

Valor

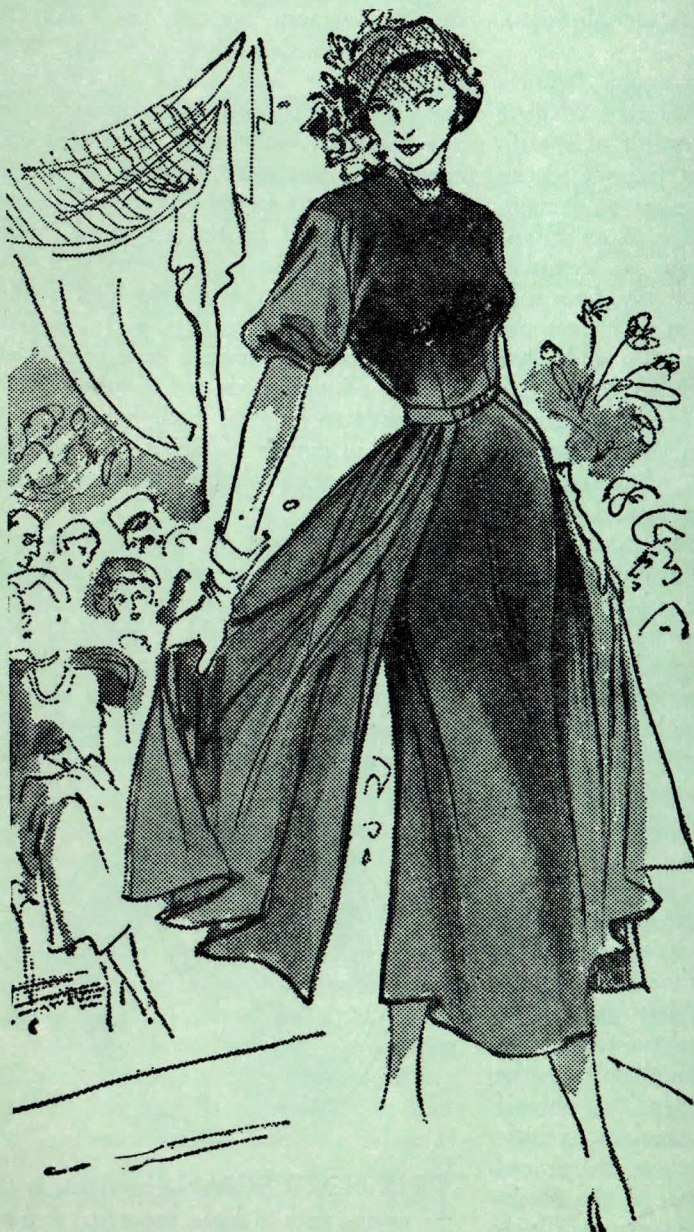
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VI

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Number 11



THE EFFECTS OF SAUCER MARRIAGES..

THE STARTLING statement has appeared in some of the alleged communications with denizens of other planets, arriving here in the Flying Saucers, that the biologic resemblances between earth-people and interplanetary people are so close that, clad in normal raiment of the everyday citizens, the Space Man cannot be easily detected as to his distant origin. In fact, one writer is responsible for the attestation that probably one of the ways that the common intelligence of earth-people could be raised quickly, might be by Space Men wedding earth-women and raising up progeny of supra-mental endowments.

Humanity must pause in some perturbation at the prospect of mixed planetary parenthood, however ceremonially authenticated.

Such information as has been made available on the subject to the moment, declares that the physical biologic processes on all planets are the same, even as anatomy between the sexes follows similar pattern. And yet what



Can Souls be Born without Plan?

occurs if there be transfer of the slight biological *differences* such as were indicated by that weird story of the asserted Venus men who applied for jobs on that Los Angeles newspaper? You remember the tale printed in VALOR of a fortnight or so ago, describing the occurrence as VALOR received it . . .

TWO EXTREMELY tallish and somewhat thin men applied at the aforesaid newspaper office, clad in entirely respectable tweed clothing, giving it out that they had parked their Saucer in invisibility in the vicinity of Barstow and come down to Los Angeles to get jobs, that they might observe at first hand how earth-people thought and acted. Furthermore, they did need currency in order to pay their ways about in our mundane commercial civilization. Declaring they had transmitted from Venus, the story goes that they essayed to prove it by one of them running the fat of his thumb across the city editor's desk and scoring a channel in the wood three-quarters of an inch deep without marring the varnish. That was said to have aroused the editor to think twice about the two being characters in some sort of a Hollywood movie publicity stunt.

The point of importance to us at the moment is, granting the identifications were authentic, what of the answer that one of them made to the editor in respect to his anatomical construction? Asked if he were the same internally as persons strictly indigenous to this globe, the Venus man seemed honest enough to say, no, he was not . . . in the item of his heart. Blood circulation in the evolutionary process that life had undergone on the planet of his origin, had developed along lines of capillary action instead of the pumpings of the main cardiac organ in the normal human chest.

Capillary action in plants and animals is claimed to be a phenomenon of surface tension, automatic muscular reactions forcing the blood from point to point instead of heart pressure from one central source.

"You mean," the startled editor is said to have cried, "you boys have no organic hearts!"

That seemed to be the general idea. Naturally the mortal editor had no way of opening their breasts on the spot and verifying the fact for himself. In earthly terminology it would be known as Homicide, and lead to punitive complications.

ASSUMING that organic features generally in any planetary creature resembling Man are the result of specifications provided by what Science identifies as *genes*, what principle would maintain gestatively in the case of an infant with an earth-mother and a Venusian father? Would a race of children suddenly become of import in which normal hearts were lacking physically and what would be the effects twenty to thirty years hence on the children of such children?

But taken strictly from the "mixing of the breeds" intellectually, what assurance exists that the offspring would be advancements on normal children of normal earth parents? When an outstandingly high-caste man of today, physically and intellectually, weds a coarse, sluttish, or low-grade woman of the under-privileged classes, is it not a fact that offspring have more resembled the mother than the father?

As if this were not enough, how about the karmic soul-responsibilities involved in such relationships?

TODAY, among adepts in the higher esoteric wisdom, it is generally understood and accepted that relationships between parents and children are largely arranged before any of them enter mortality. On the loftier thought-planes, the subsequent "child-soul" provides himself with parental care and biologic vehicle mainly in result of previous obligations owed or owing. In the case of the resultant child of an interplanetary marriage, would the ensoulment occur of a spirit-unit that had never before had contact

with the Space father but the earth-mother only? If with the earth-mother only, how would the provision of the Space father "raise any quality of intelligence"?

Intelligence or moral culture is generally understood not to be a matter of biologic vehicle but prior worldly experience and profit. Handsome physical specimens might be forthcoming, with or without organic hearts, but how could the occupying soul be affected?

If the incoming soul be itself a denizen of Space, owing only to the father from another planet, why the necessity for earthly ceremony between the Venus father and Earth-mother anyway? Why should not the "Venus soul", in discarnate condition, enter and take possession of any maternal embryo as at present conceived and gestated? Indeed, if we are interpreting our esoteric fundamentals correctly, it would be the advanced intelligence inherent in such Venus soul that would determine the wanted high quality in the new race of infants, and the earth-mother would contribute little or nothing but the physical body for it to inhabit.

What's to prevent such happening as of now, in realms of Spirit, and without this openly acknowledged form of marital polarity?

If this prospect of distant planetary men wedding earth wives has seriously been proposed, or is being practiced unsuspectedly, then would it not hold true that either the Space Men don't know their spiritual esoterics as well as we give them credit for knowing, or the whole idea is spurious and commands our disdain?



THE NORWEGIAN-American, Beth-erum, said to have contacted a Saucer commandant whose craft had been
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HOW Spiritualism Should Alter to Win More Friends and Influence People . .

ED BODIN in the current issue of *Chimes* propounds the inquiry, "What Holds Spiritualism Back?" Bodin was the New Yorker who last federal election ran for President on the Spiritualistic ticket. He's literary agent, publicity man for Bernarr MacFadden, clear thinker, and splendid gentleman generally.

He said in *Chimes*, "Recently a group of sincere Spiritualists, comprising advertising and public relations executives, were discussing the subject 'What Has Been Holding Spiritualism Back?'. These people had shaken off their early orthodox Christian beliefs and were open-minded in their attitudes of religious freedom, but not cocksure of their own perfection.

"They unanimously agreed on one drawback which can be summed up by one of their speakers who said, 'I have seen and heard a prominent Spiritualist stand up on a platform and say that Spiritualism is a self-sufficient science and religion. We don't need the so-called saving grace of Jesus Christ—we don't need the Bible, either . . . let the orthodox have them both.' Such a consciousness doesn't coax Christians into Spiritualism. It is poor propaganda. It's as bad as the Communistic philosophy that you can't have brotherhood without eliminating God and the religious opium that goes with God.

"Spiritualism is as all-embracing as the oxygen of the universe. It may become dark and foul in dark corners of ill-will, but the way to prevent bad air getting into your lungs is not to stop breathing but to let in the air of spirituality that can be found in all orthodox religions and in the Light of Jesus Christ and the Holy Bible, both Old and New Testaments. The secret of brotherhood is not liquidation but cooperation."

There was more to Bodin's article but

Psychical Phenomena Are Not Sufficient to Feed the True Religious Instinct

to VALOR's way of thinking, even Ed went wide of the point.

Out of 81 million religionists in America, the last census of denominations gave the Spiritualists a mere 126,597 communicants. In all constructive and fraternal criticism, probably only a handful of these subconsciously classify Spiritualism as a religion. Calling it a religion is only a courtesy designation. As the editor of VALOR has been designated as a Spiritualist by the unthinking, although in no way connected with the organized Movement, he feels privileged to comment on this particular of sacred philosophy . . . A. Conan Doyle did it first, in private correspondence with the editor in 1929, and thousands have been doing it since.

THREE major handicaps are holding Spiritualism "back" . .

The first of these is its name;

The second is its lack of a liturgy;

The third is its simulation of a religion when it really is naught but a borderline science. First, its name—

The title Spiritualism is a technical name for a science. As a name it is dispassionate and colorless, conveys no inviting picture-images to the mind, and numerologically reduces to a Four. Four is the number of engineering pioneering—the beginning of mental, not soul, exploration. Numerologists worth their salt think of the figure Four as associated with drawing-boards and T-squares. No



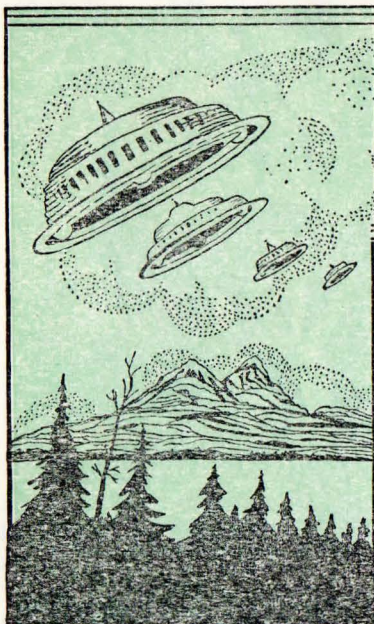
warmth, no milk of human kindness conveyed by sympathetic vibration. Experience shows the wise that you can't fight Numerological vibration. Added to this is, Two, the lack of a liturgy—

A liturgy in this sense means a rite or body of rites prescribed for public worship. Nobody knows what the Spiritualists "believe in", and the literature of Spiritualism fails to make the matter clear. True, they affirm the survival of the human personality beyond the gates of death and essay to supply proofs of it through affiliate mediums, to the contradiction of the orthodox notions of Heaven as expounded in the Christian Bible. In a vague way, the applicant also discovers they hold to the existence of a "Summerland" of Utopian features where the soul continues the spiritual expansion begun on earth. Most of them subscribe to the claim that the soul comes into existence at the behest of earthly father and mother, thus making this material planet a vast and prolific factory for the creation of souls who graduate into "Heaven" at the rate of 65,000 a day. That any of them return to an earthly or organic condition they vigorously deny, ignoring Christ's attestments to His disciples coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration. But beyond this, nothing. What most of the communicants have done really is to take a borderline science involving the human psyche and attempt to construct a religion upon it. But it has no creed of consequence, in result of which no two Spiritualists seem to think alike on its fundamentals.

THE WHOLE proposal falls in similar class with making a religion out
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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson



Let Us Welcome Appearances of Fireballs

bear similarity to the balls of fire—called “fireball fighters” or “foo fighters”—which flew wing on Allied aircraft over Germany and Japan during 1944-’45 and which have *never* been satisfactorily explained. Many of these fireballs are balls of kelly-green fire, blazing brightly, and race across the sky straight as bullets, parallel to the ground. Then they explode in a frightful paroxysm of light—*without making a sound!*

In the Southwest, the popular belief has been that a strange meteor shower is underway. However, Dr. Lincoln LaPaz, mathematician, astronomer and director of the Institute of Meteoritics at the University of New Mexico, has pointed out that normal fireballs do not appear green, they fall in the trajectory forced on them by gravity, are generally noisy as a freight train and leave meteorites where they hit. *The green fireball does none of these things.*

The fireballs do not appear to be electrostatic phenomena because they move too regularly and too fast. They are not the product of a U. S. weapons project and they are not self-destructing Russian reconnaissance devices. These fireballs are propelled, artificial objects. Their color is close to 5,200 angstroms on a spectrum chart—close to the green of burning copper. Copper is almost never found in meteorites; the friction of the air oxidizes it shortly after the meteor enters the upper atmosphere. However, a curious fact has been recorded by aerologists. Concentrations of copper particles are now present in the air of Arizona and New Mexico, particularly in “fireball areas.”

These were not encountered in air samples made *before* 1948!

I HAVE viewed many of these fireballs in California and Arizona. They are always silent, and upon exploding, light up the ground directly beneath them. They are not always green or blue-green in color; they can be nearly white, also.

Of course, they are intelligently controlled devices, but they are not manned with “little men” only inches tall. They are similar to our own remote-controlled devices, however, on a much more highly advanced scale. They are sent down from the large space-laboratories that are daily checking our earth for important scientific data. Undoubtedly, Lieut. Gorman encountered such a device when he chased the “flying light” over Fargo, North Dakota.

It appears that these fireballs fall into three general classes: 1. Those which leave copper particles in the atmosphere after silently exploding and leave no residue on the ground such as meteors do; 2. Those that were called “foo fighters”, which draw near our aircraft and other earthly objects to obtain information to be relayed directly to the space-lab. These objects are mainly crystalline in structure and are really sentient beings. By that I mean they possess the powers of sense or sense-perception and have actual experience of sensation and feeling as they televise their gathered data back to the hovering lab. This idea is perhaps difficult for us poor earthlings to grasp. *The idea of a crystal that thinks!* We have become aware of a third class of fireballs that do not explode; in fact, after they are constructed in great scientific laboratories their power is *immutable*. There are some very strange records in history of this type of fireball. However, it is a phenomenon we know very little about, and I will discuss it with you at a later date. So, at the present, we are concerned in this article with Type 1 and 2.

IN HIS book, *The Ether Ship Mystery And Its Solution*, Meade Layne says, “The balls or discs of light, sometimes only a few inches in diameter, consist of 99 percent aluminum, with 1 percent of copper in very ionized form. These are used as a rule as photo plates, that televise their pictures back to the mother ship

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SINCE December of 1948 countless fireballs have bathed the hills of the American Southwest with their strange, blue-green glare. They have also been seen in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Puerto Rico, and other places throughout the world. The Chief Air Intelligence officer for the Albuquerque district saw one. Colonel Joseph D. Caldara, USAF, attached to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, saw one in Virginia. Hundreds of pilots, weather observers and atomic scientists have observed these fireballs.

Reports came so rapidly during 1948 that in 1949 the Air Force established “Project Twinkle” to investigate them. This Project established a triple photodolite post at Vaughn, New Mexico, to obtain scientific data on them. Day and night, week in week out, for three months, a crew kept watch of the skies. Ironically, while fireballs continued flashing everywhere else in the Southwest, they saw *nothing* until the project was transferred to the Holloman Air Force Base at Alamogordo, New Mexico. During the next three months they saw a few but were unable to make satisfactory computations because of the fireballs’ great speed. Search parties have had no better luck. They have combed in vain the countryside beneath the point of disappearance; not a trace of telltale substance has been found on the ground!

THEORETICIANS in the Air Force believe the fireballs are not natural phenomena but propelled objects. They



WHY CATS Have Been Linked with Witches and Spooks

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

EVER since most of us can remember, and regardless of whether or not we may personally like pussycats, we have had the feline tribe presented to us as possessing some unearthly affinity with witches, spooks, goblins, ghosts, shades, and the nether world generally. Particularly is this true of black cats. Black cats for some unaccountable reason whose beginnings are lost in antiquity, seem to be warners or precursors of bad luck, tragedy, or even death. People commonly known as "superstitious" will have the peculiar malady known as the Jitters for a night and a day if a black cat scoots across their pathways. Their Mother Goose Book in childhood was amply decorated with sketches of witches going places astride broomsticks and always somewhere in the vicinity was the jet-black pussy with its properly-arched back.

Our interest is challenged by the question as to why the cat in particular is singled out for such association. No witch would be necromantic going across the pathways of the superstitious and no one minds them in the slightest.

The cat as a cat, however, black, white, yaller, gray, or sky-blue-pink, is an institution in our mortal scheme of things. People form likes or dislikes concerning them that are well-nigh fetishes. Always the cat and the occult are synonymous.

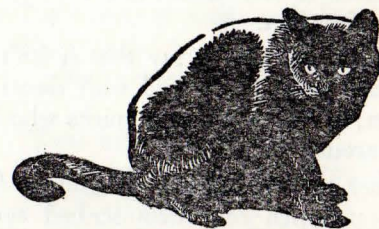
WE LOOK for our answer to the extraordinary structure of the tabby's eye. We go back into the esoteric study of Nature and we find the animal kingdom divided into the preying and the preyed upon. This positive and negative principle serves to develop the spiritual faculty of self-awareness in the animal intelligence. If one set of animals did not prey upon another set of animals, there would likewise be not much wariness and physical adroitness achieved.

Uniformly too, through the animal kingdom, we discover that the preying set of creatures have what we call Focused Vision—or eyes set in the front of the head so that they can focus on an object—and the creatures preyed upon have Sidereal Vision or eyes placed on the sides of the skull in such a way that they can see both right and left but with a blank patch directly in front of them. Sheep, goats, cattle in general, rabbits and the rodent family, all creatures living on an herb or root diet, have sidereal vision. Hence they are ever the prey and the food of the more carnivorous species.

Now up the millennia the members of the cat family have belonged to the carnivora that found it easiest to stalk the ruminants by night and seize them either while sleeping or handicapped by darkness. If you stop to give a moment's thought you will agree that practically all the carnivora have learned to take advantage of this natural handicap on the part of the ruminants, until the deed of snatching the physical mechanisms and devouring them in order to assimilate the chemicals they contain, has become synonymous with murder in general and ominous darkness. And the feline tribe might be said to have brought this stalking and snatching to the status of a fine art. And in connection with all of it has been developed the hook claw and the night-seeing eye.

This night-seeing eye, in the case of the common cat, has turned out in development a necromantic thing. Only one other creature is possessed of it, and it belongs to the bird kingdom: the owl.

We have every evidence in both logic and observation for concluding that the vertically-split pupil in the eye of both the common cat and the owl do much more than merely allow the maximum amount of nocturnal light to gain access to the retina. Incandescence is incandescence. There is only so much light in any given scene—at least what the human eye understands to be incandescence.



It is not that the ample eyeball of the cat and its wide-expanding vertical pupil "let in more light" by night than is commonly utilized in effecting mortal sight.

There is that about the cat's eye which sees kinds or varieties of luminosity that the human eye does not.

And this being apparent, it follows that an animal eye which could perceive and use varieties of luminosity which the human eye does not, would likewise be able to perceive aspects of integrated Matter in octaves that altogether-clumsy human eye is unable to penetrate.

Perceiving aspects of integrated Matter in octaves which the clumsy human eye is unable to penetrate would assure it of the capability of seeing practically as "real" any forms of conscious life deploying in those octaves.

The cat, in other words, has developed a vision mechanism that sees degrees of light which to mortals are beyond their range of sight and therefore commonly termed invisible. And perceiving such degrees of light, it likewise perceives and recognizes the forms of consciousness perfectly discernible in such degrees of light.

The forms of consciousness perfectly discernible in such degrees of light to the eye equipped to treat with them, in their own turn take note that the cat—almost alone of all physically-living creatures—readily "sees" them and acknowledges their existence and presences.

They can thereby, in the material sense, make themselves known to the feline and treat with it intimately in terms of such recognition, whereas most other animal forms ignore or deny that such consciousness exists or is operating.

Therefore this intimacy becomes a sort of affinity between the two, and in practice it is sensed by ordinary mortals. So the cat is chalked up as an occult creature, properly belonging to the realm of spirits.

The poor tabby merely has a sort of filtering eye and sees forms of life in more finely attenuated degrees of matter that the person or creature whose eye functions in normal aspects of incandescence does not.

We might almost say that it isn't the cat that hobnobs around with discarnate spirits; it's the discarnate spirits who hobnob around with the cat.

They receive a ready recognition from the cat which the circumscribed eye of the human creature denies them. And while no spook is ever observed to pick up the cat and fondle it, or fetch it a dainty bit of fish from the more integrated dimensions, nevertheless an affinity

has grown up between the two and ignorant people put it down that all cats are bewitched.



SPEAKING of the form of light beyond the range of the human eye which nevertheless may be used for sight, we are beginning to have photography by infra-red rays. A scene may be inky black to normal eyesight, but a camera opened with the infra-red rays present will photograph everything in the scene with the sharpness of noonday. To date, the most practical use of the infra-red rays in photography have been the apprehending of criminals. A group of thugs plan to rob a loft, or the Secret Service desires to have the photograph of a suspected counterfeiter known to visit a certain locality at night. Neither thugs nor counterfeiter would risk operations in any vicinity where a light was burning. So cameras are set up in the dark and apparatus prepared to release the red rays. Thugs or counterfeiter walk in front of the camera, the red rays are flashed, the picture is secured and subsequently developed. Not the faintest glimmer of anything which could be called incandescence has been discernible, yet diabolically enough, there is the resultant photograph for identification purposes which might have been taken by an explosive flashlight.

Or take another case: what is known in motion picture photography as Light Filtering.

The writer one afternoon twelve years ago was motoring through the California mountains with a friend who is a celebrated Hollywood cameraman. During World War I this cameraman had been an aerial photographer for the Canadian government. As we rounded the moun-

tain curves, I glanced down into the mist-enshrouded valley beneath us and remarked on the properties of fog to thus blot out the landscape.

"It's not the fog, but the color of the fog, that blots out the landscape," he corrected me.

"But fog is white, colorless!" I protested.

"No," said he, "believe it or not, fog is purple-violet. Proof of it lies in the fact that if I had my aerial camera here now, and put a purple-violet filter over the lens, I could photograph that scene below us exactly as though there were not a cloud in sight. The purple-violet filter neutralizes the purple-violet color of the fog and thus removes it from the scene. I go ahead and take my picture as though photographing down out of unobstructed heavens."

"You mean," I cried, "that you can photograph perfectly through an opaque cloud?"

"Everything has color," said he. "If it were not so, we wouldn't be able to tell that objects of any kind were in existence until we, perhaps, smashed into them. It's color that makes Sight for us. Filter out or neutralize the color in photography, and insofar as plate or film goes, that which is neutralized does not photograph and therefore does not seem to exist. Clouds, mist, or fog do not bother aerial photographers. The minute they've contrived to match the cloud's color with a filter, they can go right along with their mapping."

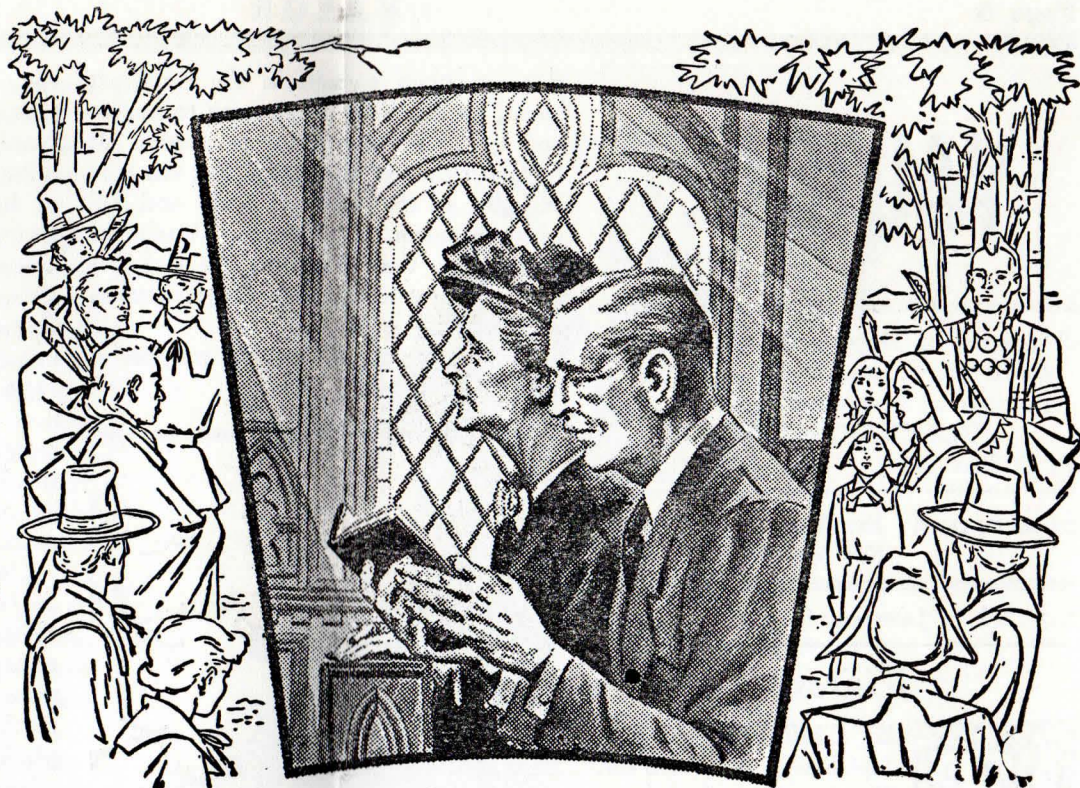
HUMAN beings fall into the bombastic but pardonable habit of accepting that anything which normal eyesight does not commonly perceive, does not exist. And everything which normal eyesight commonly perceives is thereby proven to exist. If human eyes had been constructed with natural purple-violet filters in their lenses, to neutralize or penetrate the purple-violet color of fog and mist, they would be ready to fight mortals of our present equipment on the point of the existence of fog or mist.

"Just a figment of imagination, a piece of fantastic auto-suggestion," they would exclaim when the subject was introduced. "If fog or mist had tacit existence, we would all be able to see it, wouldn't we?" And there the argument would have to end.

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The Soulcraft Rostrum . . .

Filled by
Rev. O. W. Jadwin



Let's Not Forget that Boys Become Men

IN THE story of Jesus feeding the multitude there is one character that is generally overlooked. That one is the little lad who had the five loaves and two fishes.

The crowd had been following Jesus about the country, day after day, and they were tired and hungry. The Master looked upon that multitude of famished humanity and desired to feed them. And so he asked of Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" Philip answered, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little."

Andrew was standing close, taking all of this in, and he was the one who somewhat facetiously said to Jesus, "There is a lad here, which hath two barley loaves and two fishes: but what are they among so many?" And Jesus quietly took the small provisions that the lad offered, and which had been intended for his lunch, requested that the multitude be seated in order, and proceeded to feed them through the bountiful increase his love was able to supply.

THE STORY of Jesus feeding the multitude has been told and retold, but the part that little lad played has all

but been forgotten. Yet, he was the one that supplied the first ingredients for the feeding of the whole crowd. I want us to look at that lad and what he stands for down through history.

It is difficult for most of us to look upon a squirming, rowdy, mischievous boy and see much good in him. He can break more windows, tear down more bird nests, kick up more fusses, than the average adult can ever keep count of. He can be so exasperating one minute, and then, he can turn right around and make you ashamed of yourself by posing questions you can't answer, that you know need answering. Yet, what would we do without them? Boys are here to stay, and they will be boys. But they are more than that. They are men in the making.

THEODORE Roosevelt once said, "If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man, you must begin before he is a man." Daniel Webster, talking about his native New Hampshire, made this comment; "Our soil is poor; we cannot produce great crops, but we can plant schools and churches and raise men." That, I believe, "is the greatest achievement of man." For the very soul of America rests in the "raising of men", real men of integrity and honor.

Someone has said that "Every boy has the image of a man mirrored in his soul." Perhaps we men would do well to keep that truth vividly in mind. Most every man, whether a father or not, is closely watched by some boy. Don't think that you can fool him, either, and don't try to. Rather, take him to your heart. He's the biggest potential asset in your life.

I'VE always like these potent verses. I don't know who wrote them, nor am I concerned that they specifically refer to dad. I think they speak to all us men.

"Be more than his dad,
Be a chum to the lad;
Be a part of his life

Every hour of the day;
Find time to talk to him,
Take time to walk with him,
Share in his troubles
And share in his play;

"Take him to the places,
To the ball games and races,
Teach him the things

That you want him to know;
Don't live apart from him,
Don't keep your heart from him,
Be his best comrade,
He's needing you so."

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VALOR . .

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Visitors

THE CHRISTMAS holidays have now leveled off. They were marked by a well-nigh continuous procession of visitors to Headquarters, some from as far West as Oklahoma and Washington. Practically none of these visitors were curiosity-seekers. They came because they had errands. Some of these errands were personal; by far the most concerned elucidations of phenomena connected with the Space Ship mysteries. It meant a 19 or 20-hour day for the Headquarters staff in instances, during most of which time clerical work knew hiatus.

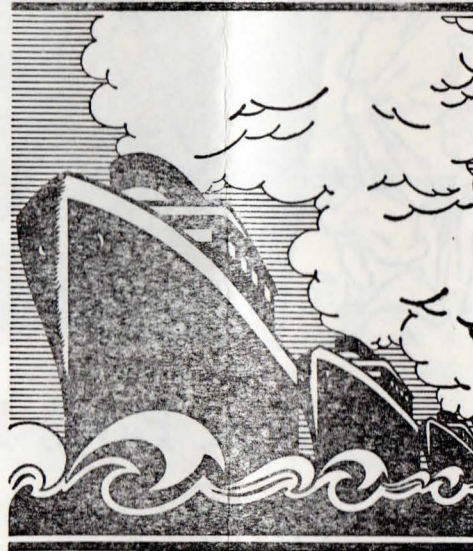
But Christmas as Christmas presented the heaviest mail that Soulcraft has ever known, with the greatest volume of sales of its literature. More Yuletide cards were received by The Interpreter of the Soulcraft doctrine than in any previous Nativity Season. Not one mishap occurred to mar the holiday festivities, though the news of the Passing of John Aarhus in Los Angeles on the 29th contributed a note of more serious reflection.

The gratitude of everyone at Headquarters for the attention and felicitations of Christmas Week should by no means be taken for granted—it was personally reciprocated in every instance.

The misapprehension should be corrected that any visitor at Headquarters is unwelcome when he comes on an errand of import. If any resentment exists, it is occasioned by the people who obviously seem too slothful to search out for themselves the answers to major quandaries

that are plain enough in the Soulcraft books, and bethink it necessary to appear and quiz the Interpreter in person. It consumes time so needlessly. But one who has read all the Soulcraft books and still has a problem, is different. Usually he brings data that is out of the ordinary and thus new information on phenomena is compiled.

Now we can get down to the purposeful business of 1954 . .



Weather Again

INEVITABLY the conversation with the visitors brought up the subject of Weather and the major change that's occurring. Weather, Space Ships, and the terribly significant attestments in psychical materializing seances, kept up the converse till far into each night. Vital data turned up.

Before 1950, at least a tenth of the earth's land surface was covered with ice—six million square miles of it. Much of this ice, particularly in the two polar regions, was a full mile in thickness. Now it's melting so rapidly that geologists are alarmed. Already VALOR has carried the report that the North Atlantic Iceberg Patrol has been abandoned—reason, no more icebergs.

In 1900, nine of the 60 glaciers in Glacier National Park each covered a square mile or more; today there is only one sizeable ice-sheet left and it covers less than half a mile. In Alaska, where the American Geographical Society has been sending expeditions for checking, Muir Glacier was the biggest in that country. Today

the giant is shrunken to 12 small glaciers that in turn are disappearing. In one place the wall of ice has receded eight miles. In some places it had a thickness of half a mile—twice the height of the Empire State Building. Now no more. Gone! Just last year the *Eastland*, U. S. Coastguard Icebreaker, pushed its way through open water to a spot only 508 miles from the Pole, less than the distance from Philadelphia to Indianapolis. Ships now sail around Spitzbergen for seven months of the year, when not long ago the limit was three. In Greenland, giant ice packs a mile deep are completely receding, revealing bare land.

On the continent of Europe, glaciers are completely receding in Switzerland. Within the lifetime of living men, Switzerland may no longer be a country of snow sports and icy scenery. While the northern coasts of Russia and Siberia may gradually become ice free, altering the whole economy of the Soviets, the great food basins of the Ukraine, the Aral and the Caspian, are drying up and becoming deserts.

Scientists are impressed by the steady upward march of temperatures in cities all over the Northern Hemisphere. The mean annual temperature of Philadelphia has gone up four degrees, in Manhattan three degrees, while in the nation's Capitol below-freezing temperatures in recent winters have been cut a third. Montreal only has half as many sub-zero days per winter than formerly. Kansas City saw an 80-degree heat last March.

The thing alarming the scientists is that all this water, locked in such polar ice packs, has been held stationary. Now it's melting and adding to the content of the oceans. Such meltings have been responsible for bringing up the mean level of the whole Atlantic Ocean—both north and south of the Equator—a total of nine inches. And the Pacific is following fast. Over such tremendous expanses, the tonnage added to the strain on the two ocean-bottoms must be terrific. Some psychical reports have it that one of the greatest inundations of historical times is to occur in China presently, paralyzing that country and knocking it out of world affairs as any formidable political force. All the great hydroelectric power dams of the West, with the exception as yet of Grand Coulee in Eastern Washington, are threatened with eventual uselessness because of lack of water resources to turn them. And

similar reports are coming up from South America. The tropics are pushing further and further south, and more and more land is appearing through the Antarctic icecap.

And no geologist or geographer deigns to know what's causing it. Our alleged communications with the Space Ships show their operators as not so benighted. Our whole solar system is pushing further and further into the stupendous cosmic ray bombardment from the Constellation Aquarius, say they, and under such bombardment as time goes on, even more than the ice packs of earth are due to be affected. The composition of earthly matter itself becomes altered, while as for human beings the vibrations will have an exceptionally disastrous effect on those of low, sordid, moribund, brutal, animalistic temperaments. The nonspiritual element, we might put it.

The very plans that are being so feverishly pursued in some quarters for world conquest, well may end in ironical futility as terrain dislocations completely reshape the design of the continents, not to mention the temperaments of populations. In the vast inhabitable parts of the globe, under the dispensation that is coming, living conditions may well approach the Utopian.

We don't get fully "under" Aquarius until approximately 2030 A. D., with Pisces left behind us for another 24,000 years. Then it will be somewhere around 4,187 A. D. before we leave this benign constellation's influence for Capricorn, an earth-sign again. It is the march of the "months" in the celestial year. It takes our whole solar system 25,860 years to make such celestial cycle.

If you're a newcomer to Soulcraft, you can get the whole stupendous progression explained in the book *Star Guests*. But whether you're a newcomer to Soulcraft or not, you can count on an increase of tropical weather up through the United States and into southern Canada, and an era of unprecedented living for the populace of our country whose cause comes directly from zodiacal influences.

Yes, Weather's the Big Topic, next to Flying Saucers and Materializations of loved ones, around Headquarters, when the visitors come in.

You might throw away your snowshovel and buy electric fans.

You well may need 'em before the Golden Times come in force.



ENCOUNTER



HAD walked Life's path with a prideful tread,
Had followed where pleasure and comfort led;
And then, by chance, in a quiet place,
I confronted the Master, face to face.

With station and rank and wealth for a goal,
Much thought for body but none for soul,
I had entered to win in life's heedless race
When I met the Master, face to face.

I had built my castles and reared them high,
Till their towers impaled the blue of sky,
I had sworn to rule with an iron mace . . .
Then I met the Master, face to face.

I met and knew Him, and blushed to see
How His eyes with sorrow were fixed on me;
And I faltered and knelt at His feet that day
While those castles rocked and dissolved away.

Rocked and dissolved, and where they'd reared
The Face from the mists of All Time appeared,
And I cried aloud, "Oh, make me meek
That I earn a smile on that holy cheek!"

My thoughts are now for the souls of men,
The life I'd lost I have found again.
I found Life Itself in that lonely place
When my Master and I stood *face to face!*

—ANONYMOUS

"Adam Awakes"



The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

HERE at last is the Fourth Major Soulcraft Book that rationalizes the Adam and Eve fable of Woman's creation from a rib of Man. The views of the Great Cosmic Hierarchy on mortal Romance and Matrimony are assumed to have been communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, and are being published in a de luxe volume that is now proceeding through the Noblesville plant. There will be only 1,100 copies in the First Edition.

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**One Edition,
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Soulcraft Chapels

Saucer Marriages

(Continued from Page 2)

temporarily grounded across a stretch of Nevada highway, gave it out that such commandant was a stupendously beautiful woman, supervising a crew of twelve to fourteen smaller-sized males. Taken into her cabin as a matter of courtesy, while this crew made emergency repairs to the defective Saucer, he learned that her name was Aura and that she came from an unidentified planet known as Clarion—or a similar-sounding name. She spoke four languages, English, French, German and Spanish, with an awkwardness that indicated they might have been acquired from monitoring of earthly radio, and informed her speechless guest that instead of being a mere twenty-five to thirty years old as she appeared sitting before him at the interview, she was actually a grandmother with two grandchildren. Individuals did not age physically on her planet, she said, with the rapidity they did on Earth-Shan, thus accounting for her somewhat breathless beauty in its prime.

Earth-man is legion, of course, that would not be at all averse to experimenting connubially with such an interplanetary goddess, but what of the goddess herself, if she be possessed of the advanced intelligence—and presumed fastidiousness—to mother offspring knowingly with a masculine exhibit not even aware as yet of the most elemental processes behind mortal ensoulment? Mightn't it be considered by women of such superior attainments as the grossest of degradations to thus employ themselves with male creatures so far below them in true civilized enhancements?

Somehow it doesn't add up.

And yet we do have these subjects to think about and cogitate upon, if Space Beings do thus secure advent to earth and assume the connubial status with earthly femininity. We are even called to consider as intelligently as we can, the assertion that heavy numbers of interplanetary men—perhaps women—already have disembarked their Saucer craft and found earthly persons either not averse to physical matings or unaware of the true identities of those with whom they have become physically enamoured.

We need more light on the whole of it as yet . . . in fact we need light first of all on the intrinsic natures of these beings

whom a great library of new books is declaring to be already here within our stratosphere, donning modern dress and mingling unsuspected among our sidewalk crowds.

As for the generation immediately ahead, what's particularly wrong in so creating earth conditions that the normal offspring of normal parents have opportunity to exercise the qualities of consciousness they already possess, and not become twisted and prostituted by social and economic malpractices that turn an otherwise provident planet into a bedlam of crime and corruption?

Soulcraft Rostrum

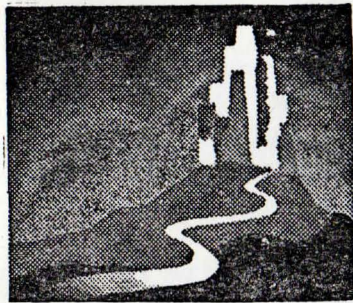
(Continued from Page 7)

IF I COULD be the kind of man I would like to be, I would strive, were I business man, to practice those ethical standards of honesty and consideration, that I would want him to practice. In my personal and social life, I would do my best to be fair, honorable, manly, but bubbling over with enthusiasm for clean fun and profitable recreation in their proper places, and I would take him to events of cultural and social value. In



my religious life, I would try to be a "God-touched man". Not one to show off my sanctimony, nor one to breed the prejudice of doctrine or cult, but one who demonstrated, by the life he lived, his faith in the inherent goodness of every person, and his absolute trust in a good and beneficent God, at all times and places.

I would go with such a one to religious services. Not that I would find all there



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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
ESOTERIC CLASSIC

First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .

The Story that has had a 3,000,000 circulation

YOU should begin your study of the whole Soulcraft philosophy with the reading of this epic and understand what happened that began the recording of the monumental Scriptures. Nearly three million people have read this narrative since it was first published in 1929. It marked the beginning of an era in new Spiritual Acceptances . . .

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

that completely satisfied *my* soul's thirst, but I would find there a purpose and an opportunity—a purpose to link my heart with struggling, striving, but like-minded fellow human beings, and an opportunity to link hands in common and united service to mankind. In doing so, I would also be setting an example to my lad of the value in worshipping, working, and serving in common and in cooperation with others. I know of no better way to teach him how to get along with others, and with his world.

God is waiting, depending on men, real men, strong in soul and body and mind. But he has to grow them first. And he begins with “a little lad”. Then he says to us, “What kind of man do you want to be?”

Be that kind yourself!

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

that gave them birth, and are later destroyed or disintegrated. The large green fireballs are ionized copper, and are exploded in your atmosphere to absorb the radiations created by your atomic bombs. These radiations drift toward the north magnetic pole, and most of the green fireballs originate in the northern skies.”

We have received similar information. Type 1 is exploded to nullify adverse conditions arising from atomic explosions. These fireballs are usually seen shortly after atomic tests have taken place. Type 2 is a remote controlled device that televises information back to the space lab. Their nature should not be so astounding to us.

J. R. Anderson of the Bell Telephone Laboratories now claims that barium titanate crystals apparently can store as many as 2,500 items of information within a crystal of one square inch surface and a few thousandths of an inch thickness. The crystal consumes no power while storing the information, and is able to operate on low-voltage circuits. We know that tiny crystals serve as transistors, and can do many of the jobs that vacuum tubes once did.

Other crystals experimented with are rochelle salts, potassium niobate, and potassium dihydrogen phosphate. Scientists say that some of man's most difficult problems may be solved by crystals. If we are now about to have crystal recorders on

Earth, it is easy to understand how our space friends have such advanced devices!

MAJ. KEYHOE in his new book, *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*, comes to the conclusion that the fireballs may be guided missiles of an invading interplanetary force! At the same time, however, he tells us that this may not be the case, that the fireballs may have another purpose entirely! In other words, the Major is speculating, and lets you draw your own conclusions. Many people, however, have definitely come to believe that our world is about to be invaded by creatures from Mars.

First of all, if the saucers have been looking us over for centuries, as historical records prove, why have they waited until we developed atomic weapons to attack us? Why didn't they invade when the job was relatively simple and all they had to deal with was clubs and bows and arrows? Maj. Keyhoe tells us that the first fireballs seen may have been testing devices or “duds”, and that later we can expect the actual guided missile attack! If that were true, *why have they waited so long to get at the invasion?*

Good friends, we have absolutely *nothing* to fear from the fireballs, whether they be white, green or blue-green; silent or otherwise! Our space friends have come to us at this time with love in their hearts. If it were not for their fireballs, our own childish playing with atomic energy might have bounced back on us. Through the photographic type fireball they have surveyed every square mile of our planet. And this brings me up to my subject for



our next-together, and that is: Physical, Mental, and Spiritual Changes Now Taking Place On Earth!

Welcome the fireballs as the instruments of a friendly race . . . and say a prayer in your heart for those who are here *only in love*.



COGITATIONS

IT WAS back in 1934 during the North Carolina-Dickstein difficulties. I was in Washington, D.C. when came a wire to my hotel, forwarded up from Asheville stating that Hial Cummings and Johnny Aarhus from Hollywood had made the cross-country motor trip to be of what personal service they could. They'd reached Washington to make contact with me but couldn't find me at the address they'd been furnished. Would I drive out to a Tourist Home at which they were staying on Blandensburg Road? I kept the rendezvous one hot summer's noon-hour. Hial—known to hundreds of present-day Soulcrafters for his many exquisite pen-drawings in *Liberation* and *Reality*—I'd known on the West Coast the year before. Johnny Aarhus I'd met only once, not long enough to recall his particular personality. When I reached the Tourist Home they were waiting on the steps. I shook hands with John, a six-foot Norwegian-American, then forty-five years old.. He had wavy blonde hair parted in the center above an impassive but kindly face. His sight was aided by rimless gold-mounted glasses before mild blue eyes. He'd become zealously "sold" on the principles for which I was waging the anti-Dickstein fight, left wife and daughter in California to motor east with Hial and help wherever a good man might be needed. That night we headed back to North Carolina together. It was the beginning of as close and intimate a friendship as two men ever had, for Johnny stayed in my life for eighteen years forthwith. Wednesday, the 30th of December, 1953, came a night wire from Altha, that he'd made the Passing the previous afternoon. Hail and Farewell, Johnny! I was right about the Other Side, wasn't I?

o—o

OUR HEADQUARTERS had been raided in North Carolina under the

ruse of a congressional subpoena inquiring into the source of our funds for too effective anti-Kremlin activities. Congress had deemed it excellent New-Deal Americanism to send five 250-ton trucks to our Headquarters and carry out desks, files, typewriters, rugs, pictures, and mimeograph equipment. Nothing was left in the building but a small framed portrait of the Christ on a wall of what had been my private office. The Dicksteiners had no interest in any portrait of the Christ on a wall of what had been my private office. Several thousand dollars worth of remaining effects, however, were moved up to the Federal Building and impounded. Accountants were put to work on our books, to comb them meticulously and find some breach of accounting or other legal deficiency that would warrant charges being brought that would shut us up permanently. It was back in the days when Red-Baiting was considered the unconventional crime. The only irregularity found was the instance where two years before, I had innocently run my annual corporate statement, of assets and liabilities and profits and losses, in one of my publications—which being done without approval of the State Corporation Commission secured in advance, made me technically guilty of a breach of North Carolina's Securities law. This was the great and horrific "Stock Swindle" of which one W. Winchell later made so much. I was found guilty of having run the statement, for printed in the magazine it was self-evident, and fined \$1,000 and jury costs, which I paid. No charge was sustained that the statement had been in any way inaccurate. The State Corporation Commissioner had gone on the witnessstand and sworn that he had not been interested in thus disciplining me. No matter, the North Carolina New-Deal Machine hadn't fancied my remarks about their infallible standard-bearers, either in Washington or Moscow, and so I got the business. That's why and how Johnny Aarhus went to work for us in a little one-room shack, mailing out the weekly

papers that told my side of the infamous affair to a national audience . . .

WE NEVER did get back so much as one sheet of paper, nor one stick of furniture or filing cabinets from that "federal" impounding. We had to rebuild from scratch. Procuring a new Headquarters of a more commercial nature, we built desk by desk, and chair by chair, as overwhelming support reperused from the country whose government we were seeking to regenerate. And Johnny, by being everywhere and doing whatever needed to be done, worked himself into the greater organization and our hearts. A natural-born carpenter and mechanic, meticulous in his penmanship and attention to detail, he did all maintenance work and attended to shipping. He was more than an employe. He became "part of the works" . . . When Altha, his wife, and their only child, Nadene, eventually arrived from the Coast in their turn and set up their home, the team of "John-and-Altha" was irreplaceable. We moved from Beaver Lake to West Asheville, outgrew the West Asheville premises, bought an empty bank property on Biltmore Plaza. Johnny superintended all these movings as new property and office effects—and then our first publishing



machinery—grew apace. He was our one indispensable man . . . there must always be one such in every organization. Whatever needed fixing, Johnny could fix—and did—from a leaky roof to a broken

heart. For our remaining four years in Asheville, before transferring en toto to the present Soulcraft site in Noblesville, he never missed a day. He was practically never ill, never out of sorts. He had one of the most even temperaments of anyone ever connected with Headquarters, though by birthdate he was a Scorpio. Being a Piæcean myself, we got along thus perfectly together because we were both born under Water Signs. In the entire seven years that I was in daily touch with him I never once saw Johnny Aarhus lose his poise nor utter even the singed fragment of a cuss word. His loving attachment to his loyal and equally characterful little wife, Altha, was another of the traits for which he was admired. Nadene had grown along and in due time had wedded an Asheville boy. So when we transferred publishing activities north, Johnny and Altha came alone. Johnny it was who superintended the transfer of several tons of machinery. For one breath-taking moment I thought we had lost him when our big paper-cutter, being inched into a rear door on planks laid across saw-horses, proved too heavy for the timbers. With blood-chilling snap the horses collapsed, the great cutter turned bottom-up, *catching Johnny against a wall*. Frantic workmen struggled to get jacks placed correctly and hoist it enough to get Johnny free. He finally stood up groggily, but he stood up. The rimless glasses were awry on his face. "Plays rough, don't it?" was his quiet comment. Not a bone broken but a bloody scratch down one forearm. As I recall, he did take the rest of that day off . . .

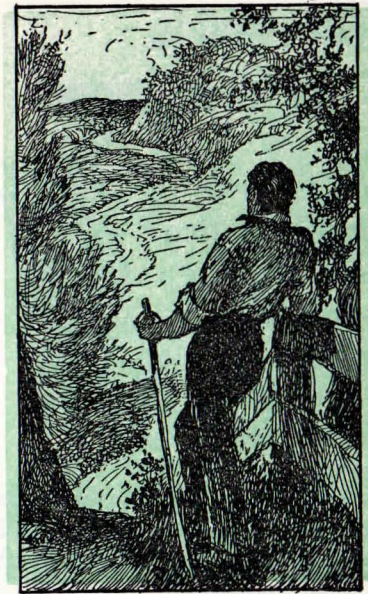
o—o

TWICE Johnny accompanied me on transcontinental trips to the Coast to aid with the driving, and another time we made a tour of Texas together. Two men riding alone in the night over Great America, can be drawn close, close. We discussed intimately every phase and aspect of the Golden-Script Enlightenment, for no man knew his Liberation-Soulcraft better than John Aarhus. It was returning from one of the transcontinental trips that we blew that rear tire outside Salt Lake City at six in the morning while momentarily traveling 80 miles an hour. I was asleep in the back seat. I did not stay asleep. I awakened to see Johnny frantically maneuvering his heavy Nash that had turned completely about and was skidding *backwards*. Four hundred feet it

skidded backwards before going off upon the sands to the right. When it stopped with a grunt, rightside up, nothing had gone wrong excepting the horn. The horn was saying all the hysterical words both of us wanted to say, only it wasn't pausing to take breaths. It required longer to fix the horn than it did our spare. Incidentally, there remained nothing to come off the right-hand rear wheel but the rim. Of rubber there wasn't enough to make an eraser for a pencil. But before getting out to fix both horn and tire, Johnny drew a long breath. "Whew!", he remarked. "Turned 'round quite sudden, didn't she?" That was Johnny. Never excited . . .

o—o

NOT a single visitor at Soulcraft prior to 1946 fails to remember Johnny, and the part he played during the unforgettable drama of 1942. For four years he carried on, remodeling the premises at Headquarters to include their present living apartments. Mel had come into the picture, married Daughter Adelaide, and few further publishings or mailings now called for Johnny's services. But an odd proposition opened at which he might gain greatly, . . . reworking an abandoned mining property at Searchlight, Nevada. Had he cashed in as expected on salvaging its tailings, he might have found himself in position to do what he had always dreamed of doing, furnishing the capital to put Soulcraft truly on the map. So came the day in 1947 when he stored the last suitcase aboard the Nash and pulled out of Noblesville, Altha beside him. Eleven years he'd never faltered or failed in anything given unto his big hands to do. He joined some other zealous Soulcrafters in Searchlight and did so-so. The tailings never paid out. I saw him only once after that removal. He drove through to Washington, D. C. with Roy Zachary just before George Fisher's passing in 1947. I had nearly a day with him. He'd lost a little weight, was a trifle older and his voice milder. But his placidity and quiet humor hadn't altered an atom's worth. Then in 1952, about the time he was seriously considering calling the mining work a bust and rejoining me at Noblesville, he was helping on a house-building job when his staging collapsed. They picked him up tenderly in a blanket at the bottom, and this time he didn't say "They give 'way suddenly, don't they?" The bones of one



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hip and leg were shattered in little pieces. He never stepped out with his free and confident stride after that. About a month ago, he wrote me that the surgeons had informed him he'd have to go back to the hospital and have the hip operated upon again. In the wake of that, came Altha's wire . . . No details have come through yet, but apparently he failed to survive this second rebuilt body job . . . survive it physically, that is. No man in America had been better prepared for it.

o—o

SO Johnny's out and away from taxes, propaganda, and space-ship excitements, and taken a permanent apartment from here on out, in the same mansion let's hope with Zachary, Fisher, Hatfield, and all the rest of that grand and loyal crowd waiting for me to write "Thirty" under my last page of copy and Come Up. What a heart-choking reunion it's going to be! Of course, with no such thing as Death in either my vocabulary or philosophy, I know the reorientation means that Johnny will now be visiting Noblesville oftener than he's done since that morning in 1947 when he drove away with the suitcases bumping. But looking at Johnny's whole life and character, I can say with neither sentimentality nor maudlinity, that under his Norwegian exterior lived an accomplished and adept soul. The flowers dispatched to lay above his remains were inane symbols of the affection and admiration in which we held him. I know from many talkings with him about it as we covered those nocturnal miles in the dark, that his views of the Passing were the one-time Charles Froman's, "Why fear Death? . . . it is the most beautiful adventure in life!" So I shall henceforth think of Johnny-Boy, gone temporarily on the most beautiful adventure in life. Alan Seegar wrote, "I have a rendezvous with death, at some disputed barricade". But I know that Johnny Aarhus would dispute no such barricade. I can hear him saying at this moment, "Nothing to it, Chief. I've just lost all my aches." Well, isn't that what all of us are striving most to do, lose all our aches? . . . Okay, Johnny, get the old bus gassed up, because one of these days I'll be going places with you again. And let's hope no tire gives 'way on our next trip in common. Because we'll be traveling a darned-sight faster than eighty miles an hour . . . Want to lay a bet? . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Spiritualism

(Continued from Page 4)

of radio or television. The fact that its "wonders" appear to derive from out of this world—meaning understood three-dimensional activity—by no means projects them into the realm of the sacred. There is little sacred about psychical research.

If most Spiritualists would be honest with themselves, they would admit that Spiritualism is Psychical Research, plus various manifestations of Extra-Sensory Perception, chiefly supported because its rank and file find it a respectable means of getting in touch with departed relatives and acquiring advice whether to let the daughter marry the trap-drummer, sell the house or hold it for a price-rise.

Soulcraft up over 25 years has contacted or attracted quite as many adherents as present-time Spiritualism, but it has never affected to be a religion. It is psychical enlightenment on a sacred basis, or the attempt to propound the psychical enigmas to life consistent with the teachings of Jesus.

This isn't saying that Soulcraft is superior to Spiritualism or is any more proper presentation of sacred psychics. The comment offered is answer to *What Is Holding Spiritualism Back?* Nothing is holding *Soulcraft* back. It is forging ahead by leaps and bounds, adding adherents by the thousands. To the soundest scientific mental truths of the beloved Mary Baker Eddy, it adds the most sacrosanct of psychical-research discoveries about the imperishability of the personality. And it does this with no national organization of an official character, no classes which students attend because they have paid money for "courses", and without expressing a liturgy. The Soulcraft relationship to the progenitor of Christianity is a private and personal relationship, arrived at by honestly buying for a nominal price the books that supply the enlightenment about communication in answer to normal sacred curiosities. It swings no incense pots and refrains from supplying advice about selling the house-lot.

The answer is that Soulcraft has more constant recruits out of Spiritualism than any other "faith" excepting Christian Science.

Sorry, Ed. Think deeper. Orthodoxy or lack of it isn't the defect. Refusal to face unpleasant truths about immortality as it is, is nearer the answer.

And yet the Spiritualists and Christian Scientists are nearer to real Religion than any other denomination in the world scene today. Add to these the *Golden Scripts* and you have the unbeatable triumvirate.

And that's what's happening.

Twenty-five years more will demonstrate the truth of it.

Cats and the Occult

(Continued from Page 6)

Conversely, there have been interesting and truthful explorers' stories come from remote parts of the earth, that when films were shown to savages from portable projectors, primitive minds have spent hours examining the screen, trying to figure out where the people have gone who so lately played their visible roles upon it. The natives *saw* those people, therefore they must have had existence.

What the natives truly saw was a composition of color so skillfully maneuvered by film and projection-light as to give a perfect two-dimension aspect of realism.

We have people in life today who want to confine other people in asylums when the latter declare that they can see the Light Bodies of discarnate people going about their business in a more attenuated octave of Matter-substance.

"Such folks are only having hallucinations!" these wisecracks cry. "If it were anything but hallucination and illusion, all people would be able to discern such Discarnates!" It does no good to protest that the eyes of all people mayn't have the proper filters to bring the Discarnates into visibility. Yet that is exactly what seems to be in demonstrable proof in the ordinary house-cat, and oftentimes in dogs.

"My dog is very psychic!" some fond pet-owner will announce. "I'm positive from the way he acts, that he often sees creatures not of earth."

Now the pooch isn't "psychic" at all.

Being psychic means to perceive or register with the Soul, the immortal spirit enshrouded for the time in flesh, and with the physical equipment utterly quiescent or shortcircuited. The pooch is behaving the very opposite of psychic. Its physical equipment, particularly its eye-

equipment, has become abnormal instead of sub-normal. Its eye may filter out values in the light tones that render objects visible not assured to human perceptions. And so it "sees" what we ordinarily think of as the hyperdimensional.

FROM the opposite end of the phenomenon, the person who has sloughed off his former clumsy, unwieldy, low-voltage body, and is now performing in the ultra or infra arena of colors, enters into an otherwise familiar scene where cat or dog may be present. If the intruding party is not a particularly pleasant person, and cat or dog have a swift and instinctive dislike of him, the animals will at once spring up and back away from such intruder, get their backs up or show their teeth, exactly as they would have done had such a person entered the room or made advances in flesh.

Whereupon the animal's owner, equipped with sub-normal human eyesight, will cry in dramatic disquiet: "Look at the way the cat or dog is acting! Something's wrong in this room! My grandmother used to say that all cats were devil's creatures, and I can well believe it."

The poor puss is merely getting a bad reputation for having a more intricate or more capable eye than that of its master or mistress. But the Discarnate himself, noticing that humans pay him no attention as though he wasn't there simply because he is totally colorless to their sluggish gaze, begins to make up to the cat—or the dog—because he notes that the cat or the dog acknowledges his existence and presence through their powers of filtered sight.

He may even advance and try to pet the cat. Tabby begins to purr and rub its sides against invisible ankles. Or if the animal be a dog, it may feign friendship with the Discarnate for a time, then drive him into a corner, loudly barking and with scruff of hair vertical upon the canine's neck.

Nothing supernatural is happening whatever. These are all natural incidents, duplicated a thousand times a day in mortal life in flesh. But because they are happening with a person involved who has laid aside his overcoat or street garments, of flesh, the earthly persons cry "Spooks! Witches! The Devil!" and have attacks of jitters that turn their vitals to water.

Let's leave it here for this week . . .



Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

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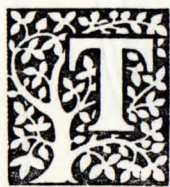
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A f t e r t h o u g h t



THE OLDER I become, the more the mystery of Intelligence challenges me. I mean the intelligence of the average man and woman, what modern Psychology designates as I-Q. I know *why* one person is supposed to be more intelligent than another. I can recognize or identify intelligence when it manifests in the mortal individual. But what Intelligence is, in its own essence, is something that snap judgments won't explain. We're given to saying that in the light of Progressive Ensoulments in flesh, the more experiences we undergo, the more intelligent we must become. It's a working hypothesis for this marvel of discriminating consciousness. But having ten million experiences, of every class and quality, doesn't explain why one man reacts one way and another man another. In other words, one man draws a given variety of conclusions from an experience and another man draws an altered variety. To say that this happens because of reactions from previous experiences, is to explain the fact of a horse by the fact that once he was a colt, then trying to explain the colt by saying that his biologic mother was a mare.

WHAT I'M commencing to wonder, as I observe men and women from increasing assays of age, is whether or not we've even begun to scratch the surface as yet of the phenomenon of Thinking itself. We perceive ourselves confronted by a problem and we withdraw, as we express it, to "think it out". What do we do? We call up the album of all the picture-images of previous impressions of this or allied subjects that have ever registered on our minds, both from personal experience and academic education, compare this one with that one, and out of the mental contrasts thus made we evolve a judgment of what our conduct should be as a policy. Going through this process is what we term Thinking. But one person can call up the past picture-images sharply and facilely and make the conclusion-concepts as by second nature; the next person struggles to do it and ends with a headache. One we term a "fast thinker", the other is castigated as a dim-wit. One is "clever," the other is "stupid." One functions automatically as leader of a group; the other follows more or less blindly where the fast thinker leads and on the whole is contented to do so because it saves him those headaches. But what have we explained exactly in the whole of it? It's not enough that one's "thinking machinery" operates cleaner and faster than another's. Why should two thinking equipments operate at different speeds or give different results, anyway? . . . All of which generally is called up by a statement I recently noted in a log of messages communicated by an alleged Space-Ship visitor. In commenting upon what the denizens of neighboring planets were beginning to estimate of earth-man's mass I-Q—or Intelligence Quotient—meaning what the Space Visitors, taking them by and large, were deciding as man's ability to perform intellectually, one of them declared, "We find few on

your earth-plane ready. Man seems to be in that elemental state of discovering Thinking itself, not the results of Thinking when intelligently performed." This use of the adjective "ready" had an ominous note. Ready for what? The term in this sense indicates preparation. I interpret it that the Interplanetary visitors find few mortals prepared to adapt themselves to conditions coming upon the planet inexorably or from natural causes so that personal survival and progress seem indicated without qualification . . .

HEADACHES alleged to have been caused from "thinking" are not caused from it, actually. They result from an inherent perversity in human nature, resenting that the situation in which the person finds himself is beyond his range of mental performance, but instead of accelerating such mental performance, he takes refuge in pique that his free spirit is the dupe or puppet of forces greater than itself. The stupid person in nine cases out of ten is subconsciously a bombastic person. He doesn't resent the increments of facile mentality, he resents the circumstance that his responses are deficient, in other words, that his self-vigilance is more or less purposefully faulty. Life's circumstances are utterly dispassionate in respect to how the recipient of wisdom receives it. So the stupid person wastes his energies in battling the realization of his predicament when he should be applying them to correcting his own expressions. Take the famous—or infamous—recantation of Galileo before the Papal Court in respect to the motion of the earth about the sun. "I Galileo, being in my seventieth year, being a prisoner and on my knees, and before your Eminence, having before my eyes the Holy Gospel, which I touch with my hands, adjure, curse, and detest the error and heresy of the movement of the earth." *On his knees!* One of the great creative discoverers of all times on his knees before the champions of an Oriental concept of cosmology which by the strange processes of the theologic mind had come to be associated with fundamental problems of mortality. Legend says that Galileo muttered beneath his breath as he went from the room, "Nevertheless, the earth *does* move!" . . . We look back pityingly on the bombast of the Dark-Age theologic mind, and yet are we not guilty of the same identical bombast when we exclaim angrily to our metaphysical mentor, "I'll accept everything in your text but the fact of Reincarnation. We do *not* come back into physical bodies and be born again." The Papal mind, forcing Galileo to recant, did so through fear of contradicting Divine statement in Genesis. We dispute the fact of physical reensoulment because we do not care to face the prospect that we might be called to compensate for our misdeeds in a repeat performance right here in the conditions in which they were committed. But where does "thinking" or "intelligence" figure in it all? Mayn't the truly intelligent person merely be he who gets his own puny ego out of the way in order to see the galactic life-logic in its ordered and balanced parts?
—THE EDITOR