

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly...*

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

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## DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?

*PEOPLE Can Be Placed into Three Classes: the Few Who Make Things Happen; the Many Who Watch Things Happen; and the Overwhelming Majority Who Have No Idea What Has Happened . .*



GO UP to the average man on the street, engage him in conversation, and ask him what he understands is happening throughout the global scene. Ten to one he will tell you that Marxist Russia is on the prowl to conquer all other countries and make them Communist. Ask him what he thinks of United Nations and he will shrug. It may be all right and it may not be all right, but at least it's our most successful try to date to bring all the nations of the globe into concert, to abolish War as a means of settling our international disputes. What does he think about Indo-





China, about Korea, about West Germany, about France or England? He thinks exactly what he has read in the papers or heard over the radio. However, thank God both are "free", not controlled or censored as they are abroad. Ask him what gives him the conviction they are "free"? He will, by now, display a gleam of suspicion in his eye. Maybe you are one of those, now, Commies, working at the job of "overthrowing American institutions." And he will hasten away to see a man about a dog.

He will leave you with the feeling, "Blessed are the ignorant, for they shall be happy in their assumption that they know everything!"

Had you told your late conversationalist that really he might be so ignorant as to represent international civic tragedy, and without a doubt the gleam in his eye would have changed to open anger and he might have undertaken to blacken your own. Americans don't relish any implications that matters politically or spiritually may be altogether contrary to what is sloppily described as Public Opinion.

Decidedly does this apply to Psychological Research . . .

**G** O UP to the common man—who is so much eulogized today—and ask him where he believes the souls of everyday folk proceed when their bodies die? He tells you readily enough, to heaven or maybe hell. Ask him how he *knows* they go to heaven—or maybe Hell. He tells you that he assumes he knows as

well as anybody, and anyhow, what's the big idea? Tell him, no big idea, . . . just taking a sort of Gallup poll of the eternal verities, and where did he happen to get the idea that the soul on bodily demise goes to heaven or maybe hell? Despite his growing uneasiness at the questionnaire, he'll declare he got it in church . . . where else should he be expected to get it? Ask him where the Church got it—for a certainty? He'll hazard the guess it got the data from God, though just where, when, or how, he has no first-hand knowledge. Ask him why this information gotten from God doesn't square with scientific realities of the bona fide seance room and he'll demand to be told forthwith what you're driving at?

Perhaps—if you can detain him long enough—you have the chance to apprise him that *you* can go into a seance room, under proper conditions, and confront people in reembodied form who declare from post-mortem experience that there is no such grandiose place as the Heaven of the Bible, and decidedly no such place as the Perdition of the pentacostal evangelist. What has he to say to *that*?

What he has to say to that is a rancorous remark that what you need at either elbow is a capable functionary in a white-duck uniform. And a bus hovering in sight, he'll swing aboard it, though he only rides two blocks up the street. That for your galloping pole of internal variations . . .

He's in mortal life, assumedly a normal adult, going through with its experiences, meeting the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and hasn't the frailest suspicion he mightn't know "what it's all about" . . .

The proposition offers: Isn't the world of today truly in the mess it is, by and large, because ninety-nine percent of the human beings in it accept public opinion as Truth and build their philosophies on the foundation that if things were otherwise, everybody would know about it?

Who says they would know about it?

Who would tell them?

As a matter of fact, isn't it a correct statement that men who undertake to prove to other men that their public acceptances are in error, or contrary to what they suppose, are most likely candidates for the prison-cell or flaming stake?

The thing we're talking about is Propaganda . . .

**P**ROPAGANDA comes from the same root source as the word Propagate. It means, "to spread from person to person," usually said of ideas that promote a political or religious doctrine, thus getting numbers to subscribe to it. Truth, or true enlightenment or knowledge, may have nothing to do with it. Some special interests wish the common mind to assume this or that to be either factual or meritorious. So mass representations go out or are emblazoned. The strangest thing about it is, when you stop to think about it, get enough people to accept the representations and the individual—from a sort of herd instinct—takes the position that such mass reception makes for Truth. The familiar adage of World War I expressed it, "Twenty million Frenchmen can't be wrong!" But more than a French public subscribes to the principle.

Twenty million Frenchmen *can* be wrong. A hundred and sixty million Americans *can* be wrong. Two hundred million Russians and four hundred million Chinamen *can* be wrong. Two hundred and ninety-eight million Christians *can* be wrong. The fact that a given number of millions have representations made to them to think a given way, has nothing to do with the factual nature of what it is suggested they think.

The whole ideology is based on the fallacy that so many couldn't subscribe to erroneous convictions without the error being unerringly disclosed. Somebody among such numbers would identify and expose it.

"Somebody" in terrific quantities has been discerning such errors up a hundred generations. But take note that discovery

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# SUPPOSE Youth Went to School to Learn Esoterics

*WHAT Sort of Civiliza-  
tion Might We Have  
If an Entire Generation  
Could Be Enlightened  
in the Cosmic Verities?*

**H**OW STRANGE is the circumstance that so-called Education today makes not the slightest attempt to enlighten the common person in what he is, how he got into the mortal predicament, whether he's accomplishing what he expected to accomplish by his advent into physicality, and what his continued history is to be when the current role is finished. Today's child is turned out "educated" when he knows how to read, write, and "figger", has a brief go at recent history, a working knowledge of geography, and a passing contact with the findings of current "Science." Maybe he specializes in some branch of trade or economics that affect to train him to make a living. With such superficial skimming of "knowledge" in his head, he is supposed to go forth, assume his place in society, and solve all quandaries connected with mortal existence in evolving aspects.

His real education comes, of course, in the School of Experience—which, correctly named, is a battlefield, with the victor so termed because of his success in seizing generous spoils.

The interesting question has been propounded: Is it propitious to establish an institution in life today that *truly* educates the intellect and trains it to proceed up through adulthood equipped with basic knowledge of Man's place in Cosmos?

Nine out of ten persons capable of grappling with it would say: Try to educate the public—as a public—in a basic knowledge of Man's place in Cosmos and at once you're trespassing into fields of Religion. In fields of Re-

ligion, one man's opinion is quite as important as another man's opinion. Furthermore, you're due to tread on the corns of the clergy in every instance where their accuracies of concept may be challenged. People under our free form of government have the unalienable right to hold what religious views they please, and adhere to them. Who shall pronounce what is factual and what is not?"

Strange to note, no such attitude is advanced concerning the Three Rs, or History, Geography, or Science. Education consists of exploring into these to the limit of intellectual audacities, and determining what is factual and what fallacious. Otherwise, how has Learning itself become of moment?

**G**O TO the common man and inquire how he feels about being "educated" in the higher enlightenments of Cosmic Fundamentals, however, and granting he is not particularly squeamish about the monopolistic province of "Religion", he will at once interpret what you are proposing in terms of development of uncommon psychical faculties. Nine out of ten will readily welcome *that*. They surmise it means equipping them with faculties causing them to surpass their brethren in secular pursuits. That there can be no true cultivation of the psychical faculties until the Cosmic Fundamentals are mastered, he dismisses with a shrug. How has he time to master Cosmic Fundamentals?

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# SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



## Atomic Radiation May Be Affecting Genetics

those of the present, and that the extent of the difference will depend upon how many bombs are dropped. The California Technology scientist cited the work of many investigators to support his point. He said this research indicated that: High energy radiation hitting the germ cells of living organisms causes genetic changes which are passed on to offspring. The frequency of these changes is proportional to the amount of radiation present; that even the tiniest amount of background will cause some changes.

The great majority of these changes are bad, and in subsequent generations can produce a wide variety of defects, including early death. Dr. Sturtevant said color blindness, night blindness and sensitivity to certain tastes or variations chargeable to heredity require the affected individuals to live in worlds slightly different from that of their unaffected neighbors.



These defects are trivial, but there are some which are not. Dr. Sturtevant cited some diseases with hereditary factors which affect the mind. One of these is Huntington's chokes, an ailment with symptoms like St. Vitus Dance. One of its effects is a form of dementia.

Another is hereditary disease affecting metabolism. It is called phenylketonuria. It produces a condition called "scanty mind."

With the earth's radiation background causing more genetic changes, still other

diseases attributable to hereditary probably will be found. And if they affect the mentality or other important functions they will increasingly mark future generations with *the deadly sign of the atomic bomb.*

**D**URING a contact with space intelligences, the question was asked: "Can't we use our great atomic power for peaceful pursuits?" The answer came immediately: "No, never . . . because the very nature of atomic power is destruction, not construction. How can you attain peace by that which is itself essentially unpeaceful? We do not "split atoms" for that destroys the flow of forces through them. Instead, we use that flow of force. Your people say that 'Peace is for the strong.' This is not true, either. You will never attain your long-sought for world peace through armed might or military strength. You can't force other men to your will in order to assure peace. What kind of a 'peace' is it that is attained by pointing a gun in another man's back? Therefore, can you make certain undeveloped souls desire peace? No, a thousand times no! They must progress to the place where they realize that death and destruction through war is senseless . . . they must actually *learn to want peace.*

"Do you know that you destroy untold literal worlds when you perform your so-called 'atom-splitting' process? All is the same in the Omniverse . . . from microcosm to macrocosm. Why is it that man of Earth has heard yet understands not? Peace is not for the strong for it has been truly written that 'the meek shall inherit the earth.' And you will never use atomic power for peace or in your Golden Age of the future."

**S**PACE friends are not concerned with the explosion of plutonium and U-235, the Uranium mother element, be-  
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**A**TOMIC radiation from exploded A-bombs is at work changing the human species all over the earth, and probably for the worse, according to a distinguished American scientist.

He says there is no stopping this, that the change was going on slowly before the advent of the atomic age because of the effects of the earth's natural radiation, and that the bombs already set off have simply made it worse. He adds that any more bombs will increase the undesirable changes.

These views were given recently by Dr. A. H. Sturtevant, zoologist, before a meeting of the Pacific division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Dr. Sturtevant, a specialist in genetics at the California Institute of Technology, spoke as the retiring president of the association. He is widely known abroad as well as at home.

"There is no possible escape from the conclusion that the bombs already exploded will ultimately result in the production of numerous defective individuals, of the human species for many generations," Dr. Sturtevant said.

Whether the ultimate result will be good or bad is beside the point, the scientist added. It may be, he said, that the gains to be derived from the bombs will outweigh the genetic damage *that is bound to result.*

The hard fact is, he argued, that human beings of the future are going to be genetically different in some ways from

What You Should Realize about . . .

# ..Suicide



UICIDE has been termed the Solitary Crime. It is the only crime in the decalogue that involves but one person—or so the ignorant assume.

The word comes down to us from the Latin—*sui*, meaning of one's self, plus *cide*, meaning killing. It is the act or instance of taking one's own life voluntarily and intentionally by a person past the age of discretion and of otherwise sound mind.

In the deeper cosmic sense, it is a deliberate "turning back" or defecting on the life-course one has set for oneself in flesh, renigging on the life blueprint and repudiating the obligations one has assumed by birth, not only toward one's self but others.

Seventeen thousand, one hundred and seventy-nine persons so ended their own careers in the United States last year. Most of them, so the psychiatrists suggest, did it in result of melancholia, although here and there the nature of predicaments in which the victims had landed seemed to leave them no alternative. They did it, in other words, bethinking to terminate an impossible situation. The greater portion "put themselves to sleep" by swallowing an overdose of sleeping pills—the favorite extremity of the feminine temperament. The next sizable quota resorted to the noose and hung themselves—a morbid expedient of males. Then there is the sizable third class that "ended it all" by going off the roof or out the window of high buildings.

No matter what the form of the act, the objective is usually the same—to put an end to the earthly predicament of living in the fleshly body. Either the struggle for sustenance is too great, meaning that the increments do not stack up as worth the exertion expended to continue the course of living, or the soul-spirit

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

would escape the retributions from acts that have involved it in hopeless dilemma. Here and there we do encounter the vindictive person who takes his own life after leaving a note charging some survivor with responsibility.

The ethical question propounds itself: Is the act of self-murder ever justifiable? Before attempting to answer it, suppose as advanced students of Mysticism, we take note of many factors which the purblind victim rarely does . . .

SOULCRAFT had the psychological state of a would-be suicide brought to its attention in graphic manner several years ago in the case of a Michigan man whose attempt had turned out abortive. Having quarreled with the woman he loved—who had married another—his remorse had persuaded him he "had nothing more to live for" and opening the window of his office high in a downtown skyscraper he had gone over the window-sill in melancholy twilight. But directly below the window, on a lower floor, a flagpole protruded over the sidewalk. By some trick of fate that could scarcely be explained, his body in hurtling down had struck this pole and been deflected so



that instead of landing on shattering asphalt he was caromed into the open tonneau of a parked car at the curbing. Instead of snuffing out his life, he had merely suffered a broken hip. Removed to an emergency hospital, he was morose and embittered.

"It won't do you a bit of good to fix me up," he told doctors and nurses. "The minute I'm able to get away from this place, I'll do it over again and do it successfully."

The Soulcraft leader in downtown Detroit at the time, heard of this threat and visited the sufferer. In the colloquy that ensued, the reasons for the futility of suicide were brought out . . . supplying data which nine out of ten persons similarly purblind, could acquire with profit.

"So you think what you tried to do was nobody's business but your own?" asked the Soulcraft leader. "Where did you ever get *that* idea?"

"My life certainly *is* my own," retorted the man on the bed, helpless for several days at any rate, with the shattered hip in a cast. "If it's not my own to do with as I please, I'd like to know whose is it?"

"I choose to think," the Soulcraft leader returned, "it may belong to all the persons who've come into life to meet you in future—meaning all the years you

still are facing before your allotted time comes to pass naturally."

"What in the devil are you talking about?" the victim demanded. "What people have 'come into life' to meet me?"

Thereat the following give-and-take ensued—

"How old are you, friend?"

"Thirty-six, if it's any of your business."

"Let's say your allotted life span is three-score years and ten. That's thirty-four years, under ordinary circumstances, you're supposed to have ahead of you. How many people do you meet in your profession in the course of a week?"

"How should I know? I never kept tab on them."

"Do you meet two a day?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, two a day is fourteen a week—for normal people make new acquaintances on Saturdays and Sundays as well as workdays. Fifty-two weeks a year, times fourteen new acquaintances in each, means seven hundred and twenty-eight new encounters from New Years to Christmas. And for thirty-four years of normal living still to come, *that multiplies to twenty-four thousand, seven hundred and fifty-two*. Has it never occurred to you that out of that twenty-four thousand may be several score that may have come into mortal existence for little or no other reason than entering into relationships with you that are mutually profitable, financially or otherwise?"

"No, it hasn't occurred to me."

"Naturally it hasn't or I doubt if you'd have resorted to so savage an expedient as standing them up?"

"I still don't get you. How can anybody 'come into life' as you call it to keep personal appointments? Anyone would think to hear you talk, that people's lives were planned in advance."

"Don't you think they are?"

"I certainly do not. Our fathers and mothers get married and we're the product of their physical romancing. What kind of doctrine are you trying to palm off on me that *we* have anything to say about it?"

The Soulcrafters regarded the suffering man a long moment. "And yet," he mused, "send you off into a deep cataleptic sleep—where your soul-spirit becomes utterly divorced from your corporal self—and you'll recite every life you've

ever lived up the past five thousand years, tell what country it was lived in, what your prior relations have been with the woman who's just defected on you, but most of all describe specifically what the lessons were that you came into *this* life to obtain—that you're such an ignorant fool as to mess up by self-murder."

The victim showed his first gleam of interest. "How do you know any such thing?" he demanded.

"I know because it's never failed to happen when and where it's been tried . . ."



"WHAT ARE you talking—Reincarnation?"

"Say I'm talking, rather, Reensoulment."

"If I've lived before—if anybody's lived before—why don't we remember it without any cataleptic mesmerism?"

"You choose to forget because if you did remember, all the earlier times in which you've similarly defected on your obligations, would hound you so unmercifully that you could scarcely think straight for any current life. Do you believe in a Hereafter?"

"I'm ready to take my chances with it."

"I didn't ask you that. I asked if you believed there was one, some sort of conscious life beyond death of body?"

"Yes, most everybody believes in that."

"You believe in a Hereafter without believing in a Before, then? What kind of sense does that make, my friend?"

"Couldn't this physical life be the start of things generally?"

"You're a man of sense otherwise. Are you prepared to say that men and women of earth can, of their own volition, force souls on the heavenly regions to the end of time as physical manufacturing agents—and God Almighty is helpless to do anything about it?"

"I see your point in that."

"Then why can't you see my point in saying that graded intelligence for different human beings is solely the result of the number of educating lives they've led or careers they've had in mortal se-

quences antedating the present? But let's get back to those twenty-four thousand new persons due to come into your life ahead, who may have done so in their own rights to work out projects good or bad with you, only to find that you've run out on them and their effort at reensouling and bringing themselves up to the instant of meeting you, has all gone in every case for naught. Man, can't you visualize what a riled lot they're going to be when next they meet you on the Planes of Thought? Are they going to have it in for you! You think it's a bad plight to fail an afternoon appointment with a lady waiting for you in the lounge of a department store. She sits there from three o'clock to closing time and you never show up. If half of the New People you're due to meet in the next thirty-four years are women—as they're bound to be by the law of averages—multiply that sizzling lady in the department store lounge by something like twelve thousand and I'd just as soon be too other fellows off somewhere seeing a man about a dog!"

The would-be suicide was suddenly thoughtful.

It was a new ideological world that was opened to him by his talk with the Detroit Soulcraft leader that afternoon. He read the Scripts on the Great Plan of Life that the Soulcrafters presently left with him.

Today he is happily married to a woman he met a month after quitting the hospital, is a leading light in his profession, and has three splendid children who are the pride of his eye.

Soulcraft works that way on people.

It straightens them out mentally.

OUR LIVES emphatically do *not* belong to us alone, to do with as we will. They belong to all the persons up across the treks of the past who are embroiled in our karma. The crime of Suicide is considered reprehensible because it makes scores and even hundreds of other lives abortive in that self-inflicted death out of season has shortsuited them at proper execution of their own life-errands. It's the havoc he perceives that he's wrought in the lives of innocent and undeserving persons that forever curses the suicide with such remorse.

Instances seem to be of record where individuals suffering from incurable mala-

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# Week in Retrospect

**T**HE MARTIAN "canals" have been seen by astronomers and look like "continuous streaks" on the red planet's surface. This information was just released by Dr. H. Percy Wilkins, fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and world authority on the moon. Dr. Wilkins, who has returned to England after a six-week visit at several astronomical observatories in the United States, said that he spent most of his telescope time viewing the moon. However, he did spend some time looking at Mars with the sixty-inch reflector at Mt. Wilson, California. With that instrument, he said, he saw the so-called canals "distinctly."

**PETERSBURG, IND.**—A Bowman family has proved it isn't becoming panic stricken by the Flying Saucer stories. The Dan Gladishes reported that a few days ago they spotted a silvery object floating in one of three clouds. They said the object later rose above the cloud and disappeared into space. Gladishe explained that they didn't report the unusual incident sooner because they didn't want to be "scoffed at."

**LONDON, England**—An English clergyman warned his parishoners to watch for visitors from outer space. Rev. Ronald Cartmel, writing in his parish magazine, accused authorities of concealing information about space travelers and added: "If a space craft landed here, I would, as rector of Aldridge, Staffordshire, welcome the visitors to our world. They certainly seem friendly enough."

**THE EDITORS** of the Entertaining Comics Group have done a wonderful job of taking all the important Saucer happenings of the past few years and putting them together in a special issue of their Entertaining Comic magazine. If your children crave comic books, get

them this issue No. 26 (Dec.). It costs ten cents and can be obtained by writing to: The Entertaining Comics Group, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. This group challenges the Air Force with its illustrated, factual Flying Saucer report. If you want your children to know the truth about the Saucers get them this fine comic book.

**ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico**—If the Martians won't come to nine-year old Linda Sue Russell, she's going to build a space ship and go to them. Last week, pert little Linda Sue wrote a letter to the Martians telling them to come to her house for a visit. She told the space people: "I want the people on Earth to stop fighting. All they have is war, war, war and I'm getting tired of it, so come to see me and maybe you can scare the war out of the earth people." The Martians didn't come to see Linda so she says when she grows up she's going to build a spaceship and go see them on Mars.



**PATNA, INDIA**—Nine flooded rivers spread death among a million Indians in northeast India last week. Bodies of people and animals were seen floating on the rushing waters of the rivers, in the north of Bijar state. Torrential monsoon rains and melted Himalayan glaciers flooded one thousand square miles of land. The raging Kosi ("river of sorrow") swirled waist high through three hundred villages, leaving two hundred thousand persons homeless.

## What's It All About?

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of them is far from being enough. The discoverers are branded first as heretics, then menaces to "sound thinking," then disposed of in martyrdoms for disturbing the status quo.

Meantime the common person goes right along "not knowing what it's all about" and thanking you if you'll keep your skepticisms out of his intellectual affairs.

"Intellectual" is the last word to use in describing them, since Intellect is precisely the thing conspicuous by its absence . . .

**DON'T** make the mistake yourself of thinking that this modern age is in any way peculiar or dumb, in that it represents the individual whom Herbert Hoover designates as "the uncommon man" challenging the acceptances of public opinion. It has been going on since Galilee and before.

Communism has been stemming out of private-bloc interests ever since there was a nation but the public not permitted to recognize or identify its true character. Survival has been stemming out of peculiar religious interests in different guises, right or wrong, ever since the Witch of Endor performed her hijinks, with the public not being allowed to prove the facts up pro or con.

So Hoover has had it right. It's been the "uncommon man" who's been responsible for most of the progress the human race has scored up across mankind's years. The Common Man never *will* be allowed to know "what it's all about." One thing must be prevented at all costs: Letting the human race be stirred up by forever challenging the accredited.

Things are as they are because influential blocs profit. That's the way they want it and mean to see that it continues.



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## Lie Detector



ROTOGRAVURE weekly known as *TV-Radio Life* winchells the following comment meant to be snappy—

"On 'Confidential File' we have used lie detectors twice—and both times the subjects were found to be lying. One was used on a Spiritualist. We did extensive preparation for this show, even to having infra-red film flown out of New York. We had cameras under and on the table we had selected for use. The darned thing actually moved. Then we asked the Spiritualist to submit to a lie detector—and she agreed. After four hours of testing she was found to be practicing deception. Much the same thing happened with the man who claimed to have been in a flying saucer."

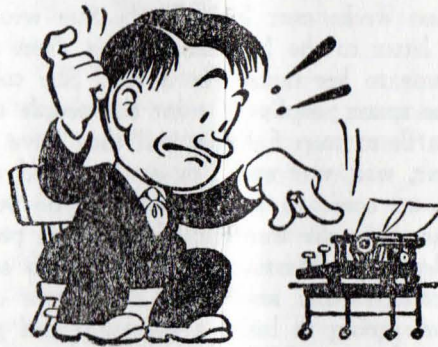
The general implication of this comment, take note, has it that insofar as the TV trade is concerned, "Spiritualists" and Flying Saucer observers are, on the whole, purveying falsehood. That is good enough for the layman. Psychical phenomena won't "stand up" under the lie-detector tests and ditto Flying Saucer espousers and there the matter ends. Many things never occur to the lay mind to question.

First of all, *who was* the "Spiritualist" whose maladroit practices thus failed to pass "scientific" muster? Obviously the writer of the comment did not know enough psychical work to distinguish between a "Spiritualist" and a medium—

or what type of medium. God knows that with all the hocus-pocus being practiced by promiscuous "mediums" throughout the nation, any "scientific" test applied to some nameless exponent by no means represents the bona fide science.

But the greater thing the lay mind would fail to question in this "test" would be the validity and authenticity of the Lie Detector Test itself. With the propaganda in this finality-comment slanted to the discredit of the persons under "examination", it might do no harm to turn the spotlight of scrutiny on whether or not the tests are worth a kopeck for settling anything.

VALOR happens to know something about the incident mentioned as "much the same thing happened with the man who claimed to have been in a Flying Saucer." A letter from the man in question to VALOR gave *his* side of the episode. In substance he wrote—



"—I knew the moment I stepped across the threshold of the testing-room that the cards were stacked against me. In the first place, the alleged operators all had profiles that suggested the *Moscovite Fifth Column in America*, and their manner of treating me indicated plainly enough they meant to make the test come out in their favor if it cost them their jobs. An atmosphere of contempt and facetiousness maintained throughout the ensuing half-hour while I was under 'examination.' They did not intend to let any truths about the answers become apparent if they could help it. One could almost suspect they had received their orders in advance to make the tests come out negative. Well, they went to it.

"They didn't give me any truth serum. It wasn't that kind of operation. The test consisted of strapping a blood-pressure indicator about my arm and the results seemed to hang on whether or not

the pointer showed an upping if, as, and when I lied.

"Well, I might tell you that I saw at once there was no desire to prove anything; what they obviously were after was to 'scientifically' disprove *everything*. They acted scared that the tests might otherwise turn out positive. They began shooting questions at me. Even the place where I was born and the date, they pronounced negative, right off the bat. And my birth certificate with such vital data is available for checking in that city and state.

"When I saw what the racket was, I determined to test *them*. If the truth didn't show on their dials, how about a little willful deception to show them up? Judge my surprise when on deliberately lying—the only time in my life I ever lied for what we might call Principle—the indicator gave no sign that was noticeable to the experts. If their machinery or system wasn't able to distinguish between fact and fabrication, why waste more time on the silly business? The only way I could terminate it was to become bellicose, which I did. I wanted out.

"So they unstrapped the rigamarole on my upper arm and waved me dismissal. The report came out what you might expect: all negative. They had applied a 'scientific' test to me and it had shown me up as a malicious deceiver. They so reported, and giving such statement out to the press, it was the 'scientists' who got the benefit of the doubt.

"My opinion is, that anyone who submits himself to such a setup is a fool. Such 'lie detecting' has time and again been thrown out of court when attempts have been made to introduce it as legal evidence."

## Censorship



WHILE on the subject of propaganda and censorship, take note that references are already being made to Westbrook Pegler's syndicated columns—when *Letters from Readers* comment upon them in the daily press—as coming from "that Fascist, Pegler." A Fascist is anybody who opposes Communism or the Moscow Fifth Column in the United States, a ruse pulled effectively in the 1942 Pelley Trial and now belatedly be-



ing revived for the smearing of other journalistic vigilants. Senator McCarthy, of course, is stigmatized as "the Coming American Hitler." This is standard technique of the Marxists at source. Pick out one character successfully advocating Americanism and bury him under smear, then use him for intimidation of lesser fry who may have any relations with him whatsoever.

When will Americans ever learn?

A correspondent in Pennsylvania mails VALOR a copy of *The American Legion Magazine* for July containing a three-page article on "Who Are the Censors?" Irene Corbally Kuhn sounds off on the subject: If you want to learn about censorship, write a book that exposes Communism or official corruption. Irene supplies this enlightening data—

"The censorship we've been hearing about *ad nauseam* all year is what the Red and the professional leftists and their intellectual captives, have dubbed "book burning." As a matter of fact, the term was invented by the Left. They took their cue from the burning of the Reichstag by Hitler and his Nazis, and the public burning of books in Germany, because they know they can always raise the blood-pressure of decent people in this country by repeating the vile methods of Naziism and implying that Hitlerism may be incubating here.

"Corliss Lamont, the Red millionaire, author of *The Myth of Soviet Aggression*—how contemptuous of American intelligence can we get?—complained loudly that copies of his *Soviet Civilization* had been burned in a Chicago street. *Counter-attack*, the anti-communist weekly news letter, made an independent investigation and learned from the Chicago police that no such incident ever occurred. But Lamont, through an advertisement by his publisher in the *New York Times* wailed: 'Remember that in Hitler's Germany it started by burning books and ended by burning people.'"

"Lamont and other intellectual hucksterers would have you believe that Hitler—long dead—and Naziism, drowned in American and Allied blood these many years, are more dangerous to the United States than an infinitely greater evil, one which is alive and vigorous, ruthless and penetrating—the Communist conspiracy to conquer and enslave the world."

There is more to Irene's article, but

## Soulcraft and Homecraft



ALL the world is filled with bustle,  
Yes, with selfishness and greed,  
It is filled with restless people  
Who would rush to fill a need;  
You can read it in their faces,  
They are dreaming of the day

When they'll come to fame or fortune  
Then will put their cares away.  
And I think as I behold them  
That it's far indeed they roam,  
They will never gain contentment  
Till they seek Soulcraft at home!

So I watch them as they scurry  
Through the surging streets of men,  
Spurred to speed by grim ambition,  
And I know they're dreaming then.  
They are weary, sick, and footsore  
For their goal's still far away  
And it's little they've accomplished  
At the sunset of each day.  
It is Rest they're seeking vainly,  
Love and laughter in the gloam,  
But they never will attain it  
Till they seek Soulcraft at home!

For the peace that is the sweetest  
Isn't bought with minted gold,  
And the joy that lasts the longest—  
That still lingers when we're old—  
Is no dim and distant pleasure,  
It is not *Tomorrow's* prize,  
It is not the end of toiling  
Or the rainbow of our sighs,  
*It is every day within us,*  
All the rest is hippodrome,  
And the soul that is the richest  
Finds it's Soulcraft gained at home!

Only fools would build for glory!  
They are fools who pin their hopes  
On the ebb and flow of battles  
Or some vessel's slender ropes.  
They shall sicken and shall wither,  
They shall never peace attain  
Who believe that true contentment  
Only men victorious gain.  
For the only happy toilers  
Under God's majestic dome  
Are the ones who practice Soulcraft  
In the lovely spot called HOME!

—WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL  
with the help of E. A. G.



## “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 . . .

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Called by some students the most outstanding book on Soulcraft for beginners ever published, it offers an explanation why most of life's relationships and dilemmas are what they are, and what Cosmic purpose is being achieved by these perpetual complications.

**331 Pages \$4.00**

**Soulcraft Chapels**  
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

if you want to prove the actuality of the censorship maintaining through “free” America even this current week, go to your local bookstore—that buys and purveys little that is not endorsed by the retail booksellers’ associations—or even to your local public library, and ask to be accurately informed why books on Americanism or esoterics by William Dudley Pelley are not stocked?

You will come from the interview—if you haven’t been given the brush-off at once—with the impression strong in your mind that someone has “ordered” them not to be stocked. But whom?

This is by no means any \$64 Question.

You are accorded three guesses—and two of them will be devastatingly correct.

### *Sister-on-the-Job*



THE TESTIMONIAL letters from every part of America, Canada, England, and even South Africa, continue to arrive substantiating seance-materializations of Mrs. Eddy, wherein she expressed identically the same sentiments as recorded on electronic tapes in the now-celebrated Soulcraft Sessions. Many of the reports on such seances go back over a ten to fifteen-year period. “I just wish you to know,” people write VALOR, “that Mrs. Eddy materialized to our group far back in the Thirties and said almost the identical things you say she spoke to you. It was the blunder of her teaching career that she repudiated psychical communication or the literality of the after-death consciousness and now she has to ‘work it out’ by demonstrating such appearances of herself as she can.” The file of these attestments, if published in book-form, might be devastating.

It is an unpleasant and somewhat piteous controversy, on the whole. A pious and devout woman founds a great church but creates the karma of advocacy of principles that subsequently shut her from post mortem communication with the officials she left in charge of her work—and she must rectify the *faux pas* to what extent she can by liaison with doctrinal strangers, so to put it, whose only interest in championing her demonstrations is their bond of sympathy for her predicament.

The Mary Baker Eddy who is coming

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to those “strangers” in the reembodied form, expresses not one syllable that is derogatory of the institution she established. She discloses herself as slightly melancholy but otherwise personable, frank, and decidedly lovable. By no means does she subscribe to the Christian Science deification of her personality, however. She is modest and contrite. The nation’s Christian Scientists have not the slightest thing to fear from these expressions she is making, and yet their argument in individual cases is not without merit: “If Sister Mary was admittedly wrong in her pronouncements concerning Spiritism, in what other aspects of the cosmic law could she likewise have been wrong?” They prefer, in their own self-defense, to take Mary literally from beginning to end, and continue to repudiate communication even though it does shut them off from enjoying continued contact with their beloved leader.

Soulcraft awaits the denouement of it with interest.

Obviously Mary anticipates a split in her church at no distant date between Rightists and Leftists—no other interpretation can be put upon her most recent pronouncements. And she has often referred in public to the Soulcraft Recorder as “My beloved William, who must pick up the threads left broken in my church by my passing.”

If the Rightist Christian Scientists should ever join with the Reincarnational Spiritualists—say under some aegis like Soulcraft—a force for Truth comes suddenly of moment in this country that could spread across the world.

Meanwhile Soulcraft is getting the benefit of Mary Baker Eddy’s counselings and supervising, while her own communicants are denied them.

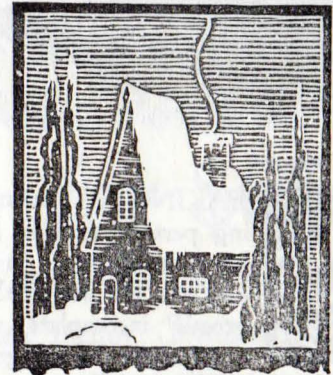
Was ever philosophical situation more ironical? . . .

**Saucer Symposium**

(Continued from Page 4)

cause this atom is an inert element. But they are concerned with the attempt to explode an actual hydrogen bomb. I say actual, because no hydrogen bomb, as such, has ever been detonated on Earth! If it had of been our planet would now be nothing but a bunch of floating cinders.

**“My Seven Minutes in Eternity”**



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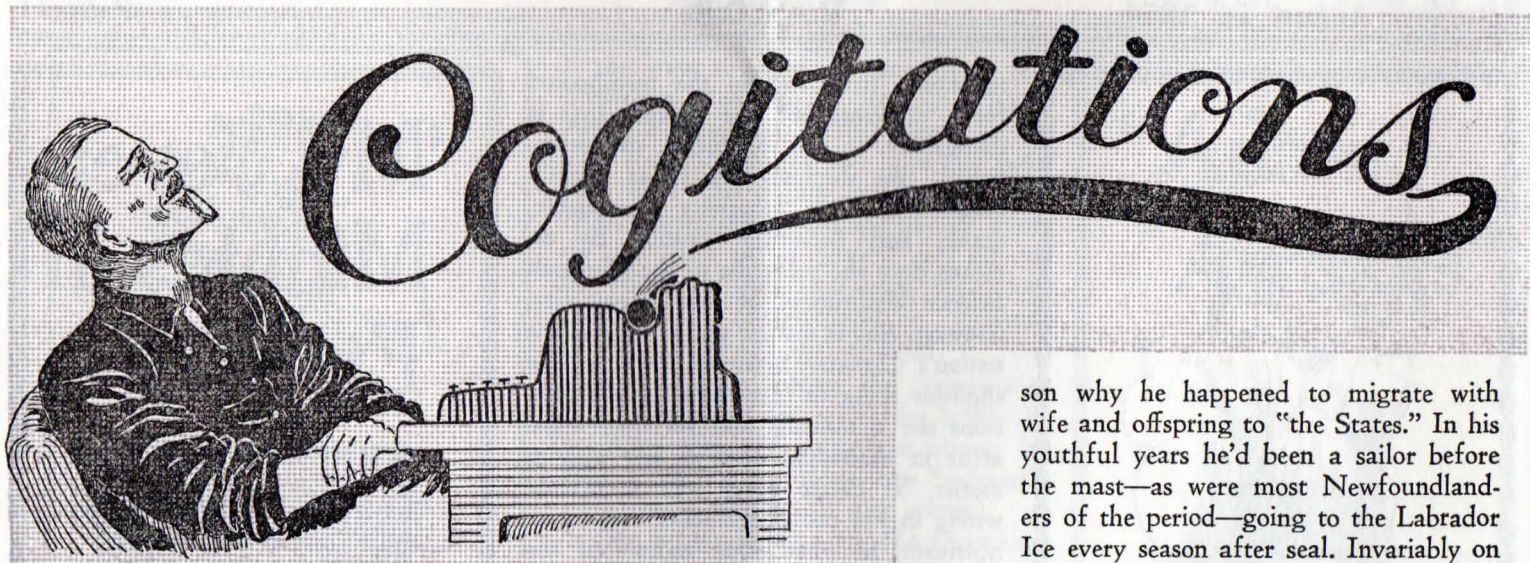
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YOU should begin your study of the whole Soulcraft philosophy with the reading of this epic and understand what happened that began the recording of the monumental Scripts. Nearly three million people have read this narrative since it was first published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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



PEAKING of outstanding personages who have been institutions in my odd life, the list would be grossly incomplete without mention of my grand-sire, Frederick William Pelley. I would introduce you to Federick William Pelley, because had he not lived and functioned, I scarcely would be here deploying so peculiarly in the current age and era. He was—and of course is—a worthwhile personality to know. I certainly found him so in life. On Page 2859 of the 1939 edition of *Burke's Landed Gentry of Great Britain*, Frederick William is accredited as a grandson of the original founder of St. Johns, Newfoundland. There Frederick William himself was born in 1843, making him 111 years old at the present instant. The fact that he has been residing on the Higher Side since 1908 does not alter the circumstance. In 1864, according to the same genealogical authority, he married one Mahala Pelley—a lady, strangely enough, of similar surname though of course no relation—whose ancestors had come over from the Highlands of Scotland. Grandfather and Grandmother Pelley had six sons and two daughters. My own dad, William George, was next to the oldest. The first-born boy had been Charles, who had died as a baby. Grandfather, when I first picked up direct recollection of him was only fifty years of age—fourteen years younger than I am at present. At fifty years, however, he had grown the patriarchal beard which he maintained throughout our subsequent acquaintance, and still displays today when he reem-

bodies temporarily to talk to me by direct speech in the present . . .

o—o

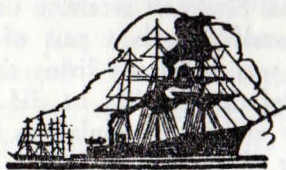
HE WAS what I envision as a "picture book grandfather" . . . stocky as to build, broad as to chest, and iron-grey as to hair and beard. I made his acquaintance on the intimate basis in 1893 when he came up to Templeton, Mass. to visit his oldest clergyman son, my dad. He wore a Prince Albert frock-coat and soft hat of black felt above eyebrows quite as bushy as I have inherited. He was dignified of speech and sedate of mien, and in the years between 1893 and 1908, I was his favorite grandson by his own lusty acclaim. I happened to be the only member of the second generation who delighted to sit closeted with him by the hour or the day and discuss



the Old and New Testaments. He was one of the best-read, self-educated men that I have ever encountered. You took one look at Grandfather Pelley and knew in an instant that by no means was he progeny of any family living down across the tracks . . . There was a unique rea-

son why he happened to migrate with wife and offspring to "the States." In his youthful years he'd been a sailor before the mast—as were most Newfoundlanders of the period—going to the Labrador Ice every season after seal. Invariably on these excursions his colleagues got their feet wet. Sometimes they perished unseasonably of pneumonia. Therefore from the depths of the family ingenuities which I have discovered inexhaustible Granddad connived a waterproof boot. It was made of leather generously treated with linseed oil, and no sailor ever came home from Labrador sealing expeditions wearing a pair of Grandfather's brogans, leaving them beside the domestic fire for long, that his consort and his comfort did not cease to be such and take after him pronto with the family broom. Domestic incompatibilities from olfactory reactions to the contrary, however, Frederick William Pelley began to lay up shekels from the sales of such footgear. He did so well because of them, in fact, that he envisioned transferring down to Lynn, Massachusetts—the center of the shoe industry of the States—and becoming a bloated plutocrat in the waterproof boot line. Presto, in 1873 my father found himself aboard a typical windjammer with his parents, brothers and sisters, cleaving the boisterous Atlantic southward and eventually dropping anchor at Boston, Massachusetts. Grandmother Mahala, 'twas said, toted the family bankroll sewed inside her corset. Then, as I recounted in *Door to Revelation*, she ripped the stitches out in Lynn a week later to exchange the poignant hoard for domestic and manufacturing premises. Duly receiving a receipt, returning to Boston to get their luggage from the ship's hold, and walking into their newly acquired premises one day later, they were accosted by a nettled stranger who gave entirely legal evidence that *he* was the true owner of the property and they had paid over their funds to a neighborhood scalawag

who had spent the preceding night setting sail in a second windjammer for the Azores. Gramp was cleaned clean. But the real blow fell within the next year when one Charles Goodyear brought out the first gutta-percha rubber boot that has persisted down into the present. The Pelley Linseed Boot went up the chimney as a dream of fallacious riches, along with the devastating odor. However, no Pelley snivels or applies to a paternal government for relief when the cards of kismet are dealt against him. Gramp went into the contracting business. Twenty years later, when I made his speaking acquaintance as aforesaid, he was allegedly rated between \$50,000 and \$100,000. And he'd raised the seven offspring to manhood and womanhood and didn't owe an American citizen a dollar . . .



**I**T IS a point of honor to play the Game yourself, with a grandsire like that. Reduced to eat-money back in '73 with one of America's earliest panics afflicting the land—he set up a humble cobbler's shop and proceeded to tap-and-heel the neighborhood. My father's mother was noted for her loyalty and sweetness of disposition. She counted the pennies, as all good Scots are wont to do, male or female, and made every dime do the work of a dollar. As regular as the hands of the clock at four each afternoon she appeared in the cobbling shop with a pot of strong British tea, and grandpop quaffed and carried on. The Pelley premises held no television sets bought on credit, and in the Pelley garage were no mechanical contrivances that kept the exchequer cracked meeting the monthly payments. Grandfather built a dwelling house with his own hands when cobbling was slight, and sold it at a profit. Then he built a second and a third house and lost no thalers on either. Invariably he lived for a time in each new structure while finding a customer, so his rent cost him nothing. When he could live passably on the interest of what he had accumulated, he fulfilled his life's ambition by retiring—and applying himself to

an intensified studying of his Bible. That was when I entered the vista. Reincarnation hadn't been invented in those days to bedevil the orthodox, so my own acquaintance with the Scriptures was supposed to be inherited from remote British ancestors along the Welsh Marches. But Grandfather and I were duly pious in common. I recall a day in 1907 when my dad left me in Lynn at grandfather's house while he continued from Springfield to Providence for a business conference. It had been 8:30 in the morning that he'd duly cautioned me to be a good boy and not "tire out" granddad with my scholastic inanities in parental absence. Grandfather had moved from the breakfast table across to his favorite armchair and reached for his well-worn Bible. Putting on the steel-rimmed spectacles without running the shafts in either eye beneath the characteristic Pelley brows, he had admonished me about some point discussed above the bacon, "Harken, me son, harken!" . . . Dad came back from Providence at five in the afternoon, and neither granddad nor I had moved from our chairs . . . Grandma had brought us a tray of viands at noon and the stiffish British tea at four, and we had carried on . . . He was then of the same age that I find myself at present. I can scarcely credit it. A year later he Graduated from sailing-ships, linseed-oil boots, cobbling and house-building, and I beheld him lying very rouged but portly in his casket, each hair of his immaculate beard exactly where it should be. A pastor of the United Brethren faith made the adulations over these remains—earning the wrath of two of my uncles in a sideroom for turning the occasion into a bellowing revival service. And my Great Uncle Edmund rode in the same hack with us to the burial grounds, earning the wrath of two of my aunts for smoking a clay pipe en route that rivaled the deceased's linseed boots for causing all and sundry to depart the vehicle and get elsewhere. Judge then my feelings of an evening in 1940, on Upper Riverside Drive in Manhattan, when none other than this same portly and bewhiskered grandparent strode sturdily from behind a cabinet-curtain where Bertie Lilly Candler sat in slumber and exclaimed as he'd done that long-ago morning in Lynn, "William me son, me son! . . . Harken!" . . . It was Grandfather's voice of fifty years bygone and no mistaking it . . .



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**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS**  
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GRANDFATHER'S voice had the Newfoundland accent that was a sort of provincial British Cockney, never to be mistaken for any other accent. And another peculiarity of his speech was using the word "Me" for "My." Overwhelming by emotion at my confronting that beloved forebear anew, he patted my wrist with his great hand and suggested, "Call up your friend George, so I can thank him for what he's done for me grandson!" He meant George B. Fisher, ex-director of the Crowell Publishing Company and my financial Gibraltar in those earlier days of Soulcraft, who was seated in a chair along the wall. George responded, and I introduced them as I might introduce any two intimates in my Noblesville office in the present. Grandfather put out his right hand and clasped George's, shaking it, his left hand resting upon Fisher's right shoulder. George said the proper things, deprecating the role he was playing in my affairs, but Grandfather would have no self-deprecations. "Me grandson has a great work to do for the Lord," he told Fisher, "but without your practical help 'twould be verra verra difficult." I relieved Fisher's embarrassment by turning the conversation to my father's family and we conversed for ten minutes. For one thing, Granddad confirmed the phenomenon observed by many persons with Second Sight, that he was always with me upon the platform, coaching me in my oral deliveries; many people had described him there, even to his distinctive eyebrows and square beard. Maybe fifty years from today I'll be doing as much for Winkie or Eric—oh me, oh my! . .



NOW GEORGE is Over There with Grandfather, and my own dad and mother are Over There with Grandfather, and my sister Edna is Over There with Grandfather, and I seem to be dallying 'round here on this befuddled planet trying to cram a little spiritual fact into

the heads of a wicked and idolatrous generation, more's the pity. When your whole family's on the Higher Side, it doesn't hold much terror for you. But hang a wreath for Frederick William Pelley, the Picture-Book Grandfather, who could sit with a 16-year-old grandson from 8:30 in the morning till 5:00 in the afternoon and straighten him out on Scriptures as he undoubtedly needed to be straightened. No creditors wrote him off as a dead loss the week of that funeral, and none of the houses he built ever developed cracks in the masonry that cats could use for sanctuary when chased by yipping canines. Yes, my Grandfather Pelley is a very special person to look up and get acquainted with, on the Higher Side, after you've had *your* initial nap in the Rose Room of Rest. I feel he can be relied upon to do the official Soulcraft receiving until I get there myself. The best part of his personality was, he wasn't living the sturdy and indefatigable life he did lead because he anticipated adulations from the Recorder of the *Golden Scripts*. He lived it because he was a true nobleman in his soul . . Well, aren't we all, if we'll only give our nobility the chance to come out in us? . .

—THE INTERPRETER

## Suicide

(Continued from Page 6)

dies—such as brain tumors that have caused excruciating headaches—have gotten permission to terminate their careers in such times as they have gotten out of their bodies in slumber. But such cases are rare.

Suicide is never justifiable otherwise, because of the general wreckage it makes of life plans where we are to figure prominently in the careers of others. Legion are the numbers of those going about earth at present, feeling a forlorn emptiness in their lives that is undoubtedly due to the nonappearance in their affairs of some purblind person who has suicided and never *can* show up in their current earth-programs.

They are the ones to be pitied—not those utterly ignorant or selfish persons who think that the shock of bodily destruction is the only distress that self-murder entails.

# Suppose Youth Went to Esoteric Colleges?

This whole question of true and correct educating of the masses so that every life takes on a distinctive and worthwhile meaning, cannot be discussed and dismissed with a paragraph. But there are some features and factors of it that True Education should start with a broad but timely survey of the nature and purpose of the Omniverse itself, followed by examination, as the data is procurable, of the Great First Cause and in what patterns and to what purposes It functions. After a fairly comprehensive exposition of what today's academies call Comparative Religions—not only the Christian religion but all earlier religions—Man as the microcosm should be regarded for what he is, and why his tenure in organism takes the periodic forms it does. Right there the broader aspects of psychical phenomena should enter, so that veritably the child understands the most ordinary manifestations of the supernatural, and what the indications of personal survival may be, and what they prove as to earthly significances. Thus every living human being would be acquiring an understandable background for his life and social or economic position—with no more hit-or-miss guessings as to why a given individual should be upon the earth-plane, functioning in a body. As for what happens in the experience called Death and afterwards, and what the employments of life on the thought planes between worldly visitations are like, the entire design of Mortality and Immortality would be recast in the common person's thinking—and morals and ethics take on effective meanings.

To have a *nation* thus enlightened could reasonably result in the planet Earth being inhabited by a race of super-beings, to which the fancied "educatings" of the present would be as insufferable as they are trivial.

Being able to manipulate an automatic pencil, or "hear voices" at one's caprice would be incidental to the vaster and grandeur agenda of lore that gave sense and reason to life in the flesh, shoving so-called Civilization forward 100,000 years at a push. The status quo would not be "upset" so much as re-created. Humankind would suddenly experience a metamorphosis in ideologies making for understanding of all earthly phenomena . . .

Imagine where such a prostitution as Communism would stand, in the face of such universal knowledge, all based upon *Cosmic Fundamentals!*

Imagine what a different Earth the Saucer Men would confront in attitudes toward all *isms* if the common man and woman knew his and her Esoterics adeptly!

EVERY truly erudite person knows that today there are two structures of Knowledge—the Materialistic or the commonly known and accredited, and the Spiritual or esoteric, meaning reserved for the private increment of the favored few. But less than 1 percent of the populace is even aware of the existence of the last, and sharing it with the *hoi polloi* is considered a type of willful degradation. So the great rank and file of mankind blunders along as best it may, from generation to generation. Thereat the bigoted erudite have the effrontery to bemoan the universal mess in which mass society finds itself. They of themselves take the position that the Cosmic Knowledge exists for application to themselves alone—meaning for their enhancement as favored individuals. They feel no obligation to pass it out promiscuously to the Man in the Street.

Truly it is a type of snobbery they're displaying.

But the unfortunate thing is, such snobbery reacts upon themselves in cosmic retributions, in that even the snobs must live the life in a world that's continually a mess due to the benighted condition of its average citizen. What does it profit a man to have even omnipotent wisdom if he must exist and practice it in a human stockyard filled with bellowing cattle?

THERE are so-called Metaphysical "schools" or "colleges" to surfeit, which do anything but aim to elevate the rank-and-file. What they truly perform is commercializing a course in tenets pilfered from Rosicrucianism or Theosophy, whose avowed goal and object is to make the "pupil" psychically adept in ten—or fifty—"easy lessons" . . . These are not schools or colleges. They are correspondence courses in cult mysticisms, profitable or spurious according as they are shaped.

Making money by selling courses is not Education.

To essay to lift the great rank-and-file of Man up onto a higher echelon of general wisdom by remodeling his approach to comprehensive Education, is quite a different prospect and proposal.

No where in America, actually, at the present time does an institution maintain that spreads no other enlightenment than the Philosophy of Soul—not Religion as Theology but quasi-scientific Cosmic Fact.

Is this not peculiar?

Nevertheless, *something is stirring to that quite practical end.*

We shall see what it is, as autumn and winter advances.

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

**L**T OUGHT to be apparent to logic-minded people by this time that when the great agencies of publicity dare not take note of what has been happening in such a project as Soulcraft the past four years, one of two things is fact: Either someone is badly frightened by the truth of what Soulcraft is proving, or, the persecution ordeal to which I was subjected in 1942 failed of its purpose and eating crow is not pleasant to those who espoused it. With and by the help of a great bloc of loyal readers and supporters I have now brought this project all the way back from the volume of business it was transacting when the wrecking crew began their act. That, of itself, is unforgivable, in that it attests that nothing of consequence was accomplished by the Great Get-Pelley conspiracy. I should have been smashed, obliterated, broken on the wheel. I'm enjoying the best of health, have more friends than ever, and never felt finer in my life. I haven't let myself become corroded either, by indulgence in revenges. I've taken what's been made to happen in stride and trusted to Time to ultimately exonerate me. No, it seems to be the great sheepfold of the benighted, who play down their voices when alluding to Soulcraft . . . They appear to be frightened by sheer possibility that what Soulcraft is achieving may show up their own error of religious concept and bring them to ignominy for espousing the fallacious . . .

**A** WOMAN writes from a town up north, "I can't imagine what the country's coming to, when it lets you write and dare to publish the lie that you're having dead people come back in the flesh and talk to you. Everybody knows that the dead do *not* come back, because they're *dead*. Futhermore, it's against all religion. Why something isn't done to put an end to charging money for such rubbish is beyond explanation." There was more to her letter but abject and vivid *Fear* screeched in every line of it. If what I say is right, then all religion is wrong, and if all religion is wrong, every pastor drawing a salary for proclaiming that souls on bodily demise go to heaven or hell is obtaining money under false pretenses. Billy Sunday, by the way, said that first. I never try to answer that type of argument. Invite such a critic to come and see for himself and in nine out of ten cases he'll write back, "Thank you, I'm not so pathological." It is this same Fear Complex to which the daily press plays up. Every psychical researcher in the land worth his powder and shot knows that there are no dead . . . Death as an acceptance

is the Great Major Fallacy . . . But organized theology is too devastating a force to challenge. Newspapers are published to reflect Public Opinion and running contrary to it may mean inviting disaster. Public Opinion accepts that when a person is dead, he's *dead*, though you can hazard your own conjecture what becomes of his spirit. So, Soulcraft with its devastating findings must make its own way without publicity assistance. "Why," exclaimed one man via the post, "if the things you print became generally accredited, you'd close every church in America in a week and how about the 325,857 clergymen thrown out of jobs?" Then there's that \$64 Question about Reensoulment . . .

**G**RANTING it's better in a practical world for 81,000,000 orthodox communicants to be kept in error and terrorized by Death than that one clergyman should be disrupted in his oratorical employment, what's to be done about a public psychology that flatly repudiates the possibility that men and women might be called to resume earthly living afresh and know the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in repeat performances. "You can't make me believe that," cries the orthodox religionist, "because I resent the possible ordeal of its happening." Fear again, in another form. On the one hand we have human beings clinging to earth-life with fanatical desperation—till self-preservation is called the First Law of Nature—and on the other hand we have the same people rising up and taking steps that once having gotten out of this world there might be any probability of a return sojourn through it. What's all of it to do with the discovery that instead of twanging a heavenly harp or plying a hellish pitchfork, human souls DO come back into organism—and of their own volition to obtain more earthly experience—as a provable cosmic program? No, no, we won't have it because we demand something better. No matter whether we may deserve it or not, we *demand* something better—as though gaining to the allegorical Heaven assured them of something better by the fact of altered location! . . . So I sit here week after week, and write the truth as I'm learning it, and publish it, and attempt to answer the mail. And I'm a no-good So-and-So because I'm "agin" what mass mankind commonly "believes." Odd career, isn't it? . . . Anyhow, it's such thoughts that I think in aftermath when the week's work is finished . . . which, so long as there are dissenters in the land, never is . . . No matter *what* you do, always you'll find someone "agin" it . . . whenever was it otherwise?

**¶** *IF you let a cat out of the bag, never try to cram it back in again; that only makes things worse . . .*