

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

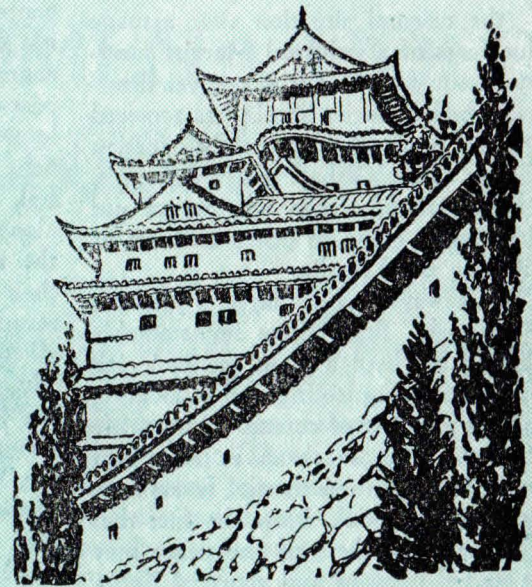
Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, September 4, 1954

Number 19

SOULCRAFTERS NEED WISDOM ON RED CHINA

THERE are phases of the Great Asiatic Headache with which Soulcrafters should be more familiar, allaying their apprehensions over what seems inexorably consummating in the Orient. Con-tumacious as the attitude appears, VALOR is by no means exercised over the "horrible menace" that the masses of China are being made to appear in western-world propaganda, converted to Marxism and turned loose upon the Free World as colleagues of predatory "Russians".

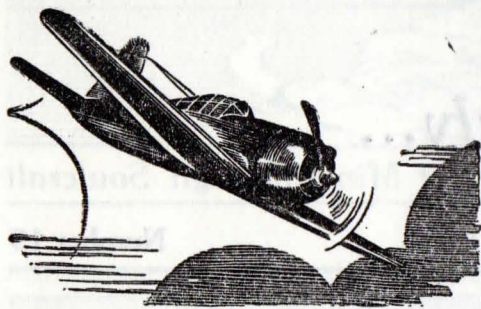
It is neither an accurate nor sagacious attitude to adopt that because the Red Chinese forces have been seemingly successful in Korea and Indo-China, that Bolshevism is becoming everywhere triumphant throughout Asia and two hundred millions of Red Russians have been augmented by four hundred million Red Chinese. These combined Red forces appear to dominate the oriental scene chiefly because they have not been adequately opposed. As for Communism "spreading" among the four-



hundred millions of Cathay, that is more artful propaganda. It is doing nothing of the sort. Acquiring the leaping jitters over recent developments across the Pacific is precisely the psychology that best serves Red purposes globally at the moment . .

VALOR maintains that the time has come to overhaul the hard facts about China in the minds and emotions of Soulcrafters and see the trans-Pacific issues for what they are. If we are to support a constructive and successful foreign policy for United States in the months ahead, we should be intelligently apprised of whatever clandestine strategies and objectives are of moment in the Asiatic Scene and shape our reactions accordingly. Especially should mothers of American Youth, called to defend

America's interests in Asia, know what is transpiring across the Pacific and how much of the foreign dilemma is actual and how much propaganda projected to advance quite other ends . . .



ONE of the most consoling features of the oriental situation that assuage undue fears of a universal Marxist suzerainty, is the fact that it is not yet determined whether Soviet Russia has acquired colleagues or enemies across the Siberian border in Great Cathay. In other words, it remains to be shown whether or not Red China is going to prove an asset or liability to the Kremlin.

China always had displayed a plethora of war lords. From times immemorable soldiering has been a plain economic job in China, carrying looting and plundering with it as a matter of course. Human life has always been so cheap in Asia that military losses in these martial fevers have been inconsequential. Now the fact that the current disturbers of the peace may have visited Moscow and acquired Kremlin manners and resource, no more makes the Chinese masses "Red" or Marxist than a handful of gangsters of Italian extraction looting or robbing, makes Chicago an Italian province subject to the Latin Mafia.

Never let us forget for a moment that the Chinese are not like the Russians temperamentally. Russians are led easily, regimented easily, do what they are told, and if consigned to the firing squad, shrug fatalistically and submit with small personal ambition. Their constitutional expression of insouciance is "Neechivo!" Not so the Chinese. The lowliest among them has an independent resilience that has accounted for the amazing persistence of the race. Born to extreme poverty, he is a shrewd bargainer, a natural strategist, and infallible individualist. Likewise he is a hard and persistent worker in cold climate as well as hot, and can survive and succeed where other races perish. He

has been at it for generations. More than that, he is a pastmaster at law evasion, and does it without the slightest feeling of guilt. His instinctive mental slant is one of integrity to family, private and personal capitalism, and individual initiative. To "labor for the good of the whole", as the Marxist advocates theoretically, would be asking a leopard to change its spots. All of which boils down to the fact that the Chinaman is probably the world's worst subject for regimentation.

Chinese culture is old and Chinese memories long. There have been countless regimes that ruled the Chinese people harshly, and that is nothing novel. But there never has been one regime which controlled all of China, as the Kremlinites have made themselves successful in controlling all the Russias. Whenever past dynasties sought to tighten the many loose Chinese federations into one dominant government, it was the dynasties that fell. For the Russian ideologists to come along and try to control every phase of the average Chinaman's life is to court their own disaster. The Chinese have a recourse to passive resistances that defeat all attempts to make them puppets. Fred Hampson, Associated Press correspondent in Asia, recently sent home a story about a Communist water kommissar in the Province of Shantung, ordering the peasants to dig twenty thousand wells. The peasants feared the military reprisals but knew how to resist. They dug 20,000 holes any old place, bringing in water in less than twenty. As Hampson comments, "There lies one of the greatest problems of present-day Communist China and one of the big reasons that it is likely to be frightened over involvement in a large-scale war. The Red regime has a tremendous distance to travel before it can claim that it controls the country."

Instead of being an asset to the Kremlin in consequence, it may yet turn out that trying to "carry" Red China in the military way can end by "breaking" the Soviets with the burden of an ally they are unable to sustain.

Joe Stalin, in other words, may have committed his one supreme blunder when he espoused Mao Tse Tung and exulted out of season over China going Marxist.

This is not wishful thinking. The situation may develop at no distant date when events on the Chinese mainland can call for military supplies that the Kremlin

can't furnish. It would be but a step for the Chinese to overrun Siberia to obtain what they want.

Russia may have bitten off a bite of Chinese bird's-nest provender bigger than it can ever hope to chew.

Of what then do western nations have truly to be afraid?

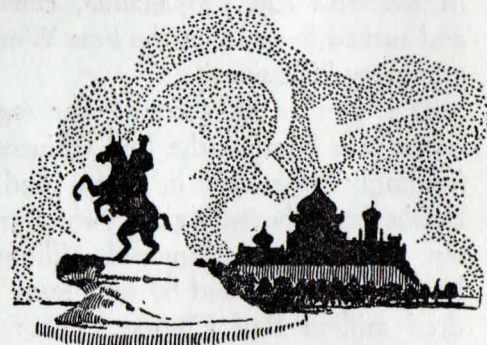
THEY have to be afraid of the effects of localized Chinese successes in the military way being capitalized to pull quite other chestnuts out of the global fire. And the chestnuts are predominant votes in United Nations, so as to bring the super-government of the earth under private control.

Never lose sight of this fact, Soulcrafters, for an instant!

Never lose sight of the fact, either, that those who would master the governments of the world through an ultimately dominant U-N are but using *both* Russia and China to such end. Communism, as it appears in the global propaganda, is but the pressure that can be applied to situation after situation in diplomatic conference upon diplomatic conference.

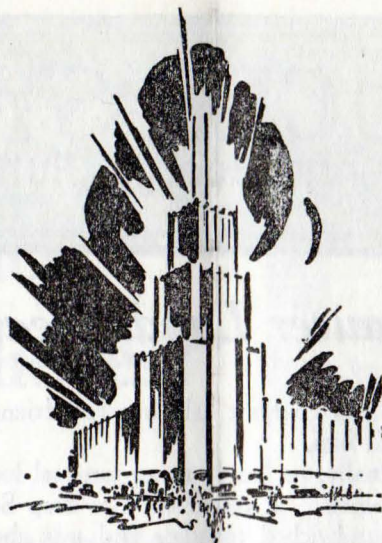
With a dominant one-world government emerging from all the diplomatic turmoil, "Communism" as such will be liquidated overnight, as having achieved its purposes. You can't get the man in the street to believe this today, but Soulcrafters should grasp it and let it guide their psychologies when revisions come up in the U-N charter of 1955.

China today is *not* Communized. China cannot be communized—in the ideological sense. It is foreign to every phase and aspect of Chinese character. But Chinese



war lords, playing both ends against the middle—that is, playing Moscow's game one end against Britain's on the other—can be maneuvered into bolshevizing

(Continued on Page 10)



DO PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA HOLD THE KEY TO ALL ENIGMAS?

LT SEEMS to be time to look at Spiritist phenomena with more dispassion, no gullibility, but sympathetic inquiry into its possible role as an educator of mankind in the establishment of a more enlightened and regenerate society. Furthermore, convictions of value concerning it are logically the province of those who have done more than ordinary investigation into the evidence sustaining it.

Legion are the persons whose philosophic curiosity has sent them to spiritualistic seances to behold wonders for which there is no materialistic explanation. Uniformly these come away acknowledging that the Spiritualists "have something" and they—the beholders—are personally amenable to further data supporting the survival theory. By no means, however, does the mere witnessing of spectacles occurring in the average seance room qualify the beholder as expert in support of the truth of such matters. Only those who have spent decades observing every variety of phenomena, and had opportunity to compare the feats of all types of mediums, are thereby equipped to discuss psychical demonstration work intelligently.

Behind all of it, however, a deeper premise should be obvious.

Should spiritist phenomena be consid-

HOW Far Is Progress on Earth Tied into Supernatural Demonstrations that Life Beyond the Grave is Reality?

ered an end and aim in itself or only sustaining data to prove the authenticity of major religious fundamentals?

This involves more than a question of policy espoused by a given educational organization.

It involves the intellectual capability to identify the major fundamentals in any religious belief, *not to mention identifying Religion itself for that which it truly is.*

What, indeed, is Religion? . . .

RELIGION is man's formulated acknowledgment of the existence of aspects of life and intelligence surpassing the mortal and his adulation of them as a constructive factor in his spiritual development.

Theology is quite something else. Theology is that adulation expressed in terms of eccentricity of temperament toward manifestations of celestuality—or what

members of a given sect or cult credit as being such—and dogmatic espousals of them under an hierarchy of pundits called a Clergy or Priesthood.

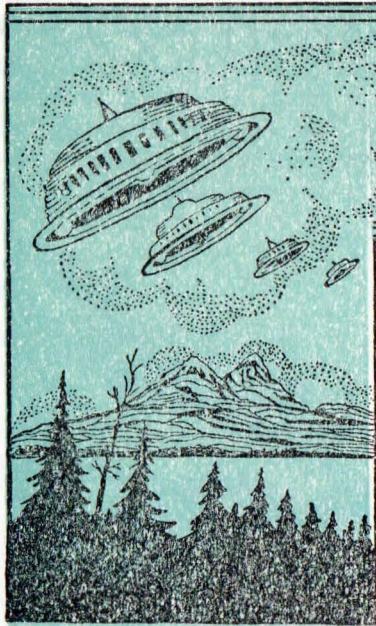
Religion is a permanent factor in human ideology. Theology can be described as a passing viewpoint proselyted by a caste of academicians who enjoy specialized distinction as agents or representatives of celestial principals amid society too purblind to determine truth and error for itself. Naturally such distinction leads in time to a *self*-adulation that develops into a scholastic totalitarianism. Intellect goes to seed, so to speak, while delusions of grandeur distort *all* divine perspectives and arbiters over heresy appear for those who challenge purely mortal conclusions.

Man's formulated acknowledgment of the existence of aspects of intelligence surpassing the mortal has been of moment ever since humanity recognized itself as being encased in mortality. Whenever those in a lower octave of consciousness are made aware of intelligence manifesting in higher aspects, a mental subservience develops that expresses in what men call Worship. Thus it is a normal cosmic reaction for denizens of a lower intellectual plane to "worship" those of a higher intellectual plane. The dispassionate investigator recognizes it as purely psycho-

(Continued on Page 11)

SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson



Saucer Lands Near Mofjell, Norway

cause you couldn't help but feel friendly toward him.

"Finally, he led us to an unusual looking device . . . it resembled two deep Saucers sandwiched together and was about fifteen feet across.

"The man went up to the craft and opened a hatch . . . where the opening came from is hard to tell because no opening was observed before. He crawled into the small disk. A few moments later the craft began to rise from the ground and rotated constantly. At first, its rotation was very slow; then it became faster and faster.

"Then without a moment's hesitation, it sped away and disappeared at an incredible speed. We didn't see the craft or the man again."

SAUCERS have been in the news a great deal this summer in Germany, Austria and Norway. The landing on Helgoland Island and now the report of the two Norwegian sisters is only a small part of what is really happening there. The sisters' description is very similar to other landing contacts and the Saucer that looked like "two deep Saucers sandwiched together", must have been nearly identical with the craft observed at Brush Creek, California during 1952.

Landings are now being reported in Canada and strange objects and materials are dropping from the skies. In the past two weeks, VALOR has received astounding confirmation of the information in *The Saucers Speak!* Research groups in California, Ohio, and Canada are in contact with the same identities who first contacted Mr. "R" in Arizona by radio-telegraphy in August, 1952.

Jack Maynard in Illinois says: "We have reason to believe that Saucer people understand the International Morse Code. And we believe that in some way they want to contact us and that they have friendly intentions toward us. We are now attempting radio contact. Our trans-

mitted message simply states, 'We are an organized group of friendly earth people trying to communicate with you, the friendly Saucer people. We are the Great Lakes UFO Association.' Contact will eventually be made."

Other groups are already having contacts . . . some of them daily. There is to be a new phase in Saucer phenomena . . . more personal and widespread contacts. The Air Force says that sightings have increased from an estimated seven hundred per week to an all time high of eight hundred per week this summer. But this is only the beginning . . . watch for startling developments in the months ahead . . . Confirmation will come in from little-known areas and will be totally unsuspected.

CHARLES FORT should be alive today . . . he would revel in the amount of strange and weird happenings. He could write many more volumes of information. Perhaps, from a higher dimension he is thinking: "I tried to tell them . . . my material constituted a warning, but few took heed . . . I was practically alone in discovering the shape of things to come."

Fortean phenomena are extremely prevalent today. Pitted glass; ash-like substance falling from the sky; large chunks of material that look like "petrified" mushrooms raining down on people and automobiles; red dust and red snow; hairy apparitions and "abominable snowmen"; red-hot metal poured from the heavens; and many other unexplained things are happening almost daily throughout the world.

This week, a strange assortment of molten metal fragments scorched and pitted a section of Portola Road south of Woodside, California. A strange fire ribboned the road with flames and the seething metal presented a mystery to San Mateo County authorities.

(Continued on Page 10)

TWO Norwegian women say they not only had a close look at a Flying Saucer, but they talked to its "dark-skinned, long-haired pilot." Police authorities have begun a thorough investigation.

The two women are Mrs. Aasta Solvang and her sister Edit Jacobsen. They first saw the Saucer occupant near some woods outside of Mofjell, in Northern Norway.

The sisters said, "We were picking berries when suddenly a dark man with long hair came out from behind some nearby bushes. He looked very much like any ordinary human being. But we thought it was strange for a man to have the long hair. At first, we were frightened of this stranger, but the man appeared so very friendly we forgot our fear quickly.

"Then he stepped toward us. One of us addressed him in English, French, German and Norwegian. If he understood her he didn't act like it, for he apparently didn't catch a word of what was said. Then he tried to communicate with us by drawing circles and what looked like pictures of various heavenly bodies on a piece of paper.

"We wondered where this stranger came from. It puzzled us, for we had never seen anyone like him before. He appeared to be about twenty-five or thirty years old and was fine featured with a dark, olive complexion, brown eyes, and long black hair that glistened like a raven's wing in the sunlight. There was certainly nothing sinister about him be-

DOES It Make Much Difference What One Believes?

ONE of the most curious phenomena in human life is the item of so-called Religious Belief.

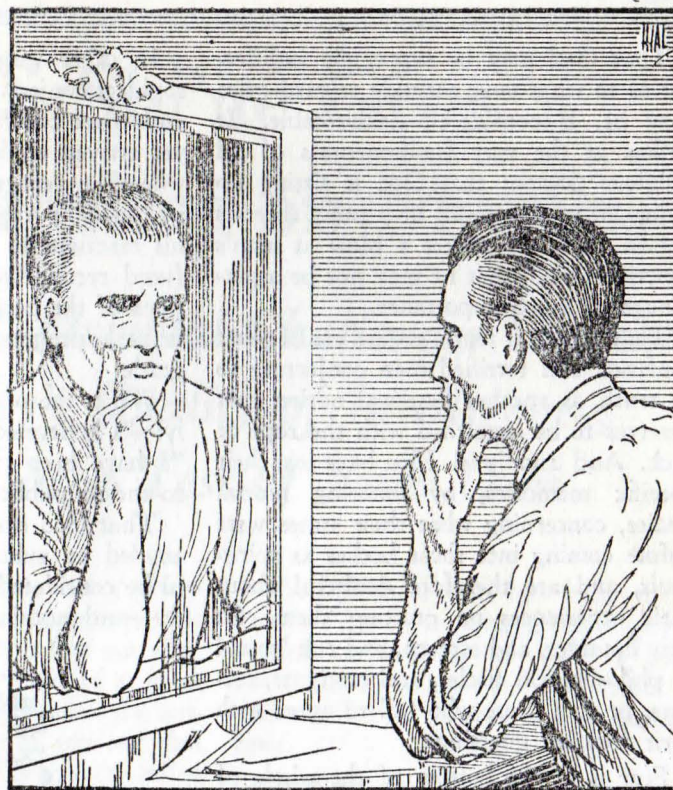
A visitor from some other planet, or from another system of Thought, would doubtless decide it to be very strange conduct indeed for spirit-souls, housed for such comparatively short mortal periods in fleshly bodies, to make such a continual fuss and pother over what various castes of them hold to be true in the matter of the universe's origin, its Creator, and what the attitude of mortals toward both should be.

Looking dispassionately at the human scene, such a visitor might comment: "One man holds that the universe was created in six days and the next man holds that it must have been two hundred million years. Not being able to prove either figure conclusively, they proceed to fight about it and bash one another's heads. The prevalent creed says that four thousand years ago, in a Garden in Mesopotamia, a woman ate an apple which she had been forbidden to eat, in consequence of which a righteous Teacher had to be slaughtered on crossed timbers of wood some nineteen hundred years ago to make the moral score come out right. Somehow or other present-day human beings 'sinned in Adam' four thousand years ago in that Garden, but twenty-one hundred years later, by that brutal execution in Palestine, the same present-day humans 'entered divine atonement and received everlasting life.'

"No one can explain just what sinning in Adam means. It is most confusing, and doesn't seem to get anywhere, but these mortals appear to take it all quite seriously and torture people who are disposed to doubt it. They do this with joy. One religion says that when spirits slough

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

off the physical encasement, they go to Purgatory—from which their surviving relatives must pray them out at a price—while another sect says that they go to Paradise, gratis, where they wait for the crack of universal doom, when all of them are judged. Millions, on the other hand, accept that their dead relatives have graduated out of the body into heaven already, and are playing upon harps in vast seried choruses, praising God the calendar around without even taking time off for lunch. There seems to exist a Bad Place, presided over by the devil and his 'angels', where moral incorrigibles have been sent, but none expect to land there personally; always it is the other fellow who is due to end there. Fights and bloody executions have even taken place as the result of controversies over how many angels can dance upon a needle-point. What's the matter with this earth race, anyhow, that it engages in such distressing fist-cuffs over paradoxes, inconsistencies, and absurdities, that various 'authorities' have attempted to rationalize into philosophies by which to live the daily life?"



TRUTH to tell, the arguments, the confusions, the spiritual sterilities, and the wholesale bellicosities, attendant upon the question of what men "believe", rest unquestionably upon the circumstance that when spirit-souls pass from the discarnate state into the earth-state, they leave their memories behind them—or rather, they leave a recollection of the detailed experiences that have distinguished previous life-roles. These have become fused into Character Instincts. Without specific memories to guide them in determining what their past consciousness sequences have comprised, they worry over what may become of them when their bodies have ceased to serve them materially.

This worry about the experiences that may await them after the current mortal span has been lived, results in all sorts of conjectures.

As these conjectures appear logical, or align with hyperdimensional revelations that have come to inspired leaders from time to time, Beliefs are born.

A Belief is what you personally conjecture to be true, or have been told to accept with some sort of penalty in sight if you do not, about God's attitude toward you, or the situation in which you are due to land when you have done with mortal life. (Over)

That God may be supremely indifferent as to what your attitude toward Him may be, is considered unthinkable. It strikes at the very fundamentals of all religious dogma: that God is sitting up nights, worrying about how puny mortals regard Him. It strikes a blow at man's conceit as well, that he may not be a personage of much importance.

That Truth is truth, regardless of what confused and terrified men conjecture to be truth, is another heretical notion that deserves to be squelched with the rope or rack. And usually is! Men have lost their specific memories, by entering mortal bodies, concerning what their states were before coming into those bodies as spirits, and are therefore doubtful about their experiences on quitting them. So they flounder, and screech, and run 'round in philosophical circles, and castigate, torture, or slay those who fail to agree with their frenzied guessings.

Fear is at the bottom of the whole of it—fear of punishment for lapses from the moral law, fear of not being eligible to an eternity of blissful idleness, "under the shelter of the wing" of no less a personage than the Creator Himself.

Yet to say that Fear is at the bottom of it, is not enough. Why should such Fear obsess men? From whence has it come? Why does it afflict upright-walking, clear-eyed humans and not give the slightest concernment to animals? How has man ever come into such concernment for his future state, that worry as to its nature surpasses his philosophical interest in matters of the moment?

The reason is not so mystical.

DEEP in every human heart there is a desire to conform to a major and eternal law of perpetual spiritual unfoldment. But man in his state of Lost Memory fails to discern that such unfoldment comes strictly through the number and quality of circumstances affecting him, or in which, life by life, he is involved.

He imagines such unfoldment comes through observing a roster of rules and regulations provided for daily conduct, paying his bills honestly, providing for his family, being the chaste husband of one wife, desisting from murder, theft, and adultery, and attending divine service once or twice a week, where adulations of the Unknown Creator are the order of the proceedings.

In other words, despite all his philosophical conjecturings as to what is wrong and what constitutes right, man has not yet arrived at that degree of unfoldment where he recognizes that his experiences in the daily role are educating him, and his reactions to them instinctively—or by fused recollection of trial-and-error reactions of the past—are determining whether he is progressing or traveling in retrograde.

When the ordinary man says religiously: "I believe so-and-so," he truly means: "I have been persuaded to subscribe to so-and-so publicly."

That God cares what He has been persuaded to subscribe to, publicly, ought to be considered a conceit and an absurdity—and nothing more!



That man has been persuaded to subscribe to the theory that the soul goes to Purgatory, Paradise, Sheol, Heaven, or even Hell, cuts not the slightest figure if the truth of the matter is that his spirit vacates his physical encasement and stays right where it is, geographically speaking, till it finds a new body for a new span of physical expression.

The facts are the facts!

THERE are indications already that as we proceed further and further into the Aquarian Transition, "beliefs" as such are going to diminish in importance—just as the forms and ceremonials of the Taurine and Piscean transition—and Experience-plus-Research is going to be the great fundamental of doctrines that men commonly term religious.

"I have had such-and-such psychical adventures and therefore feel that so-and-so is the correct conclusion to draw as to the truths of spiritual evolution", or, "My research and esoteric experiments have

convinced me that thus-and-such are the basic reasons for the universe and life-phenomenon", will become the criterion by which men estimate the permanent value of their unfolding viewpoints.

Forms, rites, and ceremonials, will become as intangible and inconsequential as the Air which is the name for the Sign-sequence.

Great congregations, made up of persons subscribing en masse to doctrinal theories while they actually pay bigoted individuals to do their thinking for them, will become as archaic as it seems now to strap a nude maiden onto a block of black marble and slash out her throbbing heart when the sun has arrived at a point in the heavens, ala Aztec sun worship.

All of which is equal to saying that the religion of the future will be a religion of psychics—personal psychics—and each and every worshiper will find conditions propitious for his present dormant psychical faculties to be developed or increased.

Mankind is going to discard the Devil of Zoroastrianism, the Arietine ceremonies of Judaism, and to a degree the formalities of Piscean baptism.

Not far removed from the Quakers of the present time, devout persons will recognize, accredit, harken to, and be guided by, the Inner Voice.

For a man to cry: "I believe this-and-that," and set about slaughtering or intimidating his neighbor for not believing the same, will be considered as bombastic as it is childish—and paganistic. Beliefs, as such, are of no consequence excepting when, and where, there is a bureaucratic officialdom connected with the formal observance of ceremonials associated with them, that proposes to defend and preserve its livelihood coming from supervision of them.

What really matters is to ascertain the truth as to the fundamentals of the universe—and upon which human life-experiences rest—and shape one's daily conduct to conform with them accordingly. A thousand angels' "believing" in this or that, has nothing to do with the determining of Truth.

Thy's is the great major discovery that individual man makes on getting out of his body. The universe exists for him only as he conforms to it.

Why then should we expect mere man's "belief" to make a shred of difference?



Yada Di Shi'ite Gives a Masterpiece on Mysticism

*ANCIENT Oriental Challenges Current
Humanity's Quality of Intelligence;
Use It as a Test of Your Own*

ONE of the finest gems of Esoterics that has turned up on VALOR's desk in months, is contained in the current release from the Borderline Science Research Associates of San Diego, of a psychical seance in which the ancient oriental, Yada Di Shi'ite, spoke for an hour through BSRA's medium, Mark Probert. It encompasses the whole present-day reaction to mystical matters in a nutshell, although the type of intellect that requires to move the lips to spell out Dog and Cat may encounter some difficulty in deciphering this Master Soul's finer points.

"It may seem what you call odd," began the Yada, "that I come and speak to you and make claims that I am a 'discarnate' being. So with the study of discarnate beings is something today called Parapsychology—'para' meaning above and beyond the norm of conditions. I want to tell you a little bit, please, about how I operate this body. But before I do, I think it advisable to make this statement: In the discovery to determine whether or not you survive, you must first try to find out *what it is that survives?*

"There is something called Soul, Spirit, Mind, Psyche—mere words. I come and say, 'I am Yada Di Shi'ite.' Who or what is Yada Di Shi'ite? May I assume that I am a consciousness—apart from the one that operates this medium's physical structure? But how am I going to make you know that *you* survive—that the Thing called You survives—when I myself do not know . . . *what I am?*

"Mind—or that which is called such—what is it? What is its nature?"

"YOUR psychologists and psychiatrists have been prying into that which is called the Mind to find out what makes it work. They have talked at great length about that which is called the personality. Well, will one of you say that there is such a homogeneous quality called a Personality? Will you? I will say no. There is no such thing as a Personality. A personality consists of a conglomeration of personalities. Not only the personalities of what is called peoples, but of things—things that the personalities, so-called, contact when they come into this hypnotic state called the material-chemical world. For this a hypnotic state. That is why it is so difficult to ever find out who you are. For you will first have to come out of this hypnotic state; and this is a slow process that has to be worked on through the study of so-called spirit return or death.

"In my language there is no such word as death. But this study is a science and not a religion. It is not an ism. I come and make the statement that I come from a civilization existing 500,000 years ago. It is something like a tremendous time—



half a million years! And your anthropologists and archeologists, they are looking at me—what is the matter with this man, eh? Half a million years ago and he talks about a great civilization which he comes from!

"But, friends, man has been on this earth of years, creating great, highly-advanced civilizations for half a billion years! Not millions—billions! Your scientists will find this out in due course of time.

"In the meantime, let us who are sincerely seeking, set all prejudices aside. Let us set aside all of our orthodox teachings that say to us, 'Taboo! Taboo! Do not go there! Do not study here. Do not look here . . . only right here.' If you, or one of you have made study into what is called spirit, life after death, and you, at the end of much study, find that it is not so—all right. There may be others who, taking another path of study, find it *is* so. Because they do not accept your path, does not mean they are wrong. If we would only concede this with one another, then we could all get together and study life with no arguments. For, if a law exists, it exists whether you argue from now until another 500,000 years. You are not going to cancel out the law by getting angry with one another. You are not going to prove anything. For all of man's talking and thinking is opinions.

"Your scientists—your material scientists, your physicists—at the end of their lifetime, their studies have left them with a handful of figures—symbols—mathematical symbols. This is rather empty, is it not? How would you like to come to the end of your life and have only a handful of mathematical symbols? But yet, can you go any further than this? For man himself, the individual as well as *en masse*, is but a cosmic symbol. He cannot be reduced to loss.

In your study of physics, your modern
(Continued on Page 15)

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"Two If by Sea"



WE MUST be prepared for a rash of symbolism in the nation's press over the knocking down of the steeple of Old North Church in Boston last Tuesday by that New England hurricane. This spire has lifted into Massachusetts sky for 179 years as the elevation from which Paul Revere saw the signal lanterns flashing of a night in April, 1775, starting him on his famous ride to Lexington and Concord warning the Middlesex farmers to be up and to arms. On Tuesday a mighty windstorm toppled it into Tremont Street. So be it.



It might be indicative of something, but it isn't. It was a Caribbean windstorm that took it down. Subversives, regardless of their stripe, had nothing to do with it. Whether Time had weakened the ancient timbers is unimportant. The original belfry is no more. It may be rebuilt but it will be just that, a rebuilt job.

If there be symbolism in the happening it must rest in the acknowledgment that periodically we do find ourselves called

to sustain our cultural traditions by rebuilt jobs.

The point is, *can we rebuild them as well as the originals, if not better?*

How It Works



A PORTLY lady of some sixty years called at Headquarters this week. She had lines of commanding heroism in her face. Inquiry developed that she had been mother to nine children—five sons and four daughters. Of the nine, only three girls were living. She had buried the five boys as one by one they had succumbed to various ailments up the past two-score years or encountered tragic mishaps.

One wonders what the karma may have been, working out in such career. The average woman too frequently becomes paralyzed with grief at losing one son—or at the most two. Sympathy is generous for the bereaved mother who "almost loses her mind" at beholding her loving effort for offspring thus "going for naught." But for this particular mother quite something else was manifest.

"You see," she explained it, "I have full understanding of the process of Survival. Since my own girlhood I've been mediumistic. *I can see my sons growing up around me just as if they were in flesh.* All they truly lost were their physical vehicles, so what has there been to grieve about? On a recent occasion I visited a materializing medium and four of my sons, man-grown, came out at once and sang for the group as a quartet. The music over, they gathered about me and we enjoyed a fifteen to twenty minute visit." Then with a wisp of a smile about her lips she added, "You see, when you're not orthodox in your religious beliefs, you have the evidence to sustain you in your family losses—that they're not losses, merely alterations in relationships."

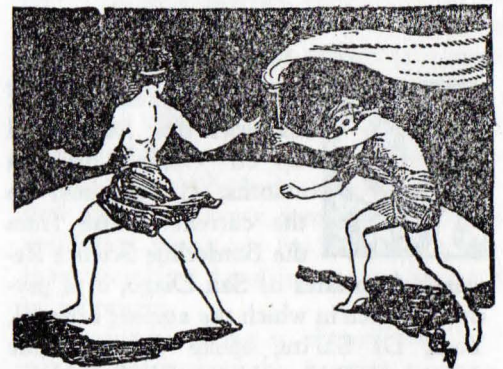
When you're not orthodox in your religious beliefs!

Much pother and to-do has been made the past fortnight over the international gathering at Chicago of prelates of the World Council of Churches. Claiming to represent 180 million Christians, there has been scarcely one among them whose dogmatic recommendations could substitute for what this bereaved mother en-

joys as a matter of true spiritual enlightenment. Her lost boys are not afar in some mystical "heaven", saved by the stipulations of some Vicarious Atonement. She sees them about her daily and hourly, converses with them upon occasion, and even enjoys their adult voices rendering music in quartet. Hence there is truly *no* bereavement.

To be orthodox in your religious beliefs, contraversly, offers you conjecture and heartache.

Truly is Soulcraft expressed by the whole of it.



Wisdom for Cash Only?



THE PROBLEM begins to take shape: How far is it sound policy to acclaim and publish promiscuously the extent of the profundities disclosed to spectators who chance to be present at some of the parapsychical sessions conducted at Soulcraft Headquarters, say like an outstanding Candler materializing seance?

Man on this plane is a mechanistic organism. His cross-section psychology is, "If you can't measure it, it does not exist." Gather twenty people into a room and twenty exhibits of individualistic reaction to what is called the "intangible" behold the wonders that cannot be measured. They arise and go forth, proclaiming not what may have occurred but their own mental or spiritual adjustments to what was evidenced. Some among them declare they would "enlighten their brethren"—meaning mass society—concerning such demonstrations. But those to whom they come are not enlightened merely by hearing some other person describe what he had witnessed; those to whom they come are only made envious and rancorous that some sort of mystical show has

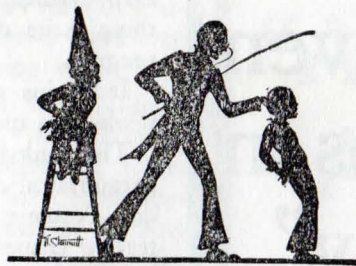
been staged to which they were not invited. Their complaint is, "Why are some people privileged to behold such show and others denied?"

They are justified in such complaint. It poses the controversy as to what, tacitly, any such display of phenomena accomplishes at all. One thing does become disclosed. By no means do these exhibits of phenomena automatically establish conviction respecting their validity. A show for its own sake merely provides entertainment—which is a form of mental distraction—for a given period. After it is over, in the parapsychical sense, then what?

Soulcraft now has a waiting-list of those desiring to witness such super-demonstrations as long as three pages in a telephone directory, all types and classes. Correspondents address Headquarters, "I have now read *four* of your Soulcraft books, and have arrived at a place where I simply *must* sit in on one of these sessions and see for myself that these things which you write about are true." In other words, without the parapsychical exhibition—which they assume carries evidence of survival in itself—they will continue to pursue the orthodox acceptances which in the last analysis are dogmatic illiteracies. If they be not admitted to a Candler Seance with reasonable dispatch they take it as affront and consider the cash they have paid for the wisdom in the Soulcraft books as an indirect obtaining of money for questionable returns.

Few stop to recognize that these sessions may be more or less private affairs in which makers of Soulcraft policy seek and obtain contact with invisible mentors, permitting a few selected outsiders to fill up the vacant chairs as opportunity provides. They are not conducted to *prove* anything to individuals. They are held for the sake of the worth of the counsel thus obtained. Yet "the few selected outsiders" cast themselves increasingly in quite different roles. On one recent occasion, one affluent Soulcrafter and his lady were called up five times by five different discarnate personalities for consultation, resulting in the murmur, "How does this couple rate such attention? Are the High-Side Mentors too playing up to a worldly bankroll? I want my beloved sister Lillian to come out and talk to me, not sit here and see two favored people get all the attention."

Thus is human nature served after its



Love Enough



MY MA says, and I best believe it too,
That why some folks is hard and mean and rough,
And fight, and call each other dirty names,
Is 'cos they've never learnt to Love Enough.
She showed, just 'tother day, 'bout Uncle Ben,
When he flared up and took on rotten mad,
And cussed, and kicked a chair, and acted nuts,
And said some rotten things about my dad . . .

That she could laugh right in his puffin' face
And feel no fear of his play-actin' tough,
And Uncle Ben allowed, against my laughin' Ma,
Maybe at that he *didn't* Love Enough!

Then there was Spot, our big and shaggy dawg,
Ma claims he's Love Itself within that hairy coat,
That's why he whines when Dad is far away,
Like fishin' up the river in his leaky boat.
Once Spot got whipped home from the river-dock,
And Dad chucked sticks at him and other stuff,
Yet Spot danced crazy-like when Dad come home
And showed as how a pooch can Love Enough!

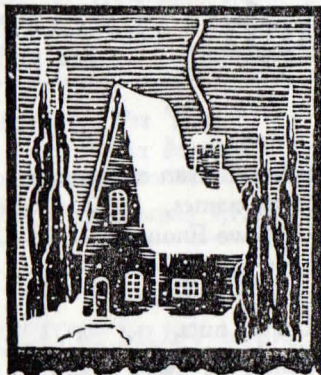
My Ma, she 'lows as folks is all the same inside,
No matter how their outer sides is rough;
That all we need to do to cure their ills is overlook
The Bad that shows, and truly Love Enough!

Then next there's Fluff, our yellow bird, that hangs
In his green cage against our kitchen wall,
He's never been outdoors or knowed a tree
Or winged like sparrows havin' fun and all.
But Ma says if we humans had in us to sing
The music in that bird's small yellow fluff,
We'd have a heavenly choir right down here on the earth
A-playin' just one tune . . . to Love Enough!

And so, as I get big, I 'member what Ma says,
And try to be like her and Spot and Fluff,
'Cos one of the main reasons God is God, I guess,
Is that He's expert on the job—*He Loves Enough!*

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"



**A NEW
\$1 EDITION**

The book you should read first, to understand how Soulcraft came about

**THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
ESOTERIC CLASSIC**

First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation'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

desires and designs of the momentary earth-predicament. And all the time something quite different was presumably in progress.

It begins to hark back, VALOR contends, to a question of policy.

The rank-and-file goes to a bona fide parapsychical demonstration. Sister Lillian does "come out" and a twelve-minute interview ensues. It is definitely established by all reasonable evidence that Sister Lillian is by no means under a headstone over in Riverview Cemetery. But so what?

What does the earthly contactee do about it?

In nine cases out of ten he first feels elated that he has beheld "wonders" not common to his fellows. Then in the days and weeks following, living amid a society whose attitude is, "If it isn't measurable it doesn't exist," the interlude of doubt ensues . . . Was it actually Lillian whom I confronted or have I been colossally tricked?

He must come back again and again for more sessions to reassure himself he hasn't been colossally tricked. Coming back becomes a mania.

All of it is a long way from parapsychical contacts arranged by what might be called Professionals for the sake of secular enlightenments solicited. And there's the difference.

In the new and more permanent Greater Soulcraft setup, how should such "evidence" be handled? "Enlightenment" means fifty different things to fifty different people. Screening attendants by stiffness of fees only results in an indictment for putting tariff on Wisdom.

And yet there it is.

It is one of the major headaches in the program of Soul Progression regarded from a heterogeneous viewpoint.

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

The metal particles, ranging from a dime to a dollar in diameter, were not immediately identified but Inspector Eugene Stewart of the Sheriff's office, a former machinist, said they appeared to be cast iron.

Several theories have been advanced and speculation has run to everything from Flying Saucers to guided missiles. One theory that drew unofficial Navy sup-

port was the chunks of metal may have dropped from a jet plane. A Navy spokesman said the blades of jet turbines have been known to disintegrate in flight without disabling the plane.

Other less intriguing theories were that the metal fragments fell from a Diesel truck or were from a home made bomb. The asphalt surface of the road was pock-marked over an area seventy by two-hundred seventy feet. Approximately thirty of the pieces of metal were found and a metallurgical analysis is now being conducted.

The situation was first observed shortly after four in the afternoon one day this week when Mrs. John C. Marthens of Woodside reported an extensive grass fire along the edge of the road. Firemen said that when they reached the scene the road itself was bubbling in several spots where the intensely hot particles had become imbedded.

Fire Chief John A. Volpiano said the grass fire was obviously caused by the mysterious barrage of burning metal.

Since our entire Solar System is now going deeper and deeper into the new vibratory rate of another area of the Universe, many unexplainable things are going to happen. Only the beginning is now being witnessed.

All Fortean take notice: There will be more Saucers, more falling ash and burning metal and more of everything, including denials, naturally.

Red China

(Continued from Page 2)

the super-government of United Nations till its stipulations for knocking off "anti" world figures are in, using the free armies of the world to solidify their suzerainty.

That is the gigantic and audacious game that is being played—with stacked cards—beneath the table.

HOWEVER, as for China proper at the current moment, it must be understood that the Communist regime has control at the top level in the eyes of the world but on the lower levels a regional bureaucracy is steadily growing, which can and does defy Peiping at its caprice. Quotas of the Red armies are dispatched to demolish these petty sovereignties and a local cleanup follows. After the disciplin-

ing troops withdraw, the farm-reform re-investigation teams visit the rebellious areas only to find that a new set of landlords has established itself, complete with money-lending, mortgages, hired labor and other remnants of the old days. The "land" must be "reformed" all over again—and again and again and again.

What we are seeing in China is petty warlordism under the Hammer and Sickle, taking advantage of the largess of world operators to help in their assumption of one-world U-N power. None of it can change the Chinese character, no matter how many Chinese kulaks are liquidated. On the other hand, that same Chinese character is the world's safest insurance against overseas continents being overrun by Chinese. Away from his native soil, the typical Chinaman is "lost". He never will make the conqueror who settles down among the conquered and appropriates the fruit of their vines and fig trees.

As for agriculture, the Chinese farmer has always been in a class by himself. Collectivism on the Russian scale could not be transplanted to Cathay since it would mean farming more land with less people. If that were done it would take away the intensive hand cultivation which might result in a huge drop in crop yields per acre. Although hand cultivation may have seemed backward by western standards, in Asia it has yielded more per acre. The Chinese farmer has always planted and transplanted every stalk of rice by hand and coaxing more out of the land per acre would be impossible. Without such intensive hand cultivation, the millions of China could not live. So collectivization is defeated by a natural condition, and what is true Marxism without collectivization?

No, what we are seeing is merely a new aspect of Chinese warlordism under the mere aegis of Communism, that it may have standing with the "little group of willful men" whom Woodrow Wilson once stigmatized as doing most of the international wire-pulling, aiming toward global suzerainty. The masses of China have not turned Communist, nor can they be made into Communists. They cannot permanently be regimented because a regimented China could not survive. There is merely a bandying of nomenclatures in the upper brackets, giving the Kremlinites a nominal prestige of "having millions

of China" added to their legions, the real contest reposing in the U-N issue of seating "Red" China, that Soviet votes may thereafter exceed free-nation votes.

The "millions of Red China" don't know what it's all about. What's more, they don't care. The moment that somebody stops "putting up" for the employment of tens of thousands in the Red army—in other words, stops making the army a wage-paying job—the Moscow conversion of Cathay to Leninism vanishes into air.

Let Soulcrafters not become exercised about it.

It will be a long, long time before Americans see the armies of Peiping raiding the grocery stores of Keokuk, Iowa!

That you can depend on.

Psychic Phenomena

(Continued from Page 3)

logical. But the dispassionate investigator recognizes more . . .

HE RECOGNIZES a program of systematic processes as operating between all the planes of intelligence. These systematic processes are what fall within the perimeter of Psychological Research.

It is the program of cosmic performings that constitutes and comprises the data of psychical science.

Examining the nature and peculiarities of these cosmic performings is not unlike examining the nature and peculiarities of communication as exhibited in current society. What in the world have miles of wire, roadside poles, switchboards and induction coils got to with the message as intelligence that passes from speaker to listener?

Soulcraft takes the position that considering spiritist phenomena as an end and aim in itself is tantamount to considering wire, poles, switchboards and induction coils as ends and aims in themselves respecting telephonic converse. Spiritist phenomena can almost be likened to the mechanistic side of interplane psychical converse. It not only proves that two or more persons at a distance from each other have conversed across such distance, but it discloses how the communicating was achieved.

(Continued on Page 14)

"Adam Awakes"



The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

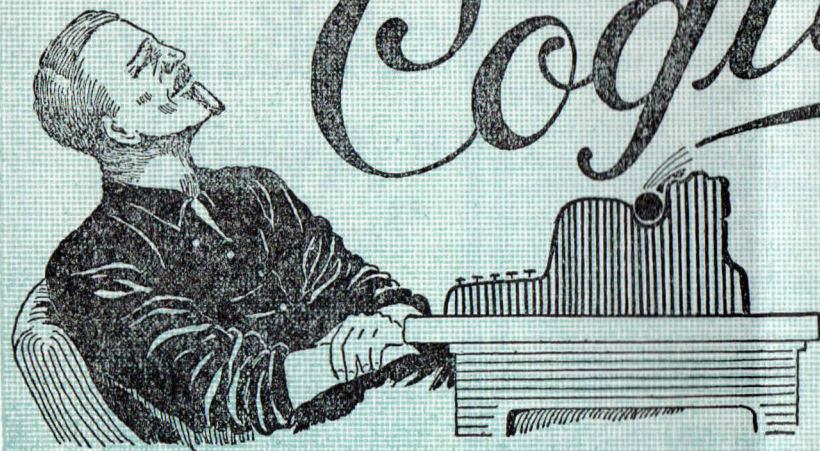
HERE at last is the Fourth Major Soulcraft Book that rationalizes the Adam and Eve fable of Woman's creation from a rib of Man. The views of the Great Cosmic Hierarchy on mortal Romance and Matrimony are assumed to have been communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, and are being published in a de luxe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

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Soulcraft Chapels



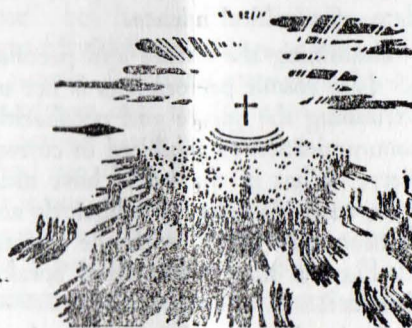
Cogitations

IM in a sort of dither this week. We had something like twenty-seven visitors at Headquarters over the week-end, including Bertie Lilly Candler and Edward, who arrived Thursday from their summer sojourn in Los Angeles, on their way home to Florida. As usual, Bertie, gave us more epochal seances on both Friday and Saturday nights. But it's becoming a major headache now, to what extent I should continue to publicize these affairs when Bertie visits us. Always it means a face-to-face confab with Silverleaf, Ari, Harriet, and George Fisher, and discussion of Soulcraft expansion on principle. The relatives and friends on the Higher Side are informing us that they behold Soulcraft mushrooming up to international proportions with the coming of 1955, and the erection here in Indiana of an international headquarters that fulfills the expectations of every itinerant visitor. I've had a professional architect working on a *real* Soulcraft Headquarters, and we've got the plans and specifications. And it scarcely seems creditable . . .

o—o

APPARENTLY what the relatives and colleagues on the Higher Side wish to see materialized is a sizable illuminatory institution where those in mortality who desire to immerse themselves in the study of the Wisdom can do so without let or falter. However, my own practical mind reverts to the secular factors to be taken into consideration. This big program of circularization of 1,200,000 names which is now going forward, means I must keep something like \$300,000

worth of standard volumes on Soulcraft available to supply annual orders. Right now I have three professional publishing plants engaged in the manufacture of books that the Noblesville equipment is too limited to produce, and that means storage and shipping space as delivered. *I need over 100,000 square feet of storage space to accommodate the books that are traveling through the plant from manufacturing printer to reader*—and I need them pronto. I secured the services of one of the outstanding architects of Indianapolis last month, and he drew up plans and specifications for a new Soul-



craft Administration building that provides for an Auditorium seating 600 people, a bookstore, a library and reading-room, a museum, and a movie projection room, and something like twenty-five offices and classrooms. What the total construction figure is to run I haven't yet been informed. George Fisher—materializing Friday night—declared, "It will be provided; remember, nothing is impossible to Spirit." One of the outstanding features of the new premises thus projected is a Materializing Chapel that shall be

part of the permanent equipment. I'd like to see Bertie Lilly Candler ensconced periodically in such Chapel, where psychical manifestations are almost a fortnightly—if not a weekly—occurrence . . .

o—o

THE GENERAL prospective of such a Headquarters is more or less visualized by the electrotype picture at the top of Page 3 of this issue. It will require almost a square-mile of land, with adequate real estate for a motel or inn accommodating at least 250 guests, adequate parking space for motorcars, and streets providing building sites for Soulcrafters who wish to own their own cottages on the grounds. The general plan, as we get it from our colleagues on the Higher Side, is to provide a center where Celestial Illumination is a continual Outpouring. The present publishing premises at the western end of Pleasant Street are not to be discarded but kept strictly for the production of Soulcraft periodicals. On the southwestern corner of such a group of buildings I want a tower, in the top of which I can barricade myself and do the necessary writings that keep Soulcraft a vital factor in the philosophical considerations of thousands of persons, either in the United States or abroad. Because Soulcraft is penetrating abroad with a vengeance. Probably in the next issue of VALOR it will be possible to reproduce a camera snapshot of a copy of the *Golden Scripts* being presented to King Gustav of Sweden, together with accounts of arrangements made throughout the Norse countries for translation of the entire Soulcraft literature into Scandinavian. Already it has reached Germany, India, and South Africa, with offshoots in Britain, Australia, and certain countries of South America. What a devil of a broth I did kick up when I went to sleep in that Altadena bungalow on May 28, 1928! . . . But to get back to Bertie Lilly and Friday and Saturday nights' occurrences . . .

WE HAD guests at Headquarters from Nebraska, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, and even Texas. Mary Baker Eddy appeared anew in the Friday-night affair, fully materialized, and delivered herself of a 16-minute discourse, apprising me of conditions inside her church—and out of it—that augured well for Soulcraft expansions. However, she did make the statement that fully ten years will be required for the virus of Truth to so penetrate her ranks that they will accredit why her current role is what it is. Harriet, Ari, and Fisher interspersed the visitations of private relatives. Fisher's whole concern was the successful consummation of the proposed Headquarters Building Program, its correct location and underwriting. What he declared he saw was a National Center, where spiritually distraught persons could come and study as long as they choose, imbibing the fundamental truths of cosmos and beholding their own hyperdimensional confirmations of the tenets set forth in Soulcraft. Endorsing the architect's plans and blueprints, he reminded me that inasmuch as a loftier hierarchy was behind these secular developments, by no means could they fail. Howard Candler, the medium's brother, delivered a sermon-address on the earthly progression as viewed from the higher echalons of life that I propose to reproduce and send out to the entire national Soulcraft audience presently. But give me time. I'm so buried under mail, visitors, and proofs of new books requiring to be okayed, that I scarcely have time for eating. If we ever do get this new Headquarters erected and functioning it means, I hope, that adequate receptionists can care for the plethora of arriving guests. Then with a perpetual picture-show of Soulcraft activities, a library, reading room and electronic projection-room—not to mention a museum of interesting Soulcraft curios—visitors may not feel so insistent about hearing me pontificate. What the new Headquarters will mean, in other words, is a situation where current policies are reversed. Those who wish to visit Headquarters will be welcome instead of avoided. A visit to the grounds alone should recompense for a lengthy motor trip to Noblesville . . .

o—o

I KNOW there is a waiting-list for attendants on the Bertie Lilly seances longer than my arm. But what can I do?

The mere desire to witness such "work" by no means qualifies the attendant to sit in on policy-forming consultations; I must take this waiting-list in its stride. In the average Bertie-Lilly seance, the occasion is seized upon by supernal entities to "come through" and counsel with me on major Soulcraft policies. These are *not* public participation. We are up against a totally unconventional liaison. Here am I, faced with the Higher Impellation to recreate Soulcraft in such a manner that it stands as a beacon-light of the Higher Principles to bedeviled America, yet restricted in the current instance to the limitations of the consultative seance-room. Oh well! If, out of the whole of it, comes an historical precedence, recommending to oncoming generations the means and methods by which the forefathers established this work, and under what auspices, the objectives shall have been achieved. Otherwise what matters it? And yet at times I fetch myself up short, and strive to comprehend the tremendous significance of what is transpiring. Denizens of a higher plane of life, transcending mortal circumscriptions, are perfecting ways and means for transferring their recommendations for the improvement of earthly society down upon this plane of consciousness. The whole thing is so tremendous that current society of course can't grasp it. It takes time and perspective to absorb even the fundamentals of it. Yet we are face to face with it, in the current instance . . .

o—o

BERTIE has gone to Florida but will be back with September. If finances are auspicious, it means that ground for the lavish new Headquarters may be broken by snowfall. Other mediums of worldwide renown of course are solicitous of working in liaison with Soulcraft. Louie Hill of England will be in the United States by autumn, and Soulcraft anticipates her visit with interest. To offer a centrosome for the display of the outstanding psychical talent of the world, is Soulcraft's major mission—that its laymen students throughout the nation may profit. One of the great advances in psychics in which Soulcraft hopes to pioneer is the recording of seance-materializations on infra-red "dark" film. Mediums will be welcomed at Headquarters who permit this photographing of their phenomena. In other words, to produce a series of mo-



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



“BEHOLD .. LIFE!”

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331 Pages \$4.00

Soulcraft Chapels
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

tion-pictures of materializations on 16-millimeter film will forever lay claims of the skeptical that these wonders of the seance-room are due to mass mesmerisms. Soulcraft, in other words, will stand at the forefront of the latest advances in scientific knowledge. Hasten the moment when an affiliation with Soulcraft is accepted as ratification of a medium's integrity and capability . . .

—o—

FOR WE are breaking out into an entirely new era of scientific and religious knowledge. People who have been supporting Soulcraft as a pathetic gesture in esoteric cultism are suddenly to find their fealty paying off in diamonds. Speaking personally, my one remaining hope is to get the whole program in such working order—in the time remaining to me—that if I chance to drop out between Saturday and Monday nobody notes the difference. It is the golden essence of the illuminations themselves that count . . . But we did have an enjoyable week-end with those twenty-seven master Soulcrafters from districts afar. Time marches on! . . . and so does Soulcraft. Maybe by a week from today I can get over my temperamental upset and return to 1898 reminiscings. Yet it does devolve upon me to keep the rank and file of Soulcrafters apprised of Noblesville developments . . .

— THE INTERPRETER

Psychic Phenomena

(Continued from Page 11)

The “skeptical” person who declares, “Let me behold a materialized form at a seance and I'll believe,” resembles the skeptic of 1876 who might have heard that a verbal message had been transferred between Baltimore and Washington by human voice in an instant of time and declared, “Let me see it happen—let me behold both principals talking back and forth at the same instant over forty miles of distance. and I'll believe.” Alexander Graham Bell might have said to such a one, “You're demanding something that can't be complied with. because you can't locate yourself in both Baltimore and Washington at once, in other words at both ends of the transmitting wire.” What would we think of such a skeptic who cried therefore, “Aha! . . . you can't locate me at both ends of your phantom

wire at once, so I call you a fraud and your invention a trickery.”?

Bell might have argued, “Listen in, and recognize your friend's voice coming from forty miles away. Or better still, ask him for some item of intelligence only known to the two of you.”

“No,” the skeptic could have replied, “the sound of my friend's voice can be explained by ventriloquism, while as for the nature of the message, it might be procured by cryptothesis or the reading of one mind by another mind as in telepathy.”

Undoubtedly there is a temperament that must rip the telephone wires from the wall and trace them with his hands all the way from Washington to Baltimore, before he will be “convinced” that telephony is not humbug.

What is added to the science of communication or the nature of what can be spoken across a long-distance wire, to have the mechanical processes thus demonstrated to the purblind layman?

IT IS the point of sagacity to recognize such fundamentals in examining such a consequential program as Soulcraft's.

A native of America, 38 years old, first has a hyperdimensional experience in California in the night. Hitherto orthodox in religious belief, he discovers to his stupefaction that it is possible for the human consciousness to penetrate higher levels of Time and Space. More than that, he emerges from the experience with natural telephonic centers opened and galvanized, through which, or across which, he proceeds to receive over a million-and-a-half words of supernal information about grades of spiritual society above the organic. Admittedly surpassing Theosophy, Rosacrucianism, Spiritualism and Christian Science in the principles propounded, he transcribes the intelligence into something like 31 books over a quarter-century of solar time. One of these, the greatest, the *Golden Scripts*, is acclaimed as surpassing the biblical New Testament in its interpretation of the function and ministry of Jesus the Christ. Over a period of years these books go out across the nation and the earth, and the necessity for the establishment of some sort of training center for laymen-mentors becomes apparent. A great agenda of official lectures, covering every phase of what has been revealed and relayed, is prepared. But those to whom the intelli-

gence should most apply take a peculiar position.

"I refuse to accredit such intelligence until it is demonstrated convincingly to me *how* it was received," they declare.

"It was received by the interplane telephone," is the reply.

"Prove it," challenge the skeptics.

"Very good. Come to Headquarters and see the personages, who have projected it from the Higher Floors of Wisdom, assume physical and organic form again and confirm it with their own voices."

"That is absurd," certain dissenters retort. "We must start from the premise that there are no 'Higher Floors of Wisdom'; there is only this lower mundane floor."

"Why must we so limit ourselves?"

"Because the Bible—and the theologic experts—have told us that any demonstrations coming down from these Higher Floors are the malicious fabrications of the Devil and His angels."

"So! . . . of the Devil, eh? . . . then how comes it that the moral adjurations and affirmations pertain to the highest moral functionings of The Christ in such senses?"

The skeptics cannot answer that. Truth to tell, they don't *want* to accredit the possibility that there is any telephonic communication between the Floors, so they doggedly resort to paradoxical subterfuge.

What to do about them?

Nothing.

THE PROPOSITION resolves down to this—

It is necessary to centralize the public-teaching work of Soulcraft in a sizable and departmentalized Headquarters. Very good, to what degree should mediumistic demonstration work prove to the student that there are wires between Baltimore and Washington, conveying bona fide communication between one plane of consciousness and another? Legion are the numbers of neophytes who declare, "I can't believe till I touch the wires with my fingers," symbolically speaking. The instructors say, "What real difference does it make, if the information coming across the wires is 'out of this world'?"

The neophytes say, "I refuse to believe that it isn't somehow fabricated until I see and touch the wires."

And there the matter rests—in dead-

lock.

Nevertheless, a given amount of demonstrable interplane-communication is logical and reasonable, true enough.

Soulcraft stands on the threshold of an epochal expansion. Millions of dollars may become involved in its projection, with far-reaching effects on the earth's five continents. The time is at hand for its spectacular flowering.

Mediumistic evidence must, of course, be part of its curriculum. But the thing to keep sternly in mind is, that we are experimenting and researching in mediumistic work to get further and further illuminations at first-hand source, not to prove that they are coming from octaves above the mortal.

Taking the octaves above the mortal for granted, we accept communication from them as a matter of course.

Does psychical phenomena hold the key to all enigmas? No, it's not the psychical phenomena; it's the enlightenment that comes in *result* of the phenomena.

We must make the distinction. And conduct ourselves accordingly.

Yada Di Shi'ite

(Continued from Page 7)

scientists have taken matter and pulled it apart until now they can reach no more to pull. And so, some of them have come to the conclusion that perhaps there is no more, because they can neither sense it through the body nor can they find it on their delicate instruments. So it does not exist, eh? I think, though, that your higher scientists, those of a more persistent mind, will not draw such conclusions. Perhaps, in time, they shall be able to develop other methods, other means, other instruments to reach deeper into the field of what?—matter? I like to say, consciousness. For that which is beyond your present instruments, lies in other dimensions, or in other frequencies of time. But what is time? Again I refer it back to the word consciousness.

"A bit of this consciousness becomes centered in a form, and then in time to peek out through little slits at this out here. And it dares to say it knows what it is looking at! Oh, no. It is but a very dim view, very vague. This body is the most remarkable of scientific instruments.

(Continued Next Week)



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



ONCE had a smart aleck heckler inquire when I came down from the platform, "If you told all you knew, how many hours do you estimate it would take you?" . . . My riposte of the moment was, "I should live so long!" Yet on a recent week end I made a complete survey of *all* the

Soulcraft material. This included not only the esoteric doctrine but the contents of the antediluvian Blue Lectures. I made the intriguing calculation that if I spake 8,000 words an hour—which is normal platform delivery—I would be required to talk continuously until I had uttered 3,062,000 words across a period of 384 hours. Divide 384 hours into sixteen days and nights and I would not only have run out of words but out of facts and ideas. Stretch the same volume of converse for delivery at the rate of one hour per day, Saturdays and Sundays off, and it would take two years. I could, so to put it, deliver an hour-long lecture every weekday evening for two years and never repeat myself once. I mention it, not to publicize what a prodigy of learning I may happen to be but to indicate the extent of the final chore to which I must begin to apply myself shortly . . . crystallizing the entire Soulcraft Erudition into a series of official discourses for permanent preservation . . .

YOU SEE, I visualize turning the entire agenda of Soulcraft Facts into one curriculum of learning, starting with unconventional truth about our planet's astronomical origin, and proceeding upward through Geology, Anthropology, Ethnology, into Physics and Metaphysics. At the end of 384 hours I shall have said all I care to say. I shall likewise have said about everything worth saying. Furthermore, insofar as I am involved, it will stand as official. I had plenty of experience, back twenty years ago, with district leaders putting down the weekly Pink Script at a controversial point and announcing, "I think I should pause here to explain exactly what Mr. Pelley means." Three to six hours later—or maybe it was the following August—they came up for air, having explained everything that was in their own minds which Mr. Pelley had said according to their individualized understandings to the moment. No more of this. In 384 official university lectures of one hour each, I adjudge I shall be able to explain everything which I have meant on my own account, and the audience take it or leave it. All this in addition to the 101 three-hundred-page books I have written since 1916, something like 28 of them not as yet published, 31 of them on mystical or cosmic matters, of which I have run out of print on 13. As for the pages

of periodical literature I've turned out in the past forty years, it would take a Geiger Counter merely to locate them . . .

PEOPLE who require to move their lips when spelling out Cat or Dog may contend with some truth that up across the past four decades I've talked too much. But I've uttered quite a mess of language that has riled people into both constructive and destructive activity, and I know that some of my compilations of published ideas have been perused by foreign potentates. They do say that every time one New-Deal Kommissar read my effusions in the Executive Mansion, he took the name of God in vain and punched the bell for his Attorney-General. All of which is water under the dam—a whole lot of Chief-Executive damns, in fact. I shall endeavor to crystallize on electronic tapes the entire agenda of esoteric enlightenment that constitutes the Soulcraft Revelations, and see what a teaching staff can make of them, taking up each one and considering it in class. Maybe I can educate this benighted species yet. At least I can give it a trifle more peace of mind about cosmic fundamentals than it exhibits at present. If it require half a dozen structures enhousing those who come to profit from the Good Stuff, so much better business for the local contractors. Somehow or other this gesture of the past twenty-six years must be permanentized so that it continues to spread peace of mind after Buzzie, Butch, Emma and Fritz are gamboling with cotton-tails and the Boss in some Etherian dell with the clocks of time run down. But whether I live to see the finish of it or not, I shall have masterminded the break down of the total material into divisions and subjects. The saving grace of the very verbose situation is, that the material does not require to be originated—it is already written. And it constitutes 41 volumes the length of *Beyond Grandeur*. What I'd truly aspire to see materialized is a bookcase of books that contain, beginning with volume one and ending forty volumes later, a complete and overwhelming education not only in academic science but the Wisdom of the Ages. This is the heritage I would leave behind me. I don't have to write it, I say. I only have to edit it. Why be illiterate

THE MAN writing about himself and his own times is the only one writing about all men and all times . . .

when you can be educated by reading a 9-foot shelf of the Pelley books? Anyhow, let me dream about it . . . it's what I'm envisioning as the consummation of my labors . . . The Chinese have a saying, "The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step." Paraphrasing it, "A shelf of forty-one volumes begins with one word." I call attention thus to 3,062,000 words merely to indicate what has become available. What do people want for *mentorship*? . . .