

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

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Number 21



Autumn . .

Opens Monumental Soulcraft Winter . .



WHAT is Soulcraft—the orthodox layman wants to know—that he should suddenly become excited over it and expend sizable moneys acquiring its books?

The thing that three times as many Americans—as of a year ago—have discovered, is monumental reeducation in the enigmas and quandaries of life, clearing away their spiritual doubts and confusions, making practical sense out of Christianity, and totally abolishing all tremors from death. No mystical philosophy in the world begins to come up to it. (Over)

Soulcraft of itself is not a new religion, not even a cult. It is a system of education proceeding from a different premise than Man has hitherto contemplated. It has perfected Psychical Research to the point that those who have "passed beyond the veil" can report back to folk in earthly bodies what they have found concerning the Outer Universe, the nature of life above mortality, and the evident purpose than man's soul serves by ever coming into mortality at all.

Knowing such facts from the Higher Viewpoint, the average person grasps a wholly new significance to being in flesh, approaching his problems with sanity and understanding, becoming more tolerant toward the ills and weaknesses to which poor human flesh is heir and fitting himself into the worldly scene with greater efficiency, poise, and affluence.

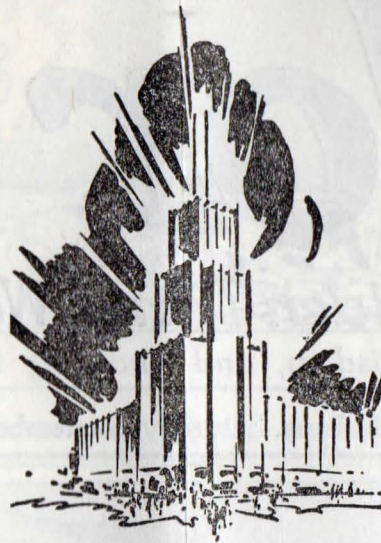
Soulcraft, in short, is a great chart of illumination that gives one a new mental lease on life, supplies even Christianity itself with a higher and better interpretation, and lays down scientific evidence to substantiate tenets that the comparative religions of the world ask their devotees to take on faith.

This is what Americans now running into the thousands are learning about Soulcraft . . .

PROBABLY a hundred letters have come in to Soulcraft Headquarters in Indiana the past few months, expressing the same sentiment so closely as to appear written by a single person—



"How does it happen that this great program of spiritual enlightenment has not come to my attention before? I have spent most of my life groping about in Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, Spiritualism, and a score of other cults, only to find them lacking in that great and vital es-



sence that now seems the very heart of this suddenly discovered Soulcraft. For the first time the earthly experience starts making sense to me. Bless you for the great work you are doing and may you be spared to expand it until everybody enjoys the same peace of mind that suddenly has descended on myself."

May you be spared to *expand* it!

It is this significant world-wide *expansion* of Soulcraft now engaging those responsible for it from the beginning.

Something must be done about it, and something *is* being done about it. No other system of public instruction excepting Christian Science has showed so rapid a growth and volume as Soulcraft up across the modern generation. And the secret probably lies in the fact that it has been something more than what one mortal mind connived out of its own cleverness.

The secret of it lies in the fact that a human instrument so explored the field of Psychical Research and Extra-Sensory Perception that he established contact with Deathless Minds in higher areas of Space and Time, transcribing their cosmic erudition and dressing it in such published form that the Man in the Street could profit from it.

Proof that such Deathless Minds do exist and function in higher areas of Space and Time, came in the semi-scientific seance room.

Those identical personages who had first transmitted their wisdom through Extra-Sensory Perception to the human instrument rematerialized in bodily form and tacitly confirmed by audible voice

what had been communicated between the Higher and Lower Worlds.

What other spiritual instruction anywhere on earth *proves* its claims and contentions by evidence as it proceeds . . . ?

SOULCRAFT—the craft or skill that the soul develops while exploring its way wondrously and profitably up through Cosmos—confronts an epochal winter with the autumn now opening. It confronts a winter in which plans are crystalizing for a National Headquarters where psychical research can be taken out of "if something ain't wrong, 'taint right" school of thinking and spiritualistic phenomena lifted above all commercialism. Those who wish the great sacred tenets of the New Testament, as well as the facts of Outer Cosmos, attested by confirmatory evidence, should be able in another year to come to Indiana and behold such evidence demonstrated. It is a departure in keeping with the the Aquarian times now opening upon the earth.

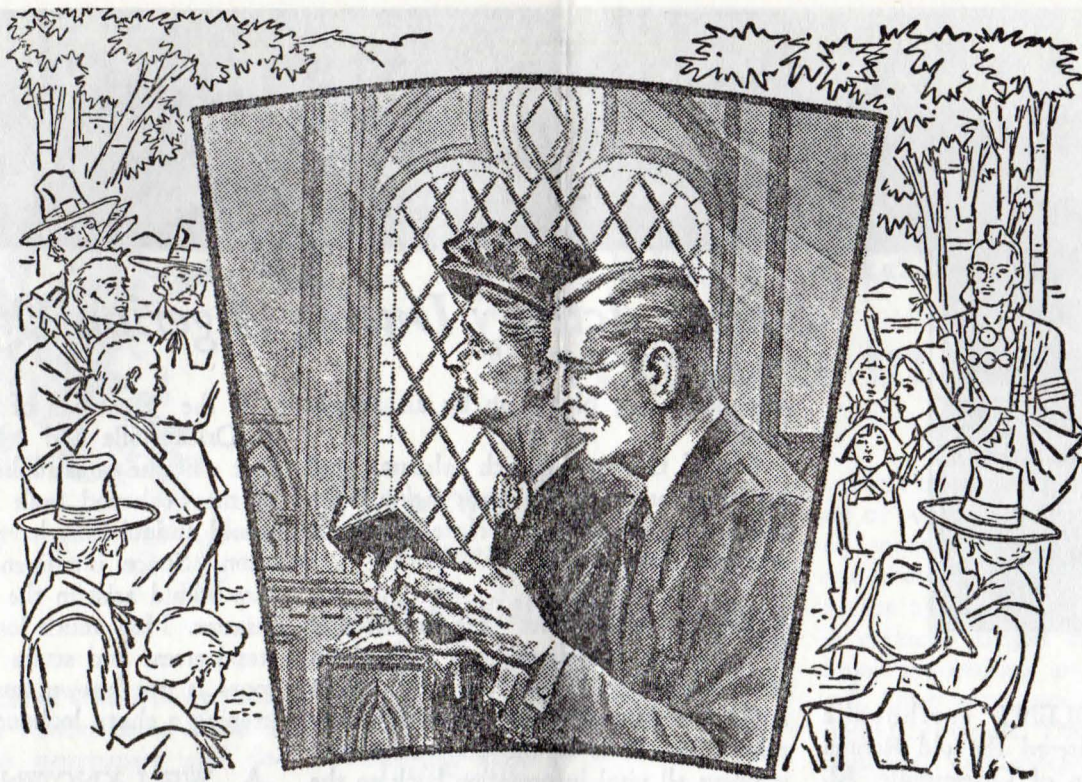
Secular education, not to mention certain traditional claims of theology, will require to be revised as the picture of the Great Outer Universe is presented by those who have penetrated it factually and know whereof they speak. Examination of the stupendous Space-Ship phenomena falls within the scope of such research.

The most devout exploration into the literality and Personality of Divine Providence, brings man to a similar examination and understanding of himself and the reasons why society is what it is on the earth as he finds it. And with scientific seance-room demonstrations to con-



firm such enlightenment, secular institutions must turn mute.

It seems to be the only effective method for bringing home to humanity the authentic reasons why it finds itself in or
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WHY Make the Almighty Responsible for the Earth-World as We Discover It?



AN ODD complex appears to exist in the ideologies of practically ninety-nine percent of people.

Contemplating the earth-scene with its confusions, snarls, and moral deficiencies of human nature, they seem to carry the notion around in the background of their minds that God is somehow responsible in that He permits it to exist. This "permitting" a malodorous condition to exist implies purblind approval, or at least toleration, of a state of affairs that is too seldom looked at for what it is. Few take time out to recognize that perchance the Lord has nothing to do with it, moreover *wants* nothing to do with it. We human beings are "on our own" in this predicament of morality. What we are encountering we have no one to blame but ourselves.

How many of us ever take time out to consider God as merely the paternal and benevolent onlooker?

In laying out any more ideal educa-

SHOULD It Startle Us to Realize that Even the Elder Brother May Not Be Forever Obligated to Play His Cosmic Role?

tional system for the human race such premise for realities cannot be overlooked . . .

IT IS a popular delusion that because we have come back into physical life with our prenatal memories more or less blanked out but discovered a socially organized world awaiting us, that it must have been created and projected by an overruling Providence who has prescribed the conditions we immediately confront. Wars, economic bedlams, racial strains and stresses, these must have been furnished by supervising Deity merely because we confront them. Gradually as we

arrive at years of analysis and cogitation concerning them, we declare we see from for "improvement." We forget we are saying in substance that we are discovering God's work as far from perfect. But we forget more. We forget that we have been those who first erected the Divine Standards by which God was assumed to perform, and when the standards of our own idealisms fail to measure up, as blatantly we chalk it up to God's faulty performance.

Actually, of course, it is human nature's performance, first, last, and all the time.

Nowhere is the situation more accurately portrayed than in the common acceptance by the average Christian of the Elder Brother's function as "Savior" of the world. Is He *required* to do it? The average Christian lifts his eyebrows in holy horror at any suggestion that He might not be. So firmly fixed in humanity's thinking—if one can call it think-

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



Saucer Activity During Algerian Quakes

was like being blown up by an atomic bomb."

Marcel Coste, a French salesman and others reported that a great *ball of fire* appeared in the sky just before the shock crumbled Orleansville.

SPACE laboratories are constantly checking our fault lines throughout the world. One of the "fireball" devices is sent out by remote control using telepathy. Once it is in the designated area it relays all vital information back to the hovering laboratory. This particular type of "fireball" is crystalline copper in construction.

Before many of the recent earthquakes, bright "lights" of various kinds were observed in the skies. Space intelligences have been closely watching the Mediterranean area for many months now. There have been more violent earthquakes in that area in the last two years than in the rest of the world combined.

Italy has had severe shocks and Mt. Vesuvius has erupted. Volcanos are found along the major fault lines of earth. Greece has suffered terribly from earthquakes recently and hundreds died in Turkey only a few months ago. Cyprus also has been hit by earth tremors. Two major fault lines join west of the Cape Verde Islands and severe shocks have been recorded in that area of the Atlantic.

Other reports have come in from the Caucasus Mountain area and from several places in Iran. Everyone remembers the awful destruction that took place on the Ionian Islands recently and the follow-up catastrophe on the Azores in the Atlantic. The Ionian and Azores Islands are directly over an area where *three major fault lines converge*.

There will be vast geographical changes in the Mediterranean area. That this is true is already evident from the great "shaking up" the entire African, Grecian, and Italian countrysides are experiencing.

If the "great ball of fire" observed over Orleansville had relayed information that a major catastrophe was due because of the weakened fault lines, the Saucers would undoubtedly have staged an evacuation. Space intelligences have claimed they would assist in the event of a major disaster. How much longer this area can stand stress and strain on the fault line zones is not known but the Saucers are keeping a sharp lookout.

A WELL-KNOWN columnist says: "The Air Force is getting ready to take the wraps off of some of its 'Flying Saucer' secrets. The disclosures will be intriguing, but not earth-shaking.

"They will debunk a number of UFO reports that made sensational headlines and gave rise to widespread tales about interplanetary visitations. The most significant revelation will be about the types of guided and other missiles the Air Force is developing. One of them was the cause of the scary 'ball of fire' story.

"This tale, which swept around the country, was first related by a touring family that unknowingly camped inside an Air Force testing range. According to the accurate account of these folks, the terrifying device flashed a few hundred feet over their heads at an incalculable speed, with a deafening roar and exuding long flames. Later, other less factual accounts were even more hair-raising.

"All the reports were pooh-poohed by the Air Force. In the forthcoming disclosures it will be admitted these sightings had substance, although greatly exaggerated. However, it will be evident from the information the Air Force makes public that it was easy for untrained and astonished observers to arrive at their imaginative accounts.

"One of the devices mistaken to be an interplanetary Saucer is a guided missile capable of speeds exceeding three thou-

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A VIOLENT earthquake shattered the old Roman town of Orleansville, Algeria on September 9th. Surrounding villages were also hard hit and buildings crumbled killing hundreds of fear-stricken inhabitants.

Authorities said the death toll may reach more than one thousand, with thousands more injured. A ministry of interior communique issued in Paris said three hundred ninety-six bodies had been recovered, with nine hundred wounded. Hundreds were believed buried under mountains of rubble in the quake in the center of Orleansville alone.

Most of the victims—French settlers and Arabs—were crushed to death in their sleep under an avalanche of stones and rubble. Others were engulfed in huge fissures which opened up in the streets as they rushed from their houses or perished from flying debris or gas leaks.

The series of quakes cracked dam and canal walls, setting off floods that swept scores to their deaths. A section of the giant Qued Fodda or Silver River Dam complex gave way and swept away seventy persons. Another one hundred thirty deaths were reported in the vicinity of the dam.

The governor general's office at Algiers said that between three hundred and eight hundred persons died in Orleansville alone. One survivor said: "First I had the feeling of a huge wind . . . I was powerless to resist. Then came a great smashing blow across my shoulders . . . it



WHY the Mother-in-Law Quandary Has Been Overrated in Earth-Life

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

ONCE in a blue moon Gentle Reader turns about in the newspapers and debunks some popular social fixation that has needed it badly without anybody noting. In a current issue of the *Indianapolis Star*, Mrs. Josephine Ritchie of Indianapolis does it in respect to the mother-in-law complex in the public mind. Mrs. Ritchie rises up and takes pen in hand, producing a short journalistic classic on this most annoying of family problems. VALOR would pass it along to the nation—

To the Editor of The Star:

IN LAST Sunday's *Star* Mary Bostwick takes a punch at mothers-in-law, particularly the groom's mother. This is the popular and accepted approach. Paint them as possessive, interfering individuals. Picture Junior and his bride as the lead characters in some glowing fantasy. The entire picture is unfair.

There are always exceptions. Possessive mothers do exist. In my estimation, they are in the minority; although much we read and hear would have us believe differently.

I am a mother-in-law. The other day an older woman advised me not to interfere with my son. Guess she meant well. Well, he's out of town and in the Army. Been gone some time. How in the world could I interfere if I wanted to? And I don't want to.

After spending more than 20 years escorting Junior through teething, mumps, quarrels with his teachers, fights

with other boys, after tooth straightening and five impecunious years during which Junior pranced off to college, I wearily and happily turned him over to his wife who looks almost as tired as I felt when she took over. As for me, I have gained 20 pounds. I am having the time of my life, for a change, doing some of the things I always wanted to do. I enjoy a good night's rest when I so desire. No longer is the sandman scared away by the sound of Junior's size 13 clodhoppers on the stairs. The corner garage is loosing fenders to iron out. The phone rings much less often. Our milk bill is so reduced I'm afraid the milkman will drop us from his clientele. Even our old furniture has taken on new life. Both the dining table and sofa are recovering from multiple fractures. Just the boys! My neighbors, once again, speak to me. They even smile. Their nerves are becoming relaxed.

I love my son. I miss him a lot. But I do not want him back. He is a man. A good man. Father to a fine son. He lives his own life. Wants to. And I certainly a menjoying the privilege of living my life.

Most of us mothers, particularly mothers of young men, because of this stigma of mother-in-law, bend backwards in our efforts not to interfere with the activities of our children. But of course it is perfectly alright for Junior and his brood are making an unexpected dinner call. Drop your own plans. Cancel your dinner invitation. You are merely mother-in-law. You should glow. Junior has deigned to call and maybe drop off the baby while he and his wife take in a movie. Aren't you flattered?

You should be.

I believe that no house is large enough for two generations of adults. Most of the so-called possessive mothers of my acquaintance breathed a deep sigh of relief the day Dan Cupid sank one of his darts into their Junior. Now Mother could become, at long last, a person in her own right. Laundry is cut in half, sleeping time doubled. House work halved, telephone answering halved. What woman in her right senses would want to interrupt such opportunities for relaxation? What thinking woman would want her son back when he, himself, is much happier married?

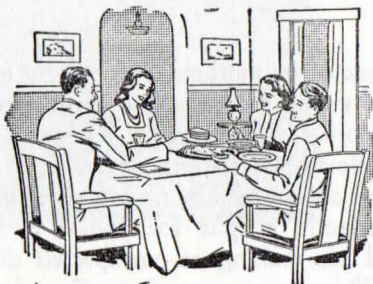
Mothers, do you want your grown-up and married sons back under your tired and drooping wing? I don't. One of the happiest days of my life was the day Junior spoke up and said, "I do."

MRS. JOSEPHINE RITCHIE,

MR. RITCHIE has capsulized the whole complication when she declared, "No house is large enough for two generations of adults." From the esoteric viewpoint, no particular karma is involved. It is simply that people of fixed habits resent intrusions on their individualities when a mistress in the person of the wife and a mistress in the person of the wife's husband's mother must accommodate themselves to the same do-

mestic premises and equipment. It is an instance of the old adage that "no ship can have two skippers" . . .

People of extensive experience with life and its properties fall into channels of behavior in respect to routine duties connected with a home or business. Psychology has a lot to say about their "reflexes". But character itself is part of the equation . . .



Remember that Character is naught but the Soul-Spirit's reactions to circumstance qualified by the nature of the experiences for good or evil, profit or loss, which any individual has suffered to a given moment. No two persons in all the omniverse can have had precisely the same experiences in every detail. When you get two characters who appear to react to circumstance alike, you should always take cognizance of the fact that it is because their experiences have been very similar. But their experiences can never be *exact*.

Elderly people, of fixed "habits", have simply fallen into grooves of conduct—which always mean reaction—when given situations are encountered. Introduce into a given setup a character whose experiences have been more extensive, or less extensive, and the difference forever means a different approach to the situation to be settled. This in turn postulates conflict.

Conflict always matures when excess of experience meets dearth of experience. In fact, that *is* conflict.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW are commonly women of wider experience with life and its situations, even its domestic situations, than the women who wed their sons. Greater Experience says to Lesser Experience, "This is the way you would react if you had been through what I have been through." Lesser experience says, "Let me experience in my own right, for such is the reason I have come into life

at all. By no means have I entered life to follow the beaten track of all your own personal experiences. I may go off in another direction entirely, but such is my privilege. By no means have I come into the life-scene to duplicate your situations precisely. Give me the right to react to experience after the pattern of my own character and we shall have no trouble."

But in far too many cases Greater Experience says, "Don't be a ninny. Any exhibit of human nature reacts in a positive way to a given complication. I have been through all the complications that may arise in this household, therefore I am competent to counsel those without experience in the nature of reaction."

Lesser Experience says, "But you are thereby substituting your reactions already suffered, for mine, still to be suffered with definite imprints on my nature."

Greater Experience asks, "Why do you want to suffer the same experiences, when I have already endured them and can tell you positively what results?"

Lesser Experience says, "Because I am *I*, and you are *you*. I have the right to receive my own sensations from these domestic complications and react in my own fashion."

Greater Experience says, "Fiddle-dee-dee! It's a duplication of sensation, it seems to me."

And the battle is on.

MRS. RITCHIE takes a different angle on it. She says in substance, "Frankly, my experiences with Junior have tired me out. His demands upon me, Lesser Experience drawing thoughtlessly on Great Experience, have made me feel that no results are worth the effort of exemplification. Let Junior and his girl-wife go ahead and get their own experiences in their own way, . . . I wash my hands of them."

We say she is a wise mother-in-law.

Soulcraft would put it that she is merely a sensible mother-in-law, acknowledging certain eternal verities as they display in human natures.

Every soul that enters into the mortal scene does so because it is deficient in what such mortal scene may hold to provide for him. It matters not how repetitive these programs may be for given numbers of individuals—all must go

through with it in order to leave definite impresses upon their *own* characters or natures. Sensible mother-in-law, in fact sensible elderly people of any relationship, accredit these formula and make the concession that life's situations are sent to develop character in individuals as individuals—not necessarily to economize on the various human participations. One cannot live another's life either vicariously or in the light of their own experiences already suffered. If one cannot do so, according to the higher cosmic law, what an imbecility to *try*? Why not admit that each life is an adventure unto itself, with nothing withheld? The fact that many experiences—particularly domestic or connubial experiences—are duplicative, butters no parsnips. The younger soul has the *right* to go through educative situations as a matter of individuality, or the legitimate development of individuality.

True there are instances where the wisdoms of Greater Experience would save Lesser Experience from cruel and unnecessary tragedy. But they are rare, in the ordinary modern household. Then again, there is often the karmic situation where Greater Experience may have come into physicality to mentor Lesser Experience through morasses and pitfalls that Greater Experience has successfully consummated.



The ordinary rivalry or competition between an elderly woman and a youngish woman, ensconced in the same establishment, is one of the younger woman wishing to "live her own life in her own way"—meaning get her experiences personally and not vicariously—and Greater Experience saying, "Why should you go through distresses that I have already suffered and can therefore save you from knowing?" She is thinking in economies of sensation.

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Week in Retrospect

SYDNEY, Australia—Rev. Alan Walker, a Methodist minister, says he's tired of Flying Saucer double-talk. In a formal request to the government he asked for an account of all that is known about the outer space objects. "There is so much happening in scientific circles that there may be an explanation for these Saucer reports, he said. "Public scares would be lessened and much anxiety eased if the government would release some details without violating security. We could easily wake up to find half the world in chaos with the people having had little opportunity to discuss issues involved," he said.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mercury, the only metal that is liquid at ordinary temperatures, has been moved behind the curtain of atomic secrecy in

TOMPSON got into the wrong room with one Robinson, both badly inebriated by reason of attending the same convention. He not only got into the same room with him but into the same bed with him, without turning off the light. In the middle of the night the two awakened, sat up and looked at each other.

"Lemme introdush m'self," said Thompson. "I'm—I'm—That'sh funny, For the moment I don't recall 'zactly whom I am."

"Shame here," confessed his fellow souse. "Tell you what . . . I'll look in by vest. I got some cards in my vest with my name on 'em."

Robinson crawled forth to a heap of discarded clothing, which happened to be not his own but his befuddled roommate's cards that he held up and read foggily.

"Hennery J. Thompson," he spelled out. "Don't shound familiar, still it mush be me."

some strange new role in super-weapons or atomic power. Pentagon officials have disclosed. The Government is buying up all the mercury it can. But neither Pentagon nor Atomic Energy Commission officials would reveal what the metal is being used for . . . except that it's a secret.

ATOM bombs are mussing up the radioactive dating of the recent past. As a consequence, ancient Indian burials unearthed during building operations at Stanford University, Calif., are about three-thousand years old instead of two-thousand as first reported. Charcoal from prehistoric graves was sprinkled by radioactive debris from an atomic bomb in Nevada, blown sky-high and wafted across the continent.

GOVERNMENT scientists on a remote island near Beaufort, N. C., have begun investigation of the possibili-

Somewhere in the back of Thompson's head a nerve of memory vibrated.

"Ver' glad meecher, Mishtar Thompson," he said dreamily. Then his face acquired a scowl. "But shay—thinkin' it over, sheems to me you gotta lotta relatives by marriage I don't like!"

British Humor

A TRAVELER returned from Australia declaring he couldn't understand the temperaments of the people Down Under. For instance, some of the things they inserted in the Personal columns of their newspapers. Called to specify, he said he had brought back a clipping of a rather short thing, apparently published in perfectly good faith. It read—

"If James Morrison, who basely deserted his wife and baby son Michael twenty-two years ago, will return home, Mike will take pleasure in knocking his brains out."

ty that H-bomb explosions at sea might make eating tuna and other large ocean fish very dangerous.

AVIATION WEEK magazine recently reported that two meteors have been discovered revolving about the earth, only a few hundred miles out in space. It insisted that Dr. La Paz of the University of New Mexico helped identify them as natural rather than man-made objects. La Paz attacked the magazine's reference to him, saying: "The report is false in every particular insofar as reference to me is concerned." VALOR still says the two objects are man-made space stations used by interplanetary Saucers.

A LEADING aviation company is reliably reported to be conducting experiments in interplanetary radio communication at the present time.

A GERMAN composer of distinction, lately landed, was visiting an American musician at the latter's country place. The main thing that caught and held the new arrival's interest was the screened-in sleeping porch. It fascinated him. In broken English he wished to be informed why it was thus protected.

"Why," said the Yankee, "to keep out the flies in the summer so you can sleep late in the mornings inside it."

The visitor seemed perplexed. "Don't you have flies in Berlin?" asked the host.

"Yah, millions," said the Teuton. "Well, what do you do at home in the summertime to keep the flies out?"

"We don't keep dem out," explained the continental, "dey already in is."

PHILANTHROPIST: One who returns to the people publicly a small portion of the wealth he stole from them privately.

Valor

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Encouraging

SAID an outstanding higher mentor to VALOR's editor in a clairaudient communication of great importance Monday night, "Go ahead with your plans for establishing the great Soulcraft Program in the permanent educational pattern. *We on this Higher Side can discern nothing of a major disruptive nature occurring within the next two years, either at home or abroad, militating against the success of such establishment.* If we did, we would inform you, or prevent you. Western-world countries are due to have continuing trouble with China, but take our word for it that when they climax, you will find them of short duration . . . The Soulcraft tenets must be crystalized in a format that makes for their permanence. You would be no little astounded if you could become aware of the great intellects and personalities on the higher side who are interested to see such project succeed. Go forward with confidence. The higher echelon is with you . . .!"

Encouraging, indeed.

Nothing of major disaster is slated throughout the remainder of the Eisenhower administration but a short and decisive tangle with Red China, nothing at least that interferes with the casting of the Soulcraft Enlightenment into the institutionalized academic pattern out here in Indiana.

Soulcraft takes the higher word for it.

Aerial Spook-Toot



INDIANA became excited this week over a TV episode that made the nation's press nationally. The ghostly image of an elderly man on a television screen—a lingering likeness of a man dead more than four months—brought uneasiness to a southside family and a new problem of the electronic age to city police. The image has remained fixed since Friday night last, defying all efforts to wipe it away. A 52-year-old woman, whose 74-year-old parent died last April 24th, cried—

"It's father!"

A 33-year-old housewife, granddaughter of the dead man, declared—

"I'm going crazy!"

Police flocked to the property-room at headquarters to view the phenomenon and agree it was something a little beyond their problem-solving power. More than 400 curious outsiders filed past the set in one afternoon. Engineers from an Indianapolis television station studied the apparition at police headquarters and stood firm in their diagnosis that an image, possibly a character in a network show, had been "burned" into the phosphorescent back on the set's picture tube. However, as the week wore on, characteristic public and professional opinion turned to the coincidence theory of the



dead man's features and figure. "Everyone knew" the dead couldn't come back to life, so how could this particular dead man impress his likeness on his family's TV set?

But the picture still stays. It will not fade.

It occurs to VALOR that old Mr. Mac-

key may have hit on an ideal means not alone for counteracting subversive propaganda over TV aerials but for bringing home to benighted *hoi polloi* that its notions of the after-life may be quite as fallacious as Soulcraft publicizes.

Suppose a whole flock of television sets suddenly had the features of recently demised relatives of one type or another "burned" indelibly on the phosphorescent backs of the sets' picture tubes?

Could four million television sets be wrong?

One of these days it might happen.

Significant, Too



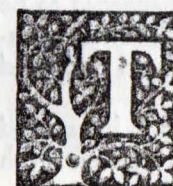
THAT SPECTACLE high in the sunset sky this past midweek, evidently of a Flying Saucer, seen by a half-dozen of the Soulcraft staff, was one of the most beautiful and graphic sights that witnesses had ever looked upon—turn ahead to the narrative on the Cogitations page for details. The western sky was well-nigh cloudless. The phenomenon in its first aspect might have been mistaken for a sliver of new moon, only it was *moving*. Following a gigantic arc up around Venus, the evening star, which had just come out millions of miles beyond it, it got high in western heavens and then seemed to flash a rose-colored signal far brighter than the evening's star radiance. Thereat, in a continuing cloudless heavens, it vanished as it rose upward.

Take it for what it is worth, but two night's later George Fisher came on the cosmic wire with an advisory message about current Soulcraft affairs.

"By the way," George remarked, "that sight you saw in the heaven's Sunday night *was* a Saucer. I happen to know the soul-spirit of the personage piloting it. His name is Almo, and he may make himself known to you again."

Soulcraft is marking time . . .

Priceless Material



THERE are now six volumes of VALOR, bound in blue cloth, for permanent preservation. The wealth of esoteric reading-matter which they rep-

resent is beyond describing. There are 416 printed pages to each bound volume, and one can spend a fortnight pouring over each book to profit. Too many people make the mental reservation that acquiring the back numbers of a periodical is buying yesterday's dead learning. But not so the Golden Times Weekly. Each issue contains an esoteric illumination in itself that never goes out of date.

And the same applies to the monthly, BRIGHT HORIZONS. Fifty bound copies containing six numbers of the magazine to a copy, came back from the bindery Thursday. HORIZONS is bound in red leatherette, greatly resembling the Soulscripts in format. But the contents have the advantage of novelty—terse treatment, or treatment in capsule form, of enigmatic questions puzzling all men and women.

Both volumes sell for \$7.50 each, what there is left of them. If you want any volume it will be necessary to expect orders filled only of those on hand. Lucky you, to possess a complete set of them! Not many are available.

Twenty to fifty years from today, cash of the U. S. Treasury may not buy them . . . and this is no slap at the Treasury . . .

Professional Caprices



ALTHOUGH VALOR enjoys the friendliest of relations with outstanding personages and officials at nearby Camp Chesterfield, particularly with Brother Ralph Pressing of the *Psychic Observer*—the leading eastern Spiritualist publication—it is altogether enigmatic to confront the attitude of the average Spiritualist toward Mary Baker Eddy and Christian Scientists and try to make logic of it.

Despite the blind eye which the Christian Science Church turns on Mrs. Eddy's known mediumistic history, the Spiritualists of the world display little or no magnanimity toward those who do not unreservedly subscribe to their literal tenets, and seem to take particular relish in adopting a patronizing attitude toward Mrs. Eddy. Their general claim that "she was a Spiritualist" before she projected the great and successful Christian Science faith is pronounced in a tone implying that "without Spiritualism she



BE LIKE ROSES



HELLO, Roses! . . . don't you know
 Stocks again are tumbling low?
 You appear so bright and glad,
 Don't you sense that sales are bad?
 You are just as fair to see
 As you were in times when we
 Rolled in money. Can't you tell
 Things have not been going well?

Hello, Roses white and red,
 Smiling in the garden bed!
 Can it be you haven't heard
 All the grief that has occurred?
 Don't you see the saddened eye
 Of us humans passing by?
 By our faces can't you tell
 Half our world is ruled from hell?

Hello, Roses, in the sun!
 You're so lovely, every one,
 But I wonder why don't you
 Show some gloomy worry too?
 Can it be you fail to see
 Things aren't what they used to be?
 This old world is all upset,
 Moscow stands to run us yet . . ."

And they answered me, "Hello! . . .
 Nothing's altered that we know.
 Warm the sun and sweet the rain,
 Autumn leaves are bright again.
 Birds still sing, and so we nod
 Grateful rosebud prayers to God.
 Only mortals stew and strive;
 We're just glad to be ALIVE!"

—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

would have gotten exactly nowhere" and that Christian Science is therefore the progeny of Spiritualism.

VALOR takes the position that it was nothing of the sort, any more than it was the progeny of Dr. P. P. Quimby.

Our Spiritualistic brothers and sisters have insisted on making a somewhat vague theology out of great and natural psychical processes and mechanics, and that has been their constitutional privilege. But to read some of the writings of outstanding Spiritualists, one might conclude that they contend Spiritualism to have discovered or even invented the business of between-worlds communication, holding a more or less monopolistic patent on it. As for materializations, they are the exclusive products of Spiritualism and whosoever witnesses them, or writes of them, and does not give credit to Spiritualism is guilty of a type of plagiarism or larceny by trick.

The beloved Mary Baker Eddy was a natural psychic, sat in on seances in Lynn and Boston from time to time, and upon one occasion advertised her giving of readings for a price. But because Mary did the same things on which Spiritualists build their religious faith, how does that make Mrs. Eddy one of their number? VALOR's editor at one time fought out the same controversy with Sir Conan Doyle by correspondence before Doyle's death. "No matter what you say, Pelley," wrote the celebrated creator of Sherlock Holmes, "by your own attestations in your Seven-Minute experience, you are a Spiritualist."

As well contend that any Hoosier farmer, turning up a set of mysteriously engraved plates while plowing his meadow for soy beans, is automatically a Mormon.

The Quakers long since relied on the silent Voice—which is naught but purblind clairaudience—for inner guidance. But are they Spiritualists or Christian Scientists?

It is what you make of these higher communicatings yourself that counts. Controversely, you may undergo the phenomenon of Lifted Memory and recall the various languages you have spoken in bygone lives. But that makes you no Apostle, endowed with the Gift of Tongues.

Natural processes are natural processes. The fact that they are psychical processes by no means brands them as the

exclusive property of any religious cult—and our Spiritualistic friends are doing their own cause a disservice to carry on such feuding. On the other hand, the Christian Scientist brethren are equally as inhibited in considering there is anything reprehensible about Mrs. Eddy's psychical talents. The fact that she repudiated Spiritualism as more or less worthless and even non-Christian, in *Science & Health*, by no means alters the premise, either. Although Mary Eddy at the present time is busy at taking advantage of spiritist sittings to correct her former views, it by no means makes her the renegade Spiritualist that many in the latter faith would assume. What Mary Eddy is declaring by word of mouth—caught unmistakably on electronic tapes—at present is, that "communication between the worlds is scientific."

Communication between the worlds!

Our Spiritualistic friends would cry exultantly, "Aha, we said it first, therefore in repudiating us she is a renegade Spiritualist!"

Can't sincere men and women be bigger than all of it?

As for the claim made by some Scientists that if Mary Eddy has in any way altered her views anent communication, nothing in *Science & Health* can be believed, how alibi the known circumstance that the Gracious Lady rewrote *Science & Health* some seven to nine times even in her physical lifetime!

Is changing one's mind or one's viewpoint only permissible on the mortal plane and not on the spiritual?

Fiddle-de-dee on all of it!

Mothers-in-Law

(Continued from Page 6)

Younger Experience says, "But I don't want to be saved from them, because if I do not receive them personally and intimately I shall be defective in my character-knowledge of them. Only shall I truly profit—to remain profited—as I know these matters of my own reactions to them, not yours."

Both are understandable and pardonable in their viewpoints, but the certainties of Cosmos tend to uphold the Lesser Experience, and thereby the Greater Experience—in the personality of the mother-in-law—appears to get the worst of it.

Nine out of ten of them go off in a huff, to confront still other experiences of their own that are educative, still further. Lesser Experience says under its breath, "Good riddance to unwanted personalities!" What Lesser Experience more truthfully is saying is, "Now I can confront and suffer my educative situations without continual counsel from someone who has trodden the mill before me."

This desire to live one's own life and react to one's own adventures in life, is truly a cosmic heritage.

But thank God for Mrs. Josephine Ritchie's sense of humor.

She is obviously a sensible and a lovable woman. She recognizes the true nature of the values involved. She has given her life for her son, and knows when she has given enough.

So many mothers don't.

And their daughters-in-law have to pay the penalty . . .

Winter Soulcraft

(Continued from Page 2)

ganism, why society is what it is, why each man's and woman's role is what it is. With such basic facts made clear, life takes on an altered meaning to the enlightened mortal fortunate enough to be so favored.

Society can be regenerated by more precise and errorless education, instead of by appeals to theological emotionalisms. This is the logical outcome of the instruction that to date has had to confine itself to books.



YOU are due to hear much this autumn and winter about the COMMITTEE FOR SOULCRAFT EXPANSION. This is first public announcement of it. But it will be composed of a screened and hand-picked group of the leading personalities from Soulcraft all over the nation. In the hands of such Committee will rest the erection of an impressive and com-

modious new Headquarters, the underwriting of a program of Soulcraft establishment in Britain, Scandanavia, South Africa, South America, and Australia, the proselyting of Soulcraft literature into every nook and corner of our American forty-eight States, and funding of global activities commensurate with the scope of the work being counselled from outside this earth-plane entirely.

What it may mean in international comities cannot now be estimated. The bugbear of global Communism could not endure ten days in the face of the stupendous enlightenments of Soulcraft. Individuals everywhere today are going Marxist truly through ignorance of the eternal verities. Turn cosmic light into the minds of the masses and autocratic non-Christian Sovietism becomes merely ridiculous. At the same time, vicious socialistic trends veer into constructive pathways of free-world life and activity of its institutions—with new exploits in mass education. Thereupon do the master teachings of the *Golden Scripts* come into their own.

It is a breath-taking but utterly practical program that looms, as the most accomplished and capable intellects in the Greater Soulcraft take a significant step forward in spiritual responsibilities.

And this autumn and winter sees it take shape . . .

God's Responsibility

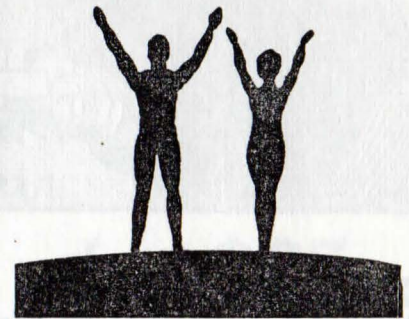
(Continued from Page 3)

ing—is the Vicarious Atonement, mayhap another purely man-made concept, that considering human society without the concept to fall back upon, is outrageous heresy and impiety. But mortals who have grown up intellectually can consider the possibility dispassionately on its merits. That the Elder Brother is functioning in His role upon a strictly voluntary basis, and really could "walk out on the job" if He took the notion, is something outside the processes of rationality. What would become of the world if He did?

True enough, what would become of it? And who might care? Such a challenge brings the real intellectualist or no, up to a sudden abyss in his reasonings. It is time for all of us to see this earth-

(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 have been published in a de luxe volume that is one of Soulcraft's current best sellers.

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Soulcraft Chapels



WELL, I just dispatched the last proof to the printer on the enlarged and revised version of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. Something like eighty additional pages have gone into it. Mostly they elaborate on the adventures I've had since 1950 in the Bertie Lilly Candler seances—by no means minimizing the materializations of Mary Baker Eddy. I've been more or less diffident about describing them in detail in *VALOR*. They've belonged in precisely such a volume as I okayed this afternoon. Four times now we've been visited in substantial form by the Supernal Lady, and every syllable she's uttered has been recorded on electronic tapes. I simply played the tapes back and took off the converse sentence by sentence for *Dead Are Alive*. What we've really got is an invaluable new book. When printed and bound—which will take another ten days—it will run to 320 pages. Incidentally, it will be bound in deep-red leatherette with limp covers and rounded corners. All the editions of Soulcraft books on white paper will assume that pattern hereafter. Not that I'm going to abandon the 6x8 deluxe format for the first editions on the India paper—too many people across America are compiling a shelf of the deluxe editions in the Burgundy bindings. But the white-paper printings are going to be in the round-cornered form, trimmed down to a size that fits a man's coat-pocket, priced at a uniform \$4 figure. The second edition of *Beyond Grandeur* has already been issued in that form, and similar reprints of *Behold Life* and *Star*

Guests are in the hands of nearby manufacturing printers. Gradually new patrons and students can compile a shelf of the Soulcraft volumes in the limp-covered, round-cornered format. *Thinking Alive* is another reprint that is becoming available this fall. It hasn't been available, I realize, for almost ten years. Back in the Forties it was accredited as the most vital and potent of the Soulcraft series, but in my own humble opinion, *Beyond Grandeur* has surpassed it. But to get back to *Dead Are Alive* . . .



I RECALL vividly enough how I started that book. I began it as a series of continued articles for *The New Liberator*, back in New York in 1931. But what nostalgias were aroused by the episodes I enumerated! They recalled the early days of the Liberation Movement—as Soulcraft was first called—when it had its executive offices on 42nd Street in New York under Sumner Vinton. We handled the business for something like 400 assemblies or study groups, with a 20,000 enrollment of students to hear the Sunday-night reading of the so-called

Pink Scripts, with four girls and a man bookkeeper. That was 23 years bygone, and the celebrated Depression was soggy across the land. Sumner's method was to seek out group leaders who read and discussed the weekly Pink Script Sunday nights, and the attendances grew to such size that cities like Chicago and Boston had over a thousand persons attending regularly. Eighty percent of those alive are still with us. But we had no book literature in those days, and only the *New Liberator* as periodical. *Dead Are Alive* was almost the first volume we published. In 1931 we transferred headquarters to Washington, D. C., and in 1932 they were moved along down to Asheville. I had been tendered 300 acres of land and \$50,000 capital on which to build a school in Asheville, but news had leaked out of my undercover espionage work with the Hiram Johnson Committee of the Senate against the country's subversives and the Reds had me earmarked as one who would bear watching. They demolished my North Carolina school idea, and I took up their challenge by forming The Silver Legion. What happened in the aftermath of that is history. Now I learned belatedly, up here in 1953-54, that none other than Mary Baker Eddy had been helping to mentor the Soulcraft enlightenments long before she announced herself to me in ethereal form. Boiling it all down, I realized as I okayed the final proofs on the third or fourth big printing of *Dead Are Alive* that actually it was the most effective book on the list for acquainting new people with what Soulcraft is all about . . .

o—o

INCIDENTALLY, while polishing off these proofs two episodes occurred that may likewise turn out history-making—for Soulcraft. For one thing, Colonel Ernest Berg, late of the U. S. Air Force, paid us a week-end call to report on his visit this August to Sweden, and his personal presentation to King Gustav VI of

a specially-bound copy of the unabridged *Golden Scripts*. I wanted to run a large photo of the Colonel and the King in converse about the *Golden Scripts* only to discover the picture had been copyrighted by a Stockholm newspaper. The Colonel, one of the most zealous of the Soulcraft patrons in this country, made arrangements during his visit for the publication of all the literature in Scandinavian—to be followed at an early date by a setting up of a Swedish branch of the work. Now retired from active service, Colonel Berg may become Soulcraft's first foreign representative. That within a year a British branch of Soulcraft will be started, likewise seems certain. Australia, South Africa, and Germany too, are discovering Soulcraft. Book orders are coming in from those countries in increasing amounts. Colonel Berg had finished off twenty years in the America Air Force by escorting an exchange team of air cadets to Sweden . . . What a long way the work has traveled from those days back in Salmon Tower on 42nd Street, when we handled the week's business with four girls and a male bookkeeper . . . the second thing that upset the orderly tenor of Headquarters affairs was the distinct appearance in the western sky, the evening of the 12th of a Flying Saucer—a real one this time—plainly discerned and watched by half a dozen of the staff . . .

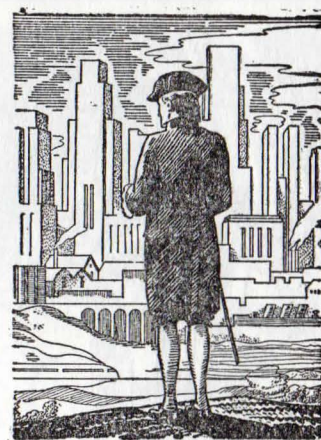
o—o

THE SUN sank in an azure sky the evening of the 12th, after another day of perfect autumn weather. But one crescent moon shape a short distance up the horizon, molten yellow in color, was discerned as moving. It wasn't moving as a cloud-wisp should; it was proceeding to climb the sky in an arc, encircling Venus which was to prinkle in the gathering dusk of evening, then proceeding northward. I rushed inside the plant for binoculars. Under their seven-power lenses, what I had at first taken for a jet-plane was a dark revolving object visibly in advance of what looked to be an exhaust streak when viewed with the naked eye. I had time to bellow for half-a-dozen associates to hurry out and look. One of them had time to snatch up the telephone and call Adelaide, telling her likewise to get out on the veranda of her home on Ninth Street and look. Therefore Adelaide saw it as well. How were we so sure it was a Saucer more than 15,000

feet up? Because suddenly, with my binoculars turned squarely upon it and watching it, *it started to glow, then turn to a brilliant incandescent rose-pink!* This fiery incandescence made it visible to those without field-glasses. That it wasn't a jet plane afire was proven by the sharp angle it abruptly executed, vanishing upward in a matter of seconds. All in all, it had been a full five minutes in view. Turning incandescent appeared almost like a signal of adieu. And instantly the "crescent moon" had disappeared as well . . .

o—o

ANYHOW, I wrote *Finis* at the end of the final page of *Dead Are Alive* this afternoon and washed my hands of it. How I wish I might be able to read it as thousands will do who get their first introduction to *Psychical Research* in its pages! Millions are familiar with Spiritualism who have never witnessed any bona fide manifestation of consequence but the laws and processes of psychics as psychics remain a sealed book to the public at large. Stronger and stronger I became impressed, as I read through proof after proof of *Dead Are Alive*, that out of Soulcraft eventually must grow one development of importance: some sort of institution where those interested in all phases of the so-called Supernatural may attend and become intelligently and scientifically enlightened. For no study is more fascinating. Those who have spent a quarter of their lives investigating the supernatural, as I have, come to realize that the phenomena forever follow certain patterns that postulate definite laws. But outside of the work of the French, British and American psychical societies—with a dilettante delving into telepathic phases of it by a couple of southern colleges—it is a closed book to the Man in the Street . . . and yet it affects his life quite as graphically as any factor in nature. As Mrs. Eddy has voiced repeatedly, there should be a school where persons interested in the subject could gather under competent authorities and instructors and study the laws of psychical phenomena as they might gather and study the laws of electricity or nuclear fission. Neither America nor any foreign country now boasts such institution. But Soulcraft is heading into it, to arrive sooner or later, by the very character of the intelligence contained in its tenets. It's one thing to preach philosophically to a man



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or woman that the dead are alive; it's another to gather them in a classroom and *demonstrate* to them that the dead are alive—even have the "dead" address them with audible voices and instruct them in what the aspects of existence are in the higher state of which they are speaking from experience. True, there are Spiritualist "camps" scattered over the nation where curiosity-seekers may apply, pay their coinage, and affect to have professional mediums connect them with deceased aunts, uncles, grandmothers and cousins. But the Spiritualists have made the blunder of cloaking such activities—even when bona fide—in the deckings of religionism. I've said before and I say again, there's no more call for making a religion out of supernatural manifestations than in making a religion out of radio, radar, or television. What people truly wish to know are the scientific evidences of personality survival, presented intelligently and dispassionately, most of all devoid of anything savoring of commercialism. Truly the subject-matter should be handled in a school of comparative religions, nondenominational, yet substantiative of philosophical claims and postulations, where nobody is considered queer who desires to become informed of reliable scientific findings. On the other hand, the psychology espoused should not proceed on the antagonistic principle that what is being arrived at is the ultimate proof of fraud. That is the ideology of the modernistic school—"if something ain't wrong, 'taint right!" Forever working to certify the fallacy of all phenomena is either childish or malicious. And that's where most of the so-called psychical societies stand today. Few investigators are welcome who work to establish that continuity of consciousness as factual. The mischievous and subversive elements seem to have gotten into most of our psychical research institutions and foundations, as they have permeated everything else, to make certain that no intelligence comes down from higher levels to expose their machinations. *They* credit those higher phenomena, even if they persuade their dupes to the contrary . . . Ah, me! . . . There's so much that's worthwhile doing in this world, if only there were time enough in which to do it. Anyhow, Soulcraft may find itself in the phenomena substantiating business sooner than it fancies. How *Dead Are Alive* in its new

version is received is going to determine much. Reeducating *hoi polloi* is a bigger and more vital business than merely selling books . . . Supposing for tonight we let it go at that . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

sand miles an hour. It has been spotted hundreds of times. Two other devices are shaped like Saucers, and they, too, have been numerous reported in various parts of the country . . . in some instances by commercial and other pilots."

There is only one thing wrong with the columnist's statements. The guided missile in question travels in excess of three thousand miles an hour. But Saucers have been tracked at speeds in excess of thirty thousand miles per hour. Until any world government demonstrates a guided or other type missile that can travel that fast and can maneuver like a Saucer . . . go under water and stay indefinitely . . . go to the moon and back . . . and many other seemingly "fantastic" things that Saucers do . . . VALOR will continue to say that *no world government has anything remotely similar*. Anything the Air Force pulls "out of the bag" and labels "saucer" may be a terrible let-down, for it is going to fall far short of an interplanetary Saucer in speed, maneuverability, form, and endurance.

Three thousand miles an hour . . . who's kidding who?

In spite of "official" denials, cover-ups, and blunders, the Saucers will continue to operate on our old Earth . . . under its seas, and in its skies.

Watch for more "fireballs" in earthquake areas.

God's Responsibility

(Continued from Page 11)

scene in an altered perspective. But where does it carry us if we do it?

How many of us can conceive of the surface of this planet as naught but a noisy and cluttered schoolyard in which two billions of recalcitrant thought-units are turned loose to work out their destinies and learn a little sense in intermutual relations?

The law of human conduct is simple: Scratch out the other child's eyes and he can fully be expected to retaliate and try to scratch out your own. What happens in consequence is the whole earth-scene as we find it. Learn not to scratch out the playmate's eyes and he should feel no impulse toward injuring your own. That is the whole substance of the Sermon on the Mount.

The altruist answers, "Fair enough. But suppose the other boy or girl has an impish impulse to damage my eyesight just to learn what results—to me or to himself? How far am I supposed to stand still and take it?"

The answer, forsooth, is as controversial as the predictions of the prophets.

BUT the Playground Situation is by no means changed.

It is the Soulcraft Philosophy that the proper way to start educating the children is first to take them up upon an eminence and let them view the whole scene for what it is. Starting in with a religious teaching that contends the Teacher in the upstairs window is gratified and appeased in contemplating the ribald mischiefs of the whole schoolyard by watching the cleanest and best-behaved child down on the grounds pounded into a pulp—even killed physically—is making a farce of logic and morals. To make a scapegoat of the one who tries to behave best, thereby bringing about an Atonement for the hellish immaturities of all the others, is to indulge those others in their own faults and weaknesses, encouraging them in further mischiefs and putting premium on mass misconduct. But that is beside the point . . .

By what rule of equity or common sense does the best-behaved child require to tarry upon such premises and suffer such indignities?

Mayhap it's time for some of us to give serious thought to sympathy for the Christ Himself in His self-imposed dilemma, audacious though such proposal appears. To contend that the Christ Himself is too big or omnipotent to need our sympathies, is not the question at issue. He is playing His role voluntarily whereas the great rank and file of humankind takes for granted that He is required to play it unto eternal time. Only the altruistic leader who has sought to aid a brother and been struck in the face for

it, can appreciate what divine love and compassion can resemble, albeit he does ask himself the question: *Is it worth it?* To be struck in the face again and again—when one seeks only to assist another—eventually makes the earth-soul cynical. Right there in such circumstance do we begin to get an inkling of what *real* altruism is, . . . having the character-development to look behind the blow at the immature impulse that caused it.

Soulcraft contends in the face of it that the whole theologic fallacy maintains through the hit-or-miss educational program that has grown up, that informs but doesn't enlighten, that puts a premium on irrationality and leaves the pupil for deeper and deeper immersion in further follies. Begin by instructing the soul newly returned to earth-life what the earthly experience represents, and work *down* to the fundamentals of individuality reaction to the whole, and you put the human unit on a basis of self-responsibility for conditions as they continue. Absolve God and Elder Brother of accountability for anything but the illumination that is ready to be spread on those capable of standing in it, and a different ideology permeates the races. Responsibility for earthly conditions rests solely on Man himself. When he wishes to live on a different kind of earth, he can do so—and yet it is only fair to him to supply him with the wisdom that discriminates between that which is worthy and profitable and that which is ignominious and hurtful.

Free Will enters only in selecting between the two.

The truly *big* complication in the earth-scene today, the mature mind must concede, is the mass ignorance of society concerning the higher cosmic worlds. They can't be seen, they can rarely be contacted, certainly they can't be measured. Therefore they have no existence that anyone need note. However, their influence enters into everything Man does. Great missionaries come down from them, yet the same earthly ignorance causes mass reaction to crucify them as swiftly as contrivable. Of course there's no sense to it, but if society had sense the missionaries would not be requisite.

Stop mass ignorance from paying off and you rejuvenate society in a generation. At any rate, Soulcraft intends to attempt it!



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**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
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A f t e r t h o u g h t

THE CHIEF "trouble" with the Soulcraft Movement—as a West Coast critic sees it—is the fact that Soulcraft doesn't give the communicant "anything to do." You just buy a lot of books, read them, soak up all the wisdom they may hold, then go on about your business. Christian Science, Dianetics, Concept Therapy, and other such spiritual galvanisms, offer physical, mental, or spiritual exercisings of a sort even though it be no more than getting Aunt Eliza up off a sick-bed or finding out that Mary Jane's new boy-friend in his previous life was Attila the Hun. After you've read twenty or more books of Soulcraft, you may be a bigger and wiser person intellectually or even spiritually, but does such improvement of the individual result in Billy Graham crowds to promote the wisdom? . . . The query is a fair one . . .

THE ANSWER would seem to lie in the counter-claim that when one attends Harvard, Yale, Princeton or Vassar, one reads a lot of books—or listens to a series of professorial lecturings—soaks up all wisdom either holds and "goes on about one's business." Truly there is little in a Harvard, Yale, Princeton or Vassar education to result in Billy Graham crowds to promote the academic wisdom supposedly derivable from those institutions. You may have two miles of alphabetical letters signifying degrees after your name but being an LL.D, or a Ph.D., a B.A., or a B.O., doesn't rescue Aunt Eliza from her Ostamoore grave or stop Mary Jane's boy-friend from chasing her up a cherry tree. What makes me feel like chasing the whole human race of Mary Janes up cherry trees myself, is this everlastingly childish need of the human spirit for "things to do." You apply yourself to the Soulcraft revelations in order to become privately a bigger and wiser character, see the enigmas of life with clearer understanding, and learn to deport yourself with valor in the face of ten thousand confusions and challenges. Must you be eternally consigned to cutting out cosmic paper-dolls or your erudition is a bust? . . . I happened to remark to a recent Spiritualist visitor that since the start of the Liberation-Soulcraft wisdom in 1931, more people had absorbed it and profited—by the actual names that have come and gone upon our publishing and correspondence lists—than there are Theosophists or Spiritualists throughout the whole United States and Canada. My visitor was skeptical. "Where are they?" he demanded. I wanted to know what he meant, where were they? "You never hear of them, as you do the Christ Scientists, Theosophists or

Spiritualists. While you had so many, why didn't you organize them so they would be standing for something?" I returned, "Why should I have organized them? Organized them for what? Soulcraft isn't a denomination, or a sect, or a cult—it's a philosophy, an enlightenment. I'm working to give people a mass answer to their most baffling spiritual quandaries, to raise the intelligence of the race as a race."

MY VISITOR looked at me askance. "What of the prestige and affluence you'd now be enjoying, all the same, to say nothing of the financial resource, if Liberation-Soulcraft were now stronger in number of communicants than the Theosophists or Spiritualists?" I demanded to be told, "What in the world would that mean to me? . . . what sort of childish intellect would imagine it bespoke greatness to pick up the morning paper and see one's name in the headlines as prominently as Joe McCarthy's? . . . how in the world can you organize an education, anyhow? As for continuing financial revenue, does Harvard, Yale or Princeton put a tariff of a dollar a year on its graduates because for four years of their earlier lives they studied in the classrooms of either? Educating people is strictly expanding the intellect of the individual, giving him his diploma and bidding him Godspeed through the stresses and strains of life through maturity." . . . My visitor challenged, "But what of your own compensations after you've done it? Are those students grateful? Do they ever kick in a plugged nickel to buy you a new car if your old one is hit by a caterpillar-truck? Do they even acknowledge that you were the one who gave them such 'higher outlooks' on life?" . . . I gave it up. My visitor was thinking characteristically in terms of personal emoluments. And there are a million like him . . . Humanity has made a god out of The Great Galilean but actually he was an educator, little else. And while He adjured His followers to cure the sick, raise the dead, and assist the destitute, that was a matter of their personal deportment in later life when their educations had been completed. Their education was in the understanding of such things and that they

might be possible . . . So with Soulcraft of the present and future. I'm going forward on an Ultimate Program of establishing Soulcraft as a national educational institution. That is how I see it. I'm not at all interested in finding myself deified, like Mary Eddy or Helena Blavatsky, my sense of humor is too sizable. Anyone who can find anything in me that suggests deifying should have his brains examined. Let it go at that and behold how it works out . . .

¶ AFTER all is said and done, why not agree with Ingersol that "an honest God is the noblest work of man"?