.

It is social Fear that impels human creatures to organize into bands. Religions, churches, denominations and cults are exhibits of the odd principle that in numbers lies safety.

Clear-headed thinkers should not seek to dodge it.

I CONTEND that religions, churches, denominations and cults are archaic because these are no longer the days when pioneers in spiritual departures are stoned, burnt at the stake, or hideously crucified for being pioneers. A man can buy a book advertised through the mail, receive it at his door, unwrap it, retire to his library, curl up with it beneath his favorite reading lamp. In a single evening he can receive enlightenment from it that alters the thinking of a life time. He can sally forth on the morrow and put its ethics into practice from his first business contact—no element stands ready to scorch his flesh or bash out his brains. Multiply the numbers of men buying enough books to read beneath reading lamps . . . and the thinking and behaving of a nation is altered. Theology as theology is quite something else.

Theology is a set of concepts concerned with Divinity, accepted by hierarchies of men as the Absolute in Cosmic Fact, who feel it incumbent upon themselves to compel the rest of the race to believe as they do or be assailed with duress, even murder of those who refuse to acquiesce. Such willingness to murder in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost is misnamed Religious Fervor. It is assumed to be commendable. The private posse, torches, weapons, arrest, ecclesiastical court, legal formalities, military escort, the death march—what they mean in a capsule is dignitaries of any "Faith" securing their politico-religious suzerainties. Over one hundred thousand Protestants were slaughtered in Spain, France and Holland during the reign of Charles V by their brother Christians, the Catholics. It is conservatively estimated that in the entire persecution of the early Christians by the pagan Roman Empire, not *two* thousand persons were fatally martyred.

The record may look insufferable and one can accept it or not as he pleases. I am considering Soulcraft for what it is at present.

ALL WHICH I feel obligation to do in my current life is to lift the level of general intelligence a notch or two higher as I may, and call it Success. Every church-spire in this nation—and all nations—is due to be knocked flat within one week after the Reappearance of

Lifting of the General Public Intelligence . .

the Great Teacher in flesh, anyway. Christians in particular will have no more doctrinal quandaries to battle about. True, many of the clerics will try a last sortie over the proposition as to whether He is the Great Potentate, but it will avail them nothing.

From time to time in the Soulcraft mail I receive broadsides of invective against the Roman Church. All of them leave me cold. I know from the information in my skull that no religious denomination on this globe is standing in a more vulnerable and precarious position than the Roman Church with its fantastic liturgy of Forms and Rites, built up across the generations.

One twenty-four hours of the Returned Christ and every cathedral in Christendom becomes as worthless as last year's crow's nest.

The other Levantine forms which I assailed in the Nineteen-thirties as surreptitiously promoting Marxism in Russia and elsewhere, were and are, something else. I assailed them, to my physical discomfort over seven-and-a-half years, because they were economic-political, as a Republican might assail a Democrat in a reasonably free democracy. That crisis passed with Roosevelt and his colleagues. With Russia cracking up before our eyes, pro-Marxists never stood in more precarious position. But the Coming of the Great Law-Giver will substitute something more equitable for both. In a recent feature article, *The Indianapolis Times* announced in headlines that its interviewer had discovered me "mellowing" toward these great issues as I aged. I fail to see it as mellowing. I met a politico-economic crisis in the Nineteen-Thirties with a challenge. Actually, I have no personal bone to pick with either Romanism or any other *ism*. Our country in the Nineteen-Thirties came perilously close to going Marxist under New-Dealism and I attempted to disclose what a prairie fire of resentment might be ignited if it were persisted in.

All of it is now water beneath the Bridge of Time . .

THE SAUCER-MEN, so-called, are whirring in from adjacent planets with cultures in their intellectual knapsacks a hundred thousand years in ad-

vance of our own. If I'm to read my Books of Sacred Transcripts aright, they constitute the advance guard of the Christ Cohorts, prefacing the Second Coming—which I maintain is awesomely close.

So when I draw apart of a quiet Sabbath morning at Soulcraft Headquarters and think over the roster of queries in the week's correspondence as to what Goal I discern for Soulcraft, it boils down as aforesaid to the inevitable answer.

The idealistic end being served by one and all in Soulcraft is to raise as they are able the common level of intelligence.

And when any critic demands, no matter how kindly, "What sort of ambition is that—to hope to achieve without formal organization?" my response is as constant—

"Truth, as I see it, is a matter of recognition by the individual in the privacies of his or her own mind. A Hollywood producer may create a super-spectacle of a movie. He may deem it good business to acclaim it with a world premiere at the biggest theatre in screenland, with its entrance a blaze of sun-arcs and flowers. But all of it is only a means to an end. It has nothing to do with the spectacle as a spectacle. The picture as a meritorious production is equally as effective upon the lone human spectator in the back seat of a hole-in-the-wall theater in a Kansas town as to the King and Queen of Britain who come to view it as it finally reaches London."

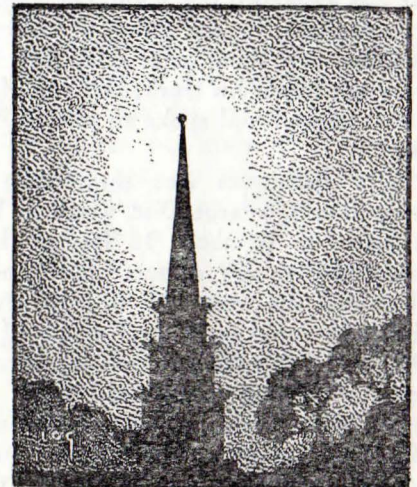
If every human soul in the public domain of America today knew the facts of birth and life and karma as adept Soulcrafters have been enlightened in them, or the fallacy of mortal termination as proven by spirit return in such a spectacle as a dozen Soulcrafters beheld at Headquarters last Wednesday evening, the whole United States would adopt a far different ideology even in its politico-economic practices. Because its intellectual fundamentals would be reconstructed from scratch.

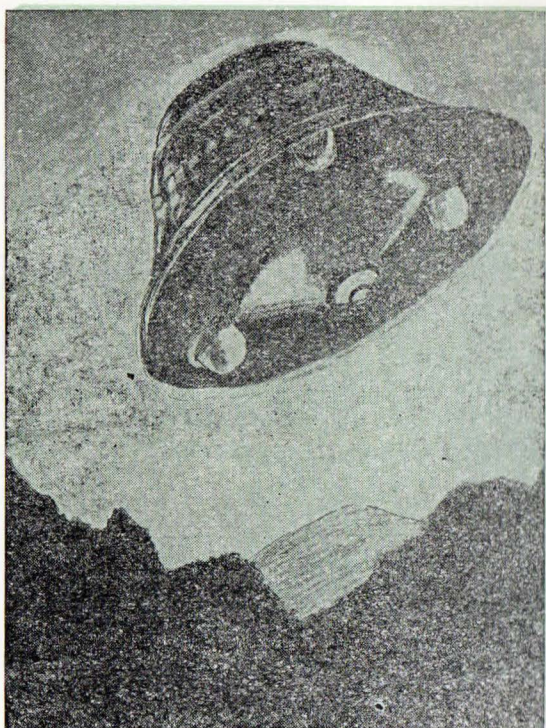
I know, in my soberer moments, that I am placing books in circulation throughout the public and private libraries of this nation that are to be read and digested a hundred years after my mortal disappearance. The erudition is too far spread now to be censored or suppressed. If I

were burned at the stake tomorrow, nothing would be achieved of greater moment than reducing the Indiana census by exactly one person. But the impetus to what I have publicized in book upon book—seventeen of them now—would perforce be devastating. In trying to kill ideas, it is one of the paradoxes of earth that the suppressors merely give them indefatigable vitality.

SO I have learned not to be exercised when a Chaplain writes from Seattle that his chapel meeting fell off by seven persons last Sunday night, or another tells me in Pennsylvania that she is gaining members at the rate of ten a week. My eye is upon the adding machine tally of Soulcraft volumes that reach the hands of new purchasers every fresh seven days. There are a million-and-a-quarter adults in America known to be already amenable to the Soulcraft fundamentals. I have brains enough to grasp—I hope!—that long before the million-and-a-quarter have read *Behold Life*, or *Star Guests*, not to mention the *Golden Scripts*, the sixty-four million adults comprising the total American census are bound to be affected by what comes from that million-and-a-quarter. What role have steeples and incense pots in all of it? Why should Soulcraft advance to the stages of the aforesaid posses, torches, weapons, arrests, legal formalities and military escorts? The day that any chaplain becomes exercised in his spirit over his prestige in the ranks of Soulcraft

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Bethurum Says Woman Piloted Flying Saucer Landing in Nevada

*STORY of Strange
Little Men who Got
Meal in Desert
Restaurant . .*

from a planet named Clarion, and that this planet is directly behind the moon. She said that the round trip took about two days—and that the people there lived much as we do, but without wars or strife. She suggested that we direct our own efforts toward mental and spiritual progress, instead of toward material gain and destructiveness.

"All the men whom I saw were dressed in the same way, in a kind of uniform of blue-grey material. The woman wore a black skirt and a reddish blouse. She was about 4 feet 6 inches tall and the men were about 5 feet.

"The language these people used among themselves was entirely strange to me. The woman's English was a little odd. She seemed to be putting much of what she said into rhyme, and her choice of words seemed to me to be unusually good and above the average of our common use here.

"Speaking of clothing reminds me to say, that on one occasion I leaned against or brushed against the outside of the Disc. The clothing I had on was later sent to the laundry, and when it came back it showed large holes that looked as if eaten out by acid, just at the places where it came into contact with the Disc.

"About the Disc itself: it was circular and about 18 feet in thickness, and more than 300 feet in diameter. I believe, but have no proof or evidence, that it carried or at least could carry one or more smaller Discs inside. The woman Captain said they had many such Discs, and that all of them had women Captains, with a crew of about 32 men. I myself never saw more than seven or eight of the men at one time, but each time some of the faces were different. The woman Captain, by the way, told me she was a grandmother, but that her two grandchildren were not on board the Disc.

(Continued from Page 11)

THE PRIZE Flying Saucer report of the week is contained in an article in the October *Round Robin*, monthly periodical of Borderline Science Research, published at 3524 Adams Avenue, San Diego, by Meade Layne, Director. VALOR reprints the story precisely as it appears in *Round Robin*. Dr. Layne says:

"Saucers Magazine, Volume I, Number 2, contains a copyrighted article by Truman Bethurum, of 519 No. Gertruda Avenue, Redondo Beach, California, entitled, "I Was Inside a Flying Saucer". Mr. Bethurum is employed as a mechanic on heavy construction equipment, and explains that in July 1952 he was in charge of the water supply trucks on Highway 91, then under construction, about 70 miles out of Las Vegas toward Salt Lake. He was awakened one night, not long before daylight, by the sound of conversation, and saw about eight small men in a semicircle about his truck, and one of the men advanced and spoke to him in English.

"Mr. Bethurum also saw, about 75 yards distant, a large Disc, which he later estimated to be about 18 feet in thickness and 300 feet or more in diameter. He asked the man who had spoken to him if he could meet the Captain of the Disc, and was promptly conducted inside, down a corridor past several doors and into a room 'fitted up like a combination office and lounge.' The Captain turned out to be a woman, shorter than the men,

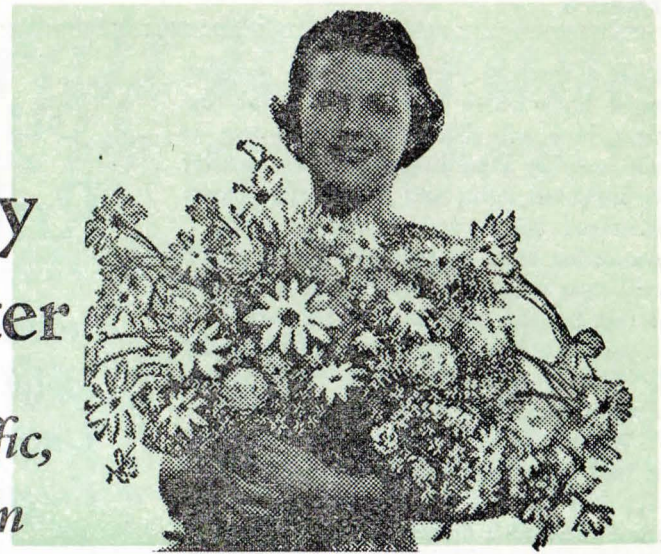
and (like them) somewhat Latin in appearance. A friendly and rather lengthy interview followed, but the woman Captain did not at this time give much information about herself and the crew.

"According to Mr. Bethurum, this turned out to be only the first of eleven different contacts made by him with the people of this same craft, all in the same general area. Copyright restrictions prevent a more elaborate summary of the SAUCERS magazine article; however, our BSR Associate, Mr. Julius Becker, a U. S. Construction Inspector near San Diego, obtained an interview with Mr. Bethurum, the substance of which is reproduced below under his written permission. We will also supply on request, without charge, a more complete (two page) mimeograph summary of the SAUCERS article mentioned. It is the opinion of the *Round Robin* editor that every item of authentic information concerning the visitation of the Discs or Space People should be considered in the public domain, as a matter of urgent public policy. During the eight years of publication of *Round Robin* and other BSR material, only one item (The Magic Bag) has been protected by copyright—and this runs in favor of the intermediary, Mark Probert.

"MEMORANDA from Truman Bethurum, to BSR Associate, Julius Becker, September 1953—Concerning the place of origin of this Disc—which the crew members called a "scow"—the Woman Captain told me that they came

Cameron Locates Dead Daughter's Presence by Uncanny Aurameter

Estrella, Killed in Los Angeles Traffic, Detected in Room of Grieving Kin



By Verne Cameron



ODAY I write with an aching heart. Today is the sixth day since my daughter Estrella was killed by a wild driver on a narrow, dark intersection in downtown Los Angeles. In a huge city which is forever in a frenzy, this even more frenzied driver came racing off the freeway and without slowing down, threaded the maze of narrow dark streets in the industrial district, and struck her down as she prepared to enter the freeway. She never regained consciousness.

To me she was a part of my very soul. From tiniest babyhood we had been inseparable pals, and suddenly there was just an aching emptiness where she had been.

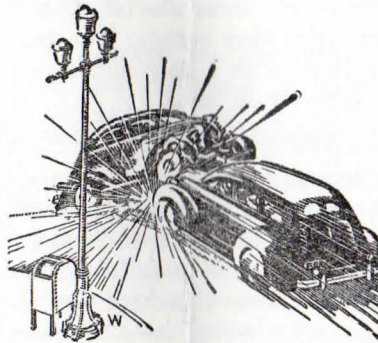
The next night, as I lay in bed and prayed, asking Jesus to allow her to remain with us who loved her so much, at least for a time, until she found some place where she was needed more or where she could be happier, the ache inside me was so great that I was beginning to abandon the beliefs of a life time. She was too alive, too vital. She simply *could not* be gone forever.

We say that God and Christ are with us and all around us and the Guardian Angels are sent to "minister unto us". Then if Estrella is with Him then she is also with us, if she desires to be.

WITH this reasoning I prayed that Estrella be allowed to remain at least for a while and that she might manifest herself in some way, *if it be His will*. Suddenly I felt a powerful urge to get

my Aurameter and try over my bed for a sign, since for years I and others have been using them to trace the Aura around one's body, as well as the invisible bodies over the head, thought pictures and forms, signature auras, the telepathic beam from the left eye, etc.

She had been much a part of my experiments in the past years and was very much interested in them, in the change from a cone over her head to a cone and an additional female form, then two, and the increase in the length of her "wings" with her increasing spiritual growth over the years. This was written upon and pictured in my book, *The Aurameter*, by Dr. Meade Layne of the Borderland Research Associated, 3524 Adams Ave., San Diego, California.



Once he called me to San Diego to a seance in which the Medium called upon the spirit of a 16th Century Italian astronomer, Roman Natalli, to assist in a test. Natalli suggested I try to find his form and describe it and its position. I was able to do so at once and afterward at the home of the Probert, we saw a painting of Natalli, exactly as I had described him, the odd sitting position, the strange Navajo-type hairdo and all. I

had never heard of him, previous to the seance that I remembered of.

But when I tested the area over my bed this night in the dark, where I expected to find Estrella, there was nothing. *However the instrument did pull hard to the foot of the bed and there I traced out the tall slender outlines I remembered so well*—the flat stomach, the height, the small breasts and all. She was facing where I had been lying. She had known I could not trace her properly over the bed. She always had her own ideas about these tests. I knew without a doubt I had found my Estrella.

She was with me!

I then stood on the same spot she occupied and tested and found her figure superimposed on my Aura though standing about three inches farther out. When I stepped back she went with me and the space where we had stood was vacant. My Aura was now double, like one's shadow on the wall when there are two sources of light near each other, each casting its own shadow. The outer one bore Estrella's former body outline.

I then returned to bed much less depressed, realizing her nearness.

I prayed that she might attach herself to her mother, her husband, her 14 year old brother and perhaps even her aged, lonely grandfather in Oklahoma. There was no doubt in my mind her soul was big enough and had love enough to cover us all with its mantle if she desired.

THE NEXT day she was still with me wherever I went, and still is.

Of course, this is fantastic and unreal, but how real is the spirit? How do you know where it is? If the Aurameter out-

lines a thought picture and the invisible auric body which hovers with us all the time, if it will denote a diseased spot in the body by a projection of force similar to infra-red light, and it will even locate infra-red which you cannot see, and a projection from an infra-red source which will pass through a cold stone wall and 8 feet beyond, then is it so fantastic that it should outline a light-body after death? It will do so *before* death. Is it so unreasonable it will do so afterward?

When I drove my car the next morning it had a feeling entirely unlike my driving, but had the spirit and dash that almost convinced me she had the wheel. It was so characteristic of her, I felt I was riding in her car with her, and she had had such confidence, and now that confidence had passed on to me; I had been so lacking in courage for weeks, with an overpowering sense of impending doom, and at the exact moment she was dying, though I had not been notified as yet of the accident, I felt a great overwhelming sadness, and said three times, "I'd just as soon be dead, myself." Now I felt that the crisis had passed, for some reason, at least she was out of the bomb danger which hovers over Los Angeles and which she had feared.

LATER, on testing her mother, brother and husband, I found they also had her figure with them. She had spread her great, loving mantle over all of us. Later in the day, while carrying an Aura-meter into the house to put it in its case, I found it pulling violently toward the center of the living room, where several of the mourners were gathered. On entering the room it took me right to a spot near the center and there outlined her again, ignoring all underground water and everything else, and in checking I found that she left my body for the moment, and now stood facing her brother, husband and mother. Shortly afterward, however, she returned to resume her abode in each of us as before.

Exactly three days from this time she died, just before 11 p. m. I kept careful check of her aura over mine to see if it left in three days, as she believed it would. It did not.

The following Sunday as I was about to leave home on a journey to locate a water well, I picked up my instrument and it instantly pointed to a spot in front of the television set, where again it outlined her form facing the set, as though

You Either Rule or Are Ruled by Karmic Exactions

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



HEREVER you turn you find people who say: "Whatever is best for us is not what we desire. We have profitable things in mind for ourselves that have nothing in common with eternal values." They make enhancements out of trivialities and preachments out of sermons that are not only silly but estimates of their own desires turned into supplications.

These people have a knack of showing commendable importance in their earthly exhibiting. They consider themselves arbiters of their own destinies and seriously rebuke those who tell them that life is not what they suppose it to be: a pleasure jaunt with a harp and crown awaiting them at its end.

she wanted me to get a message. I did not stop to do so then, but shortly afterward turned on my car radio and immediately picked up a beautiful spiritual message from some church; it was almost as if she were saying it—a message about faith in Christ. That evening I was impelled to test a little figurine, the beautifully modeled bust of a beautiful maiden made from red clay and fired on a cook-stove burner. It was her first ceramic, made when she was 13 years old from a lump of clay she picked up in my sister's yard. I had not even suspected prior to this that she could do such work, but later she became a highly skilled artist and was employed at the Vernon Kilns at Los Angeles when she died, dur-

For what purpose, pray, do they deserve a harp and crown? For taking trivialities of life and calling them lodestones for good and perfect things? We on the higher levels of life mean them no harm when we say that they have a great disillusionment coming to them upon physical demise.

They are the people who tell you that they will be making mansions for themselves in their worlds and lives above the mortal, regardless of the teachings of the masters, that all the physical lives are lived on the earth-planet, and only as they merit heaven do they enter it in other phases of mortality called immortality.

They are the people who tell you that life is a transport for those who will have it so, and that those who will not, have only themselves to blame if they do not get a good time out of it.

They are the people who say, "We belong to ourselves, our lives are our own to live and who dares to tell us that our existence rests at the beck and call of any Karmic law that makes us do things we do not desire to do?"

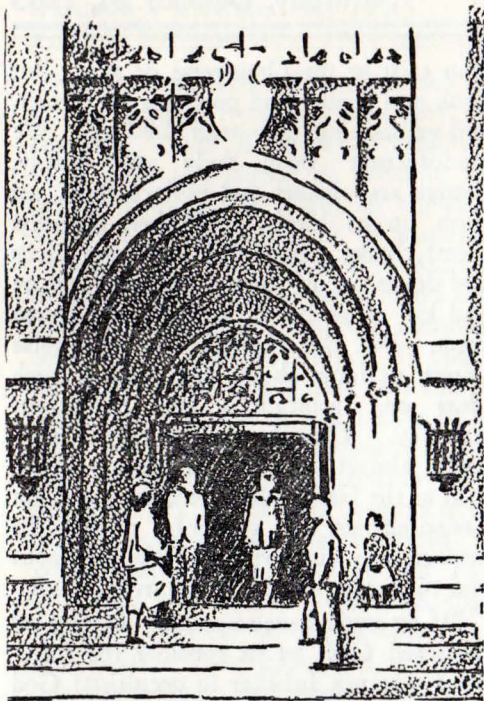
They are the people who say, "Life is as good as you make it," and beyond that think nothing of the great laws governing human affairs even down to the smallest hand-slap.

They are the people who tell you that
(Continued from Page 10)

ing which time she made thousands of such little figures, pixies, animals, birds, flowers and other beautiful things. Since they are the most durable things in the world and may remain buried for thousands of years, the work of her hands will probably last as long as the world stands, beautifying it and making it a better place to live in for all who come hereafter. She was a wonderful artist and musician, and has painted many beautiful pictures.

So, in many ways, Estrella still lives and sheds her love on the many who mourn her, as well as on many who never knew her except through the beautiful work of her lovely hands.

Verne Cameron



Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

"Where Roses Grow"

"A man had a vine, it grew with roses;
He said unto his friends, 'Lo the roses
are fair that grow on my vine';

"They said unto him, 'Why keep them
for thy pleasure?—give them to the sick
that they may be cheered'.

"He said, 'Be it as ye will it'.

"Lo this man clipped his roses to give
to the forsaken and beheld thereat a
miracle, for where he clipped one rose,
appeared there a cluster; where he cut
a lone blossom there came a profusion of
beautiful petalings;

"For every rose given did an increase
spring forth till they overran his garden
and his walls contained them not."

HOW often we've heard folks say,
"Don't wait until he's dead. Give him
flowers while he lives." The longer I live,
the more I see the truth of that admonition.
It is during life that flowers are
appreciated and their perfume enjoyed.
True, it is a mark of respect and love, to
provide flowers for the funeral occasion,
for those we have known and loved. But
too many times we have failed to spread
enough of the perfume of flowers of ser-
vice, kindness, and thoughtfulness in the
lives of those upon whose biers we now
so tenderly lay a spray of roses.

THIS beautiful parable above, from
the 101st Golden Script chapter,
contains one of the finest lessons that one
can learn and cultivate in life. This man
had a vine of beautiful roses. He was
very proud of them, as well he might be.

It was perfectly natural that he should
remind his neighbors of his accomplish-
ment as a florist, and to revel in the
sweet perfume that spread in the air
about him. It was comforting to his ego
to call to the neighbors, "Come, see my
wonderful roses! Aren't they gorgeous?"

But the man had forgotten something.
His friends had to remind him of it;
"Why keep them for thy pleasure? Give
them to the sick that they may be
cheered."

To this man's credit, he did just that.
His neglect had been more an oversight
than of selfishness. And when he began
to cut the roses for that benevolent pur-
pose, lo, new ones began to grow, until,
the parable relates, "For every rose given
did an increase spring forth 'till they
overran his garden and his walls con-
tained them not."

To us, the Master says, "Even so,
beloved, keep ye this parable. And in
the 37th verse he gives us the application
for life: "Grace of speech and behavior,
control of impatience, graspings for
sacrifice—these are your increase, this
your ennoblement."

IN SHORT, these are the flowers of
life that are dispensed to those in
need by our attitudes and actions every
day. And, they are the ones that make
for real happiness, that bring true cheer,
and that redound to our own increase and
ennoblement. One cannot increase, either
material possessions, or those of mind and
soul, without they are used. They are
of no value left to themselves.

Four things are mentioned in this 37th
verse that are attributes of a truly good
and altruistic life: grace of speech, grace
of behavior, or conduct, patience, and
sacrifice.



The word grace, in this connection,
means to be courteous or gracious in de-
meanor, to be kindly, to render favor or
service freely. To be gracious in speech,
one constantly cultivates attitudes that,
naturally, show in every conversation we
engage in. Nothing more surely reveals
our real selves than the quality and
manner of words we use in addressing
others, or in conversation with them.
This does not, necessarily, mean absolute
flawlessness in grammar or rhetoric,
though these should be cultivated, but it
does imply resident attitudes that show
in unaffected kindness, understanding
concern for the other fellow's problems
and circumstances, and a keen desire to
find that affinity of minds conducive to
harmony of relationships.

It is not the one who uses the hard,
the sharp, the cutting word that com-
mands respect, exacts obedience, or pro-
duces affinity. Rather, it is the one who
himself feels the grace and power, in his
own life, of kindness, of sincere help-
fulness, but at the same time of rock-like
firmness for right against wrong. In
cultivating these attitudes and attributes,
he will, naturally, express them in words.

WHAT has been said of our self-
expression in words is likewise true
in all our conduct in life. A person
inevitably shows what he is and what he
thinks by the way he acts. "By their
fruits" is always the gauge of judgment.
One can never produce right actions until
he has looked to the source from which
they come. "Make the tree good and the
fruit will be good." We need courage
to face that.

Patience and willingness to make sacri-
fices are implied in the right way of life.
To see life with balanced vision, is to
understand the necessity for patient wait-
ing for the harvest. In between the
planting and the harvesting, there must
be thorough cultivation. There will be
weeds to pull up in hot, tortuous days
of labor. But all of it means fruitage,
increase, reward for labor done. And all

(Continued on Page 14)

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Excursion in Philosophy



ONE OF the finest expositions in esoterics that has come to Valor's attention in months, was written by Dr. Meade Layne of Borderline Science Research Associates of San Diego, in the October *Round Robin*. It merits wider circulation than this bi-monthly organ of the BSRA permits. All of us need this type of reasoning introduced to our intellects from time to time, apt as we are to confuse metaphysics too closely with religionism. Says Dr. Layne—

"I ONCE inquired of a well-known critic and philosopher, Dr. E. S. Bates, as to the philosophical definition of a mistake. He replied that he did not know what a mistake was, although he was sure that he made a great many.

"When I put the same question to that one-time citizen of YU, the trance Control Yada di Shi'ite, and quoted Professor Bates' reply, the Yada remarked that he did not know a good definition either, and that Bates was a very smart man. He amplified this by adding: 'Sometimes I think the whole thing is a mistake'—presumably meaning the Cosmos, or Omniverse. Allowing for the obvious levity of these remarks, it is still true that the question itself is about as serious as anything can be.

"If I insist that two plus two makes five, you tell me that I am mistaken—and on reflection you will find your reason to be that 'everyone else agrees with you. You

feel that you are in the majority party and that there is no appeal from their verdict. But if like Galileo (*eppur se muove*) I mutter to myself 'it is five just the same', and then can get a few supporters organized, and bring up a formidable left wing, soon 'the seed of doubt begins to sprout' even among the ultra-orthodox. If you insist that the sum of the angles of a triangle is 180 degrees, and I retort smugly, 'not on the surface of a sphere', you at least have to revise your form of statement. Well, the point of all this is simply, that what we call *truth* and *fact* is only agreement, consensus of opinion. Since on reflection you are certain to agree with me on that last statement, that makes it truth for us, anyway.

"BUT the one word in the next to last sentence which gravels many of us philosophers, scientists, and Round Robin readers, is our word *only*. For we are all hypnotized, from cradle days onward, by the fallacy of Absolutes. Not only do we firmly believe that 'objects' in the 'external' world are what we call 'real' things, miraculously stuck 'out there' in something called *space* and *time*, with an independent existence of their own (all of which is 'naive materialism', otherwise known as low-grade eye-wash); but we also think that *good* and *bad*, right and wrong, are independent existents in nature, or are qualities or properties of acts and things and ideas. It doesn't seem to occur to us that there are no signs of moral qualities in Nature. Electricity, gravity, chemical forces will kill or cure according to use and circumstances—the characters of good and bad which we attach to them originate in our own minds. And whatever a man does is *his* good, to *his* mind, at the moment—or he wouldn't do it. And of course the most horrendous 'sins' have been rated virtues and religious duties—incest, for example, and murder, and diabolical cruelties ('for the greater glory of God' quoth Torquemada). But all this is too familiar and obvious to expand upon here.

"The all-important matter, it seems to me, is that we shall never have any true freedom of thought, or make any real progress in both thinking and acting, until we get rid of the tyranny of Absolutes. Until we free ourselves of the notion that somewhere, somehow, there is a Good and True and Beautiful which is that way all by Itself, whether any hu-

man exist in the Omniverse or not. But truth and beauty and goodness are *values*, and values exist in human thinking. We manufacture them daily and hourly, change and distort and replace them, set them up as ideals (and then abandon them), make taboos and idols and Gods and devils out of them, abuse and torture and kill other people who do not accept them. But the Cosmos, the Omniverse knows nothing about such values, such ideas and aspirations and murderous stupidity. Though we may perhaps—using almost meaningless words—speak of it as the Great Mind, or even the Great Consciousness, it certainly cannot be measured by our own, or by the teaspoons and pint cups of our pseudo-religionism.

"If we must have some amplification of the word *God*, let us consider the three-word sentence familiar to occultists: God is Pressure. This means in part, if anything more can be said, the X-Power moving into manifestation. To the scientist the word God, if he uses it at all, may mean a primary universal magnetic field, equating with Force or Energy. The religionist will perhaps find some vague connotation for whatever word symbol he uses—whatever one of the thousand God-Names human languages employ. But all these Gods are man-made, and all Revelations have exactly the value and meaning we put into them, and hence are able to extract from them. Hence our small verbal onslaught against Absolutes—which merely express the relativity of all human thinking.

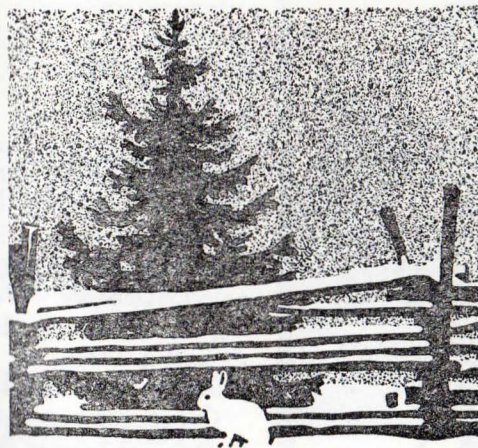


"THIS brings us straight enough back to our question, about the nature and meaning of a mistake. If there are no absolute values, or no knowledge of them, then no one can sin against them. What do you 'sin' against when you make a 'mistake'? Obviously, only against re-

ceived opinion, *accepted* facts—which may *not* be accepted tomorrow, next year, next century. There is no other validity in them, than this matter of being in temporary favor. ('A truth, to science, is simply a convenient form of statement'—says J. W. N. Sullivan). Majority opinions, or opinions in power make laws, prosecute offenders, persecute dissidents, confer fame and martyrdom. If you insist publicly and noisily that two and two make five, you may at worst only be certified for psychiatric examination. If your disagreement is with dogmas of religion or politics, or your neighbors' habits, the results may be more serious. The point is only, that both sides are 'right'—you in your opinion, others in theirs. Because rightness is not absolute; it is man-made. Your opponents are wrong, and so are you. The *mistake* is not such with regard to any final, superior and transcendent truth, on any subject whatsoever . . . Such truths do not exist. Where there are two opinions there are two truths and two mistakes—both relative, because there is no other kind. This is not a denial of ethical and moral values, but only an attempt to express their true origin and nature.

"If this elementary insight were applied in practise, it would cut at the roots of all dogmatisms, fanaticisms, and religious bigotry. It would destroy the age-old supremacy of priestcraft, which is rooted in a lying pretense to an absolute knowledge possessed by none. It would destroy all finalities, which are fatal to all growth and change. Man is the eternal Questioner—the animal which asks questions. Since there is no court of appeal except in his own consciousness, he gets his own answers. Since his consciousness shifts, expands, changes, his answers of tomorrow are not those of yesterday. Since he cannot understand this, but erects his opinions into dogmas, he is destroyed by them. All finalities inhibit growth, and the possession of an 'absolute' truth would bring our man-made Omniverse about our ears.

"I believe that the two philosophers I mentioned would agree with the substance of all this, but neither of them would consider that we have 'really' defined a mistake. That is because to really define anything would imply absolute knowledge—which is non-existent. But can philosophic reasoning exist without an Absolute—at least without the Symbolic 'X'? I do not think so."



BEAUTY



WHO WOULD be so blind that he could not see
The beauty of snow on a hemlock tree,
Or who would have pride in a heart grown cold
To the colors of sky as the day grows old?

I walked in the twilight, midst trees grown tall,
And my heart felt its thrill at the Beauty Call,
The track of a rabbit clean-etched on snow,
The cry of a jay where spruce woodlands grow.

And I marveled how glorious earth-life could be
For the soul that could notice snow on a tree,
Or the bed just left by a sleepy deer
'Neath the boughs of a spruce-tree growing near.

Or notice the symmetry in design
Of a spider's web on a lonely pine
Aglow with the frost in the clean cold air,
Lo, the Beauty of God spreads everywhere!

Who is so blind as to miss on high
The beauty of clouds in a moonlit sky,
Or not to look with a heart aglow
At an old black stump with a crown of snow?

The drift of snow with the lines drawn fine
Makes a lace of Beauty around a pine,
While even the call of a vagrant crow
Gives me cause for thanks that I may know

How wondrously beautiful Life can be
To the one whom the beauties of God can see.
So I bless the trees, the sky, and the earth,
And I bless My Father, who gave me BIRTH!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

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Soulcraft Chapels

Soulcraft

(Continued from Page 3)

chaplains, that day has Soulcraft fallen back to scratch.

CHRIST'S early church, indeed, became distinguished by congregations presided over by apostolic officials, bishops, clerics, and the rest, because the fellowship of similar believers allayed social fears of reprisals. In event of persecutions, misery was mitigated by beholding it shared. Today at the dawn of Aquarian times, we are living under a different culture and social circumstance.

Group protection is of little moment, in fact, the greater the size of the group, the more the protection needed because its numbers are feared.

It is the Harvest Time from the seed-sowing of those far-off persecutions.

And yet I do encourage electronically-equipped chapels being formed that I may the more effectively address special groups with my voice instead of pen. That is far different than expecting to see the Vatican transfer to central Indiana in a couple of years, or the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ ensconce its dignitaries in Woodward's Auction Barn over the way, merely because heavier and heavier numbers of human beings are buying and digesting the fraught volumes of Soulcraft.

I merely wish to see all those persons who hunger and thirst after something more satisfying than Orthodoxy Ritualism, supplied with a volume that opens a new heaven and a new earth to them. There is no goal—because Goals are forever relative.

Have I made myself clear?

No, of course I haven't. The average human being must proceed along time-worn grooves of tradition and habit. All of it is a stage of evolution up his multiple lives.

But I am gratified and content if 5,000 pieces of Soulcraft publicity leave the Noblesville post office every twenty-four hours. I know the *Wisdom* is spreading by the exact percentage of student-buyers of books that comes back.

In time it must manifest.

As for incense-pots, perhaps I'm a bit biased because, as I confessed in a recent *Cogitations*, I lost my sense of scent in 1921.

All I see in incense-pots is the threat of burnt fingers—and my fingers like my soul have had quite enough.

Karmic Exactions

(Continued from Page 6)

laws are the products of men's minds "thinking orderly" and beyond this there are no laws excepting those of nature. All, all is disillusionment and folly of a sort beyond these discernments of opportunity that exist in their own transports of intellect.

WHENEVER we meet these people we get a bored feeling. They are as children, so inconsistent, so unworthy of the priceless gift of cosmic companionship.

They tell us that we who have graduated onto higher levels of experiencing are nothing but puffs of air, mental illusions, discernments of folly ourselves, conquisitors of opportunities made by breaches of friendships, and so forth. They really think these things, not knowing that all the while they are piling up tremendous grief for themselves in circumstances.

The law is the law and cannot be gain-said. When men have learned thoroughly that there is a law, they will be more careful in discerning its dictates.

Church people are the worst offenders in this regard. They are so repressed by dogmatic conceptions of the hereafter as projected by fanciful ecclesiastics and sentimental well-wishers of the soul, that they have acquired a false viewpoint about the whole cosmic scheme that must be undone before they can hope to arrive at any perception of Truth.

Church people there are, who are terrorists of a sort of religion. They do for themselves in spirit what the Russian Nihilist would do politically in the old days: overturn everything in a moment of sudden death and set up their own formations of intellect in place of true government by law. They have no wish to serve their fellowmen but only to terrorize them into being useful and good—as if such a thing were possible. They make no effort to see that life is not a blind battle against Fate, or even against themselves as Terrorists, but a transport of law in the highest degree.

They make no effort to perceive that the law rears above their own little whims and concepts of what immortality should be. They give themselves no breathing-space to consider the vast works of creation as orderly units in a self-sufficient plan.

We would not have you think by this that all church people are Terrorists. Most of them are merely spineless in that they do not think at all. They merely consider what is given them as divine fiat and let it go at that, whether they keep the fiat or not.

Now consider this—

WHEN people arrive at a point where they realize that there is a law behind the universe governing the remotest acts of their lives in circumstances, they are usually appalled and think themselves hoaxed by those who have been teaching them previously. They swing the other way in belief and give themselves over to divine contemplation in a way that is equally childish, considering themselves as units in the cosmos.

They immediately want to know where they fit, and where all the other units fit, making themselves nuisances after a fashion in their thinking and questioning. They miss the colossal picture of life as a whole, that it transcends flesh even while encased in flesh, that beauty and truth are the watchwords of infinity, and that not all come to glory merely because they yearn for glory.

In other words, they make a mockery of themselves after a fashion and proceed from the sublime to the ridiculous by questioning everything for its place in the Cosmos, why certain things should be—in fact, why everything should be—and then go about vaunting of their discoveries as though the world were a prize box containing a picture puzzle which they had opened and put together.

We have no quarrell with these people conceptions and discernments. Life is a colossal mechanism adroitly put together in every phase of it, and studying it is interesting, not so much because it is a mechanism but for what the mechanism turns out or keeps going in circumstances.

Considering these people as opportunists of a sort, we might say that they are made to believe anything they discover, or think they discover, by the mere fact that they are discoverers in belief.

They are made to realize finally that the true picture of life is far beyond what they discern, even as church people are made aware that they have erred grievously in taking symbolism for literal truth and literal truth for symbolism.

Taken by and large, they all discover that life is conducted on the great principle of Cause and Effect extending over

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville

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countless lives, or in fact one life passing through many chambers of physical bodies.

Christ Himself taught this in no uncertain terms when He was on earth. He said: “Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” Which meant in Karma that those who toil unerringly reap the rewards of their toil, and those who toil not, dispense with circumstance—that is to say, they make themselves as the lilies of the field, depending upon no man’s substance for their wealth and beauty, toil meaning their presence in flesh, not labor in the toils of flesh.

(Continued Next Week)

Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 4)

“I HAVE made contact with these people on eleven different occasions. The last time they promised to come again but I have not seen or heard anything of them.

“About the meeting in the cafe. It was the waitress who first called my attention to the people in the room. This was not the last time I saw them—I have seen them since. The waitress was badly confused so that she could hardly remember what food they ordered, but thought they had orange juice and sandwiches.

“While in the cafe the woman captain wore dark glasses, but the same dress as

(Continued on Page 14)



COGITATIONS

Harriet specifically desired a more-or-less closed session of vocal converse with her father. So, after a lazy October afternoon of visiting and renewing former acquaintanceships, the supper hour was given over to preparing my personal studio-library for the evening's great event . . . and at eight o'clock it started. There were fourteen Headquarters attaches in attendance . . .

o—o

THERE are those wiseacres, naturally, who contend from the depths of their abysmal ignorance that any possibility of the "dead" returning to earth-life and addressing their physical "survivors" is nothing short of unhallowed hocus-pocus. God pity them! Mesmerized by the tenets of religious orthodoxy, they accept that when a person's body turns lifeless, that is the end of him—or her—excepting that perchance his or her soul may have winged away to twang a harp in Divine Presence throughout eternity. That his or her soul has done nothing of the sort, and that the possibility of its reappearing in substantial form and speaking again with his or her remembered voice, is now a tenet of Soulcraft so bald that space need not be squandered discussing it. It has been done, and is being done, so constantly and provably, that as a phenomenon it no longer excites comment. What *does* excite comment is the identity of whomsoever elects to come into the fleshly form again and hold audible converse. In your Recorder's ideology, the true wonderment is in listening to these Returned People talk voluntarily of conversations I might have held with them clairaudiently of my own right and mediumship in the interval since last they could use their own voices in a renewal of flesh . . .

o—o

AND THAT proceeded to happen with a vengeance on Wednesday night, when all details had been prepared, the Headquarters people gathered in, and all lights excepting a strong ruby spotlight, extinguished. Bertie Lilly had insisted on a committee of women being present with her in a side room while she

disrobed and clad herself in a comfortable houserobe for her trance, then she entered behind a pair of heavy curtains stretched across the southwest corner of my private studio. The presence of the women while she disrobed, was to forestall any later scoffings that she might have had secreted false mechanisms or synthetic stage properties upon her person to produce the effects that came immediately after saying of the Lord's Prayer in unison and the singing of several hymns. Here was a psychical clinic about to be held, on the Soulcraft private property, where we commanded and controlled every condition, where there were no secret pulleys or trap doors or gadgets, where everything that occurred had to be on the up-and-up. How then, would the skeptical or spiritually illiterate explain the fact that in the ensuing two hours, *twelve* persons—five men and seven women—of different ages, personalities, and voices, eventually stepped out through the enshrouding drapes in plain view of all, and addressed the group—some of them in abnormally-loud voices—in appearances that lasted from ten to twenty minutes each. That I beheld again the restored body of my beloved first child, Harriet, and that I carried on a twenty-minute running dialogue with her, some of it concerning our own clairaudient talks when she had previously visited me in the Invisible—with the substances of which she showed her-



self indisputably familiar—should go without saying. George B. Fisher, my erstwhile colleague and wealthy New

ABIG Pontiac sedan drove up on the cement apron in front of Soulcraft Headquarters around mid-day of Wednesday, October 14, and amid a burst of surprise greetings a lady and a gentleman stepped down appearing extremely travel-worn. The lady was Bertie Lilly Candler of Miami, Florida, and the gentleman her husband Edward. Readers familiar with the Soulcraft books—particularly *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*—will recognize Bertie Lilly as the one materializing medium within my personal acquaintance whom I believe to be without subterfuge or trickery in the stupendous work of making it possible for relatives and friends who have vacated their earthly bodies to return in substantial form and address the latter in their well-remembered voices. Mary Beattie of Dayton, Ohio had formerly been another, but Mary herself "passed over" in May of a year ago, following which her husband Orange came to work for Soulcraft and is now head compositor on Soulcraft publications . . . all of which is another story. Peculiarly enough, however, Mary had been an active associate of Bertie Lilly's at the start of the latter's public career. Bertie and Edward—the latter affectionately known as "Eddie"—were on their way through to New York City for the keeping of fall appointments after a successful season on the Coast. They had one evening "off" that they could give to Headquarters people. The time was too short to summon in interested laymen from different parts of the Middle West.

York corporate director, whose earlier largess made the Soulcraft publishing plant possible and who had "gone Over" following a heart attack in Darien, Conn. in 1949, appeared in a renewal of his flesh and discussed the national expansion of the Soulcraft work for almost twenty minutes. Mary Beattie—the former Chesterfield medium already mentioned—made her first complete materialization to her husband Orange since her Passing from this sphere. There were six reappearances of near-relatives of private persons on the Soulcraft staff, and two appearances of historical celebrities who "came in" to discuss great national policies with the Recorder of the *Golden Scripts*. And through it all, Silverleaf, the little Cherokee Indian girl, kept up a running fire of side remarks and witticisms that saved the assembly from injurious nervous tension. Floyd Hatfield, our former blind attorney, and Roy Zachary—erstwhile Marshal of the Silver Legion—sent greetings through Silverleaf but did not feel "up" to attempting the material form personally. Actually, the seance was held that Harriet and George might clarify some matters by word of mouth with me personally—much of the rest of it was incidental to that. And from beginning to end, every last word of it—including the atrocious hymn singing—was recorded clearly and distinctly on electronic tapes. Our two master Du-Kane recorders, operating on 10,000 kilocycles, had been prepared before hand, so that as one 30-minute tape ran out, another could be switched on and the record of audible voices be continuous . . .

o—o

THE MAJOR quandary in your Editor-Recorder's mind is, how much of what was spoken should be relayed upon electronic tapes for general hearing throughout the nation? Much of the more personal aspects of the audibly-spoken intelligence *cannot* be reproduced—that is flat and goes without argument. Scoff as many do at the bona fide character of such phenomena, none of it alters the fact that in Spirit there is no such thing as privacy. When you are dealing in values such as Soulcraft makes weekly merchandise, you come to realize that no two Soulcraft communicants can come together, anywhere in the nation, and utter injurious criticisms of the work or the policies guiding it, without its being overheard by Invisibles, who, if they so choose,

have only to come to Noblesville and report on the whole of it. That is, *if they care to be gossipmongers*, which emphatically they do not. Only where behavior of a nature damaging to the progress of the work as a whole is contemplated, is the Editor-Recorder so apprised—and for a strictly constructive purpose. After sympathetic discussion of the probable performings of several Soulcraft leaders in the field—whom he identified by name—Fisher made the positive prediction, however, *that from this time forth the Soulcraft program begins swelling nationally to almost unbelievable proportions*. And he gave his reasons why he so predicted. Harriet definitely assured her father that his period of public crucifixion was practically at an end, that from this point outward, all she beholds is expansion and progressive growth. Of the so-called "historical personages", and the correct identification of the Flying Saucers, the information conveyed was decidedly not within public interest from any angle to broadcast generally. Fisher did state, in equally unequivocal terms, that nothing has gone amiss in the Editor's exoneration trials—that Spirit had its reasons for conducting them as It was doing, and that "all was coming out as hoped for, in the end" . . .

o—o

HERE THEN were two to three hours of faultlessly uninterrupted intercourse and counsel-giving from Higher Planes of Life, authenticating every phase and angle of the Soulcraft work—even an utterly astounded and thoughtful Ollie Jadwin was forced to concede it. It had been the pastor's first experience with such phenomena. Harriet had appeared in a bejeweled white gown, with a tiara of brilliants above her forehead, the first time we had beheld her without her Juliet cap. In the literal folds of voluminous skirts, glinted and glowed flashes of radiance like tiny electric bulbs, as she moved about the room in plain sight of all. Fancy "wiring" a beautiful lady's costume with malice aforethought for any such effect with electric plug thrust into a wall socket! Incidentally, let the skeptical be apprised that there were no such sockets, nor electric batteries, in the corner of the studio containing the cabinet from which she emerged. Mary Beattie's figure—and face in particular—was so distinct even in ruby illumination that she could have been recognized by anyone who had known her in physical life, even though

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

she had not announced herself audibly. It was wonderful seeing her anew.

—o—

BUT THE affair, taken at its face value, on the whole was history-making. C. Murphy White, head linotype operator at the plant, was summoned up to confront an august Eastern potentate who announced in strange accents that his name as "Rajah" . . . telling "Murph" that even unbeknown to himself he—Murphy—was a high and important soul with a definite mission to perform in earth-life toward "his people" before he departed the mortal coil. A humorous vein was injected into the proceedings at another point when Silverleaf, behind the enshrouding curtains, became well-nigh hysterical over a phantom cat that had gotten into the place. "Who brought this cat in here?" was her shrill and perturbed demand. The cat—in spirit—was shooed out like any other tabby, who might pounce on a spirit mouse, for all spectators knew, and commit mouse-homicide during the august proceedings. But in the background of my mind runs over and over the challenge as to how this epochal program should be transmitted to Soulcrafters owning electronic amplifiers? The whole program runs two-and-a-half to three hours long and would require reproducing on three reels of tape. Considering the manner in which Chaplains "hang onto" electronic reels of such nature—neglecting to return them or not wishing to return them—the expense is prohibitive. Perhaps the better way would be, to make a new series of broadcastings running over several weeks, under the general title of *Etheria*, one at a time. Each appearance and sequence of the materializing principals involved, can then be made the substance of a one-reel discourse, and the important material that is discreet to release be heard by the nation's hundred or more Soulcraft audiences. But it does bring all such down to the practical situation that if electronic features are to continue, a Special Fund must be set up and maintained, to underwrite expenses. It is manifestly unfair to mulct Soulcraft publishing revenues for moneys to keep a vocal program of moment to a limited clientele. If a Broadcasting Pool is started, it should be made self-sustaining. At any rate, it was a tired but happy Bertie Lilly and Eddie who departed in their Pontiac at midnight, their Good Deed done for the day and week, insofar as it concerned Soulcraft. They have promised to return in

the early winter and hold a public affair. God speed the date! . . .

—THE RECORDER

Soulcraft Rostrum

(Continued from Page 7)

of it means satisfaction and consolation in the knowledge that the labors we've performed have been good, that life itself is good, that we're moving on and going somewhere.

The flowers of gracious words and gracious conduct, of patient and altruistic sacrifice, given out of gracious living, redound to our own ennoblement as they shed their perfume in the lives of others.

"Horns blow! Music riseth! The hearts of the faithful burst with rejoicings!"

Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 11)

when on the Disc, and was of the same height and general appearance. But she would not admit to me that she was from the Disc at all. My boss was in the cafe also, and he went outside to watch these people when they left, while I stayed inside. He saw them start for the door but did not see anyone come out; they simply vanished as they stepped across the doorway. All of their movements had a kind of military precision about them.

"I hope to go back to the desert in about three months and am trying to arrange my affairs so I can do so. Perhaps I shall be able to contact them again.

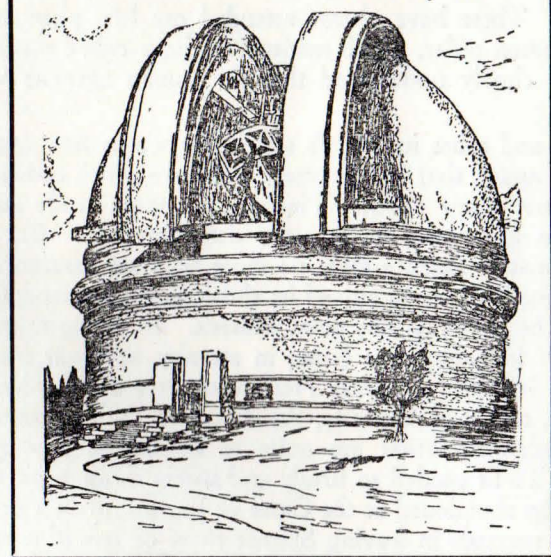
"ASSOCIATE Becker describes Mr. Bethurum as being well-informed, factual, and conservative, and in general making a good impression.

"Mr. Bethurum says that he will try to reply to all inquiries, provided they are accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He has had many visitors, including several scientists and representatives of the Government and the armed services. His story may be available in printed form within a few months, and 'just curious' inquirers should perhaps wait for its appearance.

"Why was Mr. Bethurum 'chosen' for this experience? He himself put this question to the woman captain and was told: 'You were not chosen in any spe-

Bright
HORIZONS

OCTOBER, 1953



WHEN enough Soulcraft students have asked information upon a given subject, an article expounding it is published in this Monthly. The whole magazine is therefore given over to answers to Soulcraft enigmas—no current comment or extraneous contributions.



Are You Reading the New Monthly?

Look at this List of Interesting Articles in the October Number:

- Why Am I the Person I Am?
- What Secret Ambition Are You Hiding from the World?
- Would I Marry My Husband Over Again in Another Life?
- What One Thing Is My Wife Teaching Me
No Other Woman Could?
- In What Respect Is Your Mind above the Average?
- Have You Ever Asked Yourself what Pet Prejudices Indicate?
- What First Brought You to Think about Religion?
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cial sense; circumstances just worked out that way.' . . . It is highly probable that this answer will apply to a number of other persons who have had close contact with the space craft and their occupants.

"Concerning the shape of the Disc: note that the surface was not convex; the form was that a round pill box or a silver dollar. Such a form while in flight might easily appear oval or even cigar-shaped according to the angle of vision.

"THE disappearance of the cafe visitors: The YADA DI SHPITE has repeatedly stated that these visitors can make themselves visible or invisible at will. This is one strong indication that they are (as the Mark Probert Controls

insist) truly an etheric people—since a body composed of etheric matter is subject to mental control and its vibration rate can be altered at will. "They do not have bodies like yours, no matter how they may appear to you, and they can vanish into another time-space frame at will."

"At almost all contacts Mr. Bethurum was taken inside the Disc and the Captain did almost all of the talking

"About the word *scow*: one of the crew said they called the Disc by that name because it had no motor or power generator. This reminds us of the remark by the Natalli control: "These craft move along lines of magnetic force by a kind of continual falling-off and falling back on again"—which corresponds to 'step-

flight' motion reported by many observers.

"The woman captain of the Disc offered to take 'four or five persons' on a flight to Clarion and return, as her guests and for a short inspection of that planet—but since his last Nevada contact there has been no communication with the visitors. This request is not needed for our BSR Associates—but please do NOT write to Mr. Bethurum—or the BSR headquarters—for reserve seats and round-trip tickets.

"For the large number of Associates who are deeply interested in the statements of the Probert Controls, we add here that Natalli and the Yada have both asserted that Mr. Bethurum's account of his experiences is authentic."

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



HERE is scarcely a personage in the religious history of the world up the past two hundred years for whom my heart beats with more understanding sympathy than for my sister in the Work of our mutual Master, Mary Baker Eddy. I am not, and never have been, a member of the Church of Christ, Scientist, though I am decidedly a Christian Scientist insofar as its principles carry. But up the past half-year I have come to make Sister Mary's acquaintance in a most remarkable manner, not only through her exceptionally capable biography, *Cross and Crown*, by Norman Beasley, but in other avenues which Christian Scientists as a denomination would not credit. No matter. I'm not asking them to credit anything. Mary Eddy was one of the great luminant souls of history and she accepted the brevet bestowed upon her with the valor that commands my deepest admiration. *Valor!* What a word it is! It means going on and being faithful to one's illumination no matter though Death itself changes the traffic lights from green to red. No more poignant picture have I ever had brought to my attention than the scene in Tremont Temple, in May of 1885, when the combined pastorate of Boston "graciously permitted" her *ten minutes*, and no more, to "answer" orthodox critics who had assailed her over the weeks with the most atrocious of calumnies. And the staunch little lady walked down the aisle with head up, mounted the rostrum, and delivered a rebuke to the assumed stalwarts of Christ that should have put them to shame—if they'd had the brains to realize her wisdom . . .

BACK in the Seventies, so Beasley tells us, she couldn't raise \$500 to pay the advance money on the first edition of *Science and Health*, but something in her sheer *faith* later caused the head of a great publishing house to bring it out anyway. Every type of smear and accusation that Luciferian ingenuity could raise against her, she walked through with proud head high. Today there are said to be *fifteen million* Christian Scientists. And yet she still seems to feel that she left undone much that she should have done. I'm certain it was Elbert Hubbard who remarked that "The things of a man for which we visit him are those which he did alone, in the dark and the cold." That goes doubly for women. Sister Mary is visited today for the things which she did in the dark of orthodox ignorance and the cold of sectarian bigotry.

AND YET Mary herself gives evidence of a new lamentation in her own heart, that she took fifteen million spiritual children, led them up to the gates of death through all terrors of ill-health, and thereat abandoned them. In that Tremont Temple ordeal, one of the statements she made to the ministers of Boston was said to contain the following—

"Am I a spiritualist? . . . *I am not*—and never was. I understand the impossibility of intercommunication with the so-

called dead. There have always attended my life, phenomena of an uncommon order, which spiritualists have called mediumships; but I clearly understand that no human agencies were employed."

What tar and ashes in Mary's soul those words now appear to her. But again, that is a chapter in Science which communicants must not know about. They are no more ready for it than millions of worshipers in other denominations. But the fact that Christian Science gives no more accurate assurance of life beyond the grave than any of its theological contemporaries, might easily be called its one great demerit. In trying to make clear that all humanity was living in eternity *now*, she merely succeeded in leaving her Great Flock without a shepherdess as it drew near, each and severally, the shores of the controversial Styx. Christian Scientists are quite as human as any other worshipers. To be guided so firmly and surely through physical life, only to be abandoned at the Gates of Eternity with a dream and a hope, succeeds in leaving Science more or less of a mundane therapy instead of a Cosmic Victory. Let us not be overly surprised if Sister Mary strives to remedy it . . . She did *not* understand the impossibility of intercommunication with the so-called "dead", although she supposed she did. As time runs along as well, many of her fundamentals are bound to suffer in the development of nuclear fission and the equally inaccurate contention that there is no life in Matter. But those deficiencies were of the head and not the heart.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE of today is generally regarded as the "fashionable" religion of America. Its multitudinous churches are distinguished by emotionless Grecian fronts, uniformly resembling portals of trust companies. Its liturgies demand a high quality of intellect to encompass, taking humanity by and large. Its reading room missionaries are so politely zealous in the acquiring of new converts that the dogmatically wise hesitate to enter for fear of the tentacles of doctrine that will seek to enwrap them. Alas, Sister Mary made her great mistake in creating merely a competitive denomination among a hundred denominations . . . and the crowd that followed Jesus passes by on the street's other side. So arbitrary, in fact, did Mary make doctrinal rules and regulations that none are more intolerant of suggestions being offered than Scientists themselves. The hope in her stout New England heart was the creation of a universal church, but she paid the penalty for dabbling in church organization of any kind. No matter! She has the brains and the valor to rectify it as time now goes on. *And Soulcraft will help!* It's a matter of personal liaison between two persons from the same spiritual octave who have known the Dark and Cold and treated those two imposters with equal disdain. Yes, valor is the word for it, and Mary still has it.