

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

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Number 13

INTERESTING THE PUBLIC IN E-S-P . .



ROUGHLY estimated, there are in the United States 164 million people. Of that extraordinary population, two-fifths are adults and three-fifths are minors, or persons under 21 years of age. That figures to 66 million adults and 99 million children or adolescents. It is the 66 million adults with whom we are concerned. An adult is a human being who has gained to reasonable physical and intellectual maturity. He is sufficiently developed as to body and mind to assume social responsibility for conduct and performance in the populace as a whole. But here is the odd circumstance in what we must consider—

Out of that 66 million, domiciled in 48 States and following the normal pursuits of mortality, there has been estimated to be only 1,200,000 who have manifested any notable interest in their significance as mortal creatures, how they got on earth, and what purposes they may be serving by living the physical life at all.

That is slightly under 2 percent. And the ratio seems to hold for the entire United States . .

Of course, this figure of 1,200,000 is largely conjectural. Still, it is used as a rough indication because



that is the outside figure arrived at by computing from all publishers' lists the number of adult citizens who up the past ten years have voluntarily answered advertisements and bought books whose import discloses what is reliably known about the enigma of life, what the human soul is, why it functions, and what the general design of its destiny may be that is working out by earthly visitation. Take note, incidentally, that the 1,200,000



buyers of esoteric and metaphysical books up the past decade are by no means representative of any one race, religion, or denominational creed theologically. They are drawn from every walk of life and every caste of society.

Ninety-eight percent of our adult population is either purblindly ignorant of any specific purpose being served by the soul performing in a human body for a normal longevity of seventy years, or is emotionally indifferent toward being made aware of it. Living in the fleshly vehicle day unto day, meeting the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, acquiring the financial resource to command the necessities of such physical existence and perhaps luxuries as can be connived, marrying and giving in marriage, propagating young and bringing it to maturity in turn, these items are the whole sum and substance of the span of consciousness known as mortality.

This is, so to speak, the basic situation at which we are looking for the moment.

TWO percent of people are indicated as curious as to "what it's all about" . . . ninety-eight percent are following patterns of tradition or convention in determining or not determining the basis of why earthly life is what they find it.

This means, in terms of your own community, that if you reside in a modest American city of, say, 56,127 population, there will be some 22,450 adults in the place and 33,677 minors—that is, people under their majority—and yet out of the 22,450 adults only 449 will be found restively curious as to why the earth-scene is what they are finding it and intellectually receptive toward explanation or enlightenment.

449 adults out of a census of 56,127.

Fifty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-eight will be "keeping up with

the Joneses" domestically, politically and spiritually and nothing more. Likewise being more or less content to do so, or not possessed of enough spiritual inquisitiveness to alter their status deliberately and become any wiser, they stack up as the great sheepflock of humanity that benightedly is content to let others do its thinkings.

NINETY-EIGHT percent, in other words, are intellectual robots—not to deal in unkind terms—who are suffering most of their mental, economic and civic ills because of indifference to the basic issues of life, and who commit all sorts of blunders, and land in every species of ordeal, because of their insouciance toward matters of the spirit. They cannot say where they came from in the beginning. They lack the foggiest notion of how they arranged to get into mortality. They have no clearer concept of where they are going, cosmically considered, than the ant on the running board of a speeding motorcar. The lessons they learn come to them from bitter experience only, and oftentimes it embitters them more than it enhances their spiritual outlook.

It challenges the true philosopher to wonder what sort of life this mundane planet would be offering if the percentages could be magically reversed and ninety-eight percent of the populace were spiritually erudite and only two percent benighted?

Of course at once the defiance is hurled: How do the current two percent *know* that their enlightenment is bona fide, and what issues and resources are apparent to substantiate that what the present 2 percent are aware of, is reasonably correct by proof?

That the erudition and the proof are one and the same, or all wrapped up in the same cosmic package, is something that has to be grasped by *knowing*. Moreover, the proofs are meaningless as well unless one grasps the fundamentals to which they apply. Religion up the ages has affected to do it, but Religion, suppose we note, at least in the higher civilized countries of the planet, has been supplanted by Theology—or what a few professional experts have conjectured arbitrarily. Worst of all, the ratio of percentages is so extreme as to make the smaller element appear as "queer" . . .

If the cosmic fundamentals would seem to become so apparent on investigation, and so susceptible in proof, why has not the rank-and-file of humanity become aware of them long since? What could operate to keep them hidden from so many?

WE HAVE to look foursquare at the fact that esoteric instruction resolves itself to the tricky business of selling or convincing the moribund 98 percent that the 2 percent has access to information not common to the multitude, and that its correctness is beyond all question. Then as the percentages or quotas alternate, and the erudite become more and the benighted less, we name it that Civilization has taken a great step upward.

It is something to marvel at, that, as the great religions of the world have departed from theology and subscribed to cosmic fundamentals that are apparent under investigation, the most appreciable advances in Civilization have come about—human life on the earth has been bettered and mankind has had less and less cause for entering into the experiences that physical life supplies.

Take note that this is another way of saying that man actually is in earth-life to become more erudite spiritually, by discovering which cosmic fundamentals are *susceptible* of proofs.

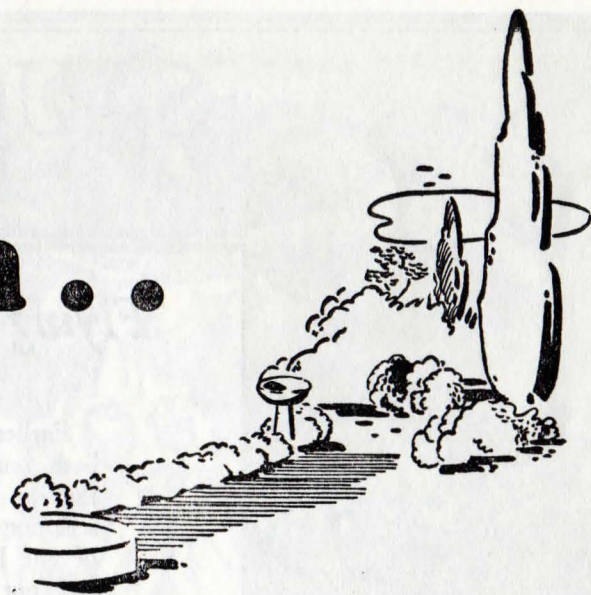
Right here is where we run *bump* into the phenomena of Psychical Research.

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That Seance July 13th . .

*Private Affair at Soulcraft Eclipses
All Bertie Lilly Candler Sitzings
of Consequence to the Present*



IT IS one thing to transcribe clairaudiently a series of "messages" purporting to have come down from highest echelons of Spirit—a thousand sensitized persons all over the earth are doing that nightly. It is quite another to have original progenitors of such Wisdom perfect a method for lowering their vibrations to the frequencies of substance in Matter, stand forth anew in bodily ensoulment, and remain to discuss for a ten to twenty minute interval the texts of the Supernal Enlightenments previously projected.

On the evening of July 13, 1954, Soulcraft Headquarters experienced another unexpected sitting with Bertie Lilly Candler—rapidly proving herself to be America's outstanding materializing medium. Between 8:45 and 11 p. m., twelve Re-created Personalities stepped forth in complete substantiality, to address twenty-two spectators audibly and permit every word to gain permanent preservation on electronic tapes. All saw and heard identically the same phenomena.

Leading a galaxy of discarnate celebrities was the stately and gracious lady who identifies herself as Mary Baker Eddy.

Soulcraft has been reticent about proclaiming such return of the famous founder of the Church of Christ Scientist too blatantly, wishing to offend neither officials nor communicants of that Church who subscribe most zealously to the chapter in *Science & Health* repudiating all Spiritist communication.

How long such repudiations can continue in the light of what is occurring in Indiana, becomes problematical . .

IT WAS Mrs. Eddy's third appearance before this group, each of the three being unsolicited, though by no means unwelcome. The first had happened on October 14, 1953, the second on May 8, 1954. But the visitation of a week ago Tuesday evening was her longest and most remarkable.

Her entrance into a Soulcraft materializing circle on the date first mentioned had as its import her apparent desire to communicate through VALOR's editor the contents of a volume she had prepared on her present octave, augmenting and extending her earthly writings that now constitute the liturgy of the Christian Science faith. She wished nothing altered in her earlier writings, although expressing a regret that she had repudiated Spiritist communication, adding in her cultivated and charming accents that since making the Passing she had discovered that "communication between the two worlds, mortal and celestial is scientific." What she desired was an expression of her enhanced views on the After-life, added to modern Christian Science teachings.

It was in consequence of her desire thus expressed that the editor undertook the authorship in clairaudient polarity of *Beyond Grandeur*. He had been aware of the lady's materialization before the Roberts Group of London, England, but had not been aware of three earlier appearances described in Dr. Carl Wickland's

volume, *Thirty Years Among the Dead*. Nevertheless, the editor went ahead and completed the work.

On May 8th of this year, at another psychical sitting at Soulcraft Headquarters, eighteen adults all seeing and hearing the same things and her words again recorded on electronic tapes, this embodiment was repeated and she commended her collaborator for having transcribed her sentiments with such accuracy.

Tuesday-week she appeared the third time, stayed longer than in either previous episode and digressed at length on her Church and the work she had founded, declaring that had she been privileged to live in the earthly state longer she would have done more exploring into after-life certainties for the millions when she had tutored in psychosomatic healing.

This third time, however, she made definite recommendations for the expansion of the Soulcraft Work as auxiliary to Christian Science.

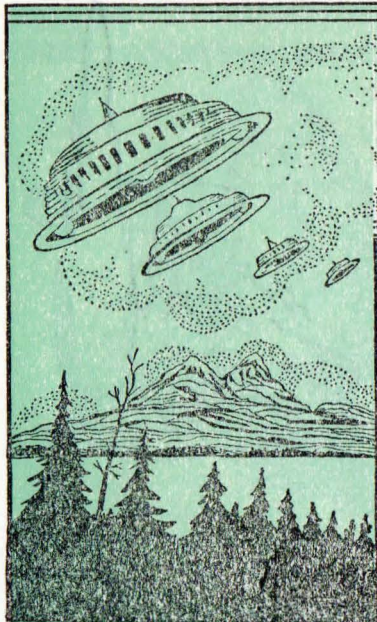
Her method for undoing the esoteric mischief of which she feels guilty by writing that celebrated chapter in *Science & Health*, was to make assiduous appearances before psychic science groups and attest in her own voice the alteration in her views.

But some of the recommendations which twenty-two persons heard her utter in the Soulcraft studios on this latest appearance of July 13th left her auditors appalled by their import and magnitude.

She predicts a constructive and liberating schism in the ranks of Christian Scientists, with a gradual broadening and enriching of the tenets of that faith to the eternal solace of individual communicants. (Continued on Page 7)

SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



Flying Saucer Mystery at Warren, Ohio

Earlier that week, a search party had been sent out to investigate the report that an object of the same general description had grounded behind the home of one Earl Pence. The search was carried out by plane spotters but revealed nothing. Mr. Pence said the craft had made a humming sound and dimmed lights in his greenhouse as it passed overhead.

THE following account is taken directly from the diary of Albert Law of Warren.

"At approximately 10:00 p. m. on the night of December 10, 1953, my brother-in-law Albert Como, a naval man on leave, started on his trip to Pennsylvania after filling his car with gasoline. The roads were icy and it was very cold, but it was also clear. The weather had reduced the traffic to a minimum.

"He traveled out Route No. 45 for about five miles and went through Lirchtown Corners. There he saw a brilliant streak of light cross the sky and plunge into woods to his left, disappearing about five hundred yards from the road.

"The bright light set the whole woods aglow for a second, then all became dark again. At first he thought an airplane had caught on fire and crashed. He felt it was his duty to go and investigate. Al is still in the Navy and he knew he should help anyone who might be injured.

"He stopped his car, turned off the motor and started across the field towards the woods. He discovered that he had to cross a barbed wire fence that separated field and wooded area. Then he saw it . . . a huge dome-shaped object resting in a clearing. The moon was full and he could see its outlines perfectly. He said it looked as if the object had been there a considerable time for it was entirely black on the outside and cold appearing.

"He claimed that he was not fearful

as he stood watching it. However, he felt like a small boy who has done something he shouldn't. It was impossible for him to get closer than fifteen feet from the craft, for some kind of a "wall of force" kept him away.

"HE DIDN'T hear a voice, but something "told" him to get down on the snow-covered ground and look up under. The bell-shaped craft was about sixty to seventy-five feet in diameter, and was sitting on three sizable "balls." Later, Al told me he couldn't say whether the ship was hovering a short distance off the ground or actually was touching it.

"As he looked under the craft he saw a glass-like square hanging. It was about one-third the size of the ship and glowed with a pale blue color. He could see figures or shadows of figures moving around inside. He stayed in this position for what he thought was five minutes, then decided he had better get back to town.

"When he arrived at the spot where he had parked his car the vehicle was nowhere in sight. He said this fact didn't bother him and he was impressed to go back to the craft in the clearing. He observed it for several more minutes from the same position and then returned to the highway. This time he found his car but it was facing in the opposite direction and not exactly where he had left it.

"He got into the machine and immediately was impressed to look at his gas gauge and his watch, and to come and find myself. He found that his tank was less than half filled and it had been full when he left Warren. Checking his watch, he discovered that one and one-half hours had elapsed instead of only a handful of minutes.

"He speeded back to Warren and pounded on the windows and doors of my home to get me up. When my wife admitted him, he was pale and shaky . . .

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SINCE VALOR first told about the unusual happenings at Warren, Ohio, many interested readers have written Headquarters, asking that the story be given in full. After considerable investigation and efforts of Tom Comella, Jr. of Shaker Heights, Ohio the complete report is for the first time available.

Whether or not the little town of Warren is a "favorite" or of specific interest to our space friends, is not known to a certainty. However, the record shows that from November 11, 1953 to the present, space craft have kept a constant vigil on this township east of Cleveland. One of the earth's great fault lines passes directly through Warren. Since the Saucers patrol these lines of weakness at all times, this could partially account for the appearances.

On November 11, 1953, John Bare of Warren sighted a glowing "pancake-like" object high in the heavens. On November 12th a mysterious object some thirty-five feet long and barrel-shaped was observed by plane spotters, and many citizens watched the craft for minutes at a time. John Martin of Warren saw the object twice from his home. The last time it rose from a field across the road, spun as it moved and ejected orange-colored flames.

One Albert Law joined Martin and the two went into the area where the Saucer had been sighted. There, in the field's tall grass, they found a definite depression almost square in shape, where the mystery ship had landed.

Rewarding Outstanding Mediums by Endowments



THERE are, of course, other things going on in the world besides psychical sittings and phenomena. But it is the tremendous significance in some of Tuesday-week's happenings and statements, coming at this present fraught time, that make the whole episode of particular importance to Soulcrafters. What VALOR is inhibited about discussing most of all, is the question of the *form* Soulcraft may take in its national activities in result of the counsel thus obtained as to autumnal policies and activities.

There is growing in this nation a coast-to-coast interest in the Soulcraft tenets and revelations that must sooner or later sugar off into some sort of permanent establishment that wields vital spiritual influence on the decades just ahead. Tuesday night's session, considered in the light of its peculiar motivations, offered ample evidence that it came about at the instigation of personages on the higher octaves who wished to convey word-of-mouth information to the Editor-Recorder about the pattern such future activities should take. Silverleaf had not stood before the assembled group ten minutes before she had broached it on her first appearance, and all the authoritative individuals who followed repeated on it, developed it, or emphasized it.

It is of the utmost interest that the Editor-Recorder had been feeling the imminence of such counsel for two or three days prior to Mrs. Candler's appearance.

Money Motive Could Mark the Impostor or Charlatan . .

IN THE first place, the Reverend Candler came to Noblesville unexpectedly. That is, no arrangements had been made at the initiative of the Editor-Recorder for the visit. Calling from a nearby city on the telephone, she announced she would be on hand in an hour. A few minutes after driving up, she confided that she herself was unaware of why she had been motivated to come to Indiana at this particular date but perchance the sitting itself would disclose it. The sitting did. In other words, higher personages wished the Editor-Recorder to entertain suggestions for the design of the Soulcraft work that should be open to no misinterpretations of clairaudient speech. Mrs. Candler had but yielded to their urges.

The time was close at hand, these transcendent friends conveyed, when proofs of spiritual tenets proffered in the voluminous Soulcraft literature should be forthcoming to hundreds and to thousands by the establishment of some center where they would be sacrosanctly available. The inference seemed plain that it should fall within the department of the Soulcraft Research Laboratories,

yet on a basis with which commercial mediumship had naught to do. Intellects in the loftier echelons, it appeared, by no means viewed favorably the truths of Survival being purveyed in the heterogeneous manner of the summer Spiritist camps, which Tom, Dick, or Harry visited to have a morbid spiritual curiosity satisfied and where communication was too often restricted to the capabilities of any chance individual laying claim to mediumistic talents. Dispatching so adept a personage as the Reverend Candler on any cross-country tour of Soulcraft Chapel groups was by no means the answer, however devout or zealous the attendants on such groups. They should be conducted under the proper expert supervision of Soulcraft authorities, where the atmosphere in which they were held could be maintained under conditions of unchallengeable sacred character, and all the phenomena properly recorded, coded, and preserved as authentication of the tenets set forth in the Soulcraft literature. Letting all types and varieties of promiscuous persons flock in indiscriminately, to go blatantly forth and make misrepresentations of what had occurred, was by no means pleasing to the highest adept temperaments who from here on out desired to submit irrefutable evidence of their survival through Soulcraft.

The whole situation was by no means invited by any Soulcraft officials but there it was—or rather, thus it is. What could be done to lift discarnate liaison

activities onto a higher and more worthy plane than has become commonplace in orthodox Spiritism?

For instance, one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to purveyance of the higher truths was the attitude of great numbers of Spiritist devotees—taking them as they come—to the fundamental issue of Reincarnation.

ORTHODOX Spiritists refuse officially to subscribe to this major premise of life manifestation. A few authoritative "leaders" pronounce against it, apparently not desiring to lose the custom of outraged sentimentalists who rebel against entertaining the possibility that mothers can give birth to infant souls who might have lived previously in earthly bodies and "sinned"—a slavish concession to purblind Fundamentalism religiously, or rather, theologically. Thus one of the profoundest disclosures of spiritual life is inhibited by the caprices of cult authoritarians with an eye to the revenues. That the cult of the Spiritualists is already being split down the center on this issue is apparent enough to those aware of the facts.

The Higher Teachers and instructors in true esoteric fundamentals, interested solely in conveying Truth, are themselves becoming intolerant of such stricture. There is a wide and deep gulf—amounting well-nigh to an abyss—between the teachings and disclosures of the discarnately profound and the corner commercial medium who, not to put too fine a point upon it, actually is dealing with "familiar spirits" but refuses to acknowledge or disclose it.

The conventional Spiritist calls up two sources of "proof" that his position is correct: First, he enjoys astral communication with personalities who have not been in the ethereal regions long enough to know the stern truth and who assure him that "they see no evidences of graduated souls going back into earth-life", and, second, he declares in his purblind ignorance that the Bible authenticates nothing about the soul's return into earth-life and therefore the possibility is fallacious. Both of such positions do not stand up long in the face of factual challenge.

In the first instance, the plane on which the discarnate speaker is performing can be identified by such assertions; in the second place, the Bible is so full

of reincarnational evidence that it becomes difficult to see the forest for the trees.

This is not the place to argue the case for earthly reembodiment, more than to say that it commonly requires from 200 to 500 years in the higher life to become proficient in the reincarnational fundamentals. One venerable lady caused no small stir in Spiritist circles not long since by vehemently declaring that though having been on the Higher Side for over eighty years she saw "no evidences of reincarnation yet." Eighty years, indeed! As though that indicated anything as to the facts excepting that in eighty years



she hadn't altered her plane of perception or gone one octave higher than in her first ten minutes of discarnate attainment. Yet millions of mortals on the earth-side will seize on such display of static spiritual progress to substantiate what they want to believe because anything else is unwelcome to them.

Long experience in contact with higher forms of consciousness invariably identifies truly wise and venerable personalities by their unvoiced acceptances that earthly reembodiment is a fact—and one goes on from there with them. At the session Tuesday-week, an ancient Biblical character reminded one of those spectators whom he wished to hear his voice, that they had walked and talked together long, long ago. Just when? the spectator wanted to know. "My child," said he, "it was in a former life."

In a former life! What was that but confirmation of the reincarnational process? When the disciples, coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration, heard Christ tell them that the souls of

John the Baptist and Elias—or Elijah—were the same, what was that but Reincarnation? When certain of the cult therapies encourage going back on the Time Track, and patients leap the gap of physical birth and find themselves remembering incidents in an earlier existence, what is this but Reincarnation?

The Spiritist cults who shut their eyes and minds to so profound a premise for physical existence, are but duplicating on the bigotry of the early church that burned heretics at the stake for maintaining that the earth was spherical and revolved about the sun. Eventually they must lose out, because they are repudiating Truth. Or rather, a philosophy like Soulcraft's must supplant them because it faces the facts without bias or timidity. Let it pass for the moment.

WHEN bona fide and capable mediumship in this country—or for that matter all countries—is underwritten or maintained by endowment, so that mediums have no financial worries and can concentrate upon results instead of profits, the necessity is removed that too often causes fraud or fabrication. No medium can do his or her best work when distraught by worries over finances, or whose popularity is judged by the size of his revenue for spectacular performance. In other words, to eliminate the economic motive in or behind phenomena should produce a new breed of sensitive, honored for their performances instead of their earnings. Judge how few mediums we should have in our country today were statutes suddenly enacted making it legally punishable for any sensitive to profit financially from displays of their talents.

In the medical profession, no neophyte is permitted to practice medicine or prescribe for physical illness until he has duly qualified by passing the proper academic examination. But in the thrice important field of spiritual therapy, treating with lesions and malformations of the innermost soul, any charlatan who may perfect a few feats in psychical trickery, can set up in such field and charge whatsoever the traffic will bear. The role of the sincere and capable medium is thereby damaged and disparaged.

The answer to the situation in the current scene is not to cause widespread or

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TRUE Psychological Research isn't a dilltantante curiosity about the dramatically supernatural. *True Psychological Research is reaching out for, and substantiating the proofs that conscious life is what the Cosmic Philosopher proclaims it to be.*

It is not the cosmic facts in themselves.

The cosmic facts in themselves are procured by transcribed revelations down from higher octaves of Time and Space, informing those in the inhibited physical dilemma what older and wiser souls have learned as they have gained to advanced knowledge while exploring the worlds transcending the mortal.

If the claim be made spiritually that man survives his physical encasement, it is merely a philosophical conjecture. If people who have formerly lived in such physical encasement can or do make return visitations to the scenes and conditions where physical men and women are still living, then the proof is reasonable that survival is a fact. Survival that can be reasonably demonstrated therefore becomes a corollary to any set of esoteric or mystical principles. One without the other has no practical significance.

Too many people exclaim: "I want to absorb all the spiritual principles I can, but spiritualistic materializing doesn't interest me. In fact, I consider it a burlesque on Truth."

As well declare that electricity of itself is known to be a bona fide natural force of the omniverse but generators or

Selling the Public on E-S-P

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motors that harness it or prove its essentially powerful nature are burlesques on physics.

Another type of mind asserts: "Real spirituality doesn't need proving. Spirituality is its own proof. Requiring exhibits of psychical phenomena is but indulging skepticism and battling the negative."

It doesn't pause to give thought to the fact that healthy Doubt is the very handmaiden of Truth, since it has set up Truth as an ideal and the extent of the Doubt is really the extent of the homage paid by the spirit to such ideal.

SOULCRAFT considers that Truth and proof of Truth are equally of consequence and should march hand in hand.

It isn't that Truth needs proving; it's that human nature wishes evidence of its correct discernments, and given such evidence error is abandoned.

Any doctrine that shows no trepidation in expecting phenomena to be substantiated as it espouses such phenomena is a doctrine that can be expected to endure and prosper. To be able to say, "Here is your doctrine and here is the substantial evidence of its correctness," cannot be unseated by either science or criticism. At once it lifts doctrine out of the realm of hypothesis and presents it as a delineation of cosmic fact impervious to assailments.

Truth of itself, in other words, doesn't require to be proven for its own sake. It requires to be proven for the sake of the intellect that is striving to see life otherwise than through a glass darkly.

It is the human soul that needs the help, not the tenets as tenets.

And thus far the Soulcraft doctrines have stood up in the face of every psychical disclosure from regions above the mortal. But that is beside the point. The point is that 98 percent of orthodox humans, floundering now in morasses of confusion about the true nature and aims of life, require to be reduced and the 2 percent of the enlightened made more representative of the overall populace.

Soulcraft ceases to be a mere philosophy and becomes a portrayal of cosmos

as from a mirror—when the sturdiest and sternest demonstrations of psychical phenomena authenticate 100 percent its otherwise philosophical recommendations.

How to bring the true findings of psychical science in this constantly brightening day before the rank and file of the purblind 98 percent aforementioned, yet keep them in exact tempo with the tenets advanced, is the problem before the house. Psychical Science cannot be transported around for demonstrations in every crossroads school any more than atomic science can be so carried. On the other hand, that is by no means saying that the public as the public should necessarily be asked to accept its findings on faith. Somewhere in between a method must be arrived at for making convincing evidence available for those who need it.

The moment that it is determined and made available, those two percentages, 98 percent and 2 percent, begin to change places. And Civilization profits automatically, not to mention the soul and intellect of the individual . . .

July 13th Seance

(Continued from Page 3)

It is a somewhat ironical situation that she had so sealed up the minds of her devotees while in life against this great science of materialized return that she immunized her own church against communication with its celebrated founder. She must work out the retribution of it now in the broader field of Psychical Science . . .

THE EDITOR'S Daughter Harriet performed a remarkable exhibition of reembodiment in her own right, building up her temporary self with teleplasm in plain view of the twenty-two spectators before proceeding to address them. Two venerable personages, in ancient Levantine robes apparently hung with gold trimmings, likewise attained to complete materialization and addressed the group for ten to fifteen minute periods.

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High Point



ADMITTEDLY this issue of VALOR is given over almost exclusively to notation of the most outstanding of all the Candler seances at Headquarters on the evening of July 13th. This for the reason that what began to be imparted there has a most vital bearing on the character of the Soulcraft work throughout the nation this fall and winter. This is of paramount importance to Soulcrafters.

One of the matters that seems most to exercise our Higher Friends is the integrating of the Soulcraft work in the field. On the other hand, such integrating cannot be accomplished by Headquarters representatives who go forth unequipped, either as to doctrinal knowledge or method. Some means must be established for the better briefing of such representatives than has maintained to the moment, and intimate knowledge of, and experience with, the transcendent demonstrations that representatives may speak from a surer conviction of the truths they are expected to impart.

All of the intellects who manifested Tuesday-week were unanimous in attesting to a sizable and imminent enlarging of Headquarters, along with an augmenting of the reception staff, so that present demands on the Recorder's personal time may be reduced while a visitation of lay Soulcrafters to Headquarters at the same time takes on more profitable aspects.

It requires time to work such details out. That a more facile availability of the Reverend Candler to Soulcraft may feature these winter months is gradually coming clearer. At the same time, Headquarters frowns on a situation that implies that anyone and everyone motoring in to Headquarters, utterly without prior arrangements or appointments, can attend a Candler demonstration merely from the circumstance of visiting the place. Mrs. Candler's talents are too exceptional to be subjected to commercialization, however much she might be desirous of aiding large numbers in allaying their personal skepticisms. The whole prospect must be broached on a higher and soberer plane. That the correct solution will ultimately be reached is foreshadowed by Tuesday-week's developments.

Again and again it has been expressed by these higher counsellors that a tremendous mushrooming of the entire Soulcraft work is just around the corner of the months. Nothing was said or even intimated that events of international calamity might impend to obstruct or deter such activity. The rank and file of Soulcrafters may draw what solace they will from that.

These high points of supernal communication are noteworthy but by no means conclusive. They but point the way to what is expected of outstanding individuals, with the real record being rolled up by those in field districts who mark well what seems to be expected of them.

Next week VALOR goes back to balanced discussion of national issues from the Soulcraft viewpoint . . .



Recordings



THE SITUATION remains confused in respect to the electronic programs for the cooler months ahead. Those field leaders owning wire amplifiers should understand that even the manufacturers of such equipment are desirous of getting the entire industry transferred

over to oxydized tapes, and ample supplies of wire spools continue procurable with difficulty. The cost per wire spool too has become so heavy as to be well-nigh prohibitive in the quantities required to service the multiple Soulcraft groups, while at the same time wire as a means of broadcasting continues impracticable. Breakage during renditions or in rewinding still keeps high the casualties in the spool supply. Tapes on the other hand avert such mechanical tragedies. Headquarters now has seven machines capable of turning out the tape supply of speakings, and supply of the reels is limitless. However, it is in another field that Headquarters confronts its real difficulties and headaches.

It consumes at least a day-and-a-half out of each week to properly prepare the material for the master-reels from which reprints are made. The material must be composed and then cut to fit precisely the length of each tape-run. Matter therefore of the utmost importance only is of consequence for these field addresses. As for a general broadcast of a Headquarters event like that Tuesday-week seance, unusual discrimination must be exercised to separate the public from the personal. And even the public material is not always expeditious to broadcast promiscuously.

If the tapes are to be reinaugurated with Labor Day, a crew of technical workers must be secured to service those possessing the requisite machines, as it requires almost three days additional merely to print the duplicates that are mailed regularly to leaders.

A mass of new Saucer material awaits George Hunt Williamson's attention, there are vital sequences in the latest Candler seance that can and should be heard by Soulcrafters afar, and the Editor-Recorder has much new material that he wishes to transmit to the groups. These are all matters that only time can adjust. Meanwhile the very character of Headquarters itself may be altered. It is beginning to be felt that Noblesville itself might become the scene of inauguration of master-programs that the expanding cohorts of Soulcrafters in other localities would copy. If we all adjust our thoughts to these innovations, the thought-force generated can aid in their establishment.

Meantime, out-of-print Soulcraft books

are being manufactured for an expanded audience of readers by outside printing concerns. No longer is the supply to be inhibited by the facilities of the Headquarters mechanical plant. The whole twelve volumes of *Soulscripts* in sets, to retail for \$50 the set, has begun in adjacent printing plants, and *Behold Life* and *Why I Believe the Dead are Alive* in revised, augmented and increased editions should be available for delivery by Labor Day. In addition to a heavily-selling *Beyond Grandeur*, Headquarters will attempt to publish one more book this year, *Getting Born*, the volume treating exclusively with the mechanics of reensoulment, in which the interest is heavy.

It is of importance too that in all subsequent reprints, a new format will be followed. The reprints will run to the same size and appearance as the 448-page edition of the *Golden Scripts*—round corners and limp covers. They will be printed on white paper and present smooth dyed edges, but the cover-material will be deep maroon in color, running almost to black, with gold stamped titles. As new purchasers acquire these books, a shelf of uniform volumes will result.

The Soulcraft customer-list has more than doubled this past twelve months, and with 5,000 new mailings a day going out from Headquarters, the volume should quadruple into 1955.

In all of this expansion, the items of VALOR and *Bright Horizons* should not be overlooked . . .

Horizons



IT MIGHT not come amiss to reiterate here that delayed deliveries on Soulcraft periodicals are not the fault of the publishers but the United States Postal Department. Neither VALOR nor *Bright Horizons* have ever missed an issue or a mailing since inception. VALOR in particular is mailed punctiliously at 4 p. m. of each Friday. Yet it is a fact that the United States post office permits these to accumulate until three and four issues have been handed over to subscribers at once.

It is VALOR's understanding that during the inefficiency of the postal service under the Truman Administration, the President issued orders that no expedi-

tious attention need be paid second or third class mail. Only first-class matter was to receive prompt attention. Postmaster-General Summerville is commendably striving to remedy this rule-of-thumb conduct of the postal service and since his assumption to office, complaints from the field have notably lessened. In one instance, however, where a western New York subscriber continued to get delayed deliveries and asked the postal service to investigate, it was discovered that one

postal clerk was so avid a reader of the Soulcraft publications that he assayed taking them to his home and perusing them entirely before returning them into the mail channels for delivery to the subscriber. He was vigorously reprimanded for the irregularity. But it does leave other subscribers wondering with how many postal employes across the nation are sharing the literature for which addressees have paid.

Bright Horizons, by the way, is run-

LOVE OF LOVE



IF Love would fill my heart up
And take full charge of me,
I'd be the happiest man alive
For it would set me free.
For love of Love the answer holds,
That frees one from all sin,
Throws wide the doors of Consciousness
So peace can enter in.

If all who hate would love us
And all their loves were true,
The stars that shine above us
Would brighten in the blue.
If cruel words were kisses
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would scarcely be worthwhile.

If purse strings would untighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of Greed.
If those who whine would whistle
And all who languish, laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle
And grain outgrow the chaff.

If hearts were always jolly,
And grieving were forgot,
And tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not,
Then Love would kneel to duty
And all the world would seem
An ideal bower of beauty—
Love's Dream within a dream!

through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL
from E. W. W.



“BEHOLD .. LIFE!”

¶ A Book you should read to get the whole philosophy of life straight in your intellect — presenting a balanced and rational picture of the purpose being served by these sojourns of ours in mortal bodies . . .

If you're puzzled by what your lot in life may be all about, this book must help you . . .

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331 Pages \$4.00

Soulcraft Chapels
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

ning neck and neck with the subscription-list to VALOR, and starts its third volume this month of August. It will be of especial interest to those concerned with the psychical research activities of Soulcraft, inasmuch as it has a full-page portrait of Bertie Lilly Candler for frontispiece. This magazine, however, will continue its distinctive role as more or less of a monthly text book of strictly Soulcraft subjects, solving individual mystical problems of readers in three and four page articles.

From July to Christmas is uniformly the most prosperous half of any year for Soulcraft, and physical additions to the plant to provide more working floor-space are about to be made. One thing is certain, Soulcraft is by no means going *backward*.

But Great Caesar, the work!

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

and couldn't talk. At 11:55 p. m., he calmed down, however, and tried to tell us about the craft he had seen, the emptied tank, the lapse of time, all in one breath. Finally he said the craft was still out there and I was supposed to go back with him and inspect it. He felt certain the ship would be there. We went to the exact spot, but the craft had gone. We stayed there until 2:00 a. m. when we saw a huge, dull-red light go over the woods and hover for a minute above a tree. It vanished until we headed back for the car, when it reappeared at tree-top height for several more minutes."

THIS experience has convinced Mr. Law and his brother-in-law, Albert Como, that the Saucers are coming from outer space, likewise that mental telepathy is a fact. Before the foregoing experience, Law had sent out a mental message to this effect, "If you, the space people, are around tonight, let me know." He says it was merely an experiment and he had no hope of its being answered.

Mr. Law studied the possibility of making a contact with space intelligences by an electromagnet. He thought if the space ships traveled magnetically, a disturbance of the lines of force would be noted. He has had *definite success* with this magnet.

Recently, he had a strong impression

to go to the same area where his brother-in-law saw the landed craft. It was then June 24th. He saw three shining Saucers maneuvering high in the sky. A few days later, a friend of his from the nearby jet airbase told him that a *bell-shaped* Saucer had been reported flying low over the countryside. This same friend called again on June 30th and told him that officials at the base were watching a strange, glowing object. It shot straight up at five thousand miles per hour and obviously *left the earth's atmosphere*.

As this article was being written, VALOR was receiving reports that Saucers have been sighted six times over Cleveland this week. The town of Warren is still being looked over too, for sightings are still being reported there. For some reason, friendly space visitors are mysteriously interested in that Ohio town.

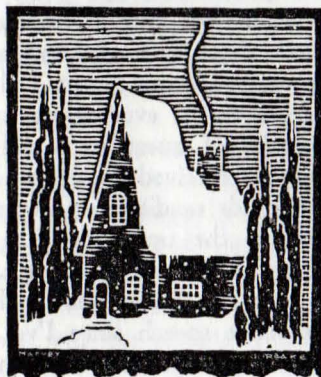
Honest Mediums

(Continued from Page 6)

fanatical penalties to visit upon the scheming or incompetent but to effect conditions whereby true mediums are automatically underwritten or subsidized—commensurate with their gifts—and the nuisance of commercialized mediumship is permanently abated by identification of the frauds, charlatans or incompetents by the charges they make for exhibit of earlier "gifts" . . .

Soulcraft looks upon it that the exercise of such talents is a sacred matter, treating as they do with the most sacrosanct aspects of the human soul, and setting up to "make a living" out of consultations can be as monstrous as the thought of the Apostles or early church fathers charging fees for those gifts of divine healing they had received from Holy Spirit. In fact, it is history that Christian doctrine suffered its first great decline when ensuing clerics did start commercializing spirituality by making arrangements for the revenues. Soulcraft, at least, does not require to be a party to making charges for psychical phenomena, and the earnest desire of those High Personages who have communicated through its channels most recently has been that a new page be opened in psychical performance and agencies inaugurated whereby proofs of the spiritual

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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

doctrine can be made available to prospective leaders or sincere seekers after Truth with merit and not bank account being the tariff.

Further details for the working-out of such agencies, to say nothing of their establishment, have been promised by the supernal intellects who came through Mrs. Candler at her most recent visit. We shall see what form they take.

Soulcraft does recognize, however, that a responsibility devolves upon it to authenticate the psychical claims it makes, without necessarily feeling obligated to prove up the sacred doctrine. An interest in bona fide psychics *does* maintain and commands an equally bona fide servicing. How to work it out is Soulcraft's major problem.

But practical matters must be cleared away first.

July 13th Seance

(Continued from Page 7)

Both of these asked that small scissors be offered them, with which they severed locks from their own beards and presented them as keepsakes to those on the mortal side in whom they were most interested, *the hair of these remaining permanently in the materialized condition* whereas the donors eventually disintegrated. One of these curls of hair was jet black in hue, the other silver-grey. This last can be seen at Soulcraft Headquarters where it will be retained as a permanent exhibit.

Both Silverleaf—Mrs. Candler's Cherokee-girl guide—and Harriet, the editor's daughter, performed the unprecedented service of answering questions at great length respecting their reactions to scenes and situations of mortal life as viewed from the angle of the fourth dimension. Much new and vital information was secured. Five close relatives of guests present made visual and vocal contact, and the session was completed with the appearances of George B. Fisher, former financial man at Soulcraft who made the Passing in 1947, and Howard Candler, the medium's brother, who has been in the higher life since 1923.

But the personage declaring herself to be Mary Baker Eddy was the *piece de resistance* of the epochal session . . .

(Continued on Page 14)

"Adam Awakes"



*The New Soulcraft
Book on Romance and
Marriage!*

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

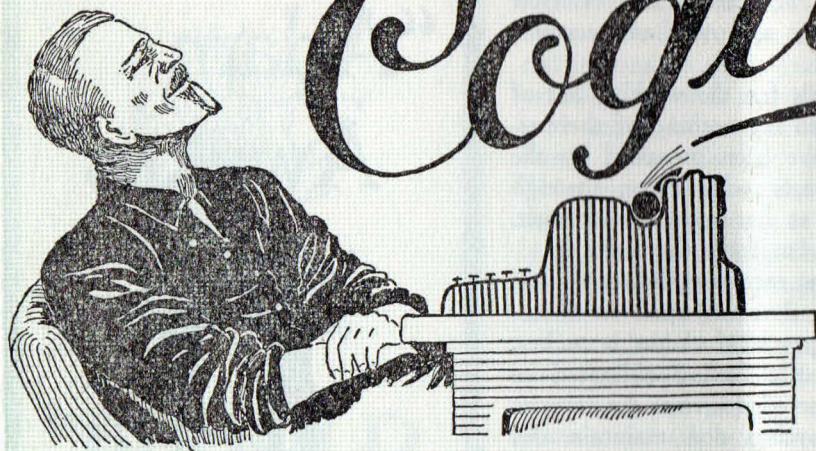
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Soulcraft Chapels

Cogitations



LRANKLY, I don't feel like bantering this week. The recollection of that Tuesday night seance is too vivid in my mind. Bertie Lilly and Edward called me on the phone from Anderson that they were up in this neck of Indiana woodlands—the first that I'd had intimation about it—and they'd be calling on us presently. I barely had time to phone one or two people in nearby States, and we were into the Big Act. I'd recently equipped the tape-recording room with new Webcors and they gave us a perfect reproduction, two hours and a quarter of it. I have, probably, the most astounding set of tapes, considering Sister Mary's lengthy address to us, that have been recorded this century. Much of what's on them I can't put out, of course. It's too private and personal. But the converse with Harriet, Ari, and Howard Candler—the medium's brother—is suitable for the Chapel audiences, and Mary Eddy's address perhaps will be, later. The fact of the matter is, Mary definitely wishes me to consider doing something in a sizable gesture that begins to make the phenomena of materializations of general witness to the public. There's not a bit of reason, she argues, that the facts of survival and earthly return in teleplasmic form couldn't be made available to thousands and tens of thousands, instead of a mere handful fortunate enough to get in on one of these Headquarters sessions. Orthodox churchianity would have to overhaul its doctrines when people known to have made the Passing came back and were recognized by survivors

running into millions. And Sister Mary proposed one way that could be done to help it along, if only we could be presented with a dozen Bertie Lilly Candles. Unfortunately, we can't. But we may work something out . . .

o—o
DAUGHTER Harriet built up in her teleplasmic robes in front of the curtain and in plain view of everyone, hitting my wrist accidentally with her hand as she did so. If Adelaide had struck my wrist in raising her arm to point out a direction—or maybe a Flying Saucer, or even Erkie starting for town without his garments—the effect would have been no different. But what made this particular visit with her notable was the ten to twelve minutes of quizzing I was able to give her, asking her how we mortals on the earthside appeared to persons in the fourth dimension. She said we



were invariably smaller than mortal sight registers while we're in flesh, everything being diminutive or as though viewed through the wrong end of a pair of binoc-

ulars. A little later she was telling us about being able to know which of us were in mental or physical trouble by a haze or mist that surrounded us when our thinking was at sixes or sevens. I also had a chance before the evening was over to put a barrage of questions to Silverleaf about how she received the effects of persons on our side sending out mental calls to people on the upperside. She made one of the clearest and cleverest talks in response that I've heard come in her delightfully naive speech since I've known her . . . which has now been fifteen years. I'll give it to you on the electronic tapes sooner or later. But I'm thinking it had better be part of a general Soulcraft Illumination course.

o—o
AS I'VE already recounted in the article on Page 3, I now own a lock of Ari's silver-grey beard in my own right. Mel already has had one, given him a dozen years ago by George Fisher, who got his at a similar seance in the East. The venerable Ari was extremely generous in severing my keepsake. It's been carefully put away in a box of cotton wadding for future exhibit to Soulcraft visitors. Sooner or later I'll have to encase it under glass, because nine out of ten people want to press it with their fingers. It's silver-grey and silky. Funny thing, George Fisher told me once that he took the strand that Mel, my son-in-law, now owns, to a chemist and asked him to ascertain if it was the same chemical constituency as ordinary human hair. The chemist put it under the microscope, adjusted the lens, and a moment later turned to Fisher with a scowl. "This hair came from a *dead man!*" he announced. "From whose corpse did you snip it?" . . . Later, at another seance I asked Ari how he could cause the beard-hair to remain materialized while he himself disintegrated. He returned with a senile chuckle, "*Fixed* it that way, by the power of thought." Mel's souvenir has remained

"fixed" for something like eight years now, and doesn't show a sign of deterioration. Long before George himself passed over in 1947 he had become convinced that Ari was an ancient Biblical character but it wasn't until his materialization at the circle of last October 14th that he volunteered confirmation of such identity . . . said he hadn't incarnated in the past nineteen centuries. A week ago Tuesday night I chanced to be holding a small pair of manicure scissors that one of the ladies present had taken from her reticule. Ari asked me to hold them out on my flattened palm. I did so. His fingers upon my palm as he scooped them up felt very much like a baby's fingers, and he whispered to me to give him plenty of odic strength to work them. Earlier in the sitting my Chicago friend Herbert had been requested by *his* guide to hand him the same scissors as well. But the lock of the beard that was put in Herbert's palm with the scissors returned was jet black and not of the same texture as Ari's . . .

o—o

HOWARD Candler, the medium's brother, who has been in spirit since 1923, is a broad-shouldered six-footer with a voice so strong that it can actually jar the glass bibelots on the nearby bookshelves—about as ghostly as a keg of nails. He started off with a boom to talk to us Tuesday-week but in the middle of his talk I saw he was distressed. I was standing three feet to his right, holding the microphone as near to him as possible. Almost in the middle of a sentence, Howard started wavering, then his voice cracked. The next moment he beat a hasty retreat behind the curtain. The sister of one of the women present came out and visited with her, and a Catholic nun in her religious regalia followed to speak to another guest. Thereat Howard came back. The humidity of the July night had been so intense that Howard declared he had "lost his force" and had to retire and replenish it. Throughout the remainder of his concluding session he was as vigorous as ever, and talked altogether at least a quarter-hour.

o—o

ALTHOUGH the night was overly hot and humid, it was exquisitely clear and moonlit. So the Soulcraft dogs were patrolling the premises outside, rais-

ing their dog voices whenever the building's appeared threatened with attack by either rabbits, fireflies or nocturnal felines. Scores of you will be hearing some of the interviews on the tape recordings later, may be puzzled as to how Fritz, Emma, Butch and Buzzie are so vocal at the session. They were outside lowered windows and the sound registered on the mikes as though they were in the room. I think I mentioned concerning the October 14th circle how exercised Silverleaf became at a "spirit cat" which she claimed had followed one of the elderly male manifestations onto the premises. She was shooing it out of her cabinet before we were aware what the racket was all about. And at an earlier session at Camp Chesterfield with Mary Beattie some thirteen years ago, Adelaide's Manchester terrier, Peanut, had been visible and tangible as he pranced and scampered through the ectoplasm in front of Mary where a discarnate had just disintegrated. But lacking the thought force to hold it, it had dropped off his canine light-body in batches and he was quite invisible by the time he'd crossed the floor to my chair . . . Such sidelights are interesting and can only be encountered during long contact with such phenomena . . . As I remarked once before, what a doggone mess I must have before me, if all the pooches I've ever fed *Pard* are going to be awaiting me at heaven's gates awaggin' of their tails in welcome. It gets bad enough at times on the earthly Soulcraft premises . . . which reminds me that Bertie Lilly's Pomeranian always accompanies her in these affairs and sleeps soundly on a chair to the left of the curtain. Pom always wakes up, strangely enough, just before the seance is about to end . . .

o—o

GEORGE B. Fisher, who was the ex-director of the Crowell Publishing Company that helped me acquire the Soulcraft premises here in Indiana, came through for a five or six minute chat. But the burden of his remarks was his solicitude for expanding Soulcraft Headquarters here and preparing for double and triple the book business with the coming of fall. Five men and seven women made their appearances in all, each distinctive as to age and type and dress, none of them having been on the premises in the flesh ten minutes before



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the proceedings started. No, we don't think of Death as being very actual here at Soulcraft. You bury your relatives or friends in nice expensive white plush caskets, but they don't stay in them long enough to hiccup. They walk into the Soulcraft seance room as natural and familiar as they ever were in life. And pick up the conversation where the Grim Reaper halted it. If he did. A fig for the Grim Reaper, anyhow. He's not so grim. In fact, he's neither grim nor a reaper. We can bypass him any time Bertie Lilly chooses to drive up on the auto apron out front. And I hope she's going to do it oftener and oftener as this hot weather vanishes and autumn coolness arrives. Actually, she's becoming a Soulcraft institution, Bertie. By the way, there's a corking good portrait of her appearing in the August *Bright Horizons*.

o—o

BUT I can't help my thoughts turning back again and again to Sister Mary. Her plight is really tragic. She says now that she knew she wasn't telling the truth when she wrote in *Science & Health* that Spiritism was humbug. The real reason she took the attitude she did, and ordered all good Scientists to do likewise, was because Spiritism in her early womanhood was being promoted into denominational Spiritualism, and every crank and crackpot was holding seances—or striving to do so—and getting Uncle Eben to rap on the woodbox and Aunt Rebecca to whistle up the sinkpipe. Mary got fed up on the hocus-pocus of the pseudo-Spiritualists and warned her flock to lay off the whole bedlam of it. But what she truly achieved was to erect a twenty-foot wall between herself now and the devotees of her Church. She *could* be as real to them now as she ever was in life; instead, she has to come out here to Indiana and ask a metaphysical book publisher to try to get her off the Tanglefoot. Certainly he'll do it if he can, but no one but Mary herself will thank him for it. Anyhow, the rapport is growing stronger and stronger between us . . but neither of us would discount for an instant the splendid assistance that's being given us by the phenomenal Bertie Lilly. If you're ever within a hundred miles of where she's holding a circle, get in on it. And don't be niggardly about rewarding her for what you witness. After all, John D. Rockefeller doesn't furnish her free

gas to push her Pontiac around the nation. John D. is a Baptist, they tell me. If he ever saw a spirit he'd start for the River Jordan for an immersion in his pajamas . . Oh well, I said I wasn't going to banter this week. Bertie Lilly and Sister Mary have both contributed to Soulcraft history this month, while I'm just a mere male whose job is to meet the payroll. See you next week when I've recovered my sense of the ridiculous . .

—THE INTERPRETER

July 13th Seance

(Continued from Page 11)

IF THIS were a masquerade of any order, it is difficult to determine wherein would be the point of it. Nothing but the highest concernment and constructive affection for the Church of Christ Scientists was apparent in either Sister Mary's speech or manner. She recommends no alterations—only one deletion—in her earthly writings, the aforesaid repudiation of her claim that communication with those in the higher life was fallacious. Her main interest lies in bringing to Christian Scientists this added adjuration and solace that life beyond the grave is factual, as proven not alone by Jesus' resurrection but her own manifestations before psychical groups. Her piety and affection for the Christ is a touching thing to witness.

She stated definitely in last week's Indiana circle that she had searched all the English speaking countries of the earth to find an equal reverence wedded to psychical sensitivity, with whom she could form polarity for the expression of her enhanced views about eternity, until she discovered the recorder of the *Golden Scripts*. Thereat she went to work psychically on his Indianapolis attorney and enlisted him to bring the taking of the book to his client's attention. Not the slightest injury is plotted in any aspect against the integrity of the Christ Scientist beliefs, but only an appealing concern is expressed for the millions of her communicants whom she loves, whom she seeks to convince by her own performings that survival of the personality is a major religious certainty. She personally thanked the attorney so contributing, who chanced to be present, for his role in getting *Beyond Grandeur* thus produced. And she

implied in unmistakable terms that *Beyond Grandeur*, before she was through with the matter, would have a circulation equal to *Science & Health*. She would see that it did.

The circle, with music intervening between embodiments, ran for two and a quarter hours. The electronic tapes, when played back later, disclosed that the recordings had turned out perfectly.

THESE Bertie Lilly Candler materializations are by no means phantasmagorical wraiths, floating about in improper lighting, reaching out vapid hands and voices from Etheria. They are substantial physical persons, recognizable as to facial contours and voice qualities, able to lift steel scissors off the palm of a spectator and operate them to sever locks of their own hair; the visitant disappears but the locks remain in existence. When Harriet, in the gyrations of her arms while "building up" her teleplasmic self, chanced to strike her father's wrist with her hand, it was a soft quick rap as tangible as one that might have been given by any living person. As on a previous occasion, when her exertions were ended, she was panting slightly but audibly, thus indicating the room's oxygen was entering physical "lungs" . . .

The circle was held in the editor's private quarters, without trapdoors, without ceiling or wall exits. Twelve persons of utterly contrasting personalities were seen, heard, or touched; seven women and five men. Curiously enough, one of the seven women disclosed as a Catholic nun in the full costume of her Roman Church, who stated emphatically that there was no such thing as credel Catholicism in the loftier dimensions, or for that matter, any other religion.

Mrs. Candler, being in deep trance, knows practically nothing of what transpires during the sitting itself. She listens avidly to recordings of the materialized voices when she has regained consciousness.

Scarcely any medium in America today is beginning to duplicate her talents for strength and solidity.

THE QUESTION is beginning to force itself on the religious responsibilities of those involved, . . . how far are they morally obligated to acquaint the rank and file of a confused and benighted

public with such enlightening and edifying marvels? There are said to be 85 million orthodox church members in America, including some eight to ten million Christian Scientists. What percentage of those millions could withstand the effects of such entirely honest and bona fide demonstration as was made in the Soulcraft studios Tuesday-week, if it came to comparison with the tenets of their orthodoxy?

Orthodoxy would have its communicants accept that mortal demise means permanent and incontrovertible departure from earth-life. One's physical remains are buried in the ground or cremated; one's soul "returns to the God who gave it." Gaining to the allegorical "heaven", presuming the Judgment, it dwells there in eternal idleness throughout eternity.

Those who make the physical metamorphosis and engineer ways to form contact with those left behind, *contradict the whole of it!*

As Mrs. Eddy reiterated so earnestly upon a recent occasion, "If one man has survived the grave and returned, as Jesus did, then all men survive . . . and their return is as possible." And as Daughter Harriet did on a week ago Tuesday evening, these same "dead" will go to great technical length to describe precisely what their experiences and conditions are, and how the contact with those still in flesh is made.

If all church members could witness what a little group at Soulcraft witnessed a week ago, such a mass awakening would come to humankind as to alter civilization.

Mrs. Eddy implies that this is precisely the errand that Soulcraft will eventually consummate. She made it somewhat breathtaking.

How ironically strange that Mary Baker Eddy—assuming the identification to be correct—seems to be laboring and counselling "in Soulcraft's corner", temporarily cut off from direct communication with her own officials and communicants, when the latter might be enjoying liaison with her interminably.

If Madam Eddy and her co-author on *Beyond Grandeur* work it out together, and a great retribution is satisfactorily adjusted from which it appears she now is suffering, millions may have their faith in survival ballasted so that death is truly "swallowed up in victory" . . .



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Box 192 Noblesville, Ind.

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



HERE is a final word I would like to speak to dozens and even scores of persons who from time to time have implored me to notify them "of the next Candler Seance" that they might be present and witness these temporary reembodyments for themselves. Neither discourtesies nor oversights are intended when I am unable to comply. Although I write generously about what has happened each time—in VALOR's columns—these are by no means public exhibitions. Most decidedly they are not held for purposes of "proving" anything to any laymen. Essentially they are business conferences of a high, high character between personages on loftier echelons of life and those responsible for spreading the Soulcraft tenets throughout the nation on the earth-side. Usually they come suddenly, in that little or no advance notice is tendered of their happenings. Twenty spectators is the limit of the number that can be accommodated, which must include myself and vital people on the Headquarters staff whose duties require them to be present. After each session is opened, matters are usually discussed that are not for public circulation. I could let these sittings happen and say not a word about them, thereby saving much heartburn on the part of lay Soulcrafters at a distance and myself much embarrassment. But utter silence about them is not my role either . . .

WHAT I would express in this Afterthought is the strong intimation that our friends and counsellors on the Higher Side deplore this need for limitation and censorship quite as much as the persons responsible for the sessions themselves and that what currently seems to be in progress is an expedient worked out practically, whereby such limitation and censorship are no longer factors. Understand, this is not saying that such private conferences are all at once to be thrown wide open to the public, but that over a period of time the nature of them shall be changed. Permanent arrangements should be perfected whereby properly qualified devotees of Soulcraft, even those who require to be summoned from a distance, can have opportunity to view the actuality of the happenings with their own eyes, and hear them with their own ears, but all of it done in such a manner that it is not capitalized upon in the commercial way. In other words, the phenomena must become an integral part of the Soulcraft Enlightenment. These preliminary sessions are by no means Headquarters rallies for the edification of any favored few. They should be regarded as Directors Meetings, attended by devotees to

the work on *both* sides of life's veil, making preparations for series upon series of public demonstrations later. Out of twelve materializations Tuesday-week, seven of the personages thus reembodying not only mentioned but discussed at some length this added phase to the Soulcraft work.

ANYHOW, I'm personally asking currently disappointed people to continue to be as patient as they can. Mrs. Candler is by no means averse to cooperating to a reasonable and practicable degree in putting these demonstrations on a more satisfactory footing, and when conditions become more propitious, those who have begged attendance in the past will be accommodated. But *how* and *where* and *when* is beyond determining at the moment. Meantime I'm being impressed that I must speed up as I can in my own role and get the final three volumes of the major Soulcraft library-list completed and published—the 320-page book on the process of earthly incarnating which I've tentatively named *Getting Born*; another of similar length on the many complications of Karma which I haven't yet titled, the big compendium of all metaphysics that is finished and awaits printing under the name of *Undying Mind*—and in addition to these, the closing three volumes of the *Soulscripts*, ten, eleven, and twelve. Remember, I have a weekly and a monthly publication to keep issuing while this is going on, hundreds upon hundreds of letters to answer constantly, and visitors to receive who in a majority of cases are essential to Soulcraft work. When I say that I have been absent from Headquarters just two days in four and one-half years it is not to promote sympathy for myself but to convey some idea of what the pressures are at Headquarters making higher counsellorship so welcome . . . We'll work it out, but just at present there are twenty requests for attendances at the Candler sessions to every chair in the room when the concurrent session gets started. It is a wholly intolerable condition but as Soulcraft gets more and more satisfying resources on which to operate, it will be solved. Just don't jump on me too savagely if, as, and when you hear of another seance and no invitation has been extended you

personally . . . It doesn't mean you're not important or we don't fancy the make of car you parked on the apron. It means the waiting-list ahead of you is as long as your arm, as well as the fact that there's usually a reason why the people are invited who *are* invited. The personages who come through Bertie Lilly Candler have something special to impart to them. Just "seeing a materialization" has nothing to do with it! . . . That will come later! . . .

¶ *ONE thing certainly was proven by the discovery of the North Pole: no one is really sitting on top of the world! . . .*