

Valor

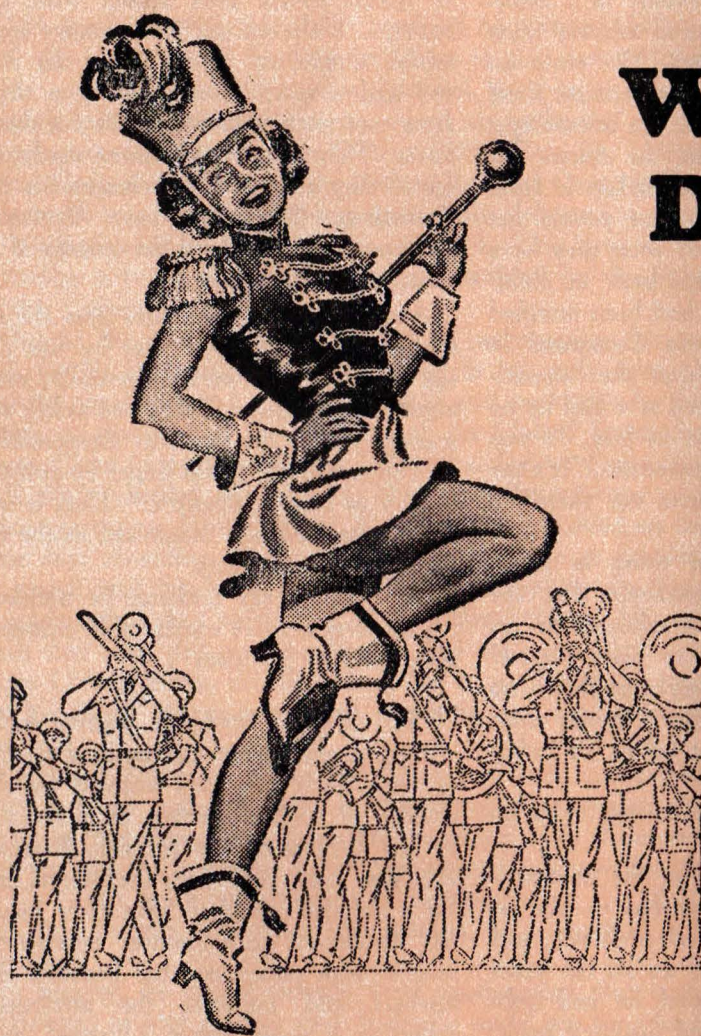
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, July 17, 1954

Number 12



WHY PEOPLE DEMAND TO BE ENTERTAINED

AN INTERESTING episode occurred during a recent major materializing seance at Soulcraft Headquarters. An elderly businessman had chanced to be present, coming to consult on a commercial matter and remaining by invitation to witness the proceedings. During the course of the evening's phenomena an elderly lady put in appearance, called up this businessman and addressed him as "Son!"

Throughout her somewhat poignant converse with him, he regarded her appalled. His manner not only was skeptical but approaching a mien of rudeness. No, he didn't recall this or that incident in earlier family life that should have identified her; no, he didn't remember another occasion when she appeared to him beside his bed as he was coming from slumber; no, he wasn't aware of other occasions when she had manifested unmistakably in his affairs. He got back to his seat, on the whole relieved that the interview was over. Next day, in conversation, he voiced his reasons.

"What *was* I beholding?" he demanded, perplexed. "There was *some* sort of materialized creature who looked like mother, who talked like mother, who recalled happenings that should have identified her as



mother. But it just wasn't mother. Who then was it . . . or *what* then was it?"

"Why couldn't it have been your mother?" the editor demanded. "Every evidence of sense was complied with."

"Come, come," the visitor remonstrated, as though disillusioned as well that the editor should credit it. "You and I as businessmen know that the dead do not return because they *cannot*. All Science says so. Religion confirms it. I've been thirty years a Christian Scientist as well. Mrs. Eddy in *Science & Health* tells us that anything Spiritist is all hoax and humbug. Return from the death-state being an impossibility, therefore, *what* was I looking at?"

The editor went on, "You saw the re-embodiment of Mary Baker Eddy, did you not, stand within three feet and tell you with her own voice that her chapter against Spiritism in *Science & Health* was the grossest blunder of her career. And she's to work out the karma of it!"

"I saw somebody or something that claimed to be Mary Baker Eddy, there's no proof it was she."

"What do you want for proof?"

The businessman shrugged. "I want it explained how such impersonations can be managed. We have to start from the premise that such exhibits are fraud. Building from that, it would seem to me that real investigation should be concerned with discovering how they're con-nived."

"It wouldn't be," the editor ventured, "that they're 'fraud' because you don't wish them to be otherwise, having con-

vinced yourself it takes less mental effort to deny them than accredit them?"

The visitor was perturbed. He was an honest man, sincere in his skepticism. But he wanted to base that skepticism on the questionable premise of tradition. Society simply *couldn't* have missed such great truth—if it were truth—over so long a period.

IT IS not enough to ask what may "ail" such temperament. It is not enough to remind oneself that for every such "practical" intellect there are ninety-nine persons who would give an eye or an arm to perceive some beloved relative, whose remains are buried elsewhere in a cemetery plot, stand forth and address them again in familiar accents. The truly inquisitive mind *puts such skepticism itself as a phenomenon* beneath the microscope, and seeks to rationalize the causes for such reactions. Trying to explain it from the traditional premise that people are what they *are* because of what they have experienced, and perhaps back in childhood such a personage had been terrified by the supernatural, was discounted in this case by the fact that the "apparition" the businessman had seen had by no means occasioned fright in him. It was more contained in his statement, "It's my intelligence that convinces me there's a trick to it somewhere."

Regarding the whole thing in retrospect, one can only conclude that the businessman bethought it exhibited an exceptional maturity not to place himself in a position where he might be shown up as a victim of humbuggery. It was pride in his own acumen that led to his indignation.

But there's another item not to be ignored.

Maybe the possibility of the phenomenon's being factual appeared to him as a challenge to his mental processes, and ultimate realization that up all the years of his so-called manhood he had subscribed to "scientific" and theologic error. Chagrin at being sold on earlier humbuggery undoubtedly figured in it.

Had he accredited what he witnessed, and heard, and had conveyed to him even by the sense of touch, he might actually be compelled to do some thinking in his own right.

He resented the expenditure of effort it entailed.

THIS particular individual, plenty clever in commercial transactions, constituted one human item in a vast ensemble of human beings who really demand that other people do their thinking for them, dictate to them what to believe, and when and how to believe it, and rely on no conclusions arrived at by analysis.

It is Soulcraft's studied opinion that such are responsible for the vast rank and file of today's mediocrities who must be entertained all the time, if not by the ubiquitous movie at night then the bridge club, if not by television then by the holiday street parade where the pretty girl in silken shorts does stunts with the baton, . . . always and forever have some exhibit displaying before them, the true end and aim of which is to keep them from exercising their brain-cells for themselves. They might make some costly error if they exercised their brain-cells for themselves. Better to have Professor Doakes do it and bear the stigma if it turns out he's in error.

And along with such alibi goes the relieving thought forever that by not rising above the crowd intellectually, even attempting to do so, keeps one safely ensconced within the ranks of Respectability. Never can the ribald finger be pointed at him as being "eccentric." Thus is opposition toward him minimized in the effecting of fiscal gains.

Do nothing, say nothing, be nothing!

One lives a more comfortable existence unheckled by criticism . . .

THE TRUE Soulcraft mentor looks upon such temperament in a species of pity. Such pity isn't aroused by the sterility of such characters. It is aroused by the futility of life to such. Presumably they have come into the mortal coil for a definite period to have their faculties developed, to encounter experiences prolific with education that broaden the intellect and cultivate the attributes, achieving a spirit status advanced over what it was when they began mortality.

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Text of the Petition for Rehearing of the Pelley Case

Filed in the Chicago Court as Preliminary to Asking the United States Supreme Court to Adjudicate the 1942 Conviction

ON June 23, 1954, this Court rendered its opinion affirming the judgment of the District Court in the above-entitled cause and, hence, sustaining the dismissal, without a hearing, of petitioner's amended motion to vacate, set aside, and correct illegal sentence, pursuant to Section 2255, Title 28, United States Code and Rule 35 of the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure. A copy of said affirming opinion was delivered to counsel for petitioner by mail on June 24, 1954. This petition for rehearing is being filed within the time provided by the Rules of this Court.

One of the main contentions raised by petitioner in this appeal (in his original brief and reiterated in his reply brief) is that his conviction and the affirmance of said conviction by this Court, in the light of the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the *Hartzel* case (*Hartzel v. United States*, 322 U.S. 680), decided on June 12, 1944, and *Baumgartner* case (*Baumgartner v. United States*, 322 U.S. 665), decided on the same day, constitute a gross violation of his right to freedom of speech and freedom of the press, guaranteed by the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. He contends that these decisions, binding as they are upon all Courts in the United States, should at long last be applied to his case and his illegal conviction vacated, set aside, and rendered null and void.

He has searched in vain for any mention of these contentions, much less any ruling thereon, in the affirming opinion of the Court in this cause. He concludes, therefore, that these contentions and the argument in support thereof were overlooked by the Court in its consideration of his appeal.

If that be true, he respectfully submits, he is entitled to a rehearing.

In passing, he cannot refrain from commenting that these contentions involve matters that obviously could not have been raised in the appeal of the original criminal case, which was decided by this Court on December 17, 1942, very nearly eighteen months before the United States Supreme Court rendered its decisions in the *Hartzel* and *Baumgartner* cases.

Another main contention raised by petitioner is that the inflammatory, prejudicial closing remarks of the prosecutors in the criminal case resulting in his illegal conviction, in and of themselves, rendered the trial accorded him unfair and demanded reversal of the resulting conviction. In principal sup-



port of this contention, he cited (in his original brief and in his reply brief) the *Viereck* case (*Viereck v. United States*, 318 U.S. 236), decided by the United States Supreme Court on March 1, 1943, two and a half months after this Court decided his appeal in the original criminal case.

As this Court well knows, the *Viereck* case reaffirmed in ringing terms the previous decision in the *Berger* case (*Berger v. United States*, 295, U.S. 78), relating to the permissible range of conduct for prosecutors in criminal cases. Obviously, petitioner could not, in the appeal of the original criminal case, take advantage of this reaffirmance taking place, as noted, a considerable time later. It is worthy of note that no mention whatsoever of the inflammatory, prejudicial closing remarks of the prosecutors is to be found in the reported opinion of this Court affirming petitioner's conviction in the original criminal case, and it very clearly appears that said remarks were not asserted as a ground for reversal in said appeal.

This contention, amply raised by petitioner in this cause, with the verbatim closing remarks of the prosecutors presented to this Court for the first time, was also seemingly overlooked by the Court in its consideration of the appeal in this cause.

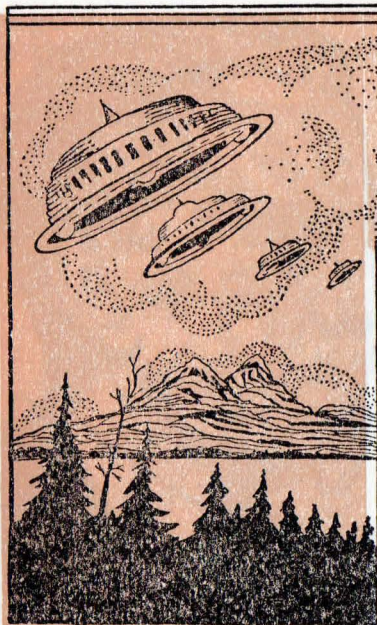
If that be true, he respectfully submits, he is entitled to the rehearing for which he prays.

It also appears from the opinion rendered in this cause that the Court completely overlooked petitioner's further contention that only those matters considered by the lower Court in arriving at the judgment appealed from (rendered on September 1, 1953) should be considered by this Court in its determination of this cause. Those matters are included in the "Designation of Record" (R. 196, Tr. 98) and the "Additional Designation of Record" (R. 1270, Tr. 597). They do not include the documents referred to in the "Supplemental Argument" of respondent-Appellee, which, as clearly appears, played an important role in the determination by the Court of the appeal in this cause.

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



Now You See 'Em and Now You Don't

ONE LETTER was received which appeared to be a methodical and scientific analysis of the Saucer situation. It stated that the "discs" come from the planet Venus, and that the Venusians were a people who were the physical and mental superiors of earth dwellers. However, the Secretary felt that the letter's plausibility was exploded by its writer in the last paragraph where he said:

"I am an authority on this question, because I am one of the people from Venus. I landed by Flying Saucer!"

Wright Field at Dayton, Ohio and the Pentagon in Washington, receive hundreds of letters every week, but they are not all figments of someone's overworked imagination. Those letters are coming from every part of the nation, and are written by reputable and respected citizens. Pilots of the Air Force and civilian companies see Saucers nightly, but many refuse to report them because of the way their statements and sighting information is handled. It is far less bother to never mention the fact that you saw a UFO.

When asked recently why newspapers throughout the country had reported the Air Force as saying that only eighty-seven sightings were received from throughout the country since January of this year, Lt. Col. John O'Mara, Deputy Commander of Intelligence at Wright Field said that the cryptic figure "87" applies to cases under "special analysis." But that, unfortunately, is not what the newspapers told us. They made it appear that only a very few sightings had been reported this year, when actually over seven-hundred are reported to the Air Force every week.

Lt. Col. O'Mara also said that the famous Tremonton film mentioned in Maj. Keyhoe's *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*, was nonexistent. When he was told that others had proof that the film did exist, he said: "Well, it does exist, but the objects were resolved to be of conventional nature." First, he said it

didn't exist, then he said it did exist. A few months ago, a well-intentioned senator figured he had enough "pull" in Washington and he wanted to see the Tremonton film. He called the Pentagon for an appointment. They told him to come over at a certain time and he would be shown the film. When he arrived he was informed: "We are very sorry, Senator, but the film you wanted to see burned up accidentally before you got here!"

They couldn't say they lost the film, that would prove negligence. So it *accidentally* disappeared. The film couldn't have been accidentally burned if it didn't exist in the first place. Therefore, if you follow Washington officialdom for Saucer news you're going to be a confused investigator.

THE TALBOT case is similar to former Secretary of the Navy Kimball's experience over the South Pacific several months ago when his plane was "buzzed" by Flying Saucers. He, too, was strangely silent over the affair and never passed the incident off as "reflection off a DC-3". When his next door neighbor asked him about the occurrence, Kimball said, "Sure we know what these Saucers are . . . we know what they are." And that's all he would say.

Now we find that Lt. Col. O'Mara has contradicted the statements made by his own boss, the Secretary of the Air Force. Talbot says he did not see a Saucer . . . the colonel says: "Sec. of Air Force Talbot's aircraft was paced by an 'Unidentified Flying Object' over Fresno, California in March, '54." The picture is getting more confusing by the moment . . . Keyhoe says that there is such confusion in Washington and in high places. The American government has a big job on its hands in trying to figure out the best way to get this information before the people. By causing controversy they are getting peo-

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LT WAS widely reported recently that Air Force Secretary Talbot saw a Flying Saucer while in his plane over California. The UFO (Unidentified Flying Object), as the Air Force prefers to call all Saucers, was flying parallel with the Secretary's ship and gave all an excellent opportunity to observe it.

Talbot was in Chicago a few days ago for an inspection of air defenses and declared that the mysterious object he saw in the sky a few weeks ago . . . despite Washington "whispers" . . . was not a Saucer. He also said the Air Force is not changing its attitude towards, nor intensifying its study of the so-called flying disc phenomena.

Talbot saw his object a few weeks ago while flying in California. He and his party observed a peculiar light halo in the sky. He said: "But after observing it clearly with glasses we are convinced that we saw a plane, either a C-45 or a DC-3, with the sun reflecting off its surface. It caused no excitement in the plane. But when I mentioned it jokingly later in Washington the word got around that I personally had seen and even had been aboard a Flying Saucer."

The Secretary pointed out that eight percent of the more than one thousand Flying Saucer reports investigated by a special Air Force task force have gone unexplained. He said some of the reports of UFO's are "most credible."

What You Should Know about the Rite of Cremation



OME twenty to thirty letters a year reach Soulcraft Headquarters about Cremation. The digest of the concernment behind such inquiries seems to express worry over whether the soul-spirit that has occupied the body throughout the lifetime is in any wise conscious of the incineration of its remains. The second curious item connected with the burning of the corpse of one particularly loved, has been the somewhat morbid sentiment to keep the urn close to hand, obtaining the effect thereby of keeping the person himself in the vicinity. This has led to the third phase of the inquiries as to what, if any, attraction the body may continue to hold for the discarnated soul-spirit. In fact, a prominent religious cult recommending cremation gives as its reason that if the spirit be in any sense earthbound, the incineration of the remains severs such earthly connection with vital permanence.

What is deteminable about the truth or fallacy of such matters? Suppose we consider for a page or two, the history behind Cremation as a process . .

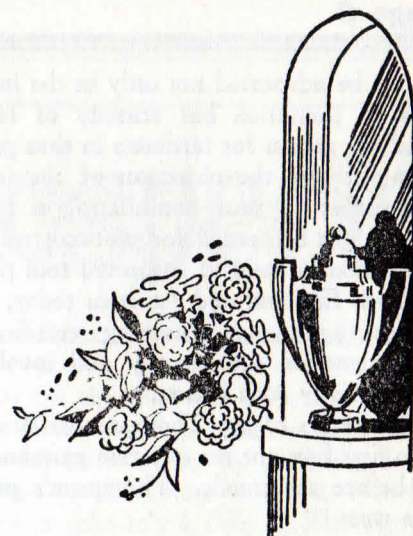
WE GET the name from the Latin word *cremare*, to burn. This method of disposal of the dead was the general practice of the ancient world with the notable exceptions of Egypt—where bodies were embalmed—Judea, where they were interred in sepulchres, and China, where it was a point of family honor to bury corpses of relatives, particularly ancestors, on the family acres for the superstitious enhancement of survivors. In Greece, so well established was the custom for thousands of years before the Christian era, that the law specified only suicides, unteethed children, and persons

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

struck by lightning were denied the right to be burned. Throughout Rome and Roman countries, burning on the pyre or *rogus* was the rule.

Whether in any of these countries cremation was adopted or rejected for sanitary or superstitious reasons is difficult to say. Embalming would not be general in countries less warm or dry than Egypt. Scarcity of fuel in the poverty-stricken countries of the East might also be a consideration. The Chinese were influenced by the doctrines of Feng-Shui, that a true Chinaman must have a properly placed grave in his own land, and with this in view the bodies of Chinese dead were sent long distances to rest in their native soil. Even the Hebrews used cremation in the Vale of Tophet when the plagues visited. Probably too, some pagan nations had religious objections to the pollution of the sacred principle of fire, practicing exposure, suspension, throwing into the sea, sealing in caves, dessication and envelopment. Some of these methods must obviously have been dictated by the means to hand.

Cremation is still practised over a great part of Asia and America, but not always



in the same form. Thus the ashes may be stored in urns, or buried in the earth, or cast upon the sea, or thrown into the air, or even—as among the Digger Indians—smearred with gum on the heads of the mourners.

THERE CAN be little doubt that the practice of Cremation in modern Europe has been disrupted time and time again by the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body; partly also by the belief that the Christian's body was to be redeemed and purified. The objection of the clergy was expressed by the philanthropist Lord Shaftsbury when he cried, "What in the case of disposal by fire would become of the blessed martyrs?"

The very general practice of burying bodies in the precincts of a church in order that the dead might benefit from the prayers of persons resorting to the church, and the religious ceremonies that precede both European and Asiatic interments, has given the question a religious aspect. It is, however, in the ultimate resort, a question of sanitation. It was the disgusting results of pit-burial that made cemeteries necessary. But cemeteries were equally liable to overcrowding and often placed nearer to inhabited districts than old churchyards.

Decomposition occur slowest in the very moist and compact clays that seal in the obnoxious gases and vapors likely to be toxic, and when plague abounds—as it has time and again in many European countries—burning of corpses in pyres has been well-nigh a fiat in the interests of the living.

Not until the late 1870's did legal cremation, in properly constructed ovens, be-

gin to be advocated not only in the interests of sanitation but scarcity of land. And the reason for tardiness in thus practicing it was the objection of the legal authorities to thus annihilating a body that might be needed for post-mortem examination in cases of suspected foul play. In both England and America today, the formalities about obtaining certificates for cremation are lengthy and involved for precisely such reason.

It was Sir Henry Thompson of Britain who first brought the question permanently before the public. Thompson's problem was—

"Given a dead body, to resolve it into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia rapidly, safely, and not unpleasantly." To solve this problem, experiments were conducted with the bodies of dead animals by Dr. Polli at the Milan gas works in Italy and by Professor Brunetti in France who exhibited an apparatus at the Vienna exposition of 1873 that used coal-gas mixed with air applied to a retort of refracting clay, so as to consume the gaseous products of combustion. Finally a process was perfected that consumed the remains in two hours—which time has since been shortened to fifty minutes—the ashes weighing about 5 percent of the body's weight before cremation. A 144-lb body was thus reduced to about four pounds of lime dust. The noxious gases which were produced during the first five minutes of cremation passed through a flue into a second furnace and were consumed. But it was not until 1885 that Britain had its first official cremation at Woking with the body of a woman. Then by 1886 a hundred bodies had been so disposed of.

Today in United States almost all the larger cities have official crematories.

THE METAPHYSICAL questions involved are many and serious.

The superstition that the physical vehicle must be consumed by fire in order to destroy permanently any influence it might exert toward keeping the soul in an earthbound condition, particularly in its vicinity, appears to be just that, a superstition and nothing more. Soulcraft at least has never heard of any such spirit inhibition being of moment, although it has heard copiously about the length of time that should be permitted to lapse between cessation of the heartbeat and actual ignition in the furnace. As for corpses

exerting any material attraction on the defunct mortal spirit, exactly the opposite would seem to be true. The graduated soul is more apt to sense horror at the view or proximity of the body it has so long occupied, lying lifeless, although some souls have communicated back their reactions of sadness and nostalgia for the familiar vehicle which has served them so long and faithfully. As for being "held" by it as it passes into the miasmas of decomposition, the notion is abhorrent.



The same thing goes, to greater or lesser degree, to morbid sentiment on the part of survivors for the literal ash itself. The soul-spirits of our beloved "departed" require no residue of themselves in a silver urn on the mantel to make them recall us or wish to be near us. They do that anyway, in a hundred contacts a day, from the attachment of esteem and love that still bind them to survivors.

The main problem concerned in cremation from the standpoint of the conscious entity that has vacated its mortal remains is the length of time to be scrupulously observed between death and incineration.

It should never be less than three days and preferably four!

If a week or ten days can be arranged between the funeral services and the actual consuming of the body, so much the better.

The reason given for this delay is the little understood fact that by no means may the soul-spirit have totally withdrawn from the body merely because the heart has ceased its throbbing. And this circumstance can occur even though the vehicle has been subjected to embalming.

REMEMBER that even as no superior force has acted to compel the spirit to take possession of the embryo before birth, so no force exists that evicts or

ejects the spirit from grown body at demise. It is a voluntary gesture in each instance.

Normally the occupying soul quits the physical ensemble when its moribund condition makes it no longer workable, therefore untenable. This, nine times out of ten, is dictated by the heart pumping vitalizing blood through the arteries. With the heart halted organically, the brain and nerves are rendered incapable of sensation. The benighted person, being untutored in psychical processes, may confront difficulty in vacating due to his confusion or perturbation over what his condition or environment is going to be when the detachment is final. If it delay its evacuation the ensuing embalming usually arouses it to the necessity for betaking itself elsewhere. But sometimes may occur a situation like that of a prominent Manhattan physician mentioned earlier in these papers—

VALOR's editor had often lunched with this medico and discussed various points of metaphysical doctrine with him. The doctor was fully aware of the disclosures of psychical research respecting survival. For some unknown reason, however, his wife held fixed views about the desirability of quick and positive incineration, and wishing to start for Europe to get her mind off her grief amid new scenes, she arranged with the New York authorities for as early cremation as could be managed. As the physician had expired of a heart malady for which he had been known as suffering for years and there was small cause for an autopsy, the doctor's body was subjected to the fiery oven some thirty hours after his collapse in his office.

The Sabbath afternoon after the cremation processes, while VALOR's editor was at Sunday dinner with a professionally psychic lady and her husband in upper New Jersey, the lady suddenly dropped her fork and slumped in dead trance. Out from her lips issued Doctor Mac's voice—

"For God's sake, give enough time between the cessation of the heartbeat and the rolling into the cremating oven for the sentient spirit to get fully detached from its clay!" he cried in anguish. "My heart had stopped throbbing but I was still conscious of sensation. Embalming might have helped it, but Edith wanted

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Week in Retrospect

ON JULY 8th at a meeting of the American Physical Society, in Seattle, Washington, Dr. Marcel Schien announced that an atomic particle from outer space, capable of annihilating ordinary matter in hair-raising fashion had been captured at the top of the earth's atmosphere.

Moving at the incredible speed and energy of ten million billion volts, the particle converted matter into energy and the energy turned back into another form of matter. Nothing remotely approaching this energy ever has been reported before from direct observation of a single particle. By comparison a fissioning uranium atom is a pip-squeak at about two hundred million volts. The most powerful atom-smashing machine produces particles with energies not much above six trillion volts.

This strange visitor may be a long-sought bit of "reverse" matter . . . something that would give researchers a tremendous boost in their efforts to solve the remaining mysteries of the atom. The supposition is that the particle is an anti-proton. This would be the counterpart or "opposite number" of a proton. The particle was caught in a pack of special photographic plates carried in a high-altitude balloon over Texas, 100,000 feet above the earth.

BRIEFLY, here is what happened throughout the world during this past week . . . Mrs. Roy Stallsmith's TV set operated automatically during a storm. For some unexplained reason a picture became visible with the set switch off. The sound was lacking, however. Switching the set off and on had no effect other than to include the sound. The strange phenomenon continued for forty-five minutes and was also viewed by neighbors of Ingleside, Ill. A Japanese astronomer reported that a "lake" observed on the surface of Mars in 1939 has disappeared and will be an important subject of study for scientists. Heavy quakes rocked Jakarta, Indonesia and high waves hit Semarang, Java . . . Two earth shocks jolted Norway's west coast . . . Twenty-two died in the rubble-littered Central Philippines which were rocked by a heavy earthquake . . . A jarring quake injured twelve sailors at Fallon Naval Station in Nevada, buckled walls and warped a major highway . . . Tremors felt in San Francisco . . . Manitoba River floods Brandon, Man., fifty families fled . . . A Pacific typhoon with eighty-mile winds hit east of Manila . . . Seventy-nine died as floods spread in Japan . . . Fifty-five died in the disastrous Mexican border flood; ninety are missing, and the entire scene is one of filth and mud . . . The wettest summer in fifty years in Britain is blamed on atomic

tests for the rain that fell there recently was much more radioactive than usual; Air Ministry experts are studying the reports . . . Atomic tests prove that Piltown Man is definitely a fake . . . Radioactivity tests, "carbon-14", have proved that human remains discovered in Wisconsin last year are over 5,000 years old; this pushes the history of that area back several thousand years . . . Archaeologists are excited by the Ice Age Man's skull that was found in Texas. It may be the oldest human skull ever discovered in the Western Hemisphere.

BELEATEDLY considered, the big event of the week has been the most recent midsummer visit of Bertie Lilly Candler and Edward to Soulcraft. Twenty-three persons were on hand to witness Tuesday night's supernal demonstrations, almost all coming by appointment. Madam Candler prefers holding the spectators to around twenty in number, which was a most happy limitation on this occasion because of the abnormal heat of the evening. She stayed but the one session. With the return of cooler weather in September, a more elaborate program of materialization sittings is planned. As announced on another page, Soulcraft intends to reverse its past policy on visitors and make Noblesville gatherings a prime feature of its activities.

Pelley Appeal Case to Go to U. S. Supreme Court

If this contention was not overlooked, it was at least ignored by the Court. This, petitioner respectfully submits, constitutes another reason why a rehearing should be granted.

As this Court no doubt knows, it has been held in leading cases that a rehearing is warranted (1) when allegations are made that questions decisive of the case, and duly submitted by counsel, have been overlooked by the Court, and (2) when the decision concerning which a rehearing is sought is in conflict with a controlling decision, either overlooked by the Court, or not called to the attention of the Court through the neglect or inadvertence of counsel.

Petitioner respectfully submits that the circumstances attending this cause are such that he is entitled to a rehearing on both of the grounds set forth.

Wherefore, petitioner-appellant respectfully requests a rehearing in this cause.

Respectfully submitted,

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Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. VII JULY 17, 1954 No. 12

On the Way

VALOR has it to announce that on the night of July 13th one of the greatest materializing sequences that has ever happened at Soulcraft Headquarters, occurred in result of a midsummer visit of Bertie Lilly Candler to Noblesville. This issue of the Golden Times Weekly is printed largely in advance of mailing dates, so that details of this epochal demonstration cannot be publicized until next week. VALOR for July 24th will be almost entirely devoted to it.

That Bertie Lilly Candler in her meetings under Soulcraft auspices is proving herself not only America's outstanding medium, but before the saga is run may demonstrate herself as the greatest materializing medium of all time, is by no means exaggerating. And the basis for it is found in her association with the Higher Cosmic Forces that were responsible for the text in the *Golden Scripts*. By the Rev. Candler entering into wholehearted liaison with them, anxious to be of utmost service to those embracing the sacred ideologies found in that volume, her earlier talents are taking an enhanced turn. What is happening in consequence may easily write a new page in psychical explorations in this country and abroad.

Early Biblical characters, who declare they had no cause to reembody up the last nineteen hundred years, are stepping forth and uttering enlightenments about the termination of this Christian Dispen-

sation preceding the Second Coming, that leave the spectator breathless. That it is happening in order that Greater Wisdom may be spread, and not for the secular or commercial purpose of merely confirming Spiritualistic tenets, lifts the phenomena onto an octave of its own.

Obviously what is due to grow out of such exhibitings of the realities of these personages is an entirely distinct and more propitious aspect of Soulcraft. The lady founder of a great modern church spoke voluntarily for well-nigh a half-hour last Tuesday night, welcoming the opportunity to express her present views



on audible communication between the worlds, and acquainting the leading Soulcrafters present with alterations she is promoting in the beliefs of her Church, that her followers may enjoy an even wider and higher understanding of the principles of Divine Healing and manifestation in earthly affairs. Not a syllable she is uttering is in any manner critical of the current doctrines of her church, in fact quite the contrary. As to the highest sacred tenor of her addresses there can be no denial. That the clarifications expressed in *Beyond Grandeur* are what she would like to see considered sympathetically by her millions of followers are cases in point. She stated Tuesday night—and every word she uttered has been preserved on electronic tapes—that she had searched the world over for the proper collaborator on the earth-side with whom she could work, until she found the Soulcraft instrumentalities available

to her, and she seized upon them. Take it for what it is worth. Still, this Appearance was but an incident.

It was the general outline of that increased growth and organization which the Higher Mentors saw accruing for Soulcraft, that supplied the truly valuable phase of Tuesday night's phenomena. Noblesville should be opened to the nation as the one spot on the continent where spiritist phenomena can be observed totally devoid of all aspects of money and commercialism, proving incontestably the authenticity of Survival, the whole conducted in the utmost sacred reverence so that skeptical persons can have their fears forever allayed about the destiny of their souls following Transition.

Just what form this new departure is to take, is a matter of much cogitation and preparation, but it will be followed through. It seems to be on the cards of the Higher Mentorship for it to be realized. It by no means implies that merely by journeying to Noblesville, any curiosity-seeker can behold the talents of Bertie Lilly Candler, quite the contrary. It means that through the talents of Madam Candler, constant rapport is maintained with Mentor Intellects in the substantialized bodily form, and every claim and contention made in the Soulcraft sacred tenets rendered capable of demonstrated proofs.

So the Soulcrafters of the nation shall see what they shall see. Fifteen to eighteen "people" appeared substantially Tuesday night, including three ancient Teachers whose identity and sacrosanct Message left nothing to be desired. What they emphatically wish to see achieved is an establishment that authenticates the sacred findings and enlightenments in the *Golden Scripts*. Daughter Harriet's discourse from the Fourth Dimension was the most illuminating that she has thus far delivered. She talked for twenty minutes.

With the Soulcraft activities suddenly flowering out into many fields of activity beside straight book publishing, it means that the reception of visitors to Headquarters can be placed in the hands of a competent staff and more satisfaction given them than now maintains on a person-to-person basis.

It boils down to the fact that something legitimate and constructive in the psychical line is maturing in Indiana and

the scientific findings that result may have far-reaching effect, with the whole Soulcraft program being so established that it goes forward to national religious influence without setbacks due to the personal fortunes of any particular official.

This is a case of "the sky being the limit" in concrete confirmation and exhibition. We shall see.

Entertainment

(Continued from Page 2)

But they are fighting the very improvement they have gone to all this potholer of physical ordeal to get. Coming to the end of their days, they have scarcely enlarged a single brain-cell. They have been followers of bolder minds through preference. Here is the paradox—

It is always such temperaments who proclaim the loudest the "cruelties" and lack of "equities" in life, and join loudest in castigating the earth-scene as an endurance of toil and trouble. Quite willing, even eager, are they to concur in the theological acceptance that "Jesus paid it all." They make the best plate-passers and mortgage-foreclosers. It is far less discomfiting to subscribe to a religious belief that the mythical Satan is responsible for the evil and wickedness in the world than face up to the face that it is their own benighted stupidity, multiplied a hundred million times, that permits the evil and wickedness to operate.

Actually such persons are masquerading when they make reference to their "intellects".

Intellect is the one thing that is practically nil in them. What they call intellect is mental habit resulting from acquiescence to the beliefs and morals of the crowd, plus an animal cunning to get through mortality with minimum of resistance.

"Let's go to the movies!" or "Let's play bridge!" or "Let's not miss tomorrow's parade and fail to see the pretty girl in the bare legs lead the band!" all translates into "Let's do something that diverts our minds from reasoning out weightier matters and issues for ourselves!"

It's obviously a fact that for certain persons to operate their minds and do original investigation philosophically or

scientifically causes them a sort of head-pain. Their perspicacious reasoning powers have become so ossified they are prone to crack under undue pressures.

Yet they are first to be offended if you call it to their attention.

THE GREAT cataclysm of perpetual Entertainment that convulses the current generation traces back to this one weakness in the ranks of mediocre hu-

man nature, making it mediocre. Not that great blocs and interests are not eager to keep the public enthralled, and thus distracted, that no sizable element may turn its intellectual processes upon their deprivations. But radio, television, excessive and psychopathic motoring, bridge clubbing, conventions for this and that, parades, carnivals . . . all fundamentally rely on the same premise, to keep the public from living with its own mind—be-

ENDURANCE



SOMETIMES I feel so passionate a yearning
For spiritual perfection here below,
This vigorous frame, with healthful fervor burning,
Seems my determined foe.

So actively it makes a stern resistance,
So cruelly it sometimes wages war
Against a wholly spiritual existence
Which I am striving for.

It interrupts my soul's intense devotions,
Some hope it strangles, of divinest birth,
With searing rush of violent emotions
Which bind me to the earth.

It seems as though two mortal foes contended
Within my bosom in a deadly strife,
One for all loftier aims, for souls intended,
One to save earthly life.

And yet I know this battle waged within me
Which stresses hard my will-power and control,
This very conflict at the end shall win me
The sought and longed-for goal.

The very fire which seems at times so cruel
Is that white light that proves the spirit's strength,
A furnace fed by holiest of fuels
It may become at length.

Ah! when in high immortal ranks enlisted,
I sometimes wonder if we shall not find
That not by deeds but what we have resisted,
Our places are assigned!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL
from *E. W. W.*



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331 Pages \$4.00

Soulcraft Chapels
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

cause it has no mind to live with—and left without something fabricated to take its place, life is empty, aimless, and altogether futile.

In such mass vacuum, of course, intrudes the international impasse producing a major war, or Flying Saucers seen above western deserts, or terrain cataclysm, knocking down all television aerials and throwing masses of mediocrities upon their own resources. Such is the technique of Divine Providence for causing mediocrities to think for themselves, thus destroying the cranial ossification that otherwise would solidify such faint samples of mental processing as has been so far achieved.

In other words, Experience teaches while the pundit is stoned—in order to keep him from creating situations in which his pupil must exercise his grey-matter and thus know the agony that goes with discovering for the self, and drawing conclusions despite his will in consequence.

SO, LET Soulcraft leaders be not overly distressed that the great rank and file of the public is not hysterically excited about the Soulcraft revelations. Persons who disclose themselves as averse to exploring its higher and deeper tenets are automatically classifying themselves as to strata of intelligence. But remember that Intelligence isn't necessarily mental acumen. Intelligence is mental *facility*. It is the attribute of being capable of drawing one's own conclusions from material or sensory evidence while paying no conventional allegiance to some personage in a frock coat because he acquired alphabetical designations after his name for specializing in tenets that make the mass mind more stereotyped.

The businessman who repudiated his own mother "because Science and theology declares such things not possible", derives no profit from being called names. But the increment from the experience probably will come when he makes the Passing himself, confronts that mother, and is rebuked for the ossified intellectuality he displayed when the Truth was demonstrated to him but those intellectual processes gone too far to seed to be of use to him.

Soulcraft has ample cause for knowing something of the mental torment Mary Baker Eddy herself is suffering for hav-

ing repudiated scientific Spiritism. What of millions of her followers who ultimately discover how they were duped? But the duping wasn't altogether Mary's fault.

Had her current communicants been tutored in forming their convictions from their own discriminations—as Soulcraft people are tutored—they would not today be barring themselves from confronting their beloved leader face to face and hearing her literal voice addressing them as it did before 1910.

Well might the businessman have cried, "What was I looking at?" He was looking at the challenge to explore and expand his mind.

Instead, he hurried forth, so as not to miss that parade where the pretty gal in the silken shorts flourished the baton with vim, vigor, and vitality . . .

Cremation

(Continued from Page 6)

to get the whole distressing thing over and make that steamer. I wasn't adequately embalmed, and the next thing I knew I was being subjected to the entire grisly ordeal of being burned alive, without being able even to yell my head off!"

This was the substance of the doctor's message and it went on for fifteen to twenty minutes before the lady revived.

A proper job of embalming, with the remains refrigerated for a week or ten days and separate funeral services following at the crematory, obviates any such plight as that experienced by Doctor Mac.

As for fanatical religious reflexes, that cremation would destroy "the resurrection of the body" at Judgment Day, the nearest reliable seance room forever ends that. Cremation on the whole is, or should be, a preferential matter with the soul that inhabits the body to be disposed of. Most people are indifferent. But dying, like many other transactions of life, may take more time than originally assumed.

It's a good thing not to hurry. Haste might burn you up.

HOW MUCH happier we would all of us be on summer evenings if Noah had stepped on the male mosquito before he left the Ark.

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Soulcraft Chapels

United Nations on Its Way Out . .



THE INDIANA Department of the American Legion in its 27th annual convention has unanimously approved a series of strong and unequivocal resolutions dealing with American foreign policy, that follow most uncannily the recommendations made from time to time in these columns over the past two years. They call for the total and decisive withdrawal of the United States from United Nations in the event Red China is admitted. They demand the ejection of the Soviet Union from United Nations. They request the severance of diplomatic relations between Washington and Moscow. That the world is slowly moving toward a decisive showdown on this question of Soviet mechanations and subterfuge in its international relations is now out in the open as an issue of our times. And Soulcraft dares the opinion that it is coming to climax and the Soviet Union destroyed, if not by direct arms then by economic conditions established by the world's free nations. After that, the world is going into era of unprecedented welfare and prosperity.

It is all in line with the findings in the *Golden Scripts*.

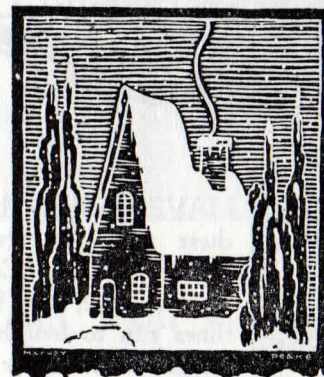
True, the "Man of Evil" has not yet made his appearance and his identity is controversial. But his "reign" is described as short lived. The healthiest sign of all, is the gradual shift in editorial policy respecting the Hiss Snakes' Nest of Intrigue and its increasing disfavor to the point where the newspapers of the country take a leading part in ejecting it from America. When the American Legion becomes aroused on such an issue, the Washington politicians pay attention.

VALOR offers its national readers a sample of this sentiment, published in that sterling American newspaper, *The Indianapolis Star*, from whom VALOR has quoted many fine editorials—

THESE Legion resolutions, says the *Star*, are indicative of a rising pub- sentiment in the United States about our past and present dealings with the Com-

(Continued on Page 15)

“My Seven Minutes in Eternity”



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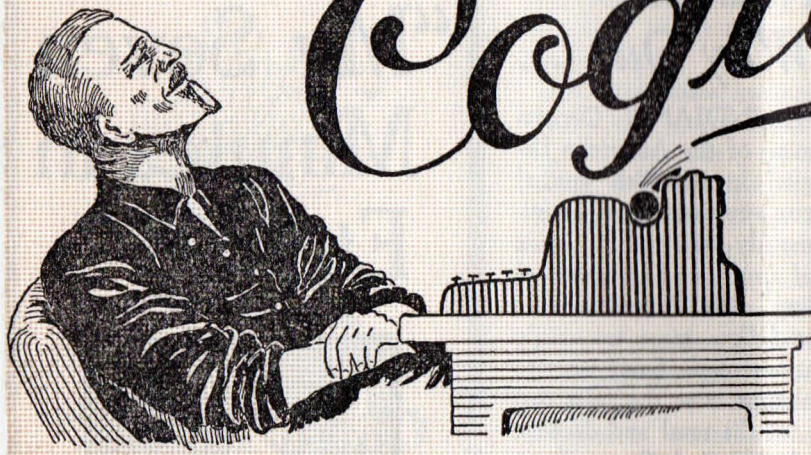
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YOU should begin your study of the whole Soulcraft philosophy with the reading of this epic and understand what happened that began the recording of the monumental Scripts. Nearly three million people have read this narrative since it was first published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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Cogitations



HAVE method behind these pages of frequent banter, listed as COGITATIONS. True, they sometimes run to length. But

altogether too many of us are prone to become tense over the issues of the times and lose our equilibriums, not always keeping the emotional balance that marks the advancing spirit. Paying attention to the Americana described, likewise serves another purpose in painting a picture of the times in which our esoteric admonitions and aspirations are of moment. Eventually there are going to be several volumes of these COGITATIONS published in book form, that they may be preserved. As for the camaraderie established between us by these unconventional recitals, its worth is beyond calculation . . .

o—o

I REMEMBER a man named Abercrombie back in Massachusetts, who was distinguished by never having been known to smile. He was a six-foot drink-o'-water with a bald head and a hawkish nose, halfway down which he wore gold spectacles. He sold life insurance for a living—such living as he made. One could imagine from his perpetual lugubriosity that he was forever dwelling on causations for life insurance being needful. Particularly did he seem to enjoy carrying payoff cheques to freshly made widows, entering their bereaved domiciles, delivering the amounts for which the policies had been drawn and remaining to console with them on the mercurial nature of connubial expectancies. He usually did this sitting forward in a rocker with overcoat unbuttoned, collar turned up at the back,

hands clasping his hat between his knees like a pot and those doleful eyes fixed on patterns in the carpet. Life was a delusion and a snare to Artemus Abercrombie; man's days were long and full of trouble. What was there to laugh about? My dad had a saying when anyone told a tall tale in his hearing. "I'll believe it," he would remark, "the day I hear Art Abercrombie laugh." I remember coming on Artemus in various places, usually waiting in outer offices to keep appointments to write policies, always sitting forward in his chair, hands holding that pot-like hat, eyes focussed woodenly on the flooring in front of him, and wondered even in my less philosophic years what the man was perpetually thinking about, that made his expression so naturally funerealistic. His age was probably fifty, he had formerly possessed a consort but she had departed him, no children had come to bless or unbless their union, and he used neither nicotine nor the Demon Rum. No one ever saw him at a town entertainment, he spent his evenings "reading good books", he said, in a room he rented from one Widow MacCloskey, whose husband's policy he had paid. Men found themselves betting one another as to whether Artemus would ever laugh, and whether or not they would be around when it happened. Later they said, Thank God that they hadn't. He was dignified, he was scholarly, he was sedate. But I came to realize as well that something was missing in his ensemble. He was *colorless*, that was it. Actually there was no variety of temperament in him. Day after day, year after year, he forever appeared the same. You got nothing from him, or

from being in his company. But the real trouble with such characters can be, that denying themselves emotional equilibrium all the days of their years, they are liable toward the end to get Balance in one gesture. Witness the sad and inglorious end that came to Artemus when for once he laughed . . . but somewhat demonically . . .

o—o

FEW PEOPLE up and down Main Street ever paused to think twice about Abercrombie's earnings. They took it for granted he made reasonable commissions on his policy procurements, and as he lived decidedly within his means—as a man could be counted upon to do who had no laughter-muscles in his face—the acceptance was general that he probably banked his surplus, over and above what it cost him to live. That several summers before the times of which I write, he'd been to Pittsfield, had an affair with a blonde, been shaken down for several thousand dollars in an epochal badger game, and dipped into insurance funds to cover his shenanigans, was quite as



unthinkable as imagining the Prophet Moses leading the way into the Promised Land astride a motorcycle. Undoubtedly poor Artemus had plenty cause for not smiling. But Artemus had faced an accounting on the purloined insurance funds, made a desperate application to Old Peter Barnes, president of the Peoples National Bank & Trust Company for a loan, and been refused on the grounds of inadequate security. Hence, being so emotionally unbalanced as never to smile, he had conceived a great rancor against Peter the Banker, sitting amid his millions behind the People's Bank plate-glass, and greatly desired to work him an injury. Not being adept in pleasantries, he did the job inexpertly. The youngest

MacCloskey boy undoubtedly was responsible for the pattern it took. "Hey, Art," he'd addressed his mother's elderly boarder, "I know a man who's got a doctored skunk. Try to persuade Ma to lemme own him, willyah?" . . .

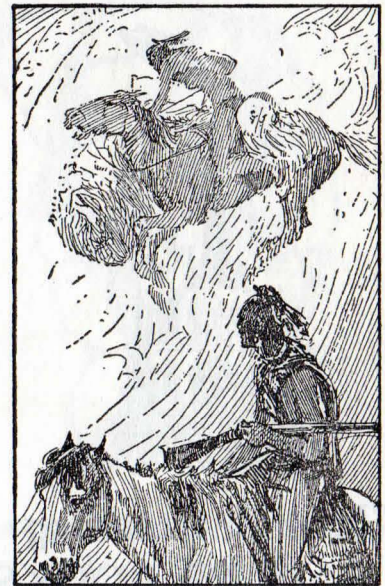
o—o

A DOCTORED skunk, in the parlance of my younger years in Massachusetts, was a geranium kitty that had undergone certain vital surgical experiences and thereby become socially acceptable as a unique pet. Artemus understood. And in his long blank starings at the floor, vindictive compensations took form against Banker Barnes by mental associations. Could any more exquisite way be conceived for getting back at a pompous banker who has refused one a loan, than waiting until some especially busy hour when his palatial premises were reasonably crowded with patrons and letting it appear that Pungent Pussy was wandering at random between vault and fover. The melee might make the bank quarters less priggish. So, after giving it profitable contemplation, Artemus surprised MacCloskey by not only agreeing to carry on negotiations for domiciling the beast but furnishing young MacCloskey with six dollars by which its acquiring was transacted. "You bring it to me in a suitcase tomorrow morning promptly at 11 o'clock," he instructed Punk MacCloskey. "I'll be having an appointment with President Barnes at the Bank. Be there right on time with the skunk, boy, if you wish me to come home with you and arrange with your mother for keeping it." Of course the MacCloskey boy promised eagerly. He hied across town with the six dollars and visited sundry persons.

o—o

THE PEOPLE'S Bank & Trust Company had recently remodded its quarters to include spacious tiled floorings, marbled counters and tellers' booths, and sumptuous mahogany furniture in such portions of the premises as were used by officials. At 11 a. m. of a Saturday morning—one hour to noon closing—the bank held a plethora of patrons, from harassed-looking businessmen cashing payroll cheques to bebies of affluent ladies needing Saturday-night and Sunday moneys for this and that. In fact, old Samantha Gates, relict of "Millionaire Joe" Gates

of the Plow Works, never failed to show up in the People's Bank of a Saturday forenoon and consult with President Peter about her investments, most of her week-days being spent in Boston. So into this swanky palace of finance Artemus entered glumly on the dot of eleven and affected to be writing an interminable cheque at one of the glass counters. The queues were long before each teller's window. Old Peter could be seen amid the rubber plans and oriental rugs of his luxurious corner, sedately pouring over stock certificates with the portly Samantha, and Ezra Whipple, janitor of color, was pushing his broom industriously here and there, keeping the cigar-butts of the masculine element off the marble tiles of the counting room. Little Punk MacCloskey likewise entered on schedule with a battered suitcase distinguished by airholes. He espied the funeralistic Artemus and went directly across to him. He started to speak but Artemus silenced him. Seizing the suitcase from the boy, he required four strides to reach the regions at the rear of the bank, slip the straps from the side-bucklets and let the lid drop sideways. The fecund white-striped creature inside, plopped to the flooring in one surprised thump. For the instant it looked dazed—which may have been due to blindness caused by ejection from the dark interior of the suitcase. But before it decided what retaliations to take, old Jim Ward, contractor—endorsing a note at a nearby counter—uttered one prodigious "Whew!" audible to all from president to janitor. Turning in the direction from which the odor projected, Jim beheld the cause. In voice somewhat softened he exclaimed electrically, "O-my-gawd!" . . . Thereat he departed the counter with note unendorsed. Between fourteen to forty patrons took no notice of what had become of Jim, but were plenty interested in what became of themselves. 'Twas reported that some, standing hither and von with fists full of currency, simply threw it in air and went over marbled esplanades before it came down. Old Peter arose so suddenly his chair thumped over backward. Little Miss Pettibone, typist, inside the rail of Cashier Potts compartment, emitted a piercing shriek. Because as the skunk advanced down the flooring, it make a quick reversal of position, cast its tail above its head and began filling that bank with



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vaporous perfumery! . . Artemus Abercrombie beheld this phenomenon and caught the MacCloskey young one by the pants. "I thought you told me," he hissed, "this creature was *doctored!*" . . The boy heightened the pandemonium by wailing, "But I got this one for *three* dollars, because he *wasn't!*" . . That was the instant when the skunk reached President Barnes corner and took a squinting appraisal of old Samantha Gates. She returned the look. Samantha did more. She plucked a fancy Egyptian cuspidor from the floor near Peter's desk and let the polecat have it in one crash that missed. The skunk said in skunk banter, "Want to play games, do you?" and proceeded to give its undivided attention to Samantha—although in four seconds she was atop Peter's desk. Obviously she made a better target up there where the animal couldn't miss her. Meantime the bank's patrons hit the sidewalk in squads, all of them in motion before regaining their feet.

—o—

WELL, you've guessed it . . *that* was the epochal instant in which Artemus Abercrombie *laughed*. He gave one tremendous giffaw when he beheld Samantha atop Peter's desk with her skirts to her kneecaps. The skunk heard this noise and stopped badgering Samantha. Whatever remainder of liquids Nature permitted him to exercise, he directed toward Artemus—perchance to shut him up. Because Artemus did shut up and got the blazes out of there. And as he loped down Main Street, pedestrians fell away from him in crowds. He reached the depot as the 11:15 train was pulling out for Hoosick Tunnels. Presumably he went into the Tunnels with the train and vanished from the community. Behind in the bank it was Ezra Whipple who battled the enemy to a standstill with a push-broom in the vault . . No, it never pays not to laugh until a skunk hits the town's leading dowager with its regards. You're liable to make such a mess of things with your bump of equilibrium out of kilter. I recently heard from a New England old-timer that Artemus ended his days in the institution for the mentally deranged in Brattleboro—where he laughed a cackling laugh on the slightest provocation. My personal opinion is, Nature has put the laughing faculty in the human make-up to afford us relief from

too much tragedy in this vale of tears. Of course I could be wrong. But I do refuse to be a sour pickle myself just because I publish periodicals treating with sacred subjects. . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 6)

ple to talk about Saucers and thereby educating themselves to the extra-terrestrial idea.

TWO engineers of a big midwestern aircraft plant are well known to VALOR, and they say they know plenty about the Saucers but its all under "wraps". They do mention the fact, however, that the mouths of all government and commercial pilots are *pledged to secrecy*.

While the discussion of the elusive Saucer goes on throughout the world . . they are still being seen and often. On the night of July 8th a large, fiery object was spotted in the sky over Texas and Oklahoma. Hundreds of people saw the object or objects at Dallas and Forth Worth in Texas, and at Lawton, Norman and Shawnee, which lie roughly along a one-hundred-mile southwest to northwest line in central Oklahoma. Weather observers said the object must have been a meteor.

Harassed weathermen in Vienna, Austria asked alert Vienna citizens to stop phoning them in the middle of the night to report Flying Saucers. Many strange objects have been sighted over the city at night the past few weeks.

A few days ago, Aurora, Illinois had an exciting view of a Saucer. A jet plane was observed flying from west to east. It was a double jet because the two streams of vapor were clearly visible behind it. Then the witnesses saw the Saucer going from east to west and passing over the jet at a higher altitude and a greater speed. It appeared to be nothing but a big, white circle.

But Saucers are doing a great deal more than just getting themselves observed darting to and fro. VALOR receives letters daily that tell of personal experiences from all parts of the country. And many of these deal with the space people's plan known as "The Great Speaking". Many are experiencing strange

things happening to their TV sets, or their radios, or the phone rings and nobody's on the line. What does it all mean, they ask. It means that the testing is underway to prepare us and our space friends for the day of "The Great Speaking" when all nations and people will know that we have friendly visitors and helpers from outer space.

United Nations

(Continued from Page 11)

munist governments. They reflect the recent actions of members of both parties in Congress calling for an end to concessions to Communist governments and a return to the moral principles of what is right and just and decent in our dealings with them. They express the deeply felt belief of millions of Americans that it is impossible to "do business" with the Communists governments of the Soviet Union and other countries. They signify a realization by Americans that we have tried long enough and hard enough to give the Soviets a chance to prove good faith and that they have failed the test every time. They indicate an increasing public pressure to end these fruitless attempts at "coexistence" by appeasement.

It is one thing to try to live with one's neighbor without provoking a fight or inviting him in to dinner. It is quite another thing to concede to every demand he makes upon your privacy, or your property in order to "avoid trouble." If he steals your overcoat should you give him the sleeves? If he burns up your hedges, should you give your hedge clippers? If he seizes your neighbor's backyard, should you hold a conference with him to try to make that seizure legal?

Those people who keep on parroting the idea that we must "coexist" with Communists on their terms always paint the only alternative as being a "preventive war." This is simply silly. We lived peacefully in the same world with the Soviet Union for almost 20 years without recognizing their tyrannical government or having any direct dealings with them at all. When the Soviet Union seized Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia, did we go to a conference to approve this seizure in solemn treaty? When the Soviet Union seized half of Poland in concert with Hitler, did we attend a Geneva

conference to approve the deal? We did not.

What have we gained from our 20 years of recognition of the Soviet Union? We have invited to our shores a large assortment of diplomatic spies, saboteurs and conspirators and allowed them to organize plots and assaults against our government and our free institutions. We have been tricked into giving moral approval to the enslavement of 600,000,000 non-Russian people from China to Czechoslovakia at one conference after another and by recognizing all the Communist captive states but five.

What has it all been worth?

The Soviets have broken every treaty and agreement we made with them. For 20 years this has gone on. How much longer do we have to keep on making these agreements that are immediately broken before we find out the nature of the beast with which we deal? How much longer will the United Nations put up with the blatant and deliberate violations of the U.N. Charter by the Soviet Union and its captive states before coming to the conclusion there is more to be gained than lost by throwing them out of the U.N.?

Authenticities

FAR TOO often letters from readers arrive at Headquarters bemoaning the fact that psychical demonstrations cannot be arranged among Soulcraft groups in the field to "substantiate" the Golden Scripts—as if the Golden Scripts could be substantiated by any phenomena occurring in a seance-room.

The *Golden Scripts* were compiled by no mortal mind on the one hand nor from discarnate "mentors" on the other. They were relayed to the Recorder on a wavelength so powerful, from a Personality of such a high vibratory frequency, as to waft off into unconsciousness whomsoever might have requested to be present at their taking in order to be convinced of their Divine Authorship. No psychical medium was employed in any capacity as between the Elder Brother and the Recorder.

Incidentally, the Elder Brother declared upon one occasion, "Whenever you are asked for credentials in matters of spirit, never make answer. You are accountable only to me!"



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Box 192 Noblesville, Ind.

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

I'VE never forgotten a remark made to me once by big John Siddall, the six feet of Scot brawn who put the *American Magazine* on the map. "The American people," John opined, "are fundamentally interested in just three things, Love, Money, and Religion. But I think they're interested in Religion the most. You can steal a man's wife and perhaps he'll reward you. You can owe him money and he'll only cuss himself for trusting you. But monkey with his Religion, and man, he's coming at you with a meat cleaver and chop you into sausage." So if you'll glance back through the years when *The American* was gaining to two million circulation, you'll meet the word "Christ" in its headlines more than any other celebrity, alive or dead. I think what John was trying to say was, that above all other topics engrossing him, the average man was most vitally interested in the welfare of his eternal soul. You see, John wasn't overly convinced that the average person was dumb. He might not make the headlines with regularity but he had a keener sense of life's values than what he was ordinarily given credit for having. But the trouble with Religion, as the average man beholds it, isn't its spirituality but its *formality*. In nine out of ten cases he must have his Religion formalized—meaning more or less organized—or it does not seem to be religion . . .

DAY after day, month after month, I sit here at Headquarters and open mail from persons whose religious ideals have been completely rejuvenated by reading of the Soulcraft books. Some of the missives are so earnest and eloquent as to bring a choke in my throat. The Soulcraft books have taken away bewilderments, banished theologic fear, rationalized the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, given people an inspiring and yet rational philosophy by which to regard God and Life. Most of all, they've ended concerns about probabilities of Survival. But sooner or later those letters contain this lament: "Oh, why can't Soulcraft be nationally organized, so that we have a place to mingle with fellow humans enjoying the same mental and spiritual liberation? The proper cohorts of intellectual leaders, heading up Soulcraft congregations in the principal cities of America, should change the aspect of religion in this nation in one decade." That's what those writers declare in solicitude. But they fail in being aware of the hours of thought and deliberation I've put in, on this same subject.

The proper cohorts of intellectual leaders! Where are they? The first paradox you encounter in procuring

"leaders" is the fact that to lead they must know more about their subject than the most adept Soulcrafter in their audiences. If they do not, the criticism is colloquial, "Why has the Chief sent this dimwit among us?" But to render them as adept as any Soulcrafter in their audiences, a lengthy period of study and schooling is necessary. I tried that once in North Carolina. If I could open a college to give quick and comprehensive courses to field workers, this problem of leadership might be solved. But what happened? It resolved at once to a matter of economics. Those financially able to take such course were more or less dilettantes in metaphysics who aspired to be trained psychically as a personal enhancement. They had no more conception of training for field positions enlightening others than a parakeet has of teaching algebra. On the other hand, those who did possess the temperament to buckle down to a Preparatory Course were kept financially from underwriting their attendance. In short, the proper caste of students was unprocurable. To properly establish a corps of capable field representatives, an endowed institution is called for, where the proper temperaments pledge their careers against the costs of their education . . .

THAT SOONER or later Soulcraft is due to become such an institution seems a plausible eventuality by the very nature of the circumstances. It may startle some old-timers to learn that I am mulling over plans to create a great national Soulcraft Center here in central Indiana, where great hordes of interested people can gather in the summer months—and perhaps other months of the year as well—and get specialized training in the imparting of the Soulcraft tenets, as well as visit to their heart's content with people similarly enlightened from other parts of the nation. I'm beginning to realize that asking Soulcrafters to stay away from Headquarters is a paradox. But if I solicit them to come, I propose to make it well worth their time, effort and expense, so they shall really get something. I'll be telling you more about this great new departure in future publications, as plans develop. Just at present

Soulcraft is enjoying a truly phenomenal increase and expansion, and centralizing its activities in a stabilized manner at Headquarters seems the first step to national establishment. . . John Siddall had it right. A man's religion is the most serious and vital thing in his life. To build it on great esoteric truths that can first be *demonstrated* to him, will make it that much more vital. Noblesville must lead the way in doing it. More concerning this later . . .

EDUCATION makes
a people easy to lead
but difficult to drive;
easy to govern but im-
possible to enslave . . .