

Valor

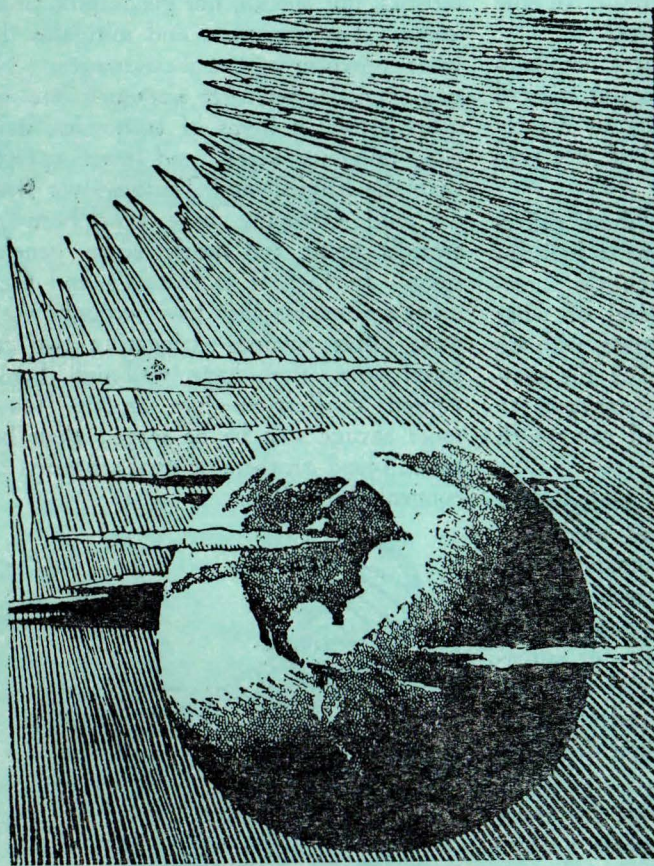
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 12



SEEING EARTH FROM EYES OF SPACEMEN

Travelers as the 'trash-can' of the universe? Who says so, and by what right do they decide it?"

Such a question is not so much a challenge to defend the Saucer Guests as it is a stimulus toward looking at the cultural condition of the earth with eyes of astute appraisal and seeing it as it is.

AVOIDING the argument as to whether or not there actually has been a single interplanetary visitor setting foot on this planet and essaying to pass judgment on global conditions, does not food for thought lie in considering such remonstrance as an hypothetical quandary?

Definitely, how many mortal intellects in our earth-world have the capability—to say nothing of the Intelligence Quotient—to look at life on our planet objectively and recognize the significance of its deficiencies?

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LT APPEARS to irk a certain type of folk to hear that the opinion of Space Men respecting this planet Earth-Shan is not high. Not being able to browbeat the interplanetary visitors and intimidate them in any manner for holding such opinion, their substitute recourse is to remonstrate in no good grace when a periodical such as VALOR gives such opinion publicity.

"I fail to see," writes one, "what meritorious purpose is served by spreading the malicious assumption that this solar satellite of ours is regarded by imaginary Space





Fraternal Conflicts Are Worst

tems of other sovereign States. And there is deep-rooted prejudice resulting in campaigns of physical extermination when one segment of the world's populace is opposed by other sections because of convictions respecting God and the future life.

Does it really seem to be a fact that such rivalries arise chiefly from the circumstance that the peoples of earth, looking at them as they are—spread across land surfaces of five continents—reach such convictions in result of the traditional acceptances of *race*?

No particular race or races are indicated in such a query. All races, viewed as classifications of humanity in respect to history, speech, and folklore, are propounded.

We say different racials "think differently" . . . and when we come to look into it, we observe that some consider themselves created nearer the ideal of what all mankind should approximate, with no dispassionate arbiter to rule on the matter of who is capable or competent to pass the final judgment and say which is right.

We encounter the unique and distinctive circumstance that races are more than special segments of humanity with skins of various hues or speech of various humors. Each is a segment of humanity with a mass inferiority or superiority complex, with commercial, military, or cultural accomplishment advanced as proof that one is "better" than the other—through being "smarter".

Economic systems arise from the traits of such races. Political systems acquire uniqueness from the inherent subserviences based on the assumption that one form of theological worship lifts one race higher in divine esteem than that pursued by another. And all come about because different racial specimens approach the general problems of life through the exercise of different temperaments.

Is the answer some sort of reconciliation on a give-and-take basis, finding a common meeting ground for the exercise of all peculiarities, or does it lie in the merits of the culture of one race ultimately spelling survival and thus arriv-

ing at a uniformity through disappearance of the dissenters?

Finally, are the many racials themselves to be too rigorously blamed for the fact that they are living up to their eccentricities as racials?

Who but God Himself can really be held responsible for creating the distinctions that result in the belliciosities?

WE HAVE to face the fact that it is not similarity of physical characteristics, nor speech, nor geographic proximities, that minimizes and mitigates the most provocative racial jealousies. No two countries on earth approach one another closer in items of economics, politics, religious ideals and even speech, than the English and Teutons—yet Britain and Germany have now been at sword's point for nearly seven generations. In fact, it is Britain's and Germany's alikeness that have wrought their most bitter rivalries—triggering two colossal wars that have well-nigh bankrupted civilization—just as no feuds more savage can be waged than between blood brothers or rival segments of congenial families.



No, it is historical tradition and pride of nationalism *that do most* to enforce the distinctions making for the will to mutual extermination, as attested by the two great Anglo-Saxon countries. Thus the Space-Ship observers would logically conclude that it isn't differences between races so much as overmuch similarities that cause brother to rise up and butcher brother.

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In other words, how many people in the world's current pass of heterogeneous intelligence, with its bellicose and explosive potentials, possess the I-Q to imagine how our global attainments *would* appear to denizens of some other planet whose civilization might be 50,000 to 100,000 years advanced over ours up the spiritual scale?

Supposing we glance at it . . .

THE SOCIAL predicament throughout the world as of the present, seems to have come about from three major factors. The first is Economics, the second is Civics, and the third is Theologies. Putting it simpler, the nations of the world appear to be suffering from grave differences of opinion about the efficacy of commercial systems, about the morality of political systems, and about the authenticities of wholesale religious convictions. But is this the way to tackle the problem?

What makes one section of the world wish to do business in a certain way, another section of the world espouse governmental systems at variance with other sections, and millions of human beings hold religious views antagonistic to the religious views of other millions—and exasperations over the dissensions seeking recourse in destructions of human bodies, either singly in executions or en masse in so-called wars?

There is animosity among one caste of human beings over the amounts of personal wealth acquired by other castes. There is rivalry resulting in widespread campaigns of abuse and defamation in one sovereign State over the political sys-

WILL Aquarians Kill for Food? . .

IN GEORGE Hunt Williamson's article on the next page is mentioned the opinion of Prof. Kurt Sitte of Syracuse University regarding increasing cosmic ray bombardment which the earth is undergoing. "Too many electrons," declares Prof. Sitte, "are showering down upon us. At least there are too many of these tiny units of electrical charge to be explained by present theories, which hold that electrons are produced by cosmic rays smashing into the atmosphere high above our earth. *Unknown particles or processes must be involved!*"

An Associated Press article out of Washington, D. C. has gone the rounds of the newspapers since the last issue of VALOR, stating that many scientists were becoming puzzled as to which planetary group was responsible for this increasing cosmic-ray shower, and are trying to determine whether the direction is from Aquarius or Sirius?

ADEPT esoteric students may read a doubly significant meaning into such possible projection origins, since they have knowledge of forecasts concerning earth-changes as our solar system proceeds deeper and deeper under Aquarius and further away from Pisces in the consummation of the current celestial year. The Celestial Year, in Astronomy, requires 26,860 of our solar years and represents the time required for our sun with all its planets, to complete its orbit about its own star-sun, said by some astronomers to be Arcturus and others to be Sirius.



SUPPOSING the Aquarian Bombardment of Cosmic Rays Etherizes Earth So that Foodstuffs Become Archaic?

If the cosmic ray bombardment be arriving from Sirius, the fact brings recollection that the *Golden Scripts* state unconditionally that the vast satellite revolving about Sirius—or the well-known Dog Star—"is the seat of the Godhead" in our particular section of the omniverse.

Can we interpret this to mean factually that this unprecedented electron-shower noted by Prof. Sitte, is reaching us for sacred reasons "from the Seat of the Godhead"? ..

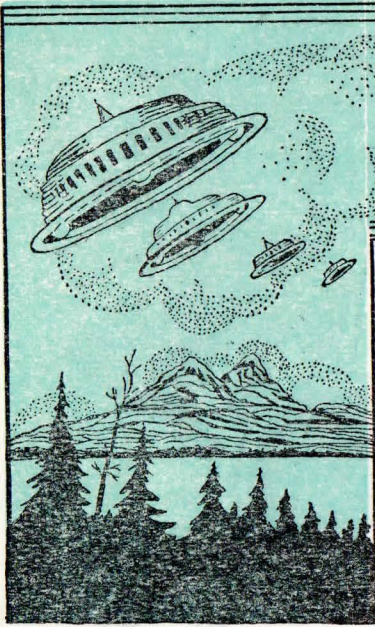
It is something to think about and may portend anything.

FROM mystical lore long antedating present crucial times it has been given us that once every 26,860 years our solar system remains for 2,157 years "in the celestial month" of Aquarius, or in closest passing proximity under the

Aquarian constellation. Civilizations rise and fall on earth in consequence of the different cosmic ray bombardments of each of the constellations around the celestial calendar. It means generally that every six and a half thousand years we are "under" an Earth Sign, every six and a half thousand years we are under a Fire Sign, every six and a half thousand years we are under a Water Sign, and every six and a half thousand years we are under an Air Sign. Three times every Celestial Year we pass through these cycles, civilizations always rising to highest flower, however, in Air Signs—Aquarius, Gemini, and Libra.

Apparently each of these Air Signs is distinguished by heaviest bombardment of cosmic rays, which apparently have the effect of raising the cultural level of society by causing elimination of elements of what we might call *Low Spiritual Frequencies*. In other words, the vicious, the brutal, the gross and materialistic have difficulty maintaining organic existence because their literal physical systems are not "geared" to stand the vibrations characteristic of those Air Signs. This throws the preponderance of numbers and influence, by elimination, altruistic, intelligent and generally "spiritual" ele-

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

... By George Hunt Williamson ...

The Aquarian Age Is to Mean Regeneration

over the decades. Some prophet or other is always setting a date for the "end of the world". Your editor has told you what the *Golden Scripts* have to say on this subject, and these beautiful messages are in every way consistent with what our space visitors have told and are telling us! *The world is not going to end!*

The space friends are here to help us build a bigger and better earth, where all men may live together as true brothers should. We will be our brothers' keepers. The Great Avatar did not say, "till the end of the world", as so many theologians would have us believe. When translated correctly, we know that he said instead, "till the end of the *age*". Immediately we see that the great teacher was referring to the end of the Piscean Age, not the cataclysmic so-called "end" of the literal ground beneath our feet! Further, this great master never spoke in negative terms for his was a ministry of positive thought in contrast with the "thou shalt nots" of the old Mosaic Law!

The space craft occupants have told us that we worship the Creator, but that we worship in *word*, not *deed*! If we believe in Him, and have faith in Him, how can we for a moment believe that our all-loving Heavenly Father is going to rain down death, destruction, and horror on us? Over and over again, with much repetition, the "men of God" in the pulpits of today tell us that our God is "all loving and kind". Then with the next breath they contradict themselves by telling us that at times He "gives us up!" And they paint a picture of "sweet angels" casting poor "sinners" into lakes of fire and brimstone to endure *eternal* torment!

INFORMATION coming from the highest authority amongst the space people tells us that our world is to become a place of tranquil peace and plenty for all! *Only the good is to be inherited by man on Earth!* Many people today point to the strange changes in our weather, the many earthquakes, tornados, tidal-waves, floods, and so-forth and tell us that these are "signs of doom"! Changes have been going on for thousands of years on Earth, but the old world is still keeping its orbit around the sun. However, there are many changes now taking place. These changes will be on the Physical, the Mental and the Spiritual planes of Earth.

Let me give you a quick run-down of outstanding events in 1953. On February 2, hurricane floods on southeastern British, Dutch, and Belgian coasts killed 1,941 persons. On Feb. 12th. there was a violent quake at Torroud, Iran which killed 531 persons. March 19th. saw the Turkish quakes that killed 246 people. On April 30th, tornados killed 19 in central Georgia and caused wide-spread damage. In May, on the 11th., Waco and San Angelo, Texas were smashed by tornados causing 60 million dollars in damage and killing 124 persons. June 9th. tornados killed 139 in Michigan and Ohio. The following day, on the 10th., tornados killed 86 in Massachusetts. On June 26th. Japan's worst flood in modern history killed 702 with 1,433 missing. July 12th. 700 died in the Greek Ionian Island earthquakes. Later in the year on Nov. 9th. 2,000 died in the Indochina typhoon. And on Dec. 5th. many people died in a tornado disaster that caused 25 million dollars in damage, at Vicksburg, Miss.

Going through my clipping file, I find many, many more reports of various kinds of disasters. Scientists agree that something mighty strange is going on. Your editor has told you of the melting polar caps and the increase of water in our

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LAST WEEK we discussed the fireballs and their purpose at this time. The photographic-type fireball has made a minute survey of our planet. Every nation and *all* the people in those nations is known completely! Our space friends have known for many centuries that our Earth was going to experience vast changes as it came more and more under the influence of Aquarius or the "Golden Dawn". Their appearance in our skies is nothing to be alarmed about, for they are here *only* to guide us and act as escorts to their earth brothers as this planet enters an area of more intense vibration. All information now coming from various saucer researchers reaches the same conclusion. They use different terminology to be sure, but they are saying the same thing! Some say we are entering a new "density", others say we are entering a new "dimension", others say we are going from the water to the air age, still others say from Pisces to Aquarius. Others prefer to say we are going into a "Golden Dawn" or a "Golden Age". It doesn't really matter what we call it, for our planet is now in a stage of transition toward greater unfoldment of man's progression on Earth.

MANY people, including the "prophets of gloom", throughout the world are telling us we will be totally destroyed in a terrible atom war. In meditating on these grim forecasts for our immediate future we can't help but remember other dire warnings that have come our way



Why Some Parents Are Burdened with Problem-Children . .



EARLY in the transcript of The Soulcraft Doctrine, the recorder could not forbear to put the question: "What are Idiots, and why should Imbecility have been introduced into a world made up of generally rational people?"

The Great Mentors promptly returned this: "When souls are reborn in the bodies of so-called Idiots, it is usually a form of retrograde. They chose those bodies, because they were afraid of meeting the problems of sound bodies with their attendant responsibilities. 'Permission' does not enter into it. The soul selects and directs its own destiny, either upward or downward . . All idiots are not hopeless, however. They may be cured by Love in its highest form when they perceive the foolishness of idiocy, as an earthly form. The soul is able to go into life at will, providing it finds a suitable opening, but all do not choose to do so wisely . . The counsellors are willing to help the soul choose the parents and moment that will react to the soul's best earthly profit. The return is something blocked by the rebellion of the bodies of the parents to receive certain souls, and there is a time of waiting. Sooner or later those who wish to return to earth-conditions find the way to do so—providing they have not lost their desire for earth-conditions before opportunity presents itself."

This was the first direct reference to this absorbing subject to receive recording in The Soulcraft Scripts. But over the years that have since intervened up to the time this article is written, there have been constant side-references made to Idiots and Lunatics which begin to compose a picture of what occurs when a soul exhibits in an unbalanced fashion.

Physical age plays little part in a soul's mental caprices . .

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

WE SHOULD clearly understand, to begin with, that Imbecility and Lunacy—or outright insanity—are not the same. The ancients got the word Lunacy from noting that the full moon, the lunar orb, had some mystical effect on the aberrations of abnormal people. Even modern criminologists will tell you that sex perverts and rapists are more active in times of full moon than otherwise, all aside from the fact that a better night-light is available, enabling them to attempt their depredations. Why this should be so, we have not yet found out.

Lunacy, so to speak, is a form of Lop-sidedness, or mental or spiritual weakness for committing a certain act to excess. Most manias fall inside the classification of lunacy. Insanity, however, is a driving of the psyche to perform in flesh till the physical machinery breaks down beneath the strain—the same as an automobile engine may go to pieces if abused by excess speed over long periods of time or denied the proper lubricant.

When we come to Idiocy, however, we uniformly find one of two conditions to exist: Either there is some sort of malformation or starvation of the glands, causing the body to work improperly and thus not respond correctly to the dictates of enoused soul-spirit; or there is a peculiar experience being sought in flesh by the enoused soul-spirit whereby it wants all the sensations to be had from flesh without being held accountable by society for its acts, or having social responsibilities placed upon it with attendant loads of worry and necessity for definite accomplishments. But even in the former condition—a starvation or malformation of the glands—we well might ask: "Why then should the soul-spirit be satisfied to keep on dwelling in such faulty equipment? Why should it not vacate and make a try at getting itself born anew with glands more adroitly performing?"

It is to these latter queries that we now address ourselves.

WE MUST first of all go back to the physio-spiritual fundamental that enoused soul-spirit can be—or should be—at all times in strict overlordship of the mechanism which it occupies. True, the state of the glands determines the body's true functioning, but the glands do not operate of themselves. They ever are dictated to, by the occupying psyche, which supplies them with their life-propellation. So if a gland is sluggish, it must be because the soul-spirit is not particularly concerned to have it otherwise. And we must look for the seat of the difficulty in that lack of concern.

For instance, why should it happen that

two men will go to their offices of a morning, one shaved neatly, clothes correctly tailored, and hair pasted down with plenty of bandoline, while the other appears with a two-day growth of beard on his jowls, fried-egg on his necktie, and shoes so gray that he evidently has kicked ash-piles around that morning in the cellar?

We say carelessly that one is anxious to make a good impression on his business associates and minimize sales resistance for his personality. The other's mind is elsewhere than on the appearance of his person or he is a trifle contemptuous of how his fellows regard him.

In each of these cases we have to search back to the essences of the soul's earthly mission. The first man's finicky attitude toward how he shall appear to others may be rooted in an inward hysteria to attain to certain earthly goals within a specified time and he thus gives himself plenty of lubricant socially wherewith to consummate such business. The second man's apparent slovenliness may arise from a knowledge that his attainments already are positive, and physically speaking he can relax in comfort, not bothered by the expenditure of much care on his person.

One idea is illustrated by the ribbon-counter fop who is forever grooming himself before the mirror. The other is illustrated by the weighty old judge whose hat is ever grotesque, whose spectacles are foggy, and whose vest is a perpetual smear of cigar-ash. One hopes to arrive somewhere and uses dress to aid him. The other knows he has arrived, and dress is merely something to cover his nakedness or protect him from unfriendly weather.

Now substitute incarnating soul-spirit for Body, and Body for raiment, and we have the principle discussible in terms of certain spiritual complexes making for Sanity or Idiocy.

THE AVERAGE idiot wants, and has gained to, a situation that comprises enhousement for a life-span in a physical body that will give him its full quota of fleshly sensations and animal experiencings without reprisals for his acts being visited upon him by organized society forever functioning under forms of economic duress.

He may let his glands, dictating body's condition of spiritual control, lie sluggish or dormant purposely. If he paid remedial attention to them and galva-

nized them by disciplinary Thought focused on them to perform as in normal persons, immediately society would hold him accountable for his behavior, the tax-collector would chase him, the draft board would compel him to fill out a military questionnaire when the next war broke out and he would have to fight or go to jail, and if he married a girl and had connubial relations with her, he would be severely penalized if he failed to support her offspring.

But if he contrives to play a role whereof his normal fellows remark that he is "mentally irresponsible" he gets all the physical sensations out of life and even has karmic debts repaid to him without being under the slightest obligations to render values in return.



THE MENTORS have implied that idiocy in its broadest sense is a form of retrograde. But the term is misleading. Subsequent examination of this absorbing topic indicates that they have not meant degeneracy.

To illustrate, take the case of a hard-working wife and mother who suddenly develops hysteria and nervous breakdown. She refuses to fry more chops, sweep more floors, or make more beds. The poor soul is wearied unto death of eternally going over the same domestic ground from year's end to year's end with no relief in sight. She feels that nothing is adequate recompense for her slavery.

So one morning she takes to her bed. If her husband complains that he has no breakfast, she screams. He tries to console her and she claws him. He sends for the doctor and the doctor administers

a sedative. Suddenly that woman finds out that she likes the doctor, because he administers the sedatives bringing about an anesthesia from her predicament. She goes in for "spells" . . . Thereafter if she sees housework mounting up on her, or doesn't get enough petting from her husband, she promptly has a "spell" . . . She is truly blackmailing her household into paying attention to her, lightening her duties, or acquiring new fur coats to go upon her body.

All of it is retrograde but not degeneracy. It is retrograde in that the more clever wife and mother would declare sensibly: "Frank, I can't do this work capably. It's piling up on me. If I'm to continue to be a fit person for you and the children to live with, I've got to have a maid. How can we manage it?"

Three-quarters of the people given to "spells" are merely acting a role, forcing their intimates to coddle them by threatening to kick the roof off if they can't have their own ways, and truly indulging in a mild form of Idiocy as the term is cosmically used by The Mentors.

The Idiot is playing the role of indulging himself or herself in one long mortal "spell" that his intimates may take care of him, and coddle him, and get him all things whatsoever he desires, without him repaying a lick in return.

No nerve specialist seriously recommends turning the recalcitrant woman over on her tummy and paddling her bustle—although many a neurasthenic has been brought out of her insufferable play-acting in an instant by having a five-gallon pail of cold water splashed straight in her face.

The woman who has gone to bed to enjoy a nervous breakdown that is more or less bona fide, has serious factors disarranged in her life that have wrought the breakdown in the first place. Correct such factors preying upon her spirit and the breakdown mends.

That is only common sense.

It is so with the idiot, and those of us who have delved into the Mentors' Doctrine have become convinced that such is the treatment which they misname Love.

An idiot, on the whole, is a quite normal person who is spiritually playing sick.

Very good, what have been the conditions in its prior lives that have led it to believe that "playing sick" is profitable?

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The Soulcraft Rostrum . . .

Filled by
Rev. O. W. Jadwin



Things You Should Keep in Mind about Prayer



PRAYER is a mighty channel of power that is often misunderstood, certainly much abused. Not that any of us fully understand it or use it as we should. But there are some things about it that need clarifying. And, even though one could write a hundred articles about the various aspects of prayer, still there is a certain way I wish to look at it in this article, or rather a few pertinent points, or principles, that seem to me vital if we are going to explore and use prayer in our lives.

Some one has said that, "There are three ways in which men get what they want. They are, by thinking, by working, by praying." Actually these are intertwined activities. However, there is a difference in application to life's actual problems.

It is quite often true that we imagine we are thinking when we are merely recognizing, in a hazy sort of way, that we face a problem, but without thinking that problem through to a satisfying conclusion. We could wear our life out in work in this manner and still not accomplish the thing that could and should be accomplished from real thinking, and therefore constructive work.

NOW, it seems to me that right here the power of prayer may be brought into effect. For prayer, among other things, is recognizing a power within us to correlate and channel our thought and work into constructive realization. Power to be, and to do, comes from within us, and until this is recognized for what it means, we are lost in uncertainty and frustration. Truly, it is most vital that we learn how to realize and use the power within us.

Before giving some positive principles of prayer, let me say that there are some things that prayer is *not*.

For one thing, it is not begging God for something. He knows well what we need. Not only that; we wouldn't change God's mind, nor His laws. These are unchangeable and immutable.

Then, prayer is not the use of mere self-power. Man can never lift himself by his own boot straps. He is universally and eternally linked to cosmic and divine power. There is danger here, for man, thinking in terms of His power alone, could revert to the extreme of the super-man of the philosopher Nietzsche. That inevitably would separate us from cosmic and divine truth and power. That would amount to using power inversely, and is the very thing the *Golden Scriptures*

teaches us to be loss of identity. That's being "lost" with a vengeance.

POSITIVELY speaking, prayer is recognizing and using the divine power that is within us for our own growth and expansion into ever finer and nobler beings.

I can think of no better way of practical use of that power than applying, in our every day lives, the meaning and the truths in that masterful prayer of our Lord, commonly called the Lord's Prayer as given in the 6th Chapter of St. Matthew, and the Master Prayer of the *Golden Scriptures*, Chapter 131.

Now, it would be beside the point to argue that we do not understand the fullest meaning of these great prayers. Any normal human being understands enough of them to use them in his life. The question is not so much one of not understanding; it is one of willingness to comply.

Christianity is not so much misunderstood as it is misused, or not used at all.

The problem, in this connection, that all of us face is that of making our religion too shallow. We take it for granted. We are like the child who has not learned its lessons of life; we live

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VALOR . .

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Those Prophets Apain

BECAUSE others may feel the same way about it, suppose we harken a moment to a letter from the West criticizing VALOR for not recognizing the text of the *Golden Scripts* when upbraiding Prophets of Doom. The Domsday Daniels will have their martyr vigils in the Lion's Dens, expecting to be devoured, slightly disappointed if they're not. Says this writer—

"I'm surprised that a man of your intelligence keeps drumming and harping upon the precept on Page 294 of the *Golden Scripts*, with the interpretation which you put upon it—which is wrong. This precept says, 'Behold it is the law that no true prophet foretelleth destruction.'

"You talk like these orthodox Christians who blindly quote their same traditions over and over again, even after you and I point out to them what they are doing. If you stick to your interpretation, you will have to sign yourself off, for the *Golden Scripts* also prophesy the doom of the United States in unmistakable words.

"In Chapter 91, Verse 46 it says, 'The world as ye know it disintegrateth in thought.'

"In Chapter 72, Verse 45 it says, 'Else ye be destroyed.'

"In Chapter 36, Verse 23: Christ says, 'This nation is an abomination unto me Behold it shall be cleansed. I will see to the cleansing.'

"In Chapter 235, Verse 25 it says, 'Hear ye my words and perceive their true incense . . . I tell you a great lechery cometh upon this nation whose end ye perceive not. And yet I instruct you, harken not to false counsel that crieth, 'It is endless!'

The Lord was right when He told you that this nation was to come to an end . . . 'whose end ye perceive not.' No, you can't see it, yet it's written in the *Golden Scripts* and you make it out to be a lie.

"The Elder Brother continues in Verse 25 above, 'Harken not to false counsel that crieth it is endless.' Now whose counsel is false? Right from the *Golden Scripts* you make yourself look foolish. And these things have been pointed out to you before.

"When you continue with such tactics, how can you accuse the orthodox Christians of doing the same? I am always open to correction by those who examine the evidence and are fair and just.

"All Scriptures foretell destruction!"
Sincerely, etc. . .



THIS CORRESPONDENT happens to be a particularly sincere and devout man whose knowledge of Holy Scripture is prodigious. He has shown himself equally familiar with the *Golden Scripts*. But he pardonably falls into the

error, as VALOR sees it, of taking excerpts to contain the sense of whole messages. He says he's open to correction by those who are just and fair. Let's see . . .

Read all of Chapter 91, and particularly Verse 46 in full—

46 Now mark this well: When it cometh time that we have completed our labors and man no longer need of this planet, this thing happeneth, the world as ye do know it disintegrateth in thought.

When man no longer hath need of this planet! Is that prophesying gloom and doom? Who cares a shot what happens to this solar satellite when man no longer has need of the profits in experience he gets upon it? The implication should be plain that man in such remote time would not be around, because he would have finished with it. To speak of a global world "disintegrating in thought" as an incident describing the ultimate fate of terra firma, isn't prophesying doom, not a doom that anyone need worry about.

Now read all of Verse 45 of Chapter 72:—

45: Ye say, Manifest among yourselves in goodly works, one unto the other, lest ye be destroyed of your own volition . . . These things ye say and behold men mock you . . .

In other words, the reference to destruction is an august warning to wayward man that unless he mends his ways he is laying himself open to bringing on his own destruction. It is postulation of a given effect from cause. When a scientist advises the U. S. Military that some blunder in handling atom bombs might trigger the incineration of the hydrogen atmosphere of this planet, is that a prophesy of doom? The doom prophecy that VALOR consistently deplores is the screaming warning that a hydrogen bomb is due to trigger off the incineration of the atmosphere at half-past three o'clock of Thursday afternoon, with no place for the human race to go but heaven.

ALL of Chapter 36 is an adjuration of the Elder Brother's as to how man should receive His loving offices. Twenty-two verses of sublime language describe the skulduggery and corruption that men now engage in, and Verse 23 then expresses divine opinion as to what the Great Teacher thinks about it—

23 I say it is all abomination unto me, who sought out this land as a shib-

boleth among the nations. Behold it shall be cleansed. I will see to that cleansing.

Cleansing! Who is to forecast what form such cleansing is to take? Good Republican newspapers are loquacious at present about the "cleansing" the Eisenhower Administration is giving the nation of New-Deal malpractices. Senators McCarthy and Jenner seem to be "cleansing" government departments of spies and saboteurs in Russia's interests. Yet automobiles are still rolling smoothly down Pennsylvania Avenue and people are sleeping o' nights in their beds in reasonable comfort, if not exactly worryless.

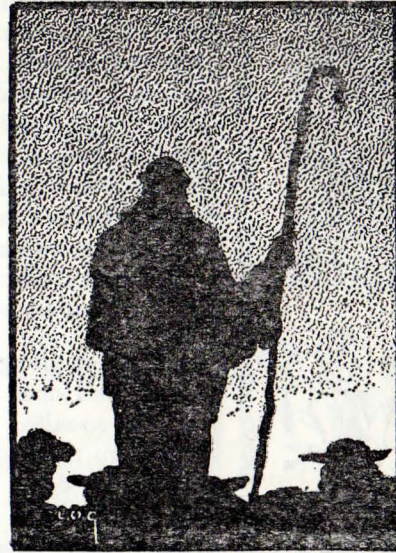
Why go on? Verse 25 of Chapter 235 is the very antithesis of doom, if it be read correctly. *Harken not to false counsel that crieth, It is endless!* was condemning the very prophets of disaster, who in bemoaning the evil of the times sought to persuade the poor addled race that its national lechery was interminable. This very chapter happens to be headed: *The Lechery Is Not Endless!* We end it by "teaching the nations goodly things", not scaring the living daylight out of poor benighted souls, powerless to do very much about malfeasance in high places.

If the *Golden Scripts* be anything at all, they are one continuous preaching to courage in treating with the issues of these times, and not leaving it to half a dozen heavenly cataclysms to stand earth's mountains on their heads to get regeneration. Yes, there may be earthquakes here and there as the polar ice-caps melt and add their weight of additional water to the submarine crust. But so what? The writer of this editorial lived through an average of one earthquake a day in Japan in 1918-19 until he became so accustomed to them that they scarcely made him glance up from the book he might be reading.

The grim jest on this very worthy correspondent is, that the Recorder of the *Golden Scripts* held out something like 65 transcripts from the volume because they were addressed to him quite personally, acquainting him with what actually *was* to happen in the coming 30 years—and the transcribing was done in 1929.

There isn't a wail of irremediable doom in the whole of them.

It's because the totality of the messages describes most minutely how wonderful the great world scene is presently to be,



LAUDATION



USH pastures still await me
Whose like I have not seen,
Dark hills are now before me,
Tomorrow they'll be green.
Life's joy I cannot measure,
My path in life is free,
My shepherd holds my treasure,
He tends Life's Flock—and me.

High skies are piled with promise,
At break of this New Day,
He teaches me all wisdom
As we pursue night's way.
His heavens hold all glory,
Each star instruction brings,
Our course is through Love's pastures,
Kept moist by healing springs.

He shares with me his vision,
I know my contrite place,
He points to aerial wonders
From planets hoar in Space.
He speaks of Higher Pastures
Where dwell the Risen Bold,
He bands all worlds together
In Love's eternal fold.

He guides me by His kindness
Awake or paused in sleep,
No Wolves of Doubt run preying
For He protects His sheep.
Come, share with me this vigil
In what is left of Night,
What Mists of Fear can chill us?

We know all dawns mean Light!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

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Soulcraft Chapels

under the jurisdiction of the Great Law-giver, that he hails the Scripts as the most beauteous inspirations in print that the world scene holds today. And he won't be chased from his conviction of Optimism. Everything privately prophesied to happen, good or bad, since 1929 to the moment, *has happened*. Therefore does he have faith to believe the remaining happenings are not due to defect.

Now let's add something else in still more serious note—

IT'S ONE thing to sit down in relaxation and open the Clairaudient faculties to so-called discarnate speech addressed to the Inner Ear. Ten thousand persons are doing that nightly. It's quite another to have Illustrious Beings who declare they haven't reincarnated since Galilee, voluntarily rematerialized in flesh in the presence of ten to a dozen witnesses—their personalities, voices and costumings leaving small doubt about their bona fide identities—and catch their words completely in intelligible volume on electronic recording tape as they confirm in the most sacrosanct detail the authentic and accurate import of such earlier clairaudient addresses.

That thing has happened. And VALOR has the persons witnessing it to attest to it, as well as the electronic tapes recording it.

There are to be miraculous and unbelievable changes in human affairs and mundane living conditions on this planet in the next few months and years, yes. But they are God-arranged to *save the benighted human race from itself!*

The *Golden Scripts* do not preach doom and disaster, nor send up wholesale groans of horrific things to come upon the earth. They are words of reassurance, in the most elevated terms, of what every earnest man and woman on earth should endorse and promote in order to bring the Golden Times in upon the earth.

VALOR still says, it is better to light a single candle than to curse the darkness. The *Golden Scripts* light 844 candles, one to each page. But maybe some readers can't see the text for the radiance.

As for the letter-writer's tag, "All Scriptures foretell destruction," . . . it's by no means the prophecies of doom that make them Scriptures. If that were true, then every edition of every city newspaper would be pages of Holy Writ. Further-

more, you could make them foretell anything, if you pieced together excerpts.

Sorry, Daniel, that the lions don't bite when you want so frantically to be bitten. Maybe they're very nice lions and would not bite a Gloomy Prophet if it cost them their places in history. Further deponent sayeth not.

Spacemen's Eyes

(Continued from Page 2)

And such conclusion poses a headache to anyone approaching the problem constructively and honestly groping for a solution.

Actually, we find, races do not particularly "hate" each other for deeply demarked differences of color, speech, or mass eccentricities. Only the particularly embittered white "hates" the Negro. The Negro in turn doesn't particularly "hate" the Chinaman, the North American Red Man, or the Scandinavian. The Gentile doesn't "hate" the so-called Zionist for the shape of his profile or emphasis on the gutterals of his speech—but for tactless acquisitiveness and theologic megalomanias. Take note that these are exactly the characteristics for which the Gentile himself is most distinguished.

The Space Men might ask, "What ails these earth populations, that they compete most savagely not from differences but from resemblances?"

THE SUGGESTION has been advanced, propounded by certain cultists in metaphysics, that races may originally have come to issue on Earth-Shan because derived from space voyagers in earlier times originating on different planetary systems. Some cultists have preached openly that Negroids came from one planetary system where their racial characteristics were uniform; Asiatics came from another originating solar grouping; and Aryan Whites from still a third celestial region where their culture was consistent and undefiled. Met together on the Globe Earth they assumed the status of the preyed and preyed upon, each considering he had done his own particular breed a service by destroying the other's corporeal vehicle and thus eliminating him as an intruding unit.

But that is not the way it shows on historical record.

Whether or not such interplanetary origins were true, we *have* witnessed the Black Man possessing Africa as a continental if not a global home, the Yellow Man possessing Asia, and the White Man possessing Europe and later North America. And comparatively few have been the conflicts between populations of continents strictly because they were distinctive racially. The Wars of the Crusades were not racial wars between Aryan and Moor so much as religious wars between Christian and Mohammedan. The descent of the Golden Horde on Europe out of Asia in the 12th Century wasn't racial so much as spoliative because one continent seemed to have a higher living standard than the other and there was wealth to be seized. The World Wars of 1914 and 1939 in which all racials seemed to line up on one side or the other—with predatory Bolshevism emerging as a still greater menace—were strictly conflicts with their roots in Economics.

History should enlighten us that some of the elements claiming to treat scholastically with the race problem on the world parliamentary basis are altogether witless respecting their premise.

The Race Problem is permitted to assume a proportion in global thinking all out of proportion to its actuality.

More accurately they are competitive standards of living that originate these mass waves of human destruction, with the racial minorities taking one hundred percent advantage of the opportunism they afford for advancing minority interests against the majority. But it's the Racial Minority that invites the onus when such waves of mass destruction don't roll as expected.

Suppose we recognize this, and see what we can do about it.

We shall take up a whole series of papers this winter on "The Space Man's Viewpoint" of our global complexities, whether the Space Man himself be bona fide or not . . .

Killing for Food

(Continued from Page 3)

ments—those of High Spiritual Frequencies. Thus without the antitheses of the latter to encumber and bestialize society, the nations of the world make a tremendous spurt upward. For 2,157 years this

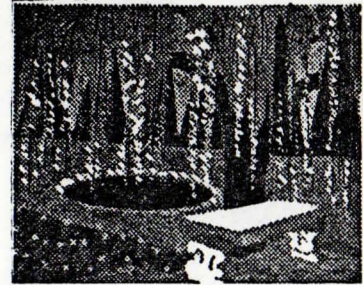
continues—giving the "Golden Ages" memorialized on song and folklore. Then such High Frequencies lessen as the solar system proceeds under any one of the three low Earth Signs, Taurus, Virgo or Capricorn. Under such Earth Signs, the brutal, the vicious, the grossly materialistic discover they can survive again, and come reincarnating back for another educational "go" at physical-life. And the ignorant in these matters have another opportunity to lament that earth seems to make no progress, as "the worst materialistic cultures" always seem to follow the highest.

The ignorant forget or do not know that the "progress" is always personal to the souls that have lived through the High Frequencies and benefitted from them.

BE THAT as it may, this current bombardment from either Sirius or Aquarius is reaching such proportions as to be taken note of by secular scientists, who declare that our whole system "is pushing out into new regions of the universe". It is a new region of the universe, perhaps, as compared to the last 2,000 years under the constellation Pisces, to which organic life fancied it had so comfortably adjusted. But it certainly is a region of the universe where the sun's planets are going to be exposed in ever mounting quantities to cosmic bombardments that may not only affect the weather of earth—as it is now positively doing—but the "density" of materials and the behavior of organic life, lifting it for 2,157 years up into what seems to be more like the ethereal.

Among the behaviors of organic life that may readily be achieved is possibly a basic change in man's practices of diet. As man rides on his global space-ship further and further into or under the effects of the Aquarian bombardment, he may discover that the same cosmic-ray electrons that overpower and extinguish the Low Spiritual-Frequency creatures, simultaneously nourish and stimulate the High Frequency creatures so that more and more they discover their increasing independence of the animalistic practices of devouring dead carcasses in order to survive. From making the discovery that flesh consumption has been something belonging back in the 2,157 Celestial Sea-

(Continued on Page 15)



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



COGITATIONS

IT OCCURS to me to wonder how many readers of VALOR may resemble a Sunday-night visitor. He's a professor in a nearby college, rotund, thirty-five. It seems that two years bygone he'd attended a lecture on Soulcraft and his curiosities been aroused. He'd implied at that time—seeking me out as progenitor of the “doctrine”—that they were scientific curiosities. If continuity of Personality could be established, he'd wanted to know how. I'd dwelt on some of my own experiences with phenomena, loaned him a couple of books, and given him *Golden Scripts*. A month or so later I'd learned he'd been one of a party from the college to attend a materializing seance at a Spiritualist Summer Camp. And what he'd witnessed had “cured” him, said he Sunday night. Spiritualistic Research was a delusion and a snare. Did I mean that I rested the bastions of Soulcraft on psychical phenomena? I said I did conditionally, and just what was wrong with it? “I began my career,” said he, with a wave of his hand that settled everything, “as an amateur magician.” I said such fact was interesting but what did it prove? “I saw nothing at the Spiritualist camp,” he announced, “that I couldn't have duplicated if I'd had similar opportunity to the medium. But I did see something pertinent. I saw a door beside the medium's cabinet open twice, during her materializations!” I asked if he beheld anyone coming through? “No,” he retorted, “but they could have come through! And previously I'd had great respect for your intelligence.”

—o—

THIS was difficult to follow. “What's a door opening twice during a seance,” I asked, “got to do with my intelligence?. I haven't been to a Spiritualist Camp since 1942.” He regarded me quizzically. “You say you base Soulcraft on

psychical phenomena, and yet psychical phenomena proves nothing—so why haven't I the right to conclude that Soulcraft likewise proves nothing?” It was up to me to defend my twenty-five years of Research against his two-hour session with a medium of whom I knew nothing and for whom I was not responsible. But “scientific” men are like that. “I said,” I corrected him, “that I rested the bastions of Soulcraft on certain aspects of phenomena that have proved to my satisfaction that Personality survives.” . . . “All right, such as?” he challenged. And I knew from the way his neck settled into his collar he was daring me to convince him—he who had started life as an amateur magician and ended up a college professor . . . So I indulged in more language. I indulged in thirty-five minutes of language, during which my visitor's neck settled still firmer into his collar. “Very interesting,” he said icily, “but you haven't described one single thing I couldn't duplicate if you'd give me the privilege of preparing the properties.” I did some challenging of my own then, for considering the time concerned in futilities, I was irked. “Then the authenticity



of psychical phenomena,” I inquired, “depends on whether or not they can be duplicated artificially?” . . . No, he wasn't prepared to say quite that. But so long as any phenomena *could* be duplicated

artificially, there was always room to question if it really wasn't humbug. And that element of doubt cancelled out everything.

—o—

I COULDN'T call it an altogether scientific technique he was pursuing to arrive at psychical Truth, but I kept that to myself. Had he read either of the books I loaned him?—the *Golden Scripts*, for instance. Oh yes, he'd read a few passages here and there, but, fact of the matter was, it employed too many big words for him to delve far in it. Had he read *Behold Life*? . . . Well, he recalled reading about an experience of a Boston doctor who'd seen a materialized woman grow smaller and smaller till she'd had to jump down off a chair-seat before distance to the floor caused a broken leg or neck. He'd have to see it happen himself before he'd believe such malarky. It showed me how much of *Behold Life* he'd read, because that incident was related in another book entirely, *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. But I knew from previous experience with the same type of person that the only proofs he really wanted were proofs that these matters were spurious and humbug. He'd arrived at his own concepts of the world and life as being one thing—we'll call it materially produced and motivated—and to upset these meant undoing and destroying him philosophically, or rather undoing his capabilities to draw correct deductions from the features of life as he found them. Really, he was defending his capabilities to correctly define or analyze life itself. This seemed to be proven by the circumstance that if you produced the phenomena for his witnessing, he wouldn't utilize them for the enlightenment in their own potencies but to stimulate hypotheses for effecting the same demonstrations synthetically. This didn't develop Wisdom, it only developed mechanical ingenuities in producing simulations—all to the end that his own caprices be served. The evening was going and we were getting expressly nowhere—be-

cause there was nowhere for us to get. He already was where he wished to be, and my spiritual philosophy was contending he had no right there.

o—o

“LOOKIT,” he cried suddenly, leaning forward and shaking a rolled-up VALOR at me, “can you make me psychic?” . . . and he seemed to hold his breath. What was coming now? “Why,” I inquired, “do you wish to be psychic?” “Because,” said he, “if I could do some of these wonders myself that you claim you can do, then it would convince me such happenings are *real*.” But his smug look had gone and he was obviously in earnest. “No,” I said, “I can’t make you psychic. Nobody can make you psychic. Because no one can make *another* person psychic, and whoever says he can, is a shyster. The basis of true psychics is a temperamental spirituality—an intuitive acquiescence in things outside the mortal.” . . . “When there aren’t any such things?” he demanded. It was where we had come in. But instead of making a circular argument out of it, I sought sincerely to put myself in his place, try to see the matter through his eyes and identify the true differences between our philosophies. What was it that I had that he didn’t have, or vice versa? But he was going on. If psychics were as bona fide as I sought to convince people like himself, what book could he read or what classes could he attend, to get the whole thing in a week—or at the outside, ten days? He was such a busy person that he didn’t have more than ten days at the most to squander in such diaphonous pursuits. And, by the way, one of the big things making him dubious about Soulcraft was my refusal to hold classes and teach the layman to be psychical by reading pages four to seven of book two. That being the way he wanted it, that was the way it should be made available and the fact that I wasn’t doing it looked like further indication that I was trading mostly in desire-wish conjurations.

o—o

I HAD to tell him finally I didn’t believe Psychics were for him and my most earnest advice was not to squander time on them. He saw that I meant it because his manner altered. “Now you’re not playing fair,” he rebuked me, “because instead of opening the door for me to really learn something, you’re slamming

it in my face.” He was continuing to challenge my intellect. How could I convey that psychics were a matter of temperament and he was evidencing he didn’t have it? And there were tens of thousands like him! . . . I said, “Suppose you were a doctor and I came to you as a young medical student, or at least an aspirant to a medical diploma, and ordered you forthwith to make me an adept physician in not more than ten days? Suppose when you tried to see what could be done with me, everything you told me about *Materia Medica* I informed you I didn’t believe. Suppose I refused to buckle down and get the background of medicine, yet expected to have you make me capable of curing abstruse diseases or performing autopsies by reading a book. Furthermore, a book of not more than a hundred pages and not a word beyond two syllables?” . . . I waited for his response. He made none. “What would you say to it?” I prodded. “I’d say,” he responded—or at least words to such effect—“that if you could get me to do it, you’d be a danged smart man!” He left at a quarter-to-eleven o’clock. Most of the remainder of the time was spent in his relating to me what had happened at the Spiritualist Camp. Most of the materializations had terminated by each materialized one submerging into the carpet. He’d sunk deeper and deeper into it, as though standing on an ice floe that was sinking, until his head had passed from sight. True, my guest clandestinely raised the rug after the seance, expecting a trick trapdoor in the floor. There was none. So he’d figured out from his vast experience as an amateur magician that he could have gotten the same effect by coming out of the cabinet cloaked in smock or cassock, allowed such robe to fall to the floor at an opportune moment, while as an entirely flesh-and-blood operator, he stepped deftly back into shadow. Clever, eh what? The duped spectator would be too amazed to watch anything but the robe. That would look like collapsing into the carpet and the inference would be that the “spook” had gone through . . . I wanted to ask him how he’d contrive to do that sort of exit act very slowly, talking all the while, in discernible ruby light, till the fabric of the rug closed over his mouth, leaving only his upraised arms visible till they in turn passed from sight in wrists and hands? But I forebore. I’d seen exactly that thing occur at



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

a Manhattan seance, back at the start of my own career—not, however, as an amateur magician. I felt that his stock answer would be that he'd have to see it happen before he'd believe it . . . But he actually had been sincere about wanting to see it happen . . .

o—o

WHAT'S the answer to such an attitude? Here was a man intelligent enough to be instructor in a college. He wasn't one to consider it squandering his time at psychics or any other subject without his interest being deep enough to follow through if he became convinced. But how convince him? . . . Probably back in his karma he'd had an earnest faith in the mystical but been frightfully disillusioned, and effects were still militant. But one couldn't offer *him* that explanation because he "saw no evidence" of progressive ensoulment anyhow. He was of that type who, had he lived before, "would have remembered it." Actually he was the dupe of materialistic science,

that rested all "proofs" on the strictly sensory. And yet he knew in his subconscious mind that nothing was easier to deceive than a sensory attribute . . . He's coming back and I shall try to coach him further. But what I said to him about having the temperament for Psychics wasn't exasperation. Real psychics means the bringing back and utilizing deliberately the sensory attributes *common to planes above the physical*. And you have to possess what the Professor would term the "instinct" for them. I call it prenatal memory of them. The Professor is the result of orthodoxy till he's lost his own personality in sensory reflexes. But he'd be the last to admit it and the first to take umbrage if I told him so openly. Yes, I have a variety of callers and each poses his problem. When will I ever be erudite enough to write books that "tell all" in less than a hundred pages and no word containing more than six letters? . . . Oh well, give me time!

—THE INTERPRETER

SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

(Continued from Page 4)

oceans and seas, and I have talked with many meteorologists who say they are concerned indeed over these unusual happenings. The facts of the past year speak for themselves . . . the evidence is substantial!

These changes are to be expected as our earth enters the new age and another section of the Universe! George Van Tassel of California and others have received the information that our earth is now being bombarded with cosmic rays that will change us as well as the terrain! Recently Prof. Kurt Sitte of Syracuse University said, "Too many electrons are showering down on us. At least there are too many of these tiny units of electrical charge to be explained by present theories, which hold that electrons are produced by cosmic rays smashing into the atmosphere high above the earth. *Unknown particles or processes must be involved!*" Dr. Sitte's conclusions were based on studies made last summer at altitudes of 10,000 to 14,000 feet in Colorado. Dr. Sitte is now a visiting professor at the University of Sao Paulo in Brazil. From now till March of this year he will study at Chacaltaya, Brazil, 18,000 feet above sea level. He hopes to discover what pro-

cesses or particles produce the electrons that *cannot be accounted for by present theories!*

Now science is discovering and proving what our space friends have been telling certain contacts for months! There is intensive bombardment now going on, and the changes are even now taking place!

WE ARE reminded of the time when the Master was in a small boat on turbulent waters. Remember those with him were very much afraid and awakened Him to tell Him of the disaster that surely would befall them? Do you also remember His words at that time? He said, "O ye of little faith!" That very same thing is happening today . . . men of "little faith" are preaching "doomsday". True, strange changes are taking place around us, just as the turbulent waters were around the little boat, but remember, He calmed the waters! No matter what takes place on Earth, He will guide us, for He promised, "Lo, I am with you *always!*"

Religionists of today preach *eternal life* but they certainly don't act as if they believed it! If life is eternal (and it is),

what is there to fear? Dear friends, take these strange happenings as signs of the approaching Golden Age on Earth, and with joy in your heart and a song on your lips, say, "Thy will be done, in and through me, thy servant."

I want to continue this discussion next week, by telling you about the appearance of the "hairy men" at various places on earth and also more about new research in cosmic radiation. What we have been told in the *Golden Scripts* and by our space friends is coming to pass!

Isn't it good to be alive?

Problem Children

(Continued from Page 6)

THE NORMAL and solicitous parents who behold in horror as their child begins to grow along, that it is commencing to utter gibberish, should not fly into any panic, or deflate in despair because God is "punishing" them for something, or start to hate the youngster and make its play-role worse. They are suddenly being presented with a problem in their lives that calls for a most astute and enthralling study.

In pursuing that study, they are bound to gain a stupendous increment in the Eternal Verities and profit by researches into Behind-Life values that might never be called to their attention otherwise in ten thousand years.

They must sensibly and understandingly take the attitude. "This soul that is abiding with us in the form of this child, has a serious problem to work out, and first of all it devolves upon both of us to recognize and concede that it is a problem. Perchance in its last life it carried too inhuman a load of social responsibilities. Perchance we as present parents had everything to do with piling that load upon it till both spirit and mind snapped grievously. Now it is back with us on a sort of foolish vacation, precipitating perhaps a situation where we must pay ourselves back for our former carelessness or callousness in our own coin. Of course it would be much nicer if this soul acted rationally, but suppose we begin a close and careful scrutiny of its complexes and its reflexes with a view to ascertaining why it may have chosen this role of idiot. We, as parents, knew before entering life ourselves that we would ultimately come together, and mar-

ry, and give this soul its present mortal vehicle. It did not happen by chance that we inherited this irresponsible young one. We deliberately made the care of it a portion of our life errands in this incarnation. Because we may have forgotten it consciously gives us no license to defect on our mentorship. Watching, studying, and aiding this soul gently and constructively, is on the whole going to add values to our own lives that leave us broader, nobler, and more efficient spirits in Eternity ourselves. To constantly heckle ourselves with the reminder of what a 'nuisance' or a 'burden' it is, is to reveal precisely the mental or spiritual deficiencies which its wardenship may correct."

With this high, firm, courageous mental attitude as the basis for performance, the parents should apply themselves to noting what most attracts or fascinates the little "idiot," since in that direction it indicates what its self-recognized alternatives are to its condition of cosmic play-acting.

Never forget for a moment that physical chastisement always makes the aggravation worse, since it is from types of prenatal physical chastisement that the "idiot" is trying to escape. The parents are temporary nurses to a mental invalid who must inevitably get better or worse. To help it get better consists of cannily supplying it with distractions or substitutes for the aggravation that has wrought the condition, since deep down in its prenatal subconscious it is willfully "playing a role".

Remember there is no such thing as Insanity in realms of pure spirit. Insanity is always spiritual reaction to physical confinement.

And the same goes for Idiocy.

Power of Prayer

(Continued from Page 7)

so much in the shallow water that we don't learn how to swim; we take God and our own powers for granted, and forget that both must be used. And when we run up against obstacles too much for us, we wail. We blame it on God, on others, or perhaps on fate.

What is actually happening is, that we have not cultivated power within us. That can be done only as we honestly face up to ourselves.

I do not believe one can read those two masterful prayers with absolute honesty of purpose without finding something of the meaning of prayer in one's own life. The thing you and I need in the reading of them is to lay aside our preconceived notions, our excuses, our own shallowness, in word, in thought, and in deed, and be absolutely honest with ourselves and with our God. Truly practicing what we know will produce what we need.

In all of it, let us be very sure that we are never alone. Divine love and power is all around us and in us. Loving helpers are ever at our call. But we must react in our own vibratory effects in such manner that we attract them.

The earnest practice of the Christ will in our lives will open the way for our prayers to be answered for our own best interest. Prayer and life must ever be inseparately linked up together. That is the only way our prayers can be channeled as power for positive good, for ourselves and for others.

"Prayer is inwardly fulfilling conditions so that power is released."

Killing for Food

(Continued from Page 11)

sons of Taurus, Virgo, and Capricorn, man may first orient himself organically to cereal diets, then wean off into sheer chemical foods that are well-nigh kin to atmospheric elements themselves.

This appears to be the same thing that happens as man's Pattern-Body gains to higher and higher discarnate planes. On the lower astral planes, directly above those of three-dimensional mortality, we find eating and drinking carried on to a certain extent, mostly in physical reflex too deeply grooved to be abandoned at once. But man's spirit climbs higher and higher, in his ascent up the inner planes, he discovers his Light Vehicle can subsist completely on the elements of Etheria and he is delivered from the bondage of subservience to food.

THE CLAIM has been advanced again and again by the various food cultists that eating generally, as man commonly practices it, is purely an inheritance from his animal ancestry, and that Hunger is more a mental reflex than any actual transfer of foodstuffs into physical ele-



ments. Not that Hunger is a mere figment of the imagination—no one who has undergone two or three days without a meal is ready to subscribe to any such fantasy—but that age-long mental processes derived from animal ancestry physically have been responsible for conditioning man's organs to crave food as stimulus. It is this stimulus to functioning that food supplies, which gives the nutritional effects. Stimulate the functions through other offices than that furnished by viands, or common devouring of flesh-substances, and operation of the vehicle in which the spirit chances to be ensouled continues more actively than ever. After all, it is energy that the soul-vehicle requires to continue its performance.

If the commercial chemistry of the near future discovers how to derive vitamins from sea and air synthetically, and the human body finds that such vitamins supply precisely the energy desired for activity, wouldn't it be true that man was "drinking the sea" and "eating the air"? Supposing it were then but a step to eliminating the synthetic derivation of the chemical preparations and conditioning the body to take the vitamins out of sea and air directly?

The materialist of today would exclaim in a species of benighted amazement that, all of a sudden, mankind had "stopped eating" and yet was carrying on vital activities the same as he had always done. Man might have graduated from putting material substances into his mouth and exercising his teeth on them, but it shouldn't be described that man had stopped eating as the business of acquiring energy exterior to himself. The better way to depict it would be, that man had totally reformed his methods for imbibing such energy—having evolved under Aquarius to higher Ethereal practices.

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



WHY is it, I wonder, that around 5:30 in the morning, just coming out of slumber, we usually see things with such terrible clarity? I average five hours sleep a night. If I go to bed before one a. m. it's because the copy is up for two publications or I chance to have no visitors. I'm up and at it again by six. Buzzie sees to that. But I often awaken to listen for his alarm bells. And the first question I ask myself is, What's the particular burden I must wrestle with today? If it isn't some atrocious bill, it's the question of who I'm going to send afar to do some particular job as it needs to be done—or how long the linotype will be down while the broken cam is welded that broke at 11 p. m., or what I'm going to tell the lady supporter from Montana who's motoring through two thousand miles of snowbank to get information to cure her husband's epithelioma by psychical Spencerian. I see things at 5 a. m., I say, with uncanny clarity. I see an Unanswerable Wonder as to what my life might have been had I never written *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*, or *The American Magazine* refused to buy or publish it . . .

I WAS paying federal income tax back in 1928 on \$20,000 to \$40,000 a year—but the tax, I remember, rarely ran above \$3,000. Had I retained the real estate I then owned in Pasadena, its rise in values up these 25 years would have made me well-nigh a millionaire. My name would still be in *Who's Who in America*—as it was for twenty years. I assume I would still be possessed of an unblemished reputation, probably retired at my present age of 64, able to travel anywhere in the world I took the caprice—and doing so. From every worldly standpoint I could have looked back on a phenomenally successful life. I could honestly have said that I had been outstandingly the winner in whatever I had set my hand to do—with one exception; that was the conduct of the little weekly paper in southern Vermont that went broke when I lost Daughter Harriet and her hospital bills floored me. I don't count what happened to my evening daily in northern Vermont while I was in Russia during World War I, when the two underlings I left in charge ran it \$20,000 in the red. I hadn't been the one who thus ran it in the red; it had been paying me \$10,000 a year when I departed it. In the whole gamut of my 64 years I would have looked back on only one year and seven months when I worked for Springfield newspapers or the *Boston Globe*, and another two years when I was foreman of the Bennington daily's mechanical department, that I'd looked to an employer for a Saturday afternoon pay cheque. Three years and seven months out of the 47 years since I'd left high school that I hadn't rustled my own payroll and rarely failed to make it. I'd traveled halfway around the earth, made twenty-one movies in Hollywood's most romantic period—the silent films—and seen my own name in type so many times it no longer packed

a thrill for me. But *The American* did persuade me to write *Seven Minutes*—for which I received \$1,500 for forty minutes work—and published it . . . I was off on strange rails . . .

WHAT'S on the Other Side of the ledger?—that thing I have asked myself on a thousand mornings as I've lain seeing Things with a Terrible Clarity. First, I suppose, I should enter the 20,000 people whom I estimate conservatively I've saved from spiritual despair by supplying sound spiritual pavement for their prodigal feet. True, that's not many souls to "save", considering the nation holds sixty-five million adults. Still, it's a few, and more than my dad ever saved as a clergyman . . . although that's no crack at him. I live in a generation thinking in bigger figures. In secular affairs but from a psychical background, I was the unsuspected progenitor of the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, pulling the wires to get it started at smoking out the Reds—although to have permitted its members to know of it would have defeated its purposes. When the Reds—with obvious Administration blessing—had everything set to start "the Revolution" out of Aberdeen, Wash. in 1936, it was 2,000 men of my personally created Silver Legion who caused them to lose their nerve as the vigilance force policed Seattle during the aligned Longshoremen's strike. And they never got that nerve back. The psychological moment had gone forever. But they did make certain I "got the business" in their reprisal prosecution of 1942 . . . That seventeen of my books fill the library shelves of Certain People would not be extraordinary except that one of them is the *Golden Scripts*—of which \$40,000 worth of copies have been distributed gratis, and the letters in acknowledgment for some of them are too poignant for preservation . . . So Soulcraft will do \$100,000 worth of publishing business the coming year, at present rates, and the Saucers are here, and I'm the pawn and dupe of Buzzie in a remodeled factory building on an Indiana small-town side street. I draw \$90 a month for the privilege of awaking at 5 a. m. and worrying over welding of the space-band cam on the Mergenthaler or what I should say to the Montana woman about her husband's epithelioma. But—to sum it up—if *The American* hadn't bought and published *Seven Minutes*, I wouldn't have met The Elder Brother. Twenty-four years before that, when I'd delivered Ambassador Francis' dispatches to Consul-General Harris at Harbin, after a 26-day starvation trip across Bolshevia that they might go in the diplomatic pouches for President Wilson in Washington, Harris had declared as he shook my hand at the steps of a Vladivostok train that was already moving, "You'll never know, son, what you've done for your country!" . . . Well, it's my blessed privilege not to know—nor want to know—what I've done for old Earth-Shan when the New Jerusalem Limited is starting to move from a different earthly platform. But I can think my thoughts . . . and my Afterthoughts! . . .