

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 15

MOTHERS HAVE MOST AT STAKE . .

*China Crisis Confronts Them
with Quality of Leadership*

THE TIME approaches rapidly when it must be the matrons of America who call for a showdown on what is transpiring in councils of State. Gently and cautiously the One-World Forces put out their "feeler" in the news of Sunday, August 1st, to see how the mass American public reacts to the prospects of a universal draft. The motive behind it would seem to be the enforced necessity for containing Communism. Those elements in the nation by no means born yesterday read into the whole Asiatic crisis further global manipulations for bringing this Republic under suzerainty. It doesn't appear on the surface, of course. But that is too obviously the end being sought.

It is upon the matrons of America—generally the mothers of adult sons—that this maneuver falls most grievously . .

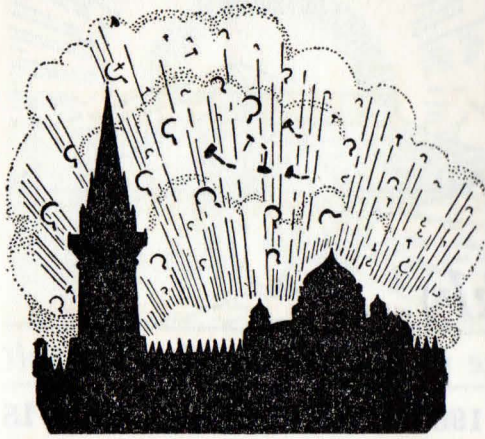


THE ANTI-CHRIST has long-since learned to its pleased surprise what measures and controls can be publicly affirmed under the military hazards and jeopardies of War. So, any war is good enough for the effecting of its purposes which, first, last and all the time, is global control.

Communism, or the threat of it, must by all ruses be painted as the implementation.

Thus the ironical situation is created that whosoever dissents from such international strategy can be branded and incarcerated as secretly in league with Sovietism.

On the surface it appears that all the "free coun-



tries" are menaced by the Marxist Moloch. Just yesterday it was the Nazi Moloch. But the overall effect is the same for the ultimate objective being sought. Get the nation into a situation where no one is permitted to assert his constitutional rights while military exigencies are of moment, then gradually perfect a jurisdiction that by its fundamental dictates, is permanent. No one can do anything about it without putting himself in a position of giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

No one doubts for a moment that the United States can thrash China and Russia soundly and devastatingly. Moscow and Peiping cease to exist as focal points of global menace. But to what does it all amount if in the accomplishing of it *the United States itself is introduced to Communism by the measures that have been permanentized to destroy Communism?*

That is the real menace that the rank and file of Americans this summer are looking at. Particularly the mothers.

AN OPEN and shut instance of how viciously risky this "containing of Communism" becomes, is disclosed in the latest measure that has passed the Senate, not to openly outlaw the Communist Party but to denude of citizenship whomsoever is convicted of "preaching" overthrow of this government by force or violence.

Should it not appear strange that there be elements that object strenuously to the Communist Party being honestly outlawed but mind not in the slightest that citizenship rights be irrevocably taken from those adjudged guilty of threatening attitudes toward the status quo of government?

The suspicion will not down, under the circumstances, that the true measure being enacted is a control at the source of any blocs of citizens who in frenzy at the encroachments of incompetent or malicious leadership, assume any retaliative attitude toward such incompetence or malice. It appears too potently a proposition of, "organize against those who are seeking to enact this dictatorship over you, and you can be prosecuted as threatening the overthrow of existing institutions by force and violence." In time of war, or any period of clear and present danger, convictions are well-nigh automatic if one be even *accused* of untoward designs toward law and order. Jurymen have no alternative but to convict or else be stigmatized as plotters against the Republic themselves. They sense this and act accordingly.

What, therefore, appears at first sight as a scouring statute to hit Marxism at its source, stacks up to the truly astute patriotic thinker as one of the best measures possible to be protective of Marxism—Marxism in practice if not in name or supervision. The pro-Marxists in high places—granting there be such—have only to identify their most effective opponents, lodge charges against them of designing to overthrow existing institutions by force and violence, and bring them to the Bar of Injustice for speedy disposal.

Anybody can be accused of menacing existing institutions who dissents from the behaviors of those in technical authority, even though the true and bona fide patriots be in the camps of the dissenters.

No senator on Capitol Hill in Washington last week, seemed to have reasoned that far.

Or did he, but felt restrained from voicing it?

SUPPOSE, amid the confusion and chicane of it all, we don't lose sight of the fact that there exists one bloc in the Body Politic that can make itself felt in simon-pure opposition without drawing fire of the Moscow Fifth Column in our midst.

That bloc consists of characterful middle-aged matrons, who have a decent amount of time to consider such probabilities and the weight in home and community to give them voice and attention.

They are uniformly the mothers of the adult sons and daughters who will be most effectively utilized to complete the regimentation of the American people if such regimentation be permitted to reach final and effective aspects.

No one with his head screwed on tightly denies or ignores that an ugly situation has been permitted to consummate in China—but withal a situation that is a bit of a paradox in respect to war and peace. The average American layman is not showing himself as overly excited about the prospects of engaging in hostilities with Marxist China because he subconsciously reads Russia into all of it.

A war to utterly demolish and exterminate Communism and Communists would without question be one of the most popular conflicts ever engaged in by this Republic. The patience of the average American has become utterly exhausted at Russia. Little or no propaganda would have to be whipped up to sell such a war to the Man in the Street. But the canny American mother of years, with sons and daughters grown and about to start lives on their own, who goes to the beauty parlor weekly for a marcel and uses her telephone for other purposes than gossiping about her neighbors, can build such a blaze beneath the coattails of her local senator or congressman that he thinks twice about antagonizing her further by allegiance to any global pressure bloc. She is exactly the bloc needed in her own right just now, to achieve what a tighen-



ing of all surveillance laws inhibited her husband or sons from doing without being thought disloyal to the Republic they love. (Continued on Page 11)



Infra-Red Movie Film May Decide Identifications of Soulcraft Materializations

NEWs that an infra-red movie film has been perfected that will enable psychical research examiners to take film of materializations in ruby lighting may settle for all time any controversy over the identities of some of the discarnates appearing at the Soulcraft-Candler seances. To be able to project on a movie screen, apparently in normal lighting effects, a pictorial record of visible personalities distinguishing the visitation phenomena, will be the next scientific step in authenticating what is happening at Noblesville. No longer can orthodox critics of the phenomena maintain that any of them are fabricated. Electronic microphones have already caught amazing programs of voice reproductions.

One of the outstanding personages inevitably materializing at the Soulcraft-Candler affairs is an apparent ancient sage with silver-grey beard to his waist, who announces himself as Ari. Declaring he has not revisited earth-life since the times of Christ, he is usually clad in vestments of what appear to be velvet and gold trappings, with head dress of some ancient Jerusalem order. Somehow he feels obligated to reembody for such appearances, because of the Soulcraft sponsorship of the *Golden Scripts*.

There is spoken data recorded on the electronic microphone warranting the assumption that this may well be a manifestation of Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man who provided the tomb for the crucified Christ's body. In the Aramaic language, the writing of this personage's name might well be Joseph Ari Mathea. For fifteen years he has distinguished these seances, mostly when the Golden Script recorder has been present.

At the July 13th seance at Noblesville, in plain sight of twenty-two spectators, Joseph-Ari while in materialization lifted a small pair of scissors off the editor's palm, severed a strand of his venerable beard, affixed it in permanency by the powers of thought, and presented it to the editor of VALOR as a personal keepsake. Though the donor disintegrated, the lock of the beard remained in existence and the editor possesses it at this moment. It is hair of fine texture, silver-grey in color.

To have a 16-mm movie film of such an exploit taken in infra-red light would constitute definite proof of the bona fide nature of such wonder. Photos of Silverleaf, Mrs. Candler's Indian-girl guide, have already been secured by infra-red still photography.

That Joseph-Ari-Mathea not only donated the tomb for Christ but is accredited as the wealthy tin importer of Jerusalem who first carried Christianity to Britain, is offered in a wealth of British tradition.

William Oliver Stevens in his book *Forever England*, published by Dodd Mead Co., in 1941, had the following entrancing comment to make on this tradition—

"BY the way of the Vale of Avalon we came to the objective of our excursion, Glastonbury. . . According to the story Joseph of Arimathea, who laid the crucified Christ in the tomb, came here in the year 61 A. D. bearing with him the Holy Grail, the cup of the Last Supper. His traveling staff he thrust into the ground as he came to rest at this spot. The staff took root and became the Glastonbury Thorn, the most famous tree in England.

Photographing of Biblical Personages Next Research Step under Auspices of Soulcraft . .

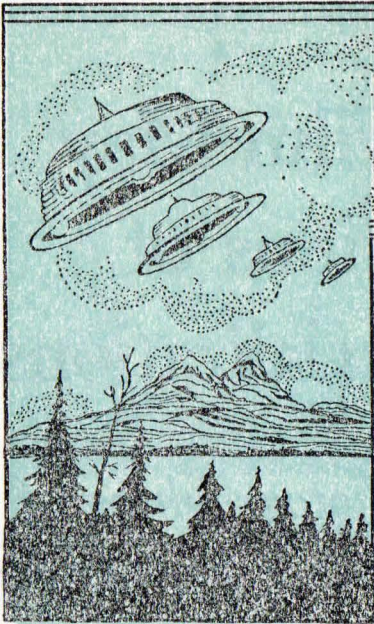
"Here on this ground, Joseph erected a chapel of clay and wattles, the first Christian church in Great Britain . . . Glastonbury's ruins reminded us of an automatic writing which is connected with their preservation. As a rule, this phenomenon is dismissed as subconscious or partly subconscious composition. But the Glastonbury story is so striking that it is worth nothing here.

"In 1907, the Reverend Mr. Bligh Bond, in anticipation of being made director of excavation, began studying the ruins of Glastonbury. There were several puzzling problems about them, such as the form of the retrochoir and eastern end of the abbey church, as well as the location of the missing chapels. There was no visible evidence about any of these things.

"Mr. Bond had a friend, Mr. John Alleyne, who could do automatic writing. Neither Bond nor Alleyne had any faith in the spiritistic theory concerning this phenomenon, but on an impulse to try anything, they began working together. Alleyne did the actual writing, while Bond rested his fingers on Alleyne's hand. The writing seemed better this way.

"The results were astonishing. The messages were rather confused at first, but gradually they became clearer.

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson

Saucer Base In the San Jacinto Mountains



VALOR has recently received information from a highly reliable source that a certain California group of researchers are now in continuous twenty-four contact with Saucer intelligences. The contact point is a base high in the San Jacinto Mountains.

Writing from the West Coast, one of the group says: "Things seem to be gathering together for a real show down in the near future. The space people are bringing together many workers from other planets at this time."

On June 30th the following message was relayed from this California center:

"One of the greatest misinterpretations present in this day and age is found in man trying to understand the creation of all things. In the beginning God created everything in perfection and completion. He created the entire celestial cosmos and His work was finished. In His Infinite Wisdom, He created man equal throughout the Universe.

"He gave to man the ability to recreate and carry on His work everywhere. This, of course, applies to men on Earth . . . but few there are who realize what powers they really have. Do they not know that they are truly Sons of God as it is written in their Holy Book?

"On the Earth-World where man is bound by fear and ignorance of eternal verities, he is forever gaining control over something or someone else. His fear, however, is of his own making and until he will accept the higher principles he will

not succeed in his quest for the dominion of space. He wants to go into space but all he speaks of is "The Conquest of Space." Everything he does is against nature . . . fighting nature, instead of going along with Nature and her great universal forces. Earthman pounds, and beats, he hammers and crushes . . . even in his rocket experimentation he is 'blasting' against the very forces that could aid him in his desire for outer space travel.

"Scientists on Earth are now attempting to build a magnetically controlled craft . . . but they will never succeed. Rocket powered craft may go to the moon, but not beyond it . . . for nothing but a craft to penetrate the cleavage layer of the earth's field will thereby be free to travel to other worlds in space.

"And man will not be able construct such a craft until he learns higher metaphysical principles . . . but Earth scientists are not ready to accept Higher Science . . . therefore, the Earth is 'quarantined' so to speak . . . you cannot go out into space and contaminate other worlds with your greed, lust and wars. When you have overcome these handicaps you will discover the secret of the RMF and you will then be free to travel to neighboring worlds. You will be fit to mingle with your fellowman everywhere.

"The Creator gave man control and dominion over every other thing, but He did not give man the right to control His fellowman. By doing this, man violates his birthright. People on Earth feel that by exercising control they acquire authority . . . they forget that there is a 'Higher Authority.'

SUPREME authority is the Creator's absolute control over all things. Man is on Earth only to reflect His image . . . not to assume His powers for his own wanton desires. Since all mankind has been from the beginning and equal . . .

authority is found in the Great Man of the Universe . . . the Totality . . . the One.

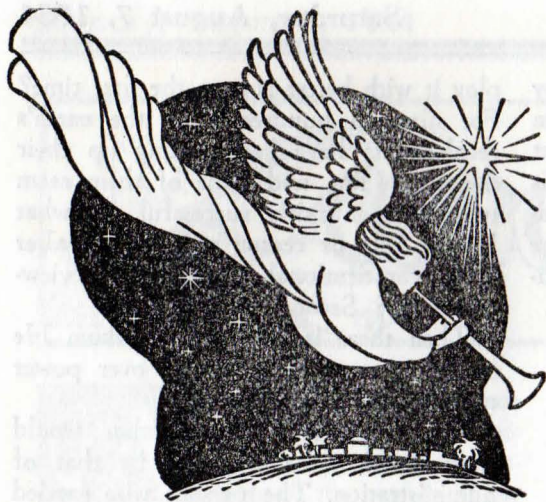
"It should come as no surprise to Earthman that he was not born upon his planet in the sense that 'being born' signifies his first and only lifetime. Every man has graduated to the place where he now is . . . he passed from grade to grade in the normal process of ever evolving consciousness . . . it is truly written that, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'

"There are also those on Earth that were sent to perform a task which would amply fit their capabilities and further aid their own development. Others are on Earth because they failed to pass the grade and must return again and again until they do graduate. So it is throughout the cosmos . . . man is forever progressing toward the Light of the Infinite Father. The control you have of yourself is a measure of the progress you have achieved . . . not by your control over others.

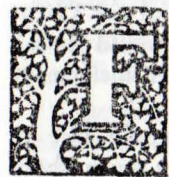
"Man on Earth, through the process of continually trying to control his fellowman has lost control of himself. In losing this control, he no longer is able to utilize the great forces of Nature which were given to him from the beginning. Instead of using the power to recreate with, he has torn them apart and used them for destructive purposes . . . he is in darkness as he destroys his fellowman. In this tearing down process, man will always lose control over the very forces he is seeking to master. To regain his lost status, man on Earth must learn control of himself and that which he has dominated. He must construct.

"A date is fast approaching on your calendar which will be the most decisive in the history of man upon Earth. Man must prove himself . . . he must show by his deeds, not words alone, whether he has the ability and control to live in a New Age or whether he has lost all possibility of doing so.

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Matters We Overlook, Considering the Biblical Second Coming of Christ



LOOD for serious and prolonged thought is bound to result, when one considers the dynamic social changes that might—and undoubtedly will—occur, if, as, and when Jesus the Christ appears upon this earth for a second time. The popular notion today is, that the Second Coming is to be introduced by a mammoth pyrotechnical display in the heavens. Over just what portion of the globe such pyrotechnical display is to happen, is agreeably ignored.

At the time the early church fathers talked so much, and so fearsomely, of the nature of Christ's return, the belief was general that the earth was flat.

Exactly what lay beyond the edges of the earth, or on what this flat mundane plate rested, it was heresy of a sort to ask. Always it was heresy—and still is heresy—to ask practical questions about religious matters which the clergy find it difficult to answer.

All the same, a flat earth presented no particular complications for the reappearance of the Christ on the colossal thunderstorm basis. Men were supposed to look aloft and behold the heavens in a maelstrom some Friday night, and in twenty minutes to an hour thereafter, the Son of Man was expected to be on earth once again, coming down some celestial staircase that cannot be accounted for on a basis of either astronomy or physics.

Making the discovery that the earth is an orb, however, that it is constantly in rotation, and that fifty percent of the globe's inhabitants would be shortsuited on witnessing the Spectacle of the Aeons, no matter in which hemisphere it happened, raised particular hob with the Thunderstorm-Return Hypothesis. True,

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

the clergy didn't say more than they were compelled to say about it at the time, but they did not leave off dissertating upon it in all the flat-earth terminology.

"Ye shall see the Son of Man coming in all His glory, in the clouds of heaven, surrounded by His angels," is still good cant for the dominies, and the Biblical forecast ever since the Ascension.

That promise seems to have been made universally to humankind, but unless the Spectacle lasts the full twenty-four hours required for the earth to make a complete revolution, modern learning repudiates it as a scientific impossibility. However, let us not squabble in this paper about the physics of the Spectacle.

Let us say that in one manner or another, the moment came for Christ's long-promised reappearance, and that somehow He managed it, in a way that hu-

mankind from Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand, conceded and knew that it was He.

Let us examine the thought for a page or two, that He had returned to fulfill the New Testament orthodox prophecies of taking over the mundane universe and straightening it out.

What would be some of the eventualities immediately of moment among Christians, quite as much as among nonbelievers?

FIRST of all, it is logical to assume that peoples of the world who do not—and never have been willing to—acknowledge the Carpenter of Galilee as King of Kings and Lord of Lords, are going to set up a vigorous protest over being compelled to acknowledge the Sage of Nazareth as the one true ruler over the whole earth. Of course, these non-Christians may be properly awed by the nature of the stupendous thunderstorm, so that tending to argue the matter takes more courage than they care to demonstrate at the moment. But that would mean frightening people into tendering Him obeisance, and while plenty of Christians are not lacking who would see nothing amiss in such terrorizing—in fact, find considerable satisfaction in the happening—more logical persons would be inclined to doubt the spiritual equities involved in the whole of it.

Certainly it was not Christ's way of obtaining respect and veneration when He was here among men, before.

However, the average person dismisses such difficulty by declaring that Christ would prove His identity and authenticity by doing a whole program of miracles out of hand—a demonstration of divine magic, to make His introduction sufficiently impressive. What these miracles



would consist of, it is a bit troublesome to conjecture. But He certainly would do them! All good churchmen are positive on the subject.

These miracles, either terrorizing or enforcing respect, would have the tendency to show all non-Christians that they have been wrong from the first, and that a Personage had arrived whom they should give due homage or encounter plenty of grief.

All thought of "democracy" and representative institutions, would at once be abandoned, due to the nature of the consequential circumstances. To all intents and purposes, the world's final and absolute Dictator would have come upon the scene. People now frenziedly combating ideas of personal dictatorships in this "age of enlightenment," will be forced to face the totalitarian state with a vengeance.

Christ's word will be law, and nobody else's opinions will count in the slightest, or their feelings be considered.

All of which is envisioned by orthodox Christians with relish. But it does seem of all rather hard on the vast millions who are not Christians.

HOW would Christians relish the prospect, if Mohammed or Buddha descended the Celestial Staircase and made them take either as king of kings and lord of lords? Either would have to put on a very effective program of miracles indeed, to get Christians to acquiesce in the business. What is fair to one should be fair to the other—all religious personalities aside. And we must remember that to Arabs, Turks, or Chinamen, their own "prophets" are considered as quite on a par with the Founder of Christianity. They take it very seriously!

As for the Hebrews, we can expect them to plunge immediately into masterpieces of rancor. Everything distinguishing them as Israelites, must "go by the board" thereafter. No longer can they demand tolerance or talk about religious persecution, gaining to their individuality by standing apart from Christians—because the basis of the eccentricity will have been taken from them. So they assume.

To go back, however, to orthodox Christian notions, all the generations that have been lived and spent by man, trying to achieve self-discipline through self-

government, will seem to have gone by the board, also. All has been negated in a moment, it seems, by having the Christ appear on the scene and "take up His scepter." It leaves the dispassionate philosopher wondering to what end the world's political evolution has been divinely sponsored.



THE NEXT complication connected with the practicalities of the orthodox Second Coming, will be the annoying matter of enforcing dictates on those temperamentally or racially opposed to the whole program of what is apparently in progress. We know that there are plenty of contrary or naturally obstructive persons in life today, just as there were when Christ was here on earth before. No matter how profitable or beneficent a new political or economic program appears to stack up, they are fundamentally "agin it." Is anyone optimistic enough to assume that even with the Lord of the Earth on hand once again, they will alter their characters and temperaments over night, and be thereafter agreeable, pliant, and acquiescent? And how will Dictator Christ of the theologians deal with them? Will he institute a sort of divine Nazi Gestapo to treat with them? Will he employ force at all? If not, what will He employ, and how will He supervise the administration of it that is not being supervised at present?

Becoming King of Kings and Lord of Lords all at once, presents a whole lot of practical difficulties, it seems. That is, assuming the orthodoxies and theologians have their concepts of it, right. Christ would employ only "persuasion," they would say? Then why did He not em-

ploy it with better success the first time? For nineteen hundred years the earth's recalcitrants have been setting up their defies to Him, and some of them seem to have been fairly successful. By what law of rule or reason are they to alter their constitutional natures and viewpoints the Second Time?

Then there is the item of whom He would treat with, in taking over power and rendering it effective.

The question of jurisdiction would most certainly be surpassed by that of administration. The persons who carried out His orders would of necessity have to be of a similar adeptship of the Christ Himself or executiveship would break down on the points of sheer inefficiency and misrepresentation.

If, as the orthodoxists would like to believe without thinking very much about it, the Christ brings his own executives with Him, then the world is due for a celestial strong-arming at the hands of a cosmic police.

Again, how are they going to perform their stewardships when the question of noncompliance, or defiance, arises, and would not such a program have the effect of dominating the world of free mortals by a sort of transcendent force? If the latter, then why the need for the Second Coming at all? Why not simply wait for mortals to die, one by one, and gain to the reputed divine discipline in the orthodox Heaven—if, as, and when they reach it? Why bother to introduce the same regime on earth, when men and women in physical bodies will get the same thing presently on the "other side"?

It leaves the philosopher wondering.

THERE should, of course, be a fine squabble arise at once between the Christian prelates of the so-called civilized countries and the world's political and military rulers, as to who should receive Him, or be considered most favored as to audience and official recognition. The Pope and all the cardinals of the Roman Church will expect Him to be their guest, and we may easily conjecture how piqued—if not downright mad, that is going to make he outstanding Protestant clergymen. The Archbishop of Canterbury is going to raise an awful stramash if He favor the Papacy over the hierarchy of the Episcopalians, and

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Week in Retrospect



MYSTERIOUS sunken city, which scientists speculate may unlock the secrets of the world's oldest civilization, has been spotted under the waters of Boliva's one-hundred twenty-five mile long Lake Titicaca.

The discovery was made from the cliffs of Coati Island which the Incas called the Island of the Moon and where they located the Garden of Eden. Officials say that the submerged city is of monumental proportions. Coati Island abounds with relics of uncertain origin, and has long been known to be either the cradle of the Inca race or of the survivors of an earlier civilization virtually unknown to archaeology. It is from Titicaca, at twelve-thousand five-hundred feet, that the founders of the once-powerful Inca empire supposedly migrated. Bolivian scientists, recalling that still-undeciphered inscriptions on Coati Island resemble writings found on the South Pacific's Easter Island and in the Indus Valley, are speculating that the newly found city may provide the key to all these lost languages. With depths up to eight-hundred ninety-two feet, the waters of Titicaca had receded to bring the city into view. Ancient Egyptian texts speak of a land far to the west inhabited by red men who during prehistoric times colonized both Egypt and Sumeria under the leadership of white, blue-eyed kings. A parallel legend of the Aymara Indians who inhabit the Lake Titicaca territory tells of "white men with long, flowing beards" who lived on Coati Island and furnished the race of Inca emperors. The Bolivian government lacks equipment and has no immediate plans to explore the sunken city.

* * *

ELDON, MISSOURI . . Flying Saucers have been "buzzing" this Missouri town for the past week. Fred Reed observed two blood red objects five times as large as a star. He watched the objects

for three hours with Mrs. Gene Waite. A similar object was reported on another night by Jack Allee. Weather Observer Arthur Rothwell said that they were probably not meteorites because they wouldn't be visible for three hours. Three UFO's were observed over Tuscumbia by Air Force pilot Lloyd Wright, his mother and a neighbor . . they were disc-shaped and orange-red in color.

* * *

PORT HURON, MICHIGAN . . A new mystery has begun that parallels the fantastic "pitted glass" phenomenon. Large, ash-like particles have been falling on farms in this area of Michigan. Joseph Kennedy said the particles fell on his farm like "falling stars". They had flaming tails until they hit the ground. Unlike meteorites, which are very hard and heavy, these objects are of putty-like consistency. Some came down like balls of fire with tails as long as four feet. These sound similar to the "flares" mentioned in Truman Bethurum's book, *Aboard A Flying Saucer*.

* * *

TOKYO, JAPAN . . Eleven persons were killed and three others seriously injured in a flash flood caused by heavy rains that hit the southernmost part of Honshu Island, police reported. Servicemen in Japan have been reporting that everything "seems to be shaking up" in that country. There is much volcanic activity, tremors felt daily and floods are causing terrible damage.

Corroberation

FROM ILLINOIS comes the following illuminating letter, of particular interest in the current *Beyond Grandeur* publishing—

Dear Mr. Pelley:

I wish to thank you for sending me the literature on your book *Beyond Grandeur* and most especially for the pamphlet marked confidential. I am a devout Spir-

itualist . . and sit in a most wonderful developing class. We receive nothing but the finest lectures from Teachers, in fact we experience all because our medium is gifted with every phase known to date.

Now I am sure you will be interested in what I have to tell you and why I was so delighted with the details in 'confidential'. I feel sure that you are familiar with Camp Chesterfield in Indiana; I have been there many times. On one occasion four years ago, I believe it was, I had the honor of being chosen to sit in a "Master" class of the excellent medium _____, and during the course of the seance many Teachers, Masters, and renowned souls came through . . and . . Mrs. M. B. Eddy came to me, and among the things she said was . . (in my own words) . . "she was very sorry she had renounced Spiritualism" as well as many things you have written, and "some-day she hoped to bring forth a book, through the writings of some soul here on earth, telling and acknowledging this mistake." Also that "when her followers came here" they blamed her; even accused her of not telling them correctly, and that she knew no rest because of these accusations.

"So you can see how this letter and contents affected me. I said, 'At last it has come through and she has succeeded in her purpose.' You are to be complimented on being the chosen one, also that you could give your time and effort seeing this was done for her, and I do hope it opens the eyes of the Christian Scientists. How wonderful if they would eventually include this knowledge in their church. But will they accept the *manner* in which it was obtained?—that is the question.

"It is too bad the high cost of labor has made the price of the book so much. I wish every Christian Scientist Church had a copy. I know the Reader in the Church here very well and intend to give

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Sealed Intellect

THERE is no more formidable character to be encountered in life than the fanatically ignorant adult who alibis his limitations by standing on the argument that because ignorance is universal, thereby wisdom is monstrous. You find such adults most commonly in the ranks of those orthodox religionists who cry in heated disdain, "Fancy telling people that the dead can come back to life and discourse with the living!" Say to such, "Come and see it happen!" They will screech back at you, "I'm not so pathological!"

The fact that it *is* happening, and great numbers are beholding it and profiting, meets a sealed intellect. This intellect argues, "Walk up to the first man on the street and ask him if it happens!" And the fact that the man so encountered on the street retorts, "What's the gag?" vindicates the fanatically ignorant person and leaves his assailments justified.

The sealed intellect—what ails it?

In nine cases out of ten we discover it has conducted itself so atrociously in earlier lives that it refuses to face accounting in Spirit. It seeks refuge in the universality of ignorance as a screen to hide realization of its own deficiencies. Actually it is angry with itself, and such anger approaches a form of hysteria.

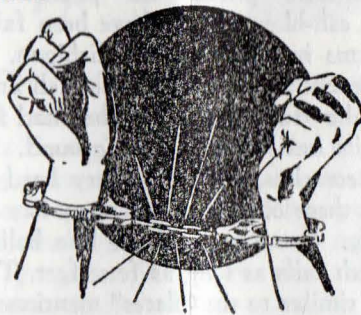
People with little or nothing to cover up in their pasts are never thus irrational.

Capital Punishment



CONSIDERABLE comment has gone the rounds of the press about a stay of execution at San Quentin of a convicted murderer who wrote a book. It invites the somewhat morbid pleasantry that this is altogether new under the sun, for the customary reaction toward authors who write books is to put them to death with as little fuss and feathers as possible—life being too good for them.

However, esoteric examination into the laws and processes of the Higher Octaves discloses that the homicide perpetrator who gets the rope or the chair with effectivity and dispatch generally receives the better end of the deal, over and against his fellow murderer who is made to expiate his crime by long years of gazing out of grated windows. That is real punishment.



All that society does in the item of capital punishment is to release the soul-spirit of the murderer from *all* confinement forthwith and let him be about his destiny. True, he has an ordeal of execution to undergo, which is grim or otherwise according to one's religious fixations. Modern society abolishes the noose and makes the transition as neat and painless as possible. In either case, there is, of course, no avoiding of the sequence of remorse. But as penalty for the crime of homicide, capital punishment is a farce. If the crime has been intentional and malicious, they are the years of involuntary confinement that carry real retribution. And in time society will come to recognize it, however tough it may figure on the public pocketbook.

Real trouble is, we are living in a world of colossal ignorance, abetted by press and pulpit. The karma of the thing that may be working out in the individual case, is quite something else.

As for writing a book on how it feels thus to lose friends and alienate people, the less said the better. If more murderers wrote more books, perhaps homicide might be more potent . . .

Reembodiment



SPIRITUALISM has become an accredited and respectable religious faith throughout America, although the orthodox communicants of traditional theology look upon Spiritualists as persons slightly cracked. There is no blinking the fact, however, that even the Spiritualists themselves now face a grave schism. The sect is dividing more or less fundamentally on the actuality of Reincarnation. Some spiritualist churches have even closed their pulpits to other Spiritualist pastors who seek to discuss it. The matter is serious.

VALOR has discussed this lamentable circumstance before.

Orthodox Spiritualists—meaning the non-Reincarnationalists—disclose themselves quite as defiant toward the probabilities of reembodiment as ever were their theological critics when Spiritualism was establishing. Examine into the situation, however, and what do you commonly find? You find two or three resolute and adamant "leaders", usually in charge of summer camp-meetings of the sect, whose intellects are quite as sealed against examination of Truth as any non-Spiritualist, who essay to speak for the Movement as a whole and who automatically denounce the doctrine as spurious. Their prejudices make it so. Ask such "leaders" how it happens that materialized personages coming through mediums constantly refer to acquaintanceships in former lives, and they return no answer that is logical—because there is none. Again and again VALOR's editor has been present where such incidents have happened, especially if the materialization be that of a master-teacher. If some ancient biblical character reembodies for an hour and explains that his mentorship began with the mortal "in a former life", what is that but attesting to reincarnation of the present?

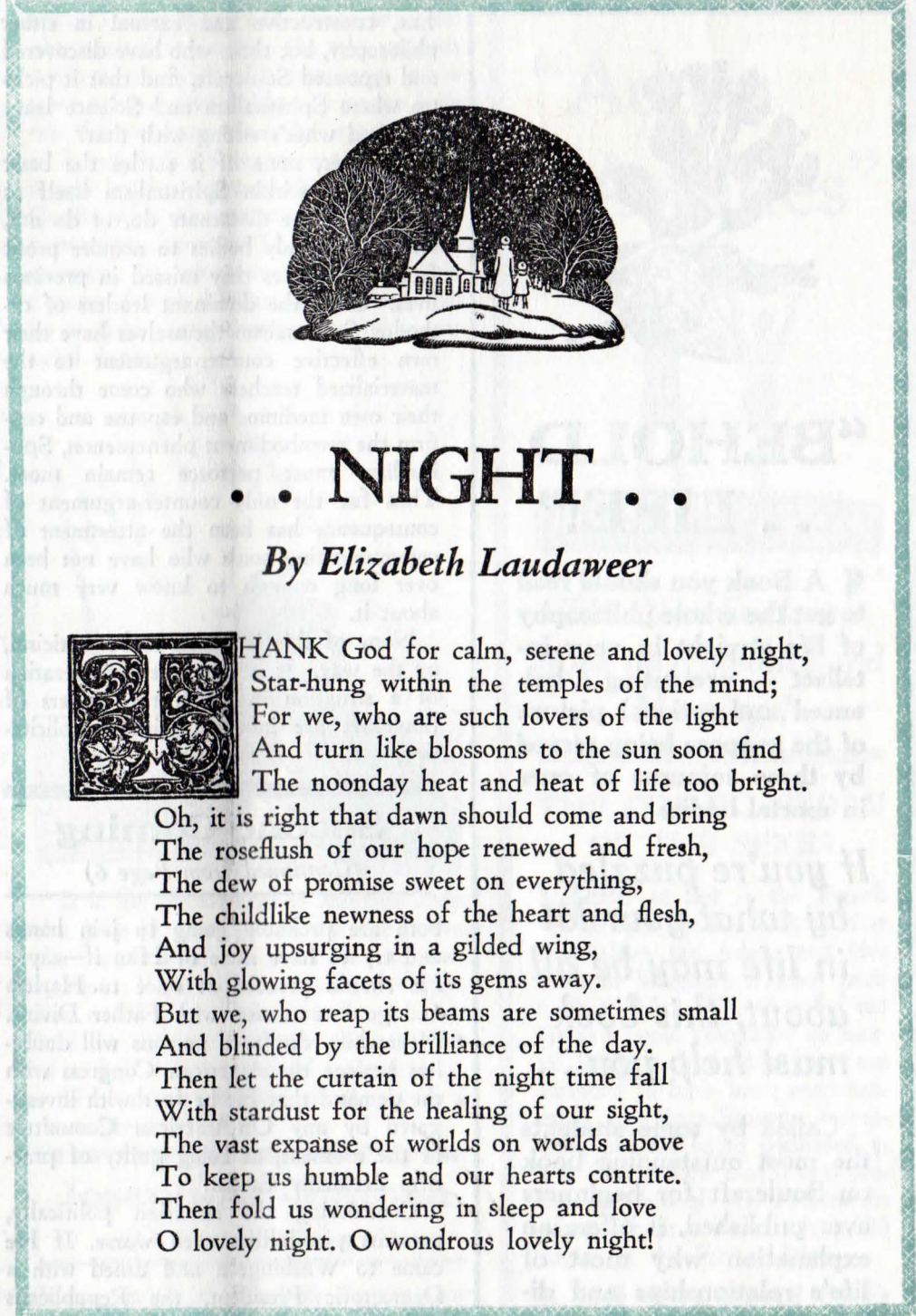
The irony of the situation with the orthodox Spiritualists who repudiate the tenet, lies in the fact that if they will sub-

mit to an imposed trance condition themselves—to a state of mentality where their own eternal minds are opened—they will, *without an exception*, endorse the facts of it, and even go so far as to recite their incarnations up recent generations. Then awakening from a lapse into such trances, they will deny the demonstrations they have themselves given with all the rancors they displayed before entering such conditions. There is nothing one can do with such. Actually we might call their disputations a pose. But even such possibility angers them fanatically.

Sooner or later, however, Spiritualism itself may split wide open on this vital fundamental of all earth-phenomena. As Mrs. Eddy has told scores of seance audiences already, the mere disputing of Truth by no means erases it. Crush it to earth as many times as you have energy to crush it; always it rises and rebukes you. And yet repudiation of possible re-embodiment is not the only warning sign of imminent alterations in Spiritualistic ranks . . .

Almost inevitably, persons of wholesome and constructive intellect, turning first to Spiritualism in recourse from theologic orthodoxies, reach the point where their own dissatisfactions manifest. "Spiritualism as a philosophical study goes nowhere," they complain. "It has no structure of tenets that one can ponder and cogitate upon. You attend a given number of seances and become assured of the continuity of personality beyond the grave. But where do you go from there? Your Aunt Elizabeth or Grandfather Hasbeen 'come through' and assure you they are 'happy' and 'progressing' . . . then they branch off into the often inane business of answering personal questions. You'd best not sell the house lot this season; wait until next season and get a better price. You'd better not trust that tall dark young fellow who's begun to call on Maud; if you delve into his history you might find he has a wife and children in St. Louis. Visits to average mediums who affect to charge for question-answering, degenerate into religious fortune-telling. Only in rare instances do you confront a class of 'spirits' who give you detailed and inside information about your permanent future state. Where's the satisfaction to the hungry soul in 'all that stuff?'"

Truth to tell, quite as many Spiritual-



.. NIGHT ..

By Elizabeth Laudaweer



THANK God for calm, serene and lovely night,
Star-hung within the temples of the mind;
For we, who are such lovers of the light
And turn like blossoms to the sun soon find
The noonday heat and heat of life too bright.

Oh, it is right that dawn should come and bring
The roseflush of our hope renewed and fresh,
The dew of promise sweet on everything,
The childlike newness of the heart and flesh,
And joy upsurging in a gilded wing,
With glowing facets of its gems away.
But we, who reap its beams are sometimes small
And blinded by the brilliance of the day.
Then let the curtain of the night time fall
With stardust for the healing of our sight,
The vast expanse of worlds on worlds above
To keep us humble and our hearts contrite.
Then fold us wondering in sleep and love
O lovely night. O wondrous lovely night!

ists as Christian Scientists come to Soulcraft to cry on the editor's shoulder and demand that something more spiritually nourishing be fed them—because Spiritualism never has had a concrete and constructive liturgy, and neither has Christian Science. You merely "believe" in a Summerland—the same as in Science you "believe" in Divine Mind performing all those psychosomatic cures that you ought to be introducing to your body by your own intellect.

There is no real *GOING ONWARD AND UPWARD* in either faith. That, at least, is the complaint.

And so a gap widens in Spiritualism between the intellectual and the emotional. And self-appointed spokesmen merely fulminate against dispassionate critics and accuse them of fattening on the ranks of established sectarianisms by giving the hungry what they seek.

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fine, constructive and factual in either philosophy, but those who have discovered and espoused Soulcraft, find that it picks up where Spiritualism and Science leave off. And what's wrong with that?

However, none of it settles the basic controversy within Spiritualism itself as to whether the discarnate do, or do not, reinhabit earthly bodies to acquire profit from experiences they missed in previous lives. Until the dominant leaders of orthodox Spiritualism themselves have their own effective counter-argument to the materialized teachers who come through their own mediums and espouse and confirm the reembodiment phenomenon, Spiritualism must perforce remain moot. Thus far the only counter-argument of consequence has been the attestation of communicating souls who have not been over long enough to know very much about it.

None of this is meant to be criticism, by the way. It is reflective consideration of a situation in which the leaders of Soulcraft are involved without solicitation.

Second Coming

(Continued from Page 6)

both are probably going to join hands and try to have none of Him if—say—He should proceed at once to Harlem and go into session with Father Divine. Meanwhile, displaced persons will doubtless besiege the American Congress with the demand that He be forthwith investigated by any Un-American Committee of the moment, as being guilty of practices decidedly Fascist.

Considering the situation politically, presents possibilities even worse. If He came to Washington and dined with a Democratic President, the Republicans and Constitutionals of the country would have none of Him—labeling Him a New-Dealer or a Red—whereas if He called on the Republican National Committee, the press and radio of the Nation would immediately turn the heat on Him as representing horse-and-buggy days of isolationism.

But if He had no truck with any of these, He would be considered an alien, secretly in the pay of Moscow, trying to overthrow this government by violence. Does it all seem ridiculous, facetious, and

even a bit sacrilegious? It is not meant as such.

It is meant to call attention to the superficial thinking or acceptances of those who call themselves spiritual or "devout".

IF PEOPLE who are sensible as well as devout, are inclined to give the matter serious thought, they will abandon most of the archaic, allegorical, or childish notions they have had taught them, connected with the real Second Coming, and consider the episode in the stronger, better, and truer light of the sterling Christ character, and the significance of moral and ethical evolution to the moment.

In the first place, reference is made in several apostolic speakings—as well as in the reputed utterances of the Galilean Himself—that when He next came, it would be as "a thief in the night," and that His approach would be as unperceived generally as "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand."

Is this not more rational and possible than the epochal Thunderstorm Advent with stairways down from "heaven"?

Next, truly earnest Christians should by this time realize that it would be outside both the Christ character and the Christ performance, to "enter the earth" after the pattern of Hitler's entrance into Austria or Czechoslovakia—irrespective of any similarity of joyous greeting by bedeviled inhabitants.

Great leaders—and Our Lord has already indicated that greatest—always contrive to get their best effects through human instruments, human executives, and human ministers and representatives. Neither would He expect best results by coming suddenly, in a way that scared people out of their wits.

The significance of social and political evolution enters here.

Humankind has been coming a tortuous way, learning to perfect social and political forms at the cost of blood and tears, for an obvious purpose: to teach man how to govern himself, not to be governed by arbitrary fiat, no matter how beneficent or compassionate.

Every student of political economy is aware of the fact that a beneficent despotism is probably the best government—in the sense of being the most efficient government—on earth. But it is the worst possible form of government, con-

sidered from the standpoint of spiritual development.

The whole trend and essence of the Christ teaching the first time, was to inspire men to control and direct themselves—by voluntary, self-imposed discipline. How paradoxical to contend that with His second appearance, He would negate and reverse all this, just to become a sort of conquering worldly hero, or sublimated Roosevelt!

"My kingdom is not of this world," He declared explicitly, over and over. By what license then, do smug orthodoxists ignore such contention and affect to make Our Lord a childish combination of Roosevelt, Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin, all in one?

Corroberation

(Continued from Page 7)

this material on this subject you might wish to send it to her. I have told this story—that Mrs. Eddy told to me—to many friends, also to some who are most skeptical, two in particular who are friends and neighbors of mine. In fact, one told her of what I said, so I shall be very anxious to hear of her reactions and hope she sends for your book.

"So again I thank you for sending the material to me and may your books be scattered far and wide. God bless you for the part you played to make it all possible."

Sincerely,
Mrs. B. H.

Matrons and War

(Continued from Page 2)

VALOR has taken the position from the start of the Asian troubles that with the conclusion of the Korean situation, China was due to crash international barriers elsewhere—west as well as east and south. Not another world war of the magnitude of two forerunners, but the final adjustment and adjudication of responsibilities for Wars I and II, are in prospect. Even Nostradamus has told us in his uncanny prophecies about "the Oriental going to see France" . . .

This Weekly still maintains that out of such oriental settlements must and will come total and all-out exposure of the

artful strategizings and strategists who worked to produce the two previous conflicts, and when Nuremburgs of a more colossal and finished character have run their courses after the emancipating of Russia, it is a foregone conclusion that it will be the vigilants like Senator McCarthy who take command of the truly permanent situation. Those wise in their esoterics, in other words, concede that Senator Joseph McCarthy is doing what he is doing in consummation of a prenatal destiny.



It is the enslavement of millions under the guise of emancipation that it behooves the truly wise of this generation to guard against. VALOR declares it is the dignified and brainy modern mother who sits in best position to thwart such enslavement before it becomes of moment.

No other adjuration of the week is more important.

Joseph-Ari-Mathea

(Continued from Page 3)

Many came in Monkish Latin, some in Old English, others in modern. Rough sketches were drawn of ground plans, but most amazing of all the actual measurements were given in terms of the Latin yard.

When digging was undertaken in accordance with these directions, the missing chapels were located and other architectural puzzles were solved. The sight of the Loretta Chapel, for example, was discovered according to the script, but in a site contrary to the general belief of

(Continued on Page 15)

"Adam Awakes"



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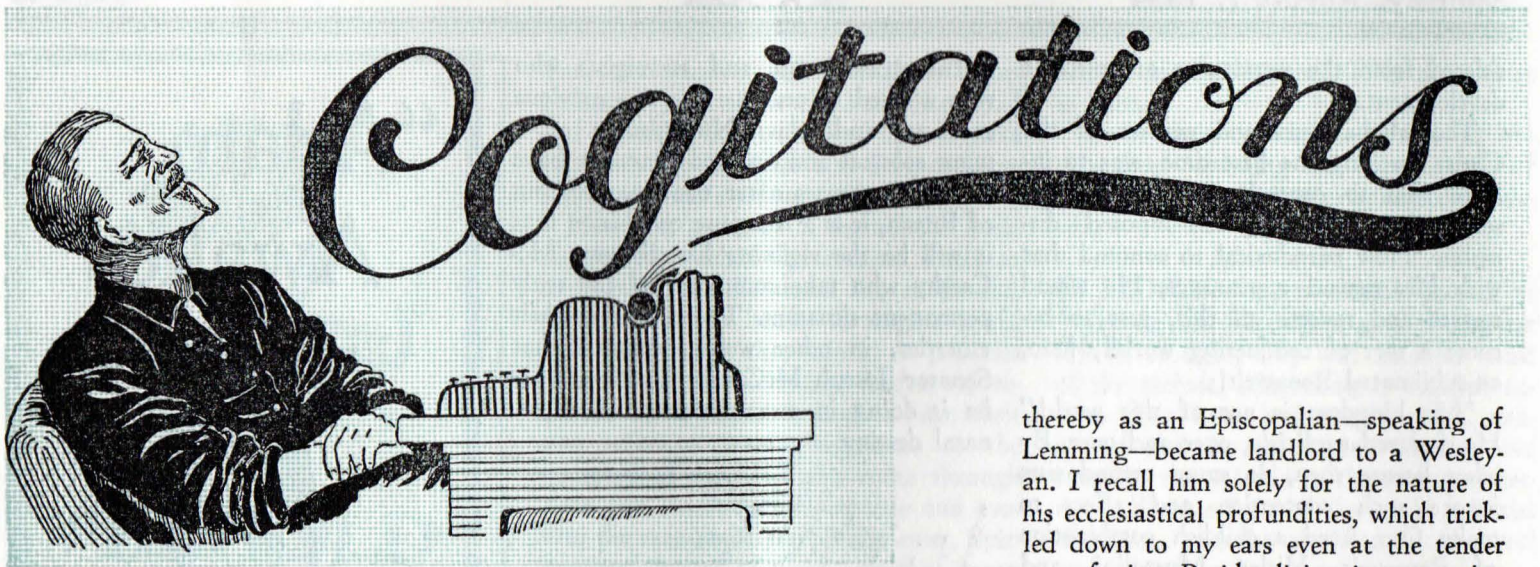
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Soulcraft Chapels



AMONG the characters standing out in my memory up across half a century is one Dr. Lemming, Episcopal rector. Dr. Lemming—presumably a Doctor of Divinity inasmuch as I never saw him prescribing pills or setting a broken arm—was distinguished above all other clergymen in the town in which I lived antedating the Spanish-American War by being surpassing affluent in goods of this world. He was, not to put too fine a point upon it, one of those rare phenomena of social vicissitude, a rich minister. I don't mean that he presided over a wealthy congregation, although he did that as well. I mean that as a gentleman and a scholar, he "had money"—a matter of inheritance, I came to learn as I grew older. The Quality Avenue in our New England town ascended a long grade and Dr. Lemming's "mansion" with a cupola stood halfway up on the left. Any residence in our town back in those years that displayed wrought-iron filigree upstanding from its eaves and cupolas was a mansion, and when I would hear my own sire preach from the Methodist pulpit about there being many mansions in His Father's House I had a confused mental picture of celestial bliss displaying room after room of Dr. Lemming residences, each with its Mansard roof bedecked with the lacy iron fencings. Dr. Lemming's Episcopal House of Worship was by no means so ornate, in fact I recall that the edifice on South Main Street for a number of years stood in appalling need of paint. Once I propounded a sacred irrelevancy by querying

my dad, if Dr. Lemming possessed such an enviable amount of the goods of this world, why didn't he keep his own House of God less shabby? My father explained as he was able that pastors weren't personally responsible for the condition of divine real estate; theirs was the job of preaching in it or from it and letting the trustees or the deacons meet the bills. For this they were compensated. The direction in which the money flowed, in other words, was always toward a clergyman, never away from his pocket. It never did make much sense to me . . .



I DO not call up Dr. Lemming from the album of memory, however, because he seemed to be everything economically as a clergyman that my own parent was not. Neither do I single him out because, among his other worldly functions, he chanced to own the house which my father rented for living purposes after he relinquished the Methodist parsonage and

thereby as an Episcopalian—speaking of Lemming—became landlord to a Wesleyan. I recall him solely for the nature of his ecclesiastical profundities, which trickled down to my ears even at the tender age of nine. Besides living in a mansion that was prototype of all the celestial premises, and collecting the monthly rent from tenants of other denominations in most Christian manner, he won distinction upon a certain occasion by announcing a sermon that drew editorial comment in our town's weekly newspaper. The title of the sermon, which old man Whitaker, editor of the sheet poked sly innuendo at, was: *The Fixation of the Oughtness*. Actually that was the name of a Christian sermon. The Fixation of the Oughtness! I can remember up across something like 56 years the expression on mother's face as she looked at father upon reading about it, and clamped her fist against her mouth in a gesture she had to keep from laughing openly. What was the Oughtness, that it had to fixed? And fixed how and to what purpose? The day came when, considering it, I looked up the word Ought in the dictionary and found that it meant "to be bound, as by practical duty, by moral laws or by conscience, hence, by ideal right." Now make a noun out of it if you can, and when you've made a noun out of it, contemplate the errand of fixing it. In the years that followed, my little pint-sized mother, whenever she sought to rib father about his somewhat futile sequence as a clergyman, reminded him that he'd had his fling at fixing the Oughtness and as a fixer had left much to be desired. Dr. Lemming, it seemed, had occupied the carpeted pulpit of the Elysian Episcopal Church, and in his pompous and ponderous manner, had harangued a congregation of chair manufacturers, grocers, town selectmen and syncophants on mending of moral laws by conscience, hence by conscience, hence by ideal right. I have

no way of knowing whether the chair manufacturers improved the quality of the glue that held their product together, or the grocers put more candy in the free bag of sweets they presented customers on payment of their weekly accounts, or the town selectmen and syncophants did anything to pave the streets better or lower the taxes, but Old Man Whitaker did write an editorial about it and mother snickered in result of it and father proceeded to live out his remaining days under the indictment of being a bust as an oughtness-fixer. All of which is neither here nor there. Dr. Lemming undoubtedly had purpose—according to his lights—in dwelling upon such oughtness therapeutics, and proclaiming it in the sacred name of Religion, letting the pieces fall where they might. Did he understand himself what he was talking about? He must have supposed he did, and whose business was it otherwise? The good Doctor forthwith came to represent in my developing ideology whosoever elevates himself before his fellows and makes sounds issue from the mouth in his face that obscure the intelligence in what he is striving to impart instead of clairfying it. That the Doctor was a portly old gentleman in flat-topped derby hat and Episcopalian dog-collar, who always walked about on week-days rattling keys or coins in the pockets on his stomach, buttered no parsnips. He wished, so I deduced, to impress on satellites of a lower mental order that his reasonings partook of the highest octaves of ecclesiasticism and he was to be adulated. I never did learn whether he ever entered the offices of the *Weekly Journal* and blacked Old Man Whitaker's eye for his ribaldries, but for father's sake and to shut mother up from too caustic connubial comment, I should have liked to see it happen. The Fixation of the Oughtness! Later I was to become appalled at the widespread application of such abstruse profundities to the exposition of metaphysics . . . Now I'm getting down to cases . . .

o—o

MOST of the mystery in Mysticism, I've observed, apparently is made to lie in the terminology of the pedant. If you can't express truth in a truckload of eleven pound words, most of which contradict one another, and make the meaning as difficult to extract as possible, you should get a job teaching Small Fry

in the nearest graded school, not essay to enlighten adults in the profundities of Cosmos. Such psychology is based, of course, on the discovery that the human race—taken by and large—does not object to being humbugged, providing the humbugging is achieved in a manner that impresses the neophyte with erudition. As some wisecracker put it, "It's quite all right to talk nonsense providing you make it sound as serious as possible." My own Higher Octave teachers remarked to me upon once occasion, "Hang curtains in mysterious folds, fix the lighting effects with maximum drama, fire the appropriate number of incense-pots so the perfume is heady, and charge people eighteen dollars to listen to a ghostly voice issuing from obscure regions that proclaims, 'God is Love!' and they will go forth persuaded they've heard Truth such as never has been uttered from human lips." The Mentor might have added, "—and you will be acclaimed a Great Pundit that perchance may have a temple set up to you in Los Angeles." One thing I *have* learned, after twenty-six years of sitting at the feet of supernal instructors: What makes sense on this plane, makes sense on any plane, and *vice versa*. But what kind of a swami are you, if you tell people that the higher planes are merely improvements upon, and glorifications of, this current plane of earth with all its frustrations and complexes? They want the curtains, the lights, and the incense-pots in order to repudiate the conditions of Reality. They want the Oughtness fixed. in other words, in eleven-pound words. Then they'll turn about and tell you they can't read your stuff because it occasions too many trips to the dictionary. But deep in their minds they concede that you must have something on the ball nonetheless, else the dictionary wouldn't figure. Take note that the religions that have scored up across the years have been those that gave neophyte humanity its most ornate trappings. As if the Truth wasn't heavyweight enough to carry the burden of the intellectual spectacle, the leading characters must be toggged out in gold, silver and precious stones, and speak in profundities that are merely obscurities. I've long-since regurgitated the whole dazzle and fallacy of it.

o—o

EVERY little while I'm taken to task for my writings in these pages that



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"lack the proper sanctity." The claim is advanced that I discuss the features of Eternity as I might discuss the assortment of groceries dumped on the kitchen table by a delivery-boy in a hurry, who's discovered the butter missing and hopes it won't be noted. The things of Spirit, in other words, are equal realities with the missing pound of butter in my psychology and I can treat with one or the other as commonplaces. The trouble with the world is, it doesn't want the things of Spirit made commonplaces, so there's precious little application of the Laws of Spirit to everyday happenings. In my ideology, *all* forms of reality are Holy Spirit in some aspect of exercise. This life you are living right at the present instant is none other than the Eternity the Dr. Lemmings have been fulminating about ever since there was a pulpit. It just happens to be one sluggish atomic phase of it. It isn't that I don't take it seriously—I don't take it *sanctimoniously*. I have, to express it another way, no Oughtness to fix. Coming right down to it, I can generally tell about how much real cosmic erudition motivates the pundit who mails me a sample of his latest mimeograph material apprising me how to make friends and influence people in ten easy lessons. Why in the world *easy*? It shows me what's going on in the mind of the mystic. Things you get *easily* are the things you lose easily. I'd rejoice to see a fat envelope of advertising material come in for once that announced, "These lessons of Swami Pumpernickel are so difficult of mastery that only one in 778 can understand them." I know I'd never get such a letter because any such pundit would never be appealing to the Crowd; he'd know, if his philosophy was the true article, that the Crowd had no intellect to master what he was offering, and less sense of appreciation of it. This Fixing of the Oughtness for ten dollars down and the balance when the sheriff catches you leaves me with a feeling of pity for perplexed and befuddled souls whose grive at life is their inability to take what it holds in the way of educative experience, and think they want the alternative by incantations and mirrors. I say let's be matter-of-fact and forthright about the whole agenda of it, and concede that nothing is mystical—what seems so is simply outside our common scope of daily intercourse. As I look at it, making a

fetish of higher plane realities falls in a class with the instructor in Algebra or Trigonometry who walks out in a turban, or robe bedecked with half-moons and ringed planets, to induct a grammar-school class in arithmetic into the next step of mathematics. Supposing we take a new angle on the whole of it . .

o—o

OLD DR. Lemming, back there in those Spanish-American War days, really was indulging his own pompous ego and not much besides. If he'd truly had something to *say*, he'd simply have gone ahead and said it, letting his revelations speak for him and being content to profit with his pupils. The same thing applies to the mail order swamis who guarantee to fix your oughtness in ten easy lessons. There is nothing mystical about mysticism, I say, excepting new ways to make it seem mysterious. Because it's the core of further and further knowledge that I'm after, Soulcraft seems blazing a trail on its merit. People who inquire anxiously if I've read Dr. Whoozis' latest book on the Soul and what I think of it, or have I examined Swami Blunderbuss's latest Course of Lessons, miss the point entirely. I'm on the trail of Truth as it displays on the higher octaves but interpreting it on this octave in terms of this morning's grocery list. I admit it's something not done in the best mystical circles but a fig for the pundits in half-moon nightshirts and conical hats. My own oughtness, in other words, is pretty well fixed, thank you, and I'm no longer worrying about it. I'm trying to capture Truth, not merchandise Mysticism. Have I made myself clear? No, of course I haven't. Suppose we stop discussing it . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

"The decisions that the Earth people make will determine, in a large measure, the action people of other worlds will take. We are all Brothers and Sisters in Him and they will assist those on Earth who are sick to the death of war, crime and graft . . Conquest and destruction, Beloved, will end . . and soon.

"All on Earth will be justly and rightly dealt with. The decision rests with ev-



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ery individual on the ‘sorrowful planet’. No one is going to ‘save’ anyone . . . you must save yourself and thereby find your own true salvation . . . your destiny is in your own hands . . . for the Great Day of Graduation is close at hand . . . who will be ready?”

OTHER NEWS from California is that Truman Bethurum has been lecturing and will return soon to Redondo Beach. From there he will once again venture into Morman Mesa country where he hopes to make contact with the “scow” from Clarion and its friendly captain, Aura Rhanes. Mrs. Bethurum will be going along. It has been reported that it is possible the “Scow” was over the ocean near Redondo Beach on May 9th and June 8th . . . both dates coinciding with the Quarter Moon. Each time, a bright, large orange colored object appeared. VALOR joins the many friends of the Bethurum’s in saying . . . God bless you Truman and Mary and good luck!

Joseph-Ari-Mathea

(Continued from Page 11)

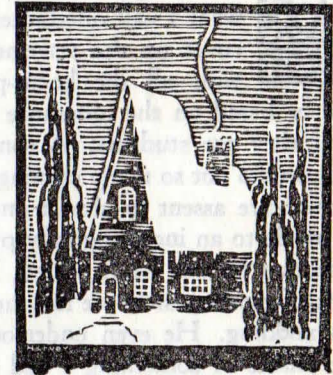
the antiquarians. In brief, the strange sequence of the messages narrated in both Latin and English that flowed from John Alleyne’s pencil was verified in every particular by excavation.

This excavation was interrupted by World War I. When renewed, the Norman wall as discovered, again by automatic writing. Mr. Bond published these scripts in small books, notably *The Gate of Remembrance* and *The Company of Avalon*.

But the ruins meanwhile had become the property of the Church of England. And the story is that the orthodox clergy did not like the circumstances of automatic writing. So Mr. Bond was relieved of his post as director.

He had been amazingly successful in solving the riddles of the abbey but by means not approved by the clergy. Perhaps one of these days Glastonbury Abbey will be remembered not only as a monument for the most ancient Christian traditions of England, if not for the whole world, but also as a symbol of a new enlargement of human knowledge, one that may be of inestimable importance to the mind of man.

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first, to understand how
Soulcraft came about*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
ESOTERIC CLASSIC

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

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

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



WHAT I have meant to say, in the COGITATIONS that finished on Page 14, is that I am becoming exceedingly bored by the increasing numbers of what I call dilettantes in metaphysics who would cover up the extreme paucity of their erudition with all the hocus-pocus tactics of Mysticism that can be based on the ignorance or gullibilities of their students. If they are students. A somewhat pompous gentleman sat in my studio not so many evenings ago and nodded perpetual and sophisticate assent to almost one hundred percent of statements I made to an inquiring lady present. To test him without his suspecting he was being tested, I made some harmless substitutions of tenets just to see how he reacted to them. His head kept on nodding. He even undertook to expatiate on the profounder phases of something I had thought up out of my own head to fit the occasion. I finally asked him how long he had been studying the Wisdom. Four and a half *years*, he told me. And what pattern had his "studies" taken? He had started out by hearing some lectures on Theosophy, he recited. Then he had read Dr. Whoozis' masterly work on Mind—and by the way what did I think of Dr. Whoozis? I told him I never had heard of the gentleman and was rewarded with a startled but pitying simile. How did I ever expect to lay down a sound premise for Soulcraft when I admitted I never had read Dr. Whoozis' work on Mind? I told him I was dealing in wisdom from a source of my own that required no premises laid for it and to please keep on acquainting me with his qualifications for punditry. Well, the biggest thing that had happened to him was "hearing a voice" the night his daughter died, and being conscious of thoughts that forced themselves into his mind against any conscious invitation. Had he ever witnessed a bona fide materialization of anyone Beyond? No, he had to confess he hadn't, but he had been present at four trumpet seances by Madam Doakes and what did I think of Madam Doakes as a medium? When I refused to be diverted by a discussion of the Doakes person, he enlightened me on the expensive course he had taken one winter season under Swami Upandatem, capstoned with the entire reading of the works of Dr. Carl Wickland. And throughout the recital he made copious references to "my students". He had a "circle" of twenty-six persons who were "studying under him", and the fact that he had lately seen to it that all of them possessed copies of the *Golden Scripts*, indicated that he was, all things considered, God's gift to Coryopolis and points west. Not to mention Soulcraft. I subsided. What can you do to counteract such naivette?

ON ANOTHER night a lady visitor who had been listening to Mary Baker Eddy's voice from the electronic tapes, asked in all seriousness how long I estimated it would take to properly qualify for mentorship of a group, along the lines that Sister Mary had been discussing. "Two years," I said, "at the shortest." She gasped, "Years! Don't you mean months?" I said I meant years. "What takes two years," she demanded, "to possess oneself of all there is to know about metaphysics?" I aid, "Principally the volume of the substance-matter that awaits to be imbibed." She sniffed. "Who's got time to give over two whole *years*," she wished to be informed, "when you can read Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, Dr. Hyslop's *Laws of Psychic Phenomena*, and one or two of the works of Ouspenski in sixty days at the most?" I said, "I've given over twenty-six years to taking direct instruction from some of the highest intellects in touch with our earth-plane, which have included something like three hundred and fifteen epiphanes and seventy-five psychical seances where every form of phenomena has been manifested—and I've scarcely scratched the surface as yet of what exists to be known." To know metaphysics thoroughly, so you're qualified to enlighten others, you must have a general working education beside in Astronomy, Geology, Anthropology and Physics. You've got to know Psychology and Psychiatry. As for Psychical Phenomena, that's the least of your equipment. To launch any teaching worth its powder and shot, you must qualify passably in public speaking and economics. Getting twenty-six perplexed and half-frightened intellects about you and telling them what you saw and heard the night your wealthy great-uncle died, makes you no Authority in Mysticism. Mysticism truly is the examination of the laws and processes of the higher octaves of consciousness, and if you don't even know the laws and processes of this octave of consciousness, God pity your neophytes who are bound to find out sooner or later how purblindly you've bamboozled them. I feel strongly about it. Once I heard of a man who went out and enrolled thirty students for six esoteric lessons at one hundred dollars a lesson on the strength of visiting William Dudley Pelley over a weekend and having the Great Mind answer his queries. I could cheerfully broil such a human being over a slow fire and jab him with bodkins just to see if he were roasting nicely. Yes, two years at a minimum. Excuse me for holding my neck the way I frequently do when such qualifications are discussed. It contains an exceedingly heavy pain in it. Do you ponder my psychological relief at attempting to be a self-made humorist? . . . It is only a horrifying example of unskilled labor.

¶ *THERE were fewer wrecks in horse-and- buggy days; the driver didn't depend wholly on his own intelligence*