

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

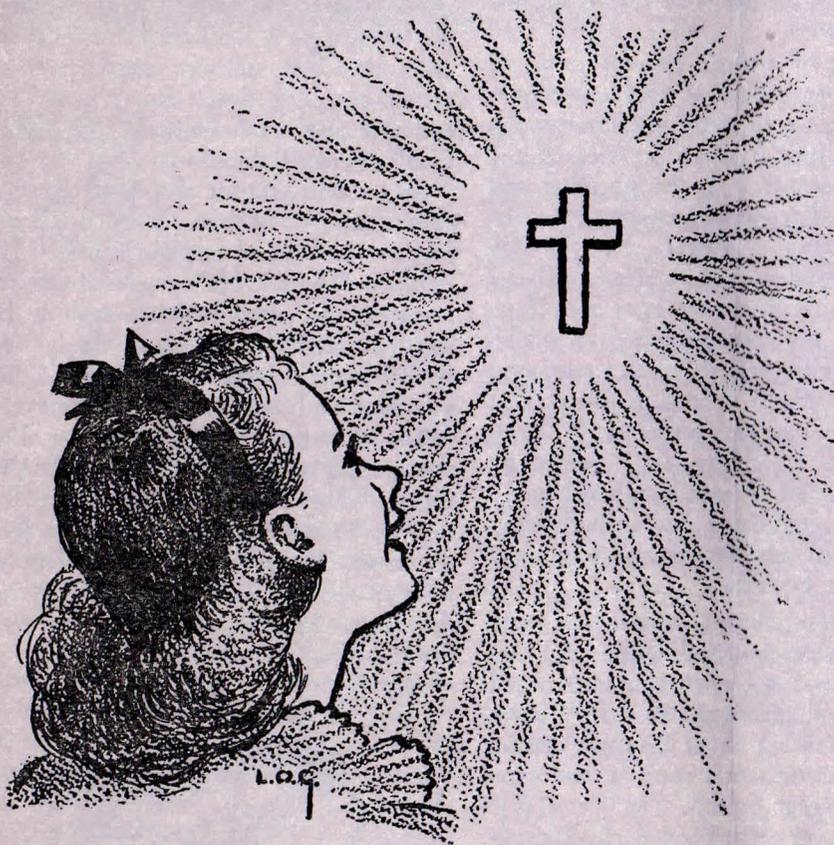
How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume VI

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Number 14

## IT ISN'T TRUE THAT ALL WE HAVE LEFT IS FAITH



**A**N EDITORIAL from the *Indianapolis Star* was recently given national circulation by the *Christian Science Monitor*. It was titled, "All We Have Left Is Faith." It was a corollary to another

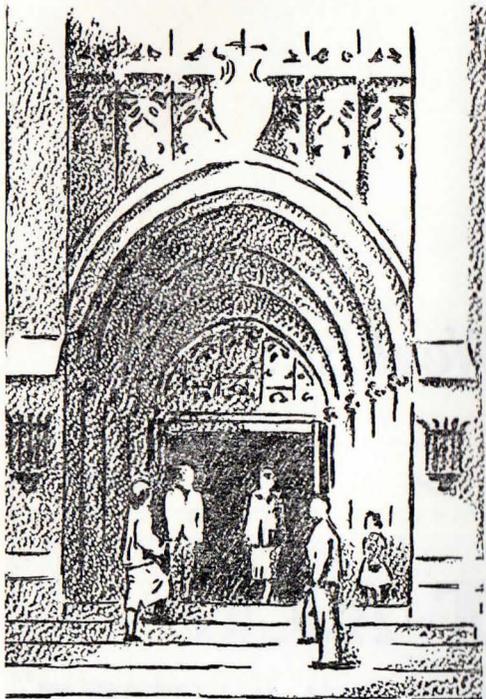
editorial published earlier in the *New York Times* under the title, "Einstein's New Theory". And it provokes a New Jersey reader of all three, one Robert A. Cleaves, to utter some comments that merit extended attention.

"Einstein," Cleaves says, "would reduce the universe to a single colossal field. If he proves to be right, his unified field theory will be a supreme achievement of the human intellect. But there is much more than intellect in all this. The equations which were published 'must be regarded as a sort of sublime mathematical poetry'—an expression of a deep, almost mystical conviction, that if we can only disentangle our confused sense impressions, we shall come a little nearer to what we call 'reality'. But—the further we go, the more the ultimate explanation recedes from us, and all we have left is faith!"

**T**O THE skeptic, says Mr. Cleaves, this is desperate resignation; to the arrogant, defeatism; but to the very wise and very humble it is triumph, indeed.

It is the ultimate Unified Field in which we may all seek and find our unalienable rights. In the *New York Herald-Tribune*





# Intelligence Is Ours Always

ANY COMMON dictionary defines it as "complete confidence in someone or something open to question or suspicion." *Complete confidence!*

It doesn't seem to matter whether the Someone or Something may be deserving of doubt or suspicion, or whether there is merit in reserving the judgment until proofs of realities are brought forward. To have complete confidence—meaning, apparently, blind confidence—in someone or something is bespoken as an attribute worthy of commendation. Anyone who knows his astronomical history recalls that similar arguments were brought forth at one time to combat the heresy that the earth moved around the sun. However, it is not to belittle "complete or blind confidence in someone or something" that attention is called to this editorial verbosity.

Speaking of today's present trend of knowledge—granting it *is* knowledge—how far are we to credit the lamentation that all we may have left to us is faith?

Faith in what? . . . the purblind and circumscribed tenets of yesteryear respecting the Eternal Verities? . . . the religious acceptances of one's forebears strictly because they have been one's forebears? . . . the concepts based on inhibitions of intellectuals in former sequences of history? Faith is not a thing that stands out subjectively unto itself. It relates to an association *with* something that is assumed to embody Principle.

Is blind confidence more meritorious than valorous exploration into what may or may not be Truth?

Aren't these editorial expressions more accurately written in adulation of stamina that considers human character ahead of intellectual theory in any field? Aren't they truly talking about intuitive conviction of enduring moral equities, and carelessly naming it Faith?

And why on earth pivot such devastating conclusions on anything that one Albert Einstein may have propounded for acceptance?

ELIZABETH Dilling's *Red Network* devotes nearly two-thirds of a column on Page 279 to the alleged record of Einstein, under her chapter, "Who Is

Who in Radicalism?" Among other listings she says—

"The Better America Federation Bulletin for March of 1933 reproduced the photo of Einstein as one of the participants in the Communist congress of the Third Internationale in Moscow, 1929. He was endorser of the Workers International Relief, a Communist propaganda relief organization ministering to Red strikers, hunger marchers, etc., organized on money received from the Garland Fund. He was leader of the World Congress of the communistic Anti-Imperialist League held at Frankfort on Main in July of 1929. He was acclaimed author of the 2 percent slacker slogan, a theory that 2 percent of the population who are militant war resisters can cripple their government in any war. With a daughter married to a Russian, he was consistently preached militant resistance to all armies excepting Soviet Russia's, and was endorser of the atheist book, "If I Were God" by one Robinson . . .

So on and on, for three-quarters of a column of 6-point type. Yet it is all supposed to be washed out and fumigated by Albert's "remarkable" scientific achievements as an astrophysicist—such is humanity's naivete. It is as though Joe Stalin himself were metamorphized into a sedate and respectable collegiate professor by propounding a conjecture about the curving properties of interstellar radiance. But editorializing on the fact that we have naught but stamina in moral convictions remaining, depending on whether or not his astrophysical conundrums may be true, is to offer pure twaddle.



What we more accurately are looking at is the proposal that so-called "scientific" theorizing may possibly reach a point where man's only belief worth sus-  
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of March 8, 1953, Herbert Agar wrote, "On the greatness of our faith depends the future of our worlds." He said—

"The cold war is a war of faiths. How much faith do we possess? Do we still know that each man and woman, in all this troubled world, is saved? Do we still know that our most malignant enemies are also children of God, and that the more we hate them the more we diminish ourselves? If so, we deserve to be the custodians of the atom bomb—for we have learned the meaning of 'Love thine enemies.'

"Perhaps," concludes Cleaves, "one day the scientists will insert a mathematical symbol for Faith into their equations and mankind will use it as a workaday tool in the building of his home, his business, his state, and his world."

All of which sounds like ennobled journalism indeed, until one tries to fathom what it means. The longer one examines it closely, the more he becomes convinced that the whole of it is plain benighted reasoning, based on the most illiterate understandings of the Cosmos, Divine Providence, and life, actually offering equations that perplex and bedevil.

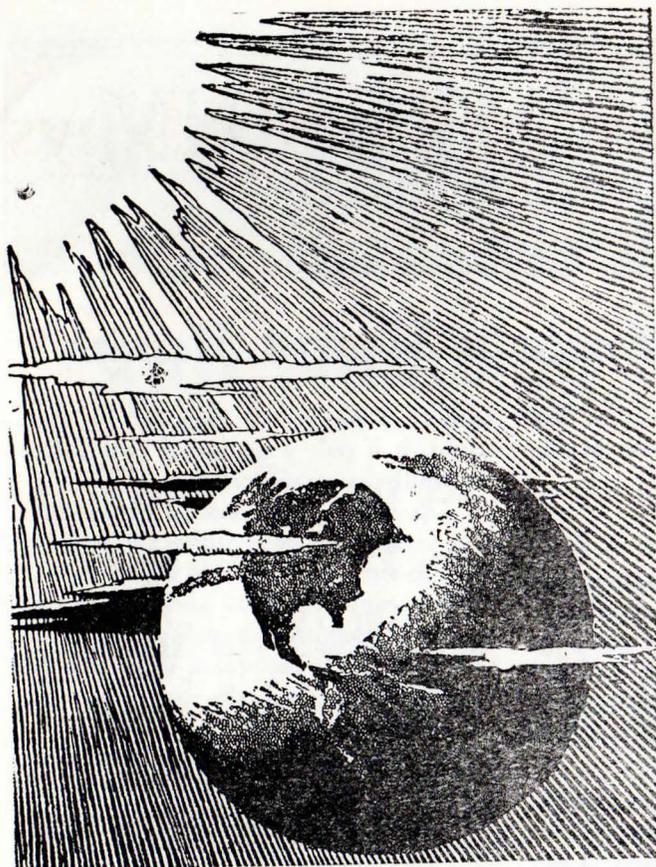
What are all these gentlemen speaking about when they declare that "All we have left is faith?"

Grandiose expletives give the impression of writing inspirationally but the first requisite of good writing is conveying thought clearly.

What, indeed, is this faith-thing that they are talking about anyhow?

# What We Should Know about Astronomy to Quiet Current Qualms

*FACTS about  
the Heavens  
and Cosmos  
that Aren't  
Commonly  
of Knowledge*



**T**HERE are many features of the Universe with which Soulcrafter should be more familiar than they are. Particularly is this true in this current day of the Space Ships. The average person walks out under the heavens on a very clear and moonless night and sees the canopy of the heavens sprinkled with stars. If the night be in summer, he easily recognizes the Big Dipper—or Great Bear—up in the northwest, and following the “pointers” or two stars forming the bottom and top of the Dipper’s front, he locates the faint speck of Polaris, the North Star. Off due east he also recognizes the pear-shaped cluster that is known as the Pleiades. High in the southeastern heavens he may readily locate the Belt of Orion, making a slanting line down the South. Perhaps, likewise in the summertime, he knows where to look for reddish Mars about halfway up the sky slightly to the southwest. Directly west in very early evening he may locate Venus with its bright companion slightly northward, Arcturus. If the night be very clear and dark, he easily notes the Milky Way, spanning from southwest to northeast. But these are about the extent of his identifying of the stellar bodies. About the

heavens several other bright stars are observed, but they convey no significance. He thinks he is seeing stars in totality by the millions, the rest all nameless. Actually in this northern hemisphere there are between 3,500 to 5,000 visible to the naked eye.

VALOR believes it could do its readers no greater service than to acquaint them with profounder facts about the outer universe, not in the specific locatings of particularly celebrated stars so much as in correcting grave major misconcepts that are too often held concerning the universe as a whole and the role of our solar system in it. For the next several issues this winter, therefore, we are going to learn many spectacular facts about Outer Space and its eccentricities, determined from the data of the latest astronomical findings . . .

**T**HE MOST consequential thing we can impress on our minds when surveying this colossal light-display high over our heads is, that in respect to almost no stellar body at which we may be gazing are we seeing the radiance coming from it at the exact instant of its emission. Always remember that.

If, of a summer night while star-gazing with or without lenses, we suddenly dis-

cerned a distant flash in the heavens that correctly indicated the collision or explosion of two stars, we might hold our breaths in horror, wondering what effects would be transported to Earth. The answer would be, *None!* The spectacle at which you *think* you’re looking can have taken place anywhere from a thousand to a hundred thousand years back in history. If it took place longer than that, the distance would be so great that it wouldn’t now be perceptible to you at all.

It is bromidical to remind you of a fact you probably learned in high school, that incandescent radiance flashes through the perceptible universe—or rather, the Omniverse or Multiverse—at 186,000 of our earth-miles per second of time, a fact discovered and measured by an astrophysicist named Roemer, a Dane, working at the Paris Observatory, born in 1644 and dead by 1710.

Light therefore travels 11,160,000 miles a minute, 669,600,000 miles an hour, 16,070,400,000 miles per twenty-four hours, 92,494,800,000 miles a week, 5,869,713,600,000 miles a year. This is five trillion, eight hundred sixty-nine billion, seven hundred and thirteen million, six hundred thousand land miles on earth. And yet this six trillion miles or thereabout *is only the measuring-stick* for locating general distance of heavenly bodies.

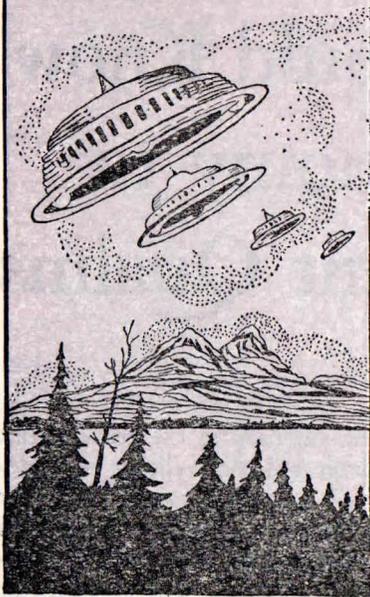
There is a group of nebula in the region of Coma-Virgo estimated to be 100,000,000 of such light-years distant. That’s something like 480 quadrillions of earth miles. Meaning that the light flashed on tonight’s telescopic plate left Coma-Virgo hundreds of millions of years back in time.

Such mammoth figures become meaningless to us, of course. But Dr. Henry Smith Williams tries to convey some idea of the distance by asking us to imagine just *one* fine silk thread stretched out from the earth to the star that’s a hun-

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# SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...



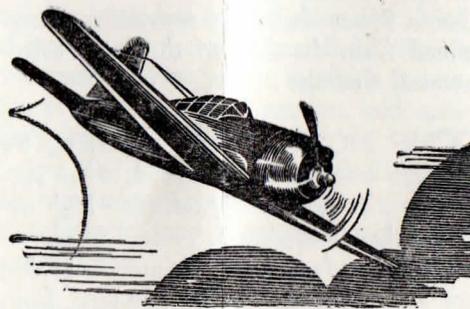
## Should We Hold Science as Modern Messiah?

of lagging humanity behind them and what we call worldly advancement or progression takes place.

**I**N *Of Flight and Life*, Charles A. Lindbergh, tells us: "To me in youth science was more important than either man or God. I worshipped science. I was awed by its knowledge. Its advances had surpassed man's wildest dreams. In its learning seemed to lie the key to all mysteries of life.

"It took many years for me to discover that science, with all its brilliance, lights only a middle chapter of creation. I saw the science I worshipped, and the aircraft I loved, destroying the civilization I expected them to serve, and which I thought as permanent as the earth itself.

"Now I realize that to survive, one must look beyond the speed and power of aircraft—beyond the material strength of science. And, though God cannot be seen as tangibly as I had demanded as a child, His presence can be sensed in every sight and act and incident. Now I know that when man loses this sense, he misses the rue quality of life—the beauty of earth, its seasons and its skies; the brotherhood of men; the joy of wife and children. He loses the infinite strength without which no people can survive—the element which war cannot defeat or peace corrupt.



"Now I understand that spiritual truth is more essential to a nation than the mortar in its cities' walls. For when the ac-

tions of a people are unguided by these truths, it is only a matter of time before the walls themselves collapse.

"The most urgent mission of our time is to understand these truths, and to apply them to our way of modern life. We must draw strength from the almost forgotten virtues of simplicity, humility, contemplation, prayer. It requires a dedication beyond science, beyond self—but the rewards are great and *it is our only hope.*"

We must not come to the conclusion that science is something to be ignored, for it's going to be more and more important as we come under the influence of Aquarius. The old theological dogma and scientific dogma, however, are going to take a terrible "death-blow". They will be gradually replaced by a return to the ancient knowledge of science and religion as *One!* They **MUST** be **ONE** . . . they **ARE ONE!**

**S**PACE FRIENDS have told us many times that they are true scientists down to the last man and woman! They have to be scientists in order to perform the feats they do in our atmosphere. Truly it has been said, "Eye hath not seen . . . ear hath not heard . . ."

I can hear some of you say, "But surely those matters we know to be *true* science, or *pure* science will remain unchanged . . . such things as mathematics, chemistry, etc? ". Don't be too sure about that, good friends! Highly evolved space people tell us we are not perfect in any earthly endeavor . . . and they mean *everything!* Since we are the "sorrowful" planet how could we be perfect? They tell us that they are only human and are subject to error also. They may be a grade or two ahead of us, but they are learning the lessons of Cosmos as well as we!

We are not about to do away completely with all theology and science . . . but under the incoming "Golden Dawn" we are going to acquire a greater concept of the Creator, free of ancient ritualism and

(Continued on Page 10)

**T**O MANY people today, science is the modern saviour or "messiah". They look to scientists and their discoveries for the answer to all of mankind's ills. I need not elaborate on the recent reports in leading magazines, that told us soon we could live forever through the latest discoveries in biological science! "What fools these mortals be", indeed . . . for we already possess immortal life!

Thousands of spiritually hungry people are searching for something . . . the orthodox theology has failed to satisfy their deep longings, so they turn to orthodox science but find only cold, bare materialism. However, there are many scientists and theologians who are sincere, honest men . . . working tirelessly to aid souls on this planet. But, at the same time, we must remember that all scientists are not "men of Science", and all theologians are not "men of God".

Men are most reluctant to give up their secure, comfortable positions and pet theories. As Desmond Leslie, co-author of *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, once remarked to me: "I'm convinced that the orthodox scientists of today are the reincarnation of the orthodox theologians of the Middle Ages!" Be that as it may, orthodoxy is the same thing wherever it is found, and it doesn't matter by what name you prefer to call it. Once in a while a great man comes along (or a great woman) and although usually despised by their contemporaries, they manage by supreme effort to haul all the rest

# The Problem of Counsel when Bereavement Hits with Numbing Reaction

¶ *There Should Be  
the Soulcraft Coun-  
sellor on Call as a  
Physician of Spirit*



THOUGHT - provoking communication arrives from a lady in the East. Thousands of women—and men as well—confront the same prospects constantly as did the wife she proceeds to tell VALOR about. Looked at in one light it is an indictment of doctrinal Christianity. Looked at from the Soulcraft angle it is a case merely of circumscribed ministerial knowledge, not involving religion so much as neglect of investigation of higher truths that ought to be the wholesome curiosity of all normal people. Here is the substance of the distressful episode—

"Recently an early-morn phone call informed me that the husband of one of my closest friends had just passed on. She had been married to an exceptional man and consequently was enjoying an exceptionally happy experience of matrimony. The pair were parents of two small children and made almost a sacrament of home life.

"Soon I was at her home. It had happened suddenly, before breakfast. The husband had arisen after what seemed to have been a normal night's sleep and was shaving in the upper bathroom. My friend had been preparing the morning meal with her own hands below, as their maid had obtained the week-end off. The children had not yet awakened. She had heard her husband call out as though in

sharp distress, then something sounding like a chair had fallen over with a bump. Hastening abovestairs, she found her husband clutching the overturned chair in sudden heart-seizure. He was only able to gasp an adieu to her. Next moment she was a widow.

"She got from her knees numbed with shock and managed to put in a call to me, her closest friend, then her doctor. He had come at once, noted there was nothing for him to do, and of his own volition called the couple's clergyman before I got there. What the wife required most, he assumed, was spiritual consolation.

"So the minister arrived, just after I did . . .

MY FRIEND was well-grounded in religious teachings and attitudes, but in the face of this paralyzing development she was utterly lost. Well-intentioned neighbors took the small children from the house of death at my suggestion that they might have the tragic news conveyed to them gradually. Looking about the so-empty rooms after the death certificate had been issued and the mortician's vehicle departed, the mother beseeched the minister and myself—

"Where is he? *Oh where has he gone?*"

The black-clad clergyman, head of a prominent orthodox church, answered with some beautiful generalization, which was, of course, no answer at all. Not wanting to miss an opportunity, I took it upon myself to press him.

"Do you think," I asked, "we shall ever find out?"

"You mean in this life?" he asked, a little surprised. "No, I don't think we are *supposed* to know."



I could scarcely believe my ears. "Not *supposed to know!*" I gasped.

"If it were proper for us to know," he argued lamely, "the knowledge would be available and open to us, I'm sure."

"How?" I challenged.

He couldn't say how it might be available and open to everyone. The fact was, it annoyed him to be thus interrogated. He wanted to be respectably out of the house of tragic bereavement and away upon more congenial pursuits.

I asked, "Wouldn't you concur with me that it ought to be the province of the church and religious teaching to apply such knowledge? I don't mean mere faith. I mean *knowledge.*"

"Not," he answered, glancing toward the door with expression of some asperity, "when it's something we're not supposed to have."

"Who's authority for pronouncing that we're not supposed to have it?"

"I think I remarked that if we were supposed to have it, it would be given us."

This was talking in a circle. I commented, "Then before men discovered through telescopes that the earth moved about the sun, instead of the reverse, men weren't supposed to know today's fundamentals of astronomy?"

"No," he had the temerity to tell me. "I don't think they were."

"Would you suggest then, by what process they suddenly qualified when a man chanced to hold two lenses in line and note that they brought a nearby church steeple seven times closer?"

"I'm not competent," he answered, "to discuss early astronomy."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask him what he *was* competent to discuss, but that might have broken the converse into a quarrel. I had my friend's bereavement and the clergyman's cloth to think about. Seeing my hesitation, he seized the opportunity to pat my friend's shoulder, murmur, "The Lord will console you, my sister," and hasten out.

Never until that moment had I ever entertained such downright disdain for formalized religion . . .

Was it any wonder, I thought, that two thousand years of Christianity have done us so little good or brought so little over-all advancement? All religions are based on *beliefs* in life after death, but why stop with just beliefs? Why not the positive knowledge that we have given us from the various psychical research societies, or from such an Enlightenment as Soulcraft? And what's wrong with theology that it ignores such investigation? The Great Teacher whom Christians pretend to follow, said, "Add to your faith, Knowledge." And, "Even greater things than I do, ye shall do." Nowhere did He say what his minister of the morning said, "You are not *supposed* to know."

"We would like comment in VALOR on this episode, for as nearly as we can judge the churches think we should have one faith *and stop with that*—which isn't quite enough for some of us. Grateful for your angle on such a situation, I beg to remain, etc, etc, . . .

Comment, indeed!

**B**EREAVEMENTS such as the foregoing describes occur at the rate of 65,000 a day, all over United States. Not all come about from heart seizures, many are anticipated or expected. Not all of them separate such compatible couples. Still, no small quota of 65,000 near relatives bereaved since this time yesterday cry similarly, "What has become of them? Where have they *GONE*?" But men of the Cloth are not competent to answer that heartcry, because if they did so competently and accurately they would no more be identified as gentlemen of the "ministry." Can they be censured for not desiring to undermine their own profession?

It is the very stock-in-trade of such professionals to expound what is termed

the Doctrine of Salvation. All men have either "sinned in Adam" or sinned in themselves, and for that they shall be punished—unless acceptance of Christ qualifies them intellectually for immunities of Atonement. This postmortem hypothesis would be stricken to its roots if creditable attestments were forthcoming that nothing of the sort happens upon physical demise. The Church would lose its evangelical motif that is now its vitality and become a mere educational institution in Ontology—or the science of Life as life. Who but the outstanding intellectual cares to become proficient in any science of Ontology? It is not up to the Church or its personnel to write their own death-warrants, in other words, nor can we expect that either should.

Technically speaking, however, the wrong professional man was called, in the person of the minister. He was a professor in the Salvation Hypothesis. *What was wanted was a Soulcraft Counsellor.*



**S**UCH a Counsellor, understanding Soulcraft, particularly understanding those enlightenments of Soulcraft pertaining to physical demise and its true aftermath, could have quieted and consoled the bereaved wife in twenty minutes. He or she could have supplied instantaneous and effective information that not so much rationalized the tragedy of what had happened as it would have advised her how—over a period of time—she might have gotten in intelligent touch with her husband and continued her conubiality in Spirit.

Somewhere in the well-nigh million words of the Soulcraft Enlightenment is explanation scientifically befitting *every* mortal quandary that human nature confronts in this Veil of Tears. Particular enlightenment in science, psychiatry, psychical research, spiritualistic phenomena, psychology, pathology, Extra-Sensory Perception, and even the technique of Re-en-

soulment, make the true Soulcraft Counsellor a *physician to the spirit*. The average clergyman is not physician to the spirit. He is an Exhorter to Salvation, and there is as much difference between the two as between an archaeologist and an architect.

Putting the right facts in people's *minds* to heal them, is quite a different profession from putting words in people's hearts to make them customers for Hope.

Of course, had the correspondent's married friend been fortunate enough to know the whole Soulcraft agenda of knowledge before her husband's seizure, she might have been grave with the significance of her loss but she likewise would have met it with the Serenity of Wisdom.

At least that's VALOR's comment, circumstances being circumstances. As for the "Christianity" part of it, this is the age when people demand *facts*. Christianity for the most part is anything one conceives it. But the facts of Ontology and Metempsychosis—not to mention Metamorphosis—are sufficiently consoling for any rational person, once they are comprehended.

Let's be a little kinder toward our clergymen brothers therefore and not expect qualifications in them for which their dogmas do not equip them.

The Soulcraft Enlightenment *is* available, and by thousands across America the bereaved are waking up to it.

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## Astronomy and Stars

(Continued from Page 4)

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dred million light-years distant. Then think of our earth-planet, about twenty-six thousand miles in its diameter, winding that phenomenal cable of tenuous silk around its equator as it revolves in free space. No one could comprehend the amount of time it would take for such winding, with the planet only turning at a thousand miles an hour. But the thread itself, of the fineness of silk, remember, *would cover a 4,000-milewide belt to a thickness of a thousand times*. A 4,000-mile wide silk girdle for the great earth's equator, with a thousand strands in the thickness of the fabric!

**W**E CAN see from the foregoing mileage that it takes light between eight and nine minutes to come from the

sun—granting light itself does come, not rays that translate into what we *know* as incandescence upon striking this planet's electromagnetic envelope. And in between Old Sol and Coma-Virgo the 100-inch telescope on Mt. Wilson—even before Palomar was constructed—had succeeded in photographing or computing the light from stellar bodies running to well above 30 *billions!*

These are all stars, remember, not the satellites of stars called planets. Outside of those in our own solar system, planets cannot be seen or located, emitting no inherent light of their own. These are uniformly stars of similar size and consistency to our sun, most of them bigger. However, to show the extreme tenuity of the matter of the primal nebula out of which these star-bodies form, Sir James Jeans tells us—

“The small amount of gas in an ordinary electric light bulb, if liberated and spread throughout St. Paul’s Cathedral, would still be something like 10,000 times as dense as the nucleus of a spiral nebula.”

That’s one for the book. But to get back to what we see ordinarily in walking out of a moonless summer’s night . . .

Professor Eddington informs us that in general terms, a star will not become luminous if it be less than one-tenth the size of our sun, and will not hold together at all if it be more than 100 times the size of our sun. There is a balance, it seems, between gravitational force and the force of radiation, the latter tending to dissipate the substance of a gaseous star. Stars are of extreme brightness when they are in a gaseous condition, and therefore exceedingly bulky.

**N**O, there is small possibility of any immediate effects on earth from a cataclysm lighting up the heavens from any particular distant body. Light, traveling at 186,000 miles per second, is the fastest-moving element that we know about in the Omniverse. If it has taken hundreds, thousands, even hundreds of thousands of light-years for it to come from those distant colliding planets, what must the travel-speed be for any disastrous fragments resulting from such explosion? Traveling at incredibly slower rates, granting they traversed the distance in any direct line to strike us, they would still require tens of thousands of addi-

## Ed Bodin Defends Spiritualists . .



**T**HE NEW YORK mail brings this: “Thanks for the kind words in January 9th VALOR. But one thing was wrong—I was not running for President on the “Spiritualistic” ticket, but the *Spiritual* ticket, and no connection with Spiritualism as the newspapers said. In fact, I have been lecturing in orthodox churches on Spirit Healing. I consider Spiritual Truth a supplement to orthodoxy, being more of a philosophy than a religion or a science. There is some Spiritualism in all churches except Christian Science, and in the light of electronics Mary Eddy’s chapter against Spiritualism is silly today. I think there are more former Scientists in Spiritualism today than Spiritualists in Science. I know six former Christian Scientists now going the rounds with me in Psychological Research. So your last paragraph comes in error indeed. After all, Mary Baker Ed-

dy caught the Spiritualists—after the Fox betrayal—on the rebound. Since then they have been going back to communication. Maybe Soulcraft is the answer. However, I think you will find the Congregational Church embracing communication and healing in the very near future. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman predicted it.

“Survival and Communication are the basis of Spiritualism. I think you will find millions under that consciousness instead of the 126,597 you mentioned. Norman Vincent Peale is coming close to making the call that will bring them into orthodoxy plus. *The Reader’s Digest* for last August gave you the trend with its *Master, Heal Him!* That’s the path I’m on these days and I’m being swamped for engagements in Methodist, Congrega-  
(Continued on Page 10)

tional years to arrive and hit us. What’s more, in some of these future papers we shall see that the chances of their hitting us would be about the same as a man throwing a marble and hitting a football a hundred miles away, assuming he had the strength to throw a marble such distance.

When we’re told too, that our special solar system is really lost in its own peculiar segment of space, we’re up against another mathematical incomprehensible.

The sun’s distance from us—or our own distance from the sun—is inconceivably great. No one can clearly grasp the idea of 92,000,000 miles. One can only realize that the eight digits when placed in a row represent no small area for even the fastest Space Ship to travel. But suppose we only use this distance as a yardstick.

We would require 400,000 such yardsticks to arrive at the nearest star-sun to our own!

If you care to grasp the probabilities of Old Sol with its planets “colliding with

any other star-sun in the omniverse by accident,” you’d have to run the same chances of collision that would confront you if you started out of the Golden Gate in San Francisco in an ordinary rowboat, while at the same moment a second man in a second rowboat started out from the port of Sidney, Australia. If there were no other craft with which to collide in the whole 8,000 square miles of Pacific Ocean, what do you imagine your chances would be of hitting him, assuming both of you rowed blindly for fifty thousand years?

No, it isn’t from Outer Space as Divine Majesty has arranged it, that planetary hazard comes. It’s what fool things the microbic creature known as Man contrives to do, triggering forces of whose might he has small conception into disrupting universal order with his experimental science.

Besides, damaging earth hurts Cosmos. We’ll go further into this entrancing field of interstellar data next week, particularly about the planets in our own solar system first . . .

# VALOR . .

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## Censorship



THE LATEST blast is—and House Leader Martin of Massachusetts is reputed to be responsible for it—that anyone who makes disparaging remarks about the status of the American economy or attempts to give warning of breakers ahead because of the pace at which the Congress may be spending, is in essence a subversive, striving to paralyze the initiative of the American people by talk of depression. In other words, there's not a thing wrong with our economy excepting the Reds who criticize it.

Okay, Joseph, it's your baby.

It starts to look from Indiana, however, that no matter what may be damaging the nation, from any cause from flourined water to the high price of subsidized butter, Reds are responsible.

Nice to have 'em for scapegoats.

What shall we do when we squelch 'em?

## That Letter Might Count



ONE OF the people championing the Bricker Amendment is Frank E. Holman, past president of the American Bar Association. Mr. Holman recently wired Mrs. Pearl Doane, a leader of the opposition group to U-N in California, "Washington dispatches have announced an early consideration of the

Bricker Amendment. Senator Bricker has witnessed attempts of the internationalists to weaken the text. Powerful forces are arrayed against the amendment. Many false reports are being circulated by the international party-liners. They do not even believe in free speech.

"One of my speaking engagements in New York has been cancelled due to their pressure. You and your associates have already responded magnificently in wiring senators, but this is now the zero hour. It is immediately important that you alert members of the Californians for the Bricker Amendment organization to wire their senators to vote, and to speak up for the amendment.

"The issue is entirely nonpolitical. It is American rights versus treaty power. It is the greatest constitutional issue since the historic controversy over the Bill of Rights. Please act at once!"

Just how tired of trying to control their own government are Americans, anyhow?

The fate of the Bricker Amendment may be indicator.



## Little Listening-Post



FROM recent issue of the *Washington News*: "Air Force Intelligence has about reached its last straw on the Flying Saucer situation. Officers claim that the Saucer 'work load' has been so great in the last few months that they have been forced to neglect other duties. Orders from the Top are, that every detail on every reported sighting must be tracked down.

"Air Intelligence officers are now working on a plan to give out only periodic reports summarizing all sightings. This would get around the present requirements that each report be given out separately as it is received.

The Air Force now answers every report with a form letter. About three-fourths of the inquiries come from 'teenagers. The next largest category of queries and reports comes from crackpots. The letter-answering chore now costs thousands of dollars a month."

Drew Pearson says, "It isn't being advertised but the Air Force will send high-flying observation planes and guided missiles into the upper atmosphere for a closer look at the planet Mars in June . . will cooperate with scientists. Missiles will be equipped with special instruments. The Air Force has compiled a special report, as yet unpublished, summing up its findings on Flying Saucers."

Air Force leaders have slammed down a "brass" curtain at Dayton Air Technical Center (ATIC) where Flying Saucer reports are investigated. The Air Force will be unable to honor visits, including the press, to the ATIC because the volume of requests for information has seriously interfered with Air Force investigations. Most of the mail at the Dayton center is from persons over the nation who are curious about the Saucers. The flood of mail from the public is attributed to newspaper and magazine articles about the Saucers. Singled out are two current books, the Leslie-Adamski *Flying Saucers Have Landed* and Keyhoe's *Flying Saucers from Outer Space*.

The sales reports about the whole nation on the former volume, by the way, now put the number of copies sold as beyond 60,000.

## "The Saucers Speak"



IF THE Air Force contends it has a headache over volume of mail in result of *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, George Hunt Williamson's corollary presently to appear under the title *The Saucers Speak* may well precipitate an avalanche. *The Saucers Speak*, being readied by the New Age Press, 1542 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles 26, California, carries about fourteen months of direct communication log with Saucer principals similar to the one Adamski describes in the 60,000-sale book. Corrections and improvements in its text have been responsible for the publishing delay

to the moment. Franklin and Dorothy Thomas, widely known among West Coast Soulcrafters, submitted the proofs at the author's suggestion to VALOR's editor and he vehemently advised certain deletions to make the story more creditable. The *Golden Script* admonition, "Tell men not too great truths with suddenness lest they turn and rend you," was held to apply with double force to a fact narrative of so stupendous an import as young Williamson's story. A recent long-distance chat with Williamson, however, brings word that suggested changes have been acted upon and delivery of the book will start with dispatch. Patrons who have ordered the volume from the Thomases are asked to be patient but a little longer. VALOR assures them the story is worth it.

Following publication of the volume on the West Coast, "Rick" Williamson expects to move East and join Soulcraft Headquarters staff, sharing much of the editorial work on this publication.

More about it presently.

### *What Happened to John*



ANOTHER Headquarters development this week was a long-distance phone conversation with Mrs. Altha Aarhus, widow of Soulcraft's well-known former maintenance man and shipping clerk, John. She reported that the complication which took Johnny away from the sorrows of this planet with such tragic suddenness was a thrombosis, or blood-clot reaching the heart.

"His second operation on hip and leg had been a complete success," reported Altha, "and he was well upon his way to recovery. I'd visited him at the hospital in the afternoon and he'd been expecting to return home that week end. He seemed in excellent spirits.

"At two in the morning I was called on the phone by the hospital authorities and told the tragic news—that a clot apparently from the original operation must have been wandering in his system and when it failed to pass his heart, he left us in a matter of minutes."

The funeral services were heavily attended, it was reported, and interment was in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale.

Altha's voice was poised and valorous



# HANDS

*By Winchester MacDowell*



CONSIDER I pray you, the hand of man  
With it's intricacy of design,  
Could anything made by man himself  
Be patterned one half so fine?

From the hands of artists comes beauty  
While poet hands weave their song,  
From the humble hands of housewives  
Pours service all day long.

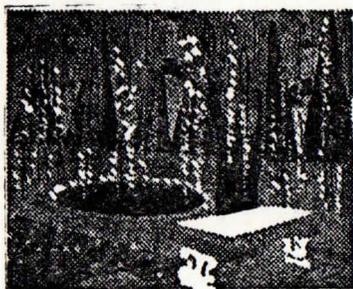
At one man's hands grow harvests,  
In one man's store grows trade,  
From one man's hand grows service  
By which things must be made.

From one man's hands comes wisdom,  
For which the student longs  
And one man's hands grows progress  
Another serves through songs.

All gifts and skills are varied,  
While each one has it's call,  
And God who also labors  
Finds uses for them all.

Moved by some deep compulsion  
Comes each and every man,  
And his hands make contribution  
To the Great Eternal Plan.

What then of these HANDS in service  
Nailed high upon the Cross  
To bring to man His BROTHER,  
Redemption from all loss?



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**Y**OU 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 Scripts. 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

despite her great loss. She is expecting to dispose of their Perlita Avenue property and make her home hereafter with Nadene, her only married daughter, outside of Los Angeles. She stated that a return visit to Noblesville might come within her plans for the summer.

VALOR's editor remembers John's "voice" over ESP as the obituary article was being readied for *Cogitations* a couple of weeks ago, "Nothing to it, Chief," referring to the circumstances of "dying" . . . "I just lost all my aches—suddenly!"

Odd occurrence was associated with Johnny's Passing, in Cincinnati as well. John had been a frequent visitor in the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. in that city. The same afternoon that Altha wired of her loss from Los Angeles, a letter was delivered from Mrs. T.

"Oscar had the queerest presentiment during last night that Johnny Aarhus was on the premises," she wrote. "He didn't exactly see Johnny, but he felt that John had made the Passing. Do write and inform us if you've heard anything that might substantiate his reaction."

Anyhow, Johnny knows now what it's all about. What a break!

## Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

the carried-over pagan ideas. Likewise, we are going to enjoy a more radiant health due to the habit of right living and *right thinking*. Every man will be a scientist, a true "man of science", utilizing the forces of the Universe in his ever upward climb toward divinity.

The Great Avatar said, "Know ye not that ye are Gods?" Man will wake up to this fact, and will leave the pupa of ignorance, superstition, dogma, orthodoxy, etc., to emerge as a "Son of God", claiming his rightful place in the divine scheme of things. Man is a co-creator with the Infinite Father, but he fails to recognize this truth!

The great scientists of Columbus' time were no less great just because they believed Columbus to be a crazy fanatic for thinking the earth was round! The mistakes of today, only point the way to the true reality of tomorrow . . . with each new discovery we gain a greater comprehension of the *whole* . . . and a little more *light*

is shed on we mortals of the "afflicted one-Shan", or the "cataclysmic Saros".

Many of our scientific theories are now being discarded as we enter the first ray-influence of Aquarius. The new-age won't be here overnight. Look for the gradual, but steady, changes in everyday happenings and announcements!

It is said that *everything changes but change itself!* Well, let those changes come . . . we've been hoping and praying they would for a long time now. I think we're ready for them . . . don't you?

## Ed Bodin

(Continued from Page 7)

tional and Presbyterian churches . . . namely the First Century Christ. Even rabbis as well as ministers are praising my last book. Soulcraft needs a Doctor Peale or a Doctor Cliffe . . . and an orthodox church audience. Sincerely, ED BODIN.—

**N**O, it's not a Doctor Peale or a Doctor Cliffe that Soulcraft needs, nor an orthodox church audience, either. What Soulcraft needs is a line-up of Big Personalities to direct its activities as distressingly mushrooming. The winter's business—to say nothing of mail—proves it's gone beyond the one-man status. It would be close to tragedy to have a Dr. Peale or a Dr. Cliffe suddenly espouse Soulcraft publicly—it couldn't service the multitude on present personnel and resources. The mustard seed is already flowering into the towering shade tree, in other words. At this rate, it may well surpass the American Spiritualist Movement by the end of 1954. Ed may be punting in the Soulcraft ranks yet.

But it does go to show that there are still a few New Yorkers who are more or less oblivious to what may be happening throughout the rest of the country.

Manhattan always was the place where the populace wakes up last.

## Only Faith Left?

(Continued from Page 2)

taining is his belief in himself—and not much of that? But what in man particularly, is worth belief in himself?

These editorial pundits would make it

appear that the answer is belief in Albert Einstein—apparently of Bolshevia and points East.

**L**ET'S get back to stern realities of conscience in the whole of it.

If the day ever came that "all was lost save faith", humanity would be in sad plight indeed, because its loss might be considered total. Faith is a mental condition assumed to be founded on veracities, and Einsteinian conjectures might upset even these. It has been authoritatively stated that no one in the world completely understands the Einstein Theory aside from himself. Could greater libel be inflicted against the remaining wits in the species? We're letting the moral sanities go to seed in the whole of it.

"Faith," the New Testament defines, "is the evidence of things hoped for but not seen."

"Faith," Soulcraft essays to define, "is inherent conviction of reliabilities in the moral equities based on long programs of progressive re-ensoulments during which experiences have confirmed it." Period.

Men who have not yet made the spiritual discovery that the human soul has more than one career in the world and flesh, are in fallacious position for talking eternal verities or even discussing critically the Einstein pseudo-vagaries.

We have faith in the eternal rightness of things because we have seen that Eternal Rightness is a law of the universe—sometimes delayed but inevitably manifesting—although we cannot always remember specifically the episodes that made it a conviction in our consciousness.

Science as Twentieth Century Man has come to adulate it, is only coded exploration into the imponderable. Exploration and naught else. It is as though men were proving the existence of the North Pole by the fact that they were assiduously searching for it. But what shall be said of those who are ponderously searching for North Poles that have long-since been discovered? . . . the potencies in the ethereal universe for instance.

All in all, none of us need to be told to have faith in God, faith in the Eternal universe, or faith in ourselves. It is an inborn trait of our characters to remember constructively if not always spe-

(Continued on Page 14)

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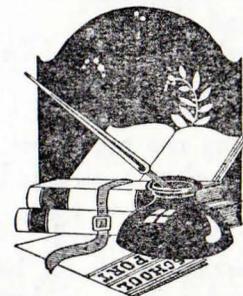
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**Soulcraft Chapels**



# COGITATIONS



HERE is a type of gambling device set up in the nation's cigar stores and barber shops. An oblong box, with top enclosed under glass, stands upon legs, slightly tilted toward the player. A nickel is deposited. A plunger is pulled. To the top of the incline shoots a glass ball that promptly proceeds to roll toward the bottom, striking little steel pegs here and there as it rolls. Having caromed from peg to peg, it finally disappears in a hole at the bottom. If it drops into the correct hole, the player wins a prize. If it drops into the wrong hole, he is the loser as to money but the wiser in experience. He has enjoyed a satisfying amount of suspense while the ball has been striking pegs, as to whether it would enter the prize-winning hole and thus entice him to play till his coins are exhausted.

"That's Life!" thinks the philosopher. "The ball is every human being striving to get through a world of obstructions. Only the difference between Life and the Pinball Game is, that it's not gravity but evolution that gives the ball-person progress. The progress is a slight tilt upward, and the 'right hole' is at the top of attainment, not at the bottom to be reached by blind chance!

Pegs! Pegs! Pegs! Like the ball in the gambling game, we no sooner see a clear avenue ahead of us than a peg deflects us. Bumping one peg causes us to bump a whole flock of pegs. Life becomes naught but a bumping of pegs.

On the other hand—precisely like the contraption in all the best cigar stores and barber shops—if there were no pegs in the pathway of the ball, how could the game be any game at all?

There are people who think that the Game of Life should hold no pegs—that man should roll easily up the grade of evolution and spiritual unfoldment. They resent that there are pegs set everywhere

in the track of free existence. They call God harsh because He has put pegs in the Course of Life at all.

But if people started out from their beginnings and rolled unobstructed to a "right" hole when the Life-Board had been negotiated, where would be the interest—in the Great Pinball Game of Living?

WE ENCOUNTER these pegs, these bounce-backs, these collisions with Circumstance, to make it of enticement, whether or not we shall land in a prize-winning hole in the end.

None of which is Pollyanna rationalizing—it is viewing the universe as a series of high voltage adventures prepared against our coming, to sharpen our intelligence and increase our sense of Self. Man, strange to say, requires that he shall pinch his finger in a door to learn that he possesses a finger. He pinches his finger in a door and cries "Ouch!" Thereby he discovers as well that he possesses a larynx. He cries "Ouch!" loudly enough, and seventeen people come running—to find out how badly he is hurt. Thereby he forgets his pinched finger in the cosmic marvel: "I—me—myself—the human organism that I am—actually send the power out of my own consciousness to move seventeen people in my personal



direction by crying 'Ouch!' Was ever a person therefore created so important as myself? I have a finger and I pinch it. I cry 'Ouch!' and alter the direction and mayhap the destinies of seventeen people. If I had enough fingers to pinch, and

enough doors to pinch 'em in, and a larynx loud enough to emit a yell reaching from Tokyo to Paris, I could doubtless alter the directions and destinies of empires!"

But before there is such recognition of divine galvanism, there have to be the hills themselves for men to march up and down. There can't be the people-attracting "Ouch!" without the larynx to manufacture it. There can't be the pinched finger without the door.

So the physical, formal, material universe is necessary to the miracle of Consciousness and the people-moving or nation-moving galvanisms of Spirit.

TOO LONG have we deprecated the physical and material aspects of Man—created of "dust of the ground"—just as we have bemoaned the pegs in the Great Pinball Game that is existence, thinking that one is as gross as the other is insufferable. We have forecast our Heaven as a place of endless physical ease, given over to eternal harp-music, in which no one ever does a lick of work and pegs are distinguished by their absence. To attain to such an unspeakable stalemate of initiative and talent, we repudiate the physical world and beseech that a merciful Creator get us through it as swiftly and painlessly as contrivable. However, being All-Wise, He pays us scant attention.

The tougher the breaks, the harsher the times, the madder the sequence—the stronger and fiercer and sturdier the sense of one's immortal individuality! God Himself knows that. So the man or woman who has the toughest breaks is the luckiest—in the end of all things. He has learned the most about himself by having himself called to his attention as the victim of his predicament.

CHRIST said: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It is an unfinished statement, an edited invitation. The thought He was expressing undoubtedly

was: "Come unto me, all ye who are tired out with harvesting Wisdom, and I will give you interpretation that shall rest you as it diverts you—that ye may recuperate and go at the job of Wisdom-harvesting with renewed vitality!"

Nowhere did He say: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I'll show you a way to dodge work and go fishing!"

Christ must have known, more certainly than any other Being that ever lived on earth, that the more complicated and bewildering a life is, the more the liver of that life gets out of it. We marvel at times at the hordes of souls that clamor at the wombs of Chinese or Hindu mothers that they get themselves born in China or India. Why should they go frantically seek careers in oriental lands so insufferably over-populated? Because such over-population makes for the keener self-survival, and the keener survival struggle means the greater amount of earthly profits derived from the incarnation.

Souls are a lot wiser before coming into life than they show themselves after they get into it.

On the other hand, no one plays the more ghastly joke on himself than the spirit who connives to get himself born on the Avenue, with a silver eating-implementation sticking out of his face and no necessity for doing a lick of work so long as the family bank-account endures. He has slated himself for a mundane Pinball Game without pegs on the board. He is projected to the top of tilt by birth, rolls straight to the bottom—into a hole—and is out of sight. Who cares? And what of it?

**T**HOUSANDS of people are going through the Valley of the Shadow in these Mighty Years, loaded it seems beyond human endurance. They say, with lines of eternal patience in their faces and eyes abrim with tears: "Sometimes it seems that if I have another straw-weight loaded onto me I'll go raving crazy!" Only they don't. They turn out the wisest, kindest, most compassionate and intelligent people inhabiting the world at present.

Contrast them with the folk who go riding through life on flowery beds of ease—vain, arrogant, indolent, dispassionate, spiritually sterile—with lines in their faces as hard and uncompromising as the fa-

cares of the marble palaces which their forebears built for them!

Struggle is a privilege! Pain is beautiful!

Suffering is the Gateway into the splendid garden of Celestial Reality!

"God will not look you over for medals, degrees, or diplomas, but for scars!"

**L**IFE holds its thousands and its tens of thousands whose daily existence seems to be continual and uncompromising crucifixion. We look at such people in our ignorance of divine fundamentals, as misfortune upon misfortune strikes them, and we exclaim: "How they ever manage to hold up under such a soul-killing bombardment of hard-luck is beyond me. If I had to know such a continual hell on earth, I'd buy a two dollar shotgun and blow out my brains!"

There is nothing particularly extraordinary in what is happening to such "unfortunates."

They are not unfortunate. They do not have to go through such a strain of life-antagonisms if they do not choose to do so.

What strictly is happening in the cases of such people is, that for reasons best known to themselves in their discarnate states between mortalities, they have elected to discharge the accumulated karma of two, three, four or five lives, all in the single mortal tenure, to get it out of the way so that in their next incursion they can be about higher spiritual employments.

Do you think you are in one peck of difficulty from Easter Sunday to St. Patrick's-Day-in-the-Morning?

What would you say if it were eventually revealed to you that you too had contacted with yourself to get the karma of three or four lives all straightened out in this one incarnation, so that you might the better enjoy the increments of the Aquarian Cycle when you next Pass this Way?

When you get it through your head that actually there is no such thing as misfortune but only karma or the penalties of folly, you will have gone a long way toward cracking the enigma of what the universe is about. Life is energy! Life is purposeful energy! Humankind wouldn't be on this mundane orb with all its ups and downs, unless some vast and ennobling errand were being execut-



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ed. God doesn't need anything that we can do for Him. If He did, He would not be omnipotent. We are in this mundane state to unfold our sense of our own celestialities by pinching our fingers in doors, piling up a fortune and having the bank fail that "protects" it, losing health or eyesight in the full bloom of maturity—to show us we can rise superior to both!

When those things happen to us, we are lucky. But we've got to know why we're lucky—and believe it as a Principle!

WE ARE standing upon the threshold of a New Year—and that is excellent! We might pray for ourselves: "God send us relief from these terrors and these heartbreaks. Let the sun of righteousness shine quickly. Make everything easy for us and let us come eventually into Your presence as spineless and characterless creatures who are not graduated from a school but escaped as from a pestilence!"

But Life will not permit us that prayer—at least in circumstance.

We have a stony road to hoe—and are grateful for it! We have a sterile field to plow, and somehow or other we shall make it yield roses! We are glad that life holds turmoil, heartbreak, bereavement, disillusion—for rising triumphant over these things bespeaks our Celestial Sonship.

Such is our response to the God who made all things good, even the stony road and the sterile pasture, the mountain crag and the dizzying abyss.

We do not ask for someone to come and straighten out our griefs and perplexities—during 1954. We think we have the nobility and intestinal fortitude to straighten them out for ourselves.

Anyhow, we have done with sniveling! Our prayer has a strange, hard tenor. We come and go, not as glass balls in a Pinball Game but as students at a university, waving diplomas triumphantly and knowing in our hearts that the prayer to triumph was answered: "God make our futures hard!"

—THE INTERPRETER



## Only Faith Left?

(Continued from Page 11)

cifically, what we have had demonstrated up across a thousand lifetimes.

But all things secular truly might be lost if we did give over the universe to the certainty or fallacy of personages who see moral equities in anything Kremlin-minded. Because they are hatched of confusions worse confounded

No adept Soulcraft is confounded for one instant over hazard to Faith as it is generally accepted. Because the adept Soulcraft has most of his North-Pole discoveries long-since behind him.

The whole of it can be summed up in that aphorism by an unknown philosopher—

"Union of ideas is not the one essential—but union of ideals is!"

However, unless they are ideals based on the Eternal Verities, they are far too apt to be Einsteinian conjecturings. Disentangling our confused sense perceptions, indeed!

There is neither Defeatism nor Triumph in any of it, Mr. Cleaves. There is only conviction based on prenatal experiencing.

You'll eventually find that out.

## Strange Face on TV Refuses to Disappear



FROM Blue Point, N. Y. comes the following AP dispatch—

Early in the century it was "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor." But that was a fable. The face on the television screen, the local Travers family says, is not a fable, and they wish it would go away. It doesn't, though, even when the TV set is turned off. Here's their story:

The three pre-school-age Travers' children first saw the face—a woman with a fixed stare.

The youngsters lined up in front of the screen for a favorite morning program. They got the show, but six-year-old Caroline ran to her mother, crying:

"We can't see it, a face is in the way."

Mrs. Jerry Travers indulgently investigated. You know kids and their inventive imaginations. One look and she turned pale. There was the face, staring out of

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the 17-inch screen even as the telecast went on.

The children got scared. They started to whimper. Mrs. Travers, a little nervous herself, turned off the set—the face remained. She then placed the screen side of the set to the wall.

When her husband, an aircraft company employe, returned home from work, they swung the set around. The face was still there.

Radio and TV experts were consulted. One expert said, "It can't happen."

Network officials, given a description of the woman, could not identify her.

Ray Slurman, chief engineer at the Telochrome Color Television Laboratory in nearby Amityville, had an explanation.

The face was probably an image from a previous program, Clurman said, and became engraved on the picture tube as a result of faulty equipment.

G. E. Gustafson, chief research engineer for Zenith Radio Corp., which manufactured the set, said in Chicago the phenomenon was wholly unknown in TV electronics.

He called "not plausible" a theory the face was an image engraved on the picture tube from a previous program because of faulty equipment.

Gustafson said Zenith would investigate the situation immediately.

The Travers timorously took another look at the screen today. The face was still there. They turned the screen-side back to the wall.

A GIRL with cotton hosiery never sees a mouse.

EVERY hero, said Emerson, becomes a bore at last . . .

WHEN you become use to never being alone, you may consider yourself Americanized . . .

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"TIS expectation makes a blessing dear, Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were." SUCKLING

THERE is only one thing more exasperating than a wife who can cook and won't, and that is the wife who can't cook and will . . .

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NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

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

**G**RADUALLY it's coming clear to me where I've got to carry Soulcraft. Or rather, gradually it's coming clear to me what the Ultimate Octave maybe onto which Soulcraft moves. I'd been trying to solve the quandary of just how to shape the 52 Master Discourses for the Soulcraft electronic libraries. I not only gave deep thought to all the criticisms of the 127 discourses circulated to the moment, but I tried by analysis to determine why the most popular reels had *been* most popular. It hadn't been exceptional music, I was sure. It didn't seem to be whether I talked short or long. Neither was the theme of particular consequence, although certain themes did hold a wider appeal than others. The thing that had "gotten hold" of the electronic audiences strongest were the sequences in certain discourses where I resolved with maximum clearness and emphasis *the practical facts of mortality with solutions from Higher Octaves*. Did a cue lie in such, embodying the destiny of Soulcraft? . . . It took a letter from a teenager in the East to bring certainty home to me . . . Let me quote the vital statements, youthful grammar and all . . .

**'PEOPLE** won't listen to something if it in any way strikes a note that is in any way off-key. Meaning the young people of John's and my age would quicker listen to something if it could be presented in a way that was more of a scientific discussion rather than a type—and I say *type*—of church preaching affair. If it could be told and discussed in a clear *logical* way so that the younger people, your physicists, scientists and learned persons all could take what they hear, weigh it, and let things mull around in their minds a bit. You would get somewhat of a different response than you would get just *telling* a lesson. Do you get our point? Don't be jumping to conclusions either, we are in no way trying to say anything that would cause hard feelings or anything of that sort. But you will be working a great deal with a different sort of people from now on, I think, and it will have to be the youth that will have to be taught . . . they will have to be the ones to carry on this work here upon the earth after you go Over. They must have a conscious outlook on all this before you will be able to work more strongly and steadily through us . . . the youth . . . that is how it seems to us . . ."

It was a four-page, closely-typed letter, but that was the gist of it. The dear maiden repeated that she and the boy friend saw all things "only through scientific eyes", meaning that what they wanted were facts and not theories. I was still cogitating over it when came in the letter I've published on Page 5. Suddenly it struck me like 235 house-slates loosened by a wind and sliding down a roof, sharp-edged-down with my neck beneath them, that the truly successful Soulcraft chaplains about this nation over the past three years particularly, hadn't been those who gathered the biggest audiences. They'd been altru-

istic and compassionate souls, with full understanding of Soulcraft tenets in their heads and copies of *Golden Scripts* beneath their arms, who'd responded to requests to give counsel when tragedies struck terribly. Counsellors! *There was the gist of Soulcraft, the brevet and the accolade!*

**DAUGHTER HARRIET** cried poignantly as she addressed those listening in the October 14th seance, "Daddy, it's the *minds* of the people that want healing!" That compassionate plaint has been ringing in my paternal ears since. People can go to homeopaths, naturopaths, to chiropractics, even to Christian Science practitioners, to obtain healing for their bodies. But who heals their minds, no less sorely ailing and too often dying into cynicism? It's Physicians of Spirit who seem to be needed now, more than at any particular time in history. But what *does* heal people's sick minds? Isn't it putting them upon a different line of thinking than they've ever known before, but putting them on a line of thinking that serves up the facts that become therapeutic, particularly the therapy that's needed in bereavements. The correct information, spoken in an understanding and sympathizing voice, that gives people more than Hope . . . that gives them sudden and dazzling and health-restoring *enlightenment*.

**I SAY** I'm beginning to behold almost a profession growing out of the vocation of Spiritual Physician, as personalized by some of the services of the more successful Soulcraft chaplains—people called in at the psychological moment of well-nigh mental tragedy, when first aid to the soul saves the sanity and ideology. Soulcraft Counsellors! And how to tutor them to give maximum results? No, I couldn't hold classes or give courses that brought to their attention precisely where to look, in what script or book, for expressly the information or direction that magically worked therapy. *But the electronic reels!* Supposing that from week to week throughout 1954 I shaped up fifty-two of them, confined strictly to information that spiritual sufferers needed worst, yet bearing my "scientific" maiden in mind . . . mightn't those wishing to make a vocation of *spiritual* therapy thus be educated by proxy? And supposing the series began with the clinical study of bereavement in all its aspects—precisely as my correspondent on Page 5 delineated? Could anything conceivable perform greater Christian service?

**I SIT** here in my writing room night after night and type belated letters to inquirers hungry for information that assuages loss by death. Soulcraft Counsellors could do it personally with greater efficiency because they would have the "patient" before them. What they truly would become would be "Spiritual Scientist practitioners" . . . Anyhow, I'm going to start to work upon it. Terse, "scientific" facts, for the young as well as the old. No music. Just *instruction*. . . Let's see what comes of it! . . .