

Valor

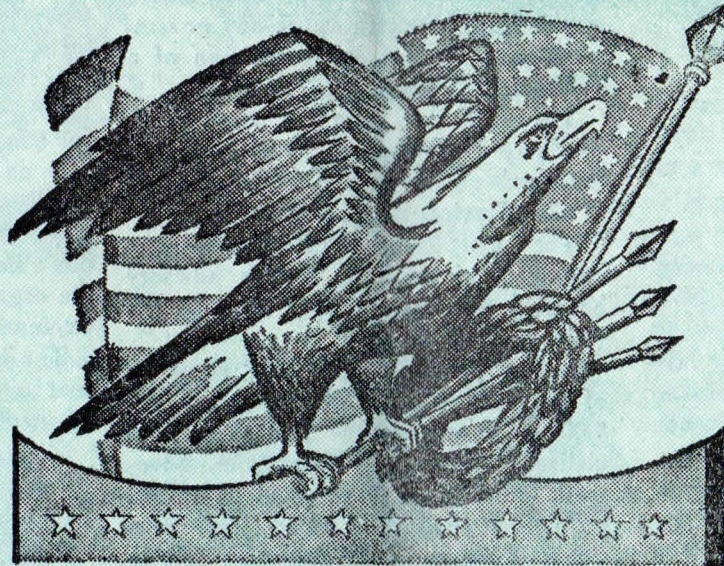
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, October 16, 1954

Number 25



LOYALTY TO U. S. SCORED IN UNITED NATIONS RULINGS



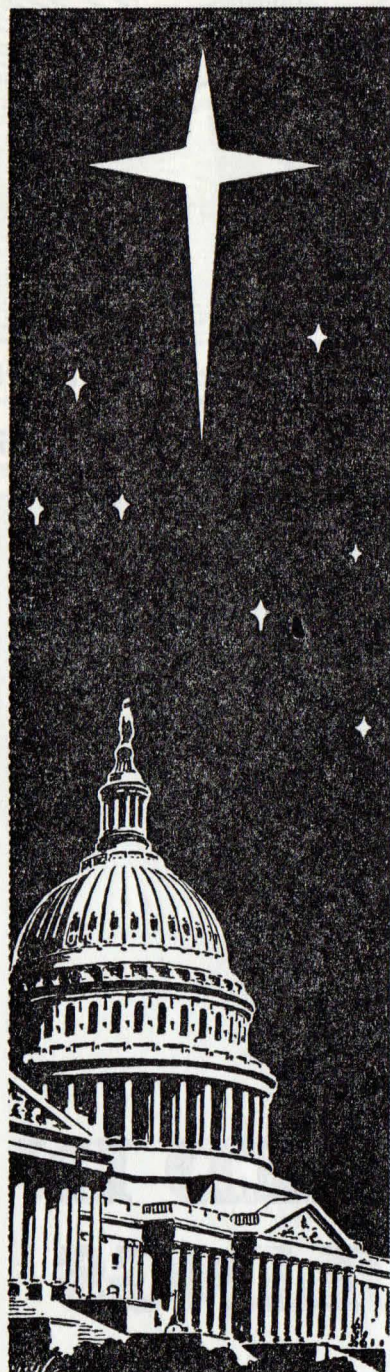
HERE is something that should make every loyal American "see red."

Printed on Page 2 is a directive from the officials of United Nations to its 11,000 employes of all racial origins, Americans included, instructing them that regardless of the country of their origin, their first loyalty lies in obligations to United Nations—Alger Hiss snakes nest.

This means that whenever an American gets a berth with this nefarious international outfit his loyalty to the Stars and Stripes is at an end. Henceforth the flag of his sovereignty is that of Dear Old Spiderweb. The

American is absolved from further allegiance to the land and government of his birth. Thus does this outfit, 90 percent supported by American taxpayers' funds, foster and promote treachery to America's free governmental system. And it's official.

COULD arrogance and international racist gall go further? Making a shibboleth of internationalism, a super-sovereignty without a populace, without a terrain, affects to instruct native Americans in respect to their "loyalties". Whatever United Nations wants or demands of them, they must supply. Lacking an electorate, premised on a "constitution" patterned on



the official setup of the United Socialist Soviet Republics ruled behind the scenes by God knows whom, this United Nations effrontery affects to behave with all the authority of a properly constituted government. Getting financial handouts from the United States Government to keep it in existence, it turns about and instructs its employes to ignore the United States Government in international crises.

What does this mean in effect but that the American people are subsidizing a body treasonable to themselves?

In the *Sioux City Tribune*, October 9, page 2, appeared the following column-long "news" article that is already beginning to open the eyes of Midwest Americans on what is afoot in this grotesque "super-government" of free men, causing them to finance their own collapse and eradication—

UNITED Nations, New York, (AP)—United Nation employes, including 1,556 Americans, were told Saturday to put loyalty to the U. N. above loyalty to their own countries.

They were warned at the same time to steer clear of revolutionary activity aimed at the forcible overthrow of any government—and even of active criticism of a government."

The advice was given in a new 16-page handbook on behavior titled, Report on Standards of Conduct in the International Civil Service.

The report came from the nine-member international civil service advisory board, a permanent body created by the 1946 general assembly.

It was directed at the 5,187 employes of the U. N. here and abroad and the 5,000 or so employes of 10 affiliated specialized agencies in Washington, Montreal, Paris, Rome, Geneva and Bern. Latest figures from the United States mission here indicate 1,556 American citizens are employed by the U. N. and 753 by the specialized agencies.

In case of any conflict between national and international loyalties, the report said, "the conduct of the international civil servant must clearly reflect his obligation to the international organization."

"Any appearance of disloyalty to that organization," it added, "must be considered incompatible with his status."

The staff member will find this idea easier to take, it declared, if he reflects that, "from the long range point of view, legitimate national interests can only be served by . . . the successful progress of the international organizations" toward world peace and prosperity.

If he can't take it, the report went on, he should quit.

All staff members, the manual emphasized, "are, during their period of service, international officials" and "must clearly understand that they are not, in any sense, representatives of a national government or of a national policy."

But in the interest of good relations with governments, it said, no U. N. employe should "engage in any active criticism of a government or any activity which undermines or discredits its authority." It went on:

"Any direct or indirect activity with a view to the overthrow of a government by force, including incitement or advocacy of such overthrow, is one of the gravest forms of misconduct."

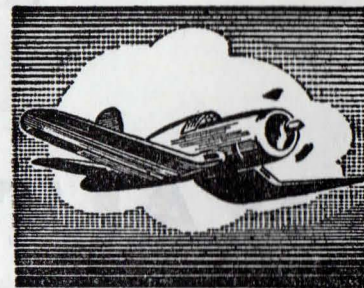
The board had this further advice for international civil servants:

(1) "Try to understand and be tolerant of different points of view . . . to work without prejudice or bias with persons of all nationalities, religions and cultures." (U. N. employes are drawn from 70 countries.)

(2) Vote if you want but don't run for office and don't express yourself publicly on "matters of a controversial nature."

(3) Your private life is your own, but don't behave so as to bring discredit on the organization you serve or offend the community you live in.

The board has been preparing the report since mid-1952. Its chairman is Thanassis Aghnides of Greece.



AT PAGE 151 of the report of the hearings on International Organizations and Movements, it states that "the contribution of the United States to the United Nations for the period 1949-1953 were \$120,358,837.00 or an average of \$24,071,767.00 per annum."

What we are doing, in blunt language, is using \$24 millions of the federal tax moneys of the United States every year to subsidize and permanentize a super-government that demands forswearing of allegiance of Americans to America.

Gov. Lee of Utah proposes to have the constitutionality of this tested in the U. S. Supreme Court.

Are you going to give Governor Lee your unqualified support as an American or are you not?



Preservation of Christianity Depends on Freedom of Speech, Press, Worship

Columbus Day Should Symbolize Expansion of Hori- zons Instead of Curtailments . .

have been written by a Hollywood Communist."

Somebody wanted the United Nations brought into existence because it offered a perfect world-wide instrument for achieving as an anti-war organization what they couldn't otherwise command as a bloc.

It is this same bloc of "somebodies" that is assiduously promoting this global government, day after day, week after week, year after year, building it stronger and stronger as they may, to the end and aim that by secretly manipulating its policies and inner councils, *they may surreptitiously control the world.*

The stakes are so tremendous that they are worth playing for.

All of which is beside the point—

THE MAN in the Street must shake off his ignorance and provincialism and be made to grasp that these great global movements are never spontaneous on the parts of nations themselves. Nations themselves are inarticulate. These great global "movements" are either feathering the nests of individuals or groups of individuals, or they are advancing the prospects of minorities who see in the objectives to be achieved, certain goals that are invincible.

The virility and vitality of the forces promoting U-N from the beginning should long since have unmasked them, but the Man in the Street is too naive to get that point. He just takes it for granted that altruism carries forward into nations as it does to neighborhood groups. And it does nothing of the sort.

It isn't Communism, but the forces behind Communism, making it of world-wide pressure that are likewise behind United Nations, forging permanent
(Continued on Page 10)

COLUMBUS Day, which we have observed this week, is an excellent time to take note of what is being made to happen over here on this unfettered continent to the west. Soulcraft feels strongly about it, because if the forces engineering and supervising United Nations came to complete suzerainty over the American scene, the free and liberated thinking permissible religiously under our Bill of Rights would come to swift and inglorious end. Certainly any communication with the Higher Side of life would halt forthwith, since the forces of evil and ignorance behind the United Nations conspiracy could ill afford to permit exposure of their objectives through psychically sensitive persons in the camps of their opponents.

One of the psychological oddities distinguishing this critical phase of our western affairs seems to be the "blind spot" in the mind of the Man in the Street in respect to recognizing out of whose camp this United Nations monstrosity has been made to emerge.

He seems to accept—the Man in the Street does—that United Nations is a voluntary association of the more enlightened countries of the world, enabling

their leading statesmen to get together and formulate plans for the permanent termination of major military conflicts.

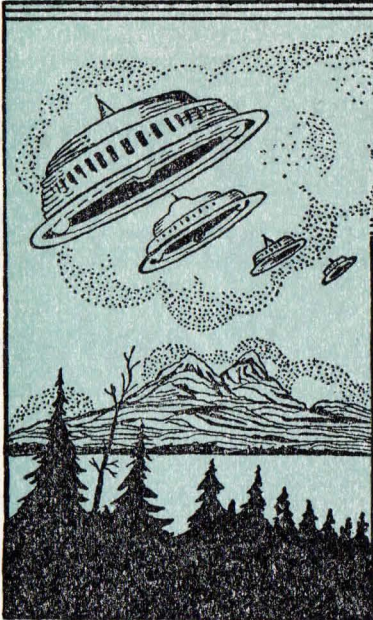
He is not internationally sophisticated enough to realize that great nations of themselves never engage in such voluntary altruisms. The "altruisms" are always made to happen. And if, as, and when they are always made to happen, behind them is a small, tight, manipulating group with selfish or predatory ends to serve.

International peace is furthest from the thinkings of such principals. Such is merely the window-dressing to enlist the support of sentimental gullibles.

WESTBROOK PEGLER said in his syndicated column of October 13th, anent the awarding of a heterogeneous assortment of glorified bottle-tops to outstanding performers in the New-Deal administration under the pseudonym of Medals for Merit—

"Irving Berlin got the Medal of Merit for *This Is the Army Mr. Jones*. Secretaries Stettinius and Morgenthau got it.

"Stettinius, as Secretary of State, presided at the organization conference of the U-N at San Francisco, with Alger Hiss giving him directions. He also delivered an address *which later proved to*



SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...

EXCLUSIVE: *Flying Saucers Do Exist, Says the Air Force!*

American Saucer-like device, and (3) unexplained natural phenomena.

“WHEN I tried for a committal statement on the interplanetary ‘Saucer’ I was, as expected, rebuffed, but was told that in their research they were ‘gradually getting more data.’ Then for corroboration, I asked if all the Saucers seen by Americans were American devices and to this the Colonel replied: ‘Definitely not!’

“Something does exist, he said . . . which of course, is diametric to all Air Force statements following Major Keyhoe’s new book. In this respect, the Colonel intimated that the Air Force plans to cooperate with the public . . . and a statement will be forthcoming from the Defense Department, which will explain some of the past contradictions and release the details behind many of the sightings. When I asked again, about the *seven hundred* sightings a week, he told me that this would be covered in the Air Force release.

“Col. O’Mara and I discussed many sensitive issues. Although he spoke guardedly, the Colonel was wonderfully cooperative, and I could well appreciate his position in relation to official security. When, for instance, I asked about the Earth satellites, and the theory indicating they were ‘rocks’ he replied that he has *not received word* they were ‘rocks.’ He said the scientists at White Sands, New Mexico, ‘are still working very hard and have lots of things to work on.’ When I asked about the silent Mars Committee he explained that the astronomers have not issued a report because ‘they are in disagreement’ as to what they found.

“IN my twenty-six minute talk with the Colonel we also discussed Saucer hostility, mysterious plane crashes, etc. I asked the Colonel if the CRIFO News-

letter was slanted in the right direction, and he said, in effect, that it *was* in the right direction.”

How anyone can deny the existence of Flying Saucers after the rash of sightings this year, is beyond VALOR’s understanding. A little over a week ago three men in Lisbon, Portugal, saw three Saucer ‘pilots’ get out of a landed craft. The Saucerians were wearing aluminum-like suits. Reminds one of the movie, *The Day The Earth Stood Still!*

More green ‘fireballs’ have been seen out West . . . earthquakes in Japan, Italy, Manila, and over fourteen new tremors in Algeria. Russia is now conducting atomic and so-called ‘hydrogen’ bomb tests at the Antarctic. This is too near the Southern Polar Vent of Earth and could result in disaster. Much of our planet’s weather originates at that Antarctic . . . what next?

Pilot saw a Saucer over Navarre, Ohio, recently. Also, a disk was recently observed over Parma, Ohio. Also, some new ‘monster’ stories are coming out. The Omniverse contain a great variety of life with its pattern of *infinite entities*, but we do not have to fear vegetable-like ‘Frankensteins’ who are going to come down here and ‘eat-up’ bad little boys—ourselves.

Back from a hunting trip in the High Sierras, Sgt. Al Barr and four other police officers recently reported seeing an amazing aerial object above their camp. While they watched through binoculars, the officers saw the object shooting flames of red, green, orange and blue. It would move, then stop, then rise and drop. They all filed reports of the strange sighting, seen for four minutes, with Air Force Intelligence at March Field, California.

RUSSIAN scientists have just announced that they believe human life
(Continued on Page 10)

THE FOLLOWING sensational report comes from Leonard H. Stringfield, Director, Civilian Research, Interplanetary Flying Objects. It is reprinted from *Newsletter* by special permission—

“The greatest story involving Earth and Space may soon be told. The ‘silence’ group—that official fear-faction of the Air Force—who for years fought to keep the truth from the public has now lost its anaconda-hold on accumulative evidence. Stimulated by recent events, the triumphant fearless-faction of the Air Force will take the benighted public into confidence. As Col. O’Mara intimated: we want to cooperate and dispense with the misconception that ‘Flying Saucers’ do not exist. Lt. Colonel John J. O’Mara is Deputy Commander of Air Force Intelligence at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio. Here is the essence of Col. O’Mara’s statements as of September 21, 1954—

“Flying Saucers ‘do exist’ the Colonel told me, and he added, in effect, past contradictions were unfortunate. At this point I asked the Colonel if there were two breakdowns of Saucers—the interplanetary device and the secret American missile. I was first corrected on the term ‘missile’, then the Colonel said he believed there were ‘three breakdowns’—the third, ‘natural phenomena’. By such an admission, we therefore have these three breakdowns . . . (1) the controlled ‘Saucer’ from outer space . . . (2) a secret

What You Should Know About the Phenomena of Dreams . . .

(Concluded from Last Week)

The fact has been attested, however, that many persons knowing of such explanation have awakened abruptly from such dreams of public nakedness and found themselves not only fully covered as to bedclothes but their bodies robed in pajamas as well.

If the explanation be found as failing in any given instance of application, then it is merely a conjecture, or better, a hypothesis.

Or take another challenge—

Psychologists who want to figure out everything from the Luciferian basis of materiality, say that dreaming is mere desire-wish fulfillment—the mind “wandering at will” in realms that are circumscribed by no social inhibitions.

If such were true, then why are not all dreams pleasant dreams, or ecstatic projections of fancy into spiritual activities that surfeit each night's slumber with joy and happiness?

What desire-wish fulfillments can possibly be exercising when one undergoes an old-fashioned nightmare?

The nightmare, says the Luciferian psychologist, is probably caused from too late a partaking of mince-pie or lobster. Yet people have had nightmares with their internal organs functioning perfectly. Conversely, a thousand people retire each night with their insides loaded with indigestibles and do not have nightmares.

Many a person has gone to bed with a toothache, to escape the pain into the pleasantest of dreams. The true nightmare arrives when the time comes for awakening—and the molar starts to throb as Consciousness takes note of it.

THE Materialists inform us further that we can only dream about those

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

things which we have known. Some fact of Life in Wakefulness goes into the brain and either is suppressed for convention's sake or abides there unnoticed until the vagaries of sleep make it a factor in their dreaming.

If their hypothesis be correct, how does it happen that night upon night thousands of us dream of, and have nocturnal experiences with, scores of people who are utter strangers to us in the state of awake-ment? In many such dreams, however, those “strangers” are our intimates.

One case is known where a certain man has “dreamed” for years about a woman whom he has never met in life. He has almost as intimate a partnership with her in the dream-discarnation as though he were married to her—always the same woman, staying at the same age, presenting the same appearance although often clad differently, and picking up a literal “double-life” with him each night that he passes the Portals of Sleep.

Something of the same experience in



regard to strangers is reported by persons having dreams called Prophetic. They frequently dream about a certain stranger, and days, weeks, months later, precisely that stranger walks in to their three-dimensional affairs and at once is recognized!

The more likely explanation for dreams is, that deep sleep produces a form of discarnation. Spirit has its perpetual self-awareness whether operating in the Field of Force that is the coagulation of etheric atoms called the body or in the world of astral Thought Forms—or more tenuous octaves of substance-matter—that produce the environments in which the dream-life is experienced.

If such hypothesis be not the more correct one, how happens it that cases are of notice where two people—their slumbering bodies far apart—have both dreamed approximately the same dream in which the other was a recognized participant and on awaking have compared notes, finding their mutual experiences identical?

Get around the positivisms of such cases we cannot.

In fact it might be said that the spatial nature and construction of atoms well-nigh indicate that Spirit is living discarnately throughout its whole existence. But it coops itself in the physical Field of Force to acquire its formal patterns for the purpose of a constant self-identification.

Dreams, we might put it, are Inverted Reality!

It is the faultiness of spiritual memory that gives us its bedevilments!



The Long Table

IT is around the Long Table in the Counselor's Room at Headquarters that major questions concerning Soulcraft are answered from Higher Octaves. Henceforth in VALOR the Department of The Long Table will reprint appeals from Soulcrafters for expoundings of enigmas beyond their current understandings and give such answers as are expedient—

MORE ABOUT CREMATION

SALINAS, California: "Since we are advised to let a dead body lie a few days before cremation to permit free passage of the Soul, and the Silver Cord to be severed, what happens to the soul of the unfortunates who may be burned to a crisp in a few minutes in these plane crashes and motor wrecks or bomb explosions? . . ."

Illumination: In the average fatality by tragic accident, the soul-consciousness is precipitated out of the body forthwith, by the infliction of physical shock. Only in the rare case does death occur as prolonged ordeal. In the case of ordinary cremation it by no means follows that the psyche is still enhoused; what has been said in Soulcraft about letting three to four days elapse between heart cessation and the crematory oven has been expressed as mere matter of humane precaution in event the psyche has *not* wholly vacated. In the case of tragic accident, just as Divine Providence has provided the mitigation of fainting when physical agony has become too great to endure, so unconsciousness exempts the conscious spirit from mortal agony of cremation in transportation accident or bomb explosion. In the case of the premature crematory experience, the psyche that has gone out in prolonged illness may have the greater difficulty in "letting go", hence the inability to detach even though the crematory oven is imminent. At the most, the tragic plane crash or motor accident is usually karmic, therefore preempting the body of the soul should not come unexpected . . .

AUTOMATIC WRITING

BOTHELL, Wash.: "Can you not warn the poor Negatives who believe themselves perfectly safe in haunting seances that they can get into serious trouble through accepting blindly everything that comes to them through automatic writing? . . . Believing it to be inspirational, they invite all and sundry entities to move in, and they do . . ."

Illumination: Like every other experience in life, the greatest educational factor is committing errors, discovering they are errors, and thereby distinguishing truth. Whoever is moved to experiment in psychical work solicits a period known as Pledge Fever, when trial and error sequences gradually cultivate discernments. St. John said: "Test ye the spirits to see that they be of God." If we all abstained altogether from attempts at communication, fearing "serious trouble", no progress would be made in establishing contact between the planes at all. What experimenters in psychics should have emphasized is that evil entities or spirits "not of God" can communicate with facility equal to those who may be of God. The truly great mistake is to think that because response comes over the pencil, it is celestial in quality. But one great thing Soulcraft has proven: Spirits who are of God will never indulge in prophecies, never bear gossipy witness against one's earthly acquaintances, never interfere in the recipients' decisions that weaken their

pursuit, ignore it. But the main thing is never be afraid of it. Persist and conquer it. The rewards will richly repay the expenditure of stamina and effort.

EARTH-PLANE REACTIONS

DELAND, FLA: "When these Soulcraft truths become universally accepted as in course of time they must, what will be the reaction to physical life upon the earth-plane? Will it be regarded of lesser, or more, consequence? Will it serve to conserve human life or be more reckless in its destruction?" . . .

Illumination: The Big Thing to bear in mind at all times is that we are all of us living in Eternity *now*. Earth-life is merely a passing phase of everlasting consciousness. We have problems to work out in this civilization and this environment. The fact that Soulcraft Truths become universally accepted will not particularly alter the nature of the challenges which life throws up to us. But we shall be able to meet them with more wisdom. We shall solve them with easier readiness and facility. We shall, in fact, not only know *that* we know, but *why* we know. There will be no less desire to come down upon the earth-plane but our experiences of it will be less harsh and bitter. As compared to conditions upon the many planes today, the universal acceptance of Soulcraft Truths would seem to make souls want to tarry longer on the plane of earth, because earth-problems and ordeals would be less drastic to suffer. Remember it is the harsh and sterile environment that repels and alienates the soul in any dispensation; it may learn more in quicker time but it affects spirituality with unpleasant memories. We always recall with affection the locality in our earlier lives in which we have been fortunate or done well. Make this earth-world a more inhabitable place and the life-expectancy can be expected to extend, not shorten. One thing is certain: The thorough understanding of Soulcraft Truths will make life on any plane of MORE conse-



powers of personal discernments. If information comes over the pencil that dispassionately instructs in the higher ethical principles, it is undoubtedly bona fide. If it runs to personal advice and attempts to influence one in any sort of earthly

The Long Table



quence, not less. Because Life gains more values as sheer life . . .

ELDER BROTHER CONTACT

PARK RIDGE, ILL: "What does one do to have the experience which you relate in your book, *Seven Minutes in Eternity*? . . . I mean not so much the visit to the Higher Plane as the experience you had on the train when you described a feeling of being cleansed while experiencing the certain presence of Jesus Himself . . . How does one attain to the point of actual contact? What must be done?"

Illumination: There are not rites or formulas that have been authentically pronounced. However, to so aid in the establishment of His kingdom on earth that common courtesy would invite an attestation of appreciation, might effect it. Only be certain that it hasn't occurred many times already but because the phenomenon didn't fit one's temperamental specifications, recognition was not realized. Remember the story of Mary and Martha who were preparing the epochal dinner where He was to be guest, who were interrupted by the beggar. They turned the mendicant wretch away and went back to their cooking . . . for the Lord who never came as they had depicted Him in their loving imaginations. "I was there in the person of the beggar," He sent word to them afterward, "but you turned me away empty-handed." To the real disciple, He is factually "closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet." Live the life of supreme indifference to epiphanies and be pleasantly surprised when they happen. One thing is positive, they happen when least expected.

YOU DO NOT DRIFT

VISTA, CALIFORNIA: "What I would like to know is, at Passing how do you know where to go? What can you do to contact the class of people you wish to be with? Or do you drift?"

Illumination: You go automatically to that plane which you left to experience

your current turn at earth-life. Your long-throw intellectual and spiritual development has already qualified you for the plane of your own kind. Moreover, ninety-nine out of a hundred persons have loving relatives or life-associates who have preceded them, and who put in appearance to take charge of the graduating soul and see that it reaches that octave of the Afterlife that expresses its proper cultural attainments. As well ask, "how do you know where to go" on stepping from a train in a distant city to enjoy a

Christmas holiday, laden with presents for loving relatives. As they love you and expect you, they will be at the train-gate to welcome you. As for contacting that class of persons you wish to associate with, that again is automatic in the higher spheres. Being *with* your own kind is what constitutes the sphere itself. In other words, our spiritual victories in the earth-life have graded us for residence on the higher octaves. And identifications are infallibly effected by the aura-colors

(Continued on Page 11)

Hail and Farewell, Judge!



NEWSPAPER clipping has belatedly reached VALOR, reporting the death in Natchez, Miss., October 1st, of Judge George W. Armstrong, sterling fighter for Christian racial principles. He died in the Natchez Hospital following an extended illness. He was 88 years old.

During the stiff and expensive legal battles that the editor of VALOR waged in the Forties to vindicate himself of any charges of disloyalty to America merely because of his racist views, Judge Armstrong as wealthy southern plantation owner and oil magnate, was unfailingly generous with his donations and contributions. Being orthodox Methodist in theology, however, he never extended this interest into esoteric Soulcraft. But the editor's affection for the old Judge for legal help was sincere and deep. Major-General George Van Horn Moseley had been personally associated with Judge Armstrong since the close of World War II, and was one of his honorary pallbearers.

This fine old gentleman's passing from the patriotic scene may well

mark the termination of a free-speech era. Born in Jasper County, Texas, January 26, 1866, he graduated from the University of Texas law school and became judge in Farrant County. After serving on the Bench he became chairman of the Board of the Texas Steel Company and was chairman of the Liberty Manufacturing Company at the time of his death. He became a national news figure a few years ago by offering to present considerable property to a Mississippi university if it would announce itself openly as anti-Semitic. He was founder of the Judge Armstrong Foundation.

His wife, Mrs. Mary C. Armstrong, survives him, also a son, George W. Armstrong of Fort Worth, a daughter, Mrs. Ann A. Thompson, and six grandchildren. As far as VALOR can learn, funeral and burial were in Fort Worth.

So Hail and Farewell, Judge Armstrong! Yours was the practical kind of generosity that made friendship and its affections living vitalities.

May the Elder Brother Himself commend you.

Soulcraft has but one adieu, "Go with God!"

Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. VII OCTOBER 16, 1954 No. 25

Dry and Safe, Thank You

THE EPOCHAL rains reported out of Chicago this past week have not to date flooded Indiana that in any manner threatens Noblesville. The State's second sizable stream, the White River, borders the cornland west of Soulcraft, but it has been low all summer and the surrounding soil thirsty. Some of the most resounding rains of 1954 have fallen on the Soulcraft roofs since last issue of VALOR, and Monday a baby tornado flattened buildings in Franklin, south of Indianapolis. But Soulcraft remains unaffected.

A sizable wind in late August tore an equally sizable limb out of the great elm above the Headquarters patio and snapped off a sapling on Soulcraft's west lawn. But it leaped the main buildings as though hoisted by a cable. Half a mile



eastward it tore a sizable apple tree from the Pearson's backyard but that was lucky. It eliminated the tree as future

hazard to Winkie's and Eric's arms or necks.

Soulcraft continues to purr with activity. Quite dry and safe to the moment, thank you! . . .

Servant of the Light



SOULCRAFTERS, keep your eyes on Gov. J. Bracken Lee of Utah. Quietly, determinedly, he is forging to the front as the nation's outstanding Governor. Earlier in the year he refused flatly to proclaim October 24th as United Nations Day in Utah but proclaimed October 23rd as United States Day instead. Thereat three other Governors followed his lead: Oklahoma, Wyoming and Georgia.

Gov. Lee's proclamation called attention to the precepts of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution and to attempts to subvert those documents. Demanding a reaffirmation of faith in the nation and particularly in its two basic documents, the Governor urged all Utahans "to observe this day, Oct. 23rd, and all others throughout the year by renewing their allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands."

For the second straight time, Gov. Lee this year refused his sanction to U-N Day in objection to Russia's membership and other charter provisions which he believes should be revised, that strengthen the international organization.

Suppose we fervently pray that "they" don't get rid of him by kicking him upstairs onto the Supreme Court Bench made vacant by death of Justice Jackson.

That Snakes' Nest



AND WHILE we're "keeping our eye on things" we mightn't overlook what's being engineered behind the scenes to remodel the United Nation's charter this coming year so that this nefarious international body assumes full-est suzerainty over our free United States. A group of "delegates" from other nations, in the majority, intend to make the try to bring about changes in United Na-

tions so that it becomes *the* one government of the earth, and all member nations subservient to its dictates.

This will mean in workout that the United Nations Council can override and otherwise render null and void any statute or measure passed by our Congress or Senate, substituting its own dictates. And as reported on Page 2 of this issue, we are handing over quotas of our federal taxes at the rate of twenty-four millions every year, to promote and perfect this unhallowed Frankenstein in which the Soviet-governed countries have majority of votes. Without our money it wouldn't exist.



People who pass this off with a shrug, declaring "it never will happen because our people will never stand for it" forget that when the jurisdiction is made complete, "our people" will have no say as to anything which happens from there on out. Anyone declaiming against it can be seized and imprisoned for Sedition—as the editor of VALOR was seized and imprisoned for Sedition in 1942 for being "against Russia" as an ally. Americans, no matter how valorous otherwise, seem to have a constitutional aversion toward being charged with Sedition. So Sedition becomes anything that the anti-Americans choose to make it.

This thing that looms in U-N next year is more pernicious and deadly than all the hydrogen bombs in Christendom. The nations holding hydrogen bombs can't detonate them without endangering themselves, but the free United States after the U-N charter has been "strengthened" will have little say about adjudicating its own welfare further.

Remember that a little handful of the same senators now opposing Joe McCarthy can watch their opportunity and put

the fatal measure over—then next day the "removal" of dissenters can be expected to begin. And instead of the international rulers enjoying a mere 24 millions of our taxpayers money to keep their suzerainty in force, they can enjoy the whole shot. By fiat.

VALOR sees no major terrain disturbance as occurring within two or three years. It sees no real economic prostration as the country knew in the Thirties. Decidedly it sees no atom-bomb war.

It does see our United States in a major fight to retain its own sovereignty.

And how many Americans will oppose it after the situation has become such that the deadly knock of the secret police sounds on the rear door in fatal reaction?

Then, and in that day, Americans will need a Gov. J. Bracken Lee indeed . . . It might use a whole flock of J. Bracken Lees. The thing is too close for comfort.

Getting Born

IN LINE with completing the publishing of its major textbooks as expeditiously as possible, Soulcraft is nearing the printing of its second new book this fall—*Getting Born*. Here is one of the outstanding "musts" on the whole Soulcraft list, and you can't get your order for it into Headquarters too early. Don't complain that the Soulcraft books are "coming out too fast" for you to acquire and read them. *Now is the most pertinent time in the country's history when the contents of them belongs in your head*—to interpret correctly maturing events.

One of the greatest enigmas in esoterics is the dearth of information about just how the incoming soul takes possession of the developing embryo that must presently be the new infantile organism. Involved in the whole of it is the dual mystery of just what constitutes Reincarnation, why, when, and how. Between the covers of this new book you'll find the answers.

Murphy White, head linotyper at the plant, looked up startled from the manuscript he was setting the other morning and cried, "Chief, this book is *terrific!* . . . It'll outsell any other book on our list."



LIBERATION



OLD troths and false beliefs that hinder Progress
 We would strike off as gyves of priestly creeds,
 That freedom of the soul to seek the Godhead
 May reach the zenith of its hungers and its needs.
 'Tis not vain wishing for earth's false tomorrows
 When good comes in by freak of future day;
 'Tis valor of the soul now soaring Upward
 To find in Christ's prior Flight the better way . . .

The life-killed leaves of old and outworn dogmas
 May drop from boughs of Dark Tradition's tree,
 The world awaits the budding of His spring of promise
 That Sons of God were fashioned to be free.
 Men build their futures by Old Sorrow's blueprints
 Or fond desires apart from Karma's acts;
 There is no flight of soul from Bright Tomorrows
 Or fiats of the earthbound made to pass as facts.

Above the pipings of life's robots learning anthems
 We hear gross undertones of recrudescing doubt
 But hear as well the voice of Conscience begging
 That we shall get God's loving message out.
 And clearer, sweeter, nobler, up the aeons
 Hear Truth's clean tocsin echoing up New Skies:
 "We roll the stones of Self from tombs of Doctrine
 And let the Christ within each intellect *arise!*"

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

Approbation from a hard-boiled typesetter is approbation truly.

Two thousand copies in the usual deluxe edition are being done on India paper first, to be bound in burgundy leatherette. Then the pages go to the electrotypers. When they come back, several thousand copies in round-cornered, limp-covered leatherette will be struck off. But that will be much later in the season. Soulcraft has two more volumes of the *Soulscripts* to finish first.

Turn along and read *The Afterthought* and you'll understand what's afoot.

Enough for the present . . .

For What It's Worth



THE EDITOR of VALOR was chatting across a table-corner audibly with one of the Higher Spiritual Councillors ensconced in the body of the medium. It had been a 20-minute conversation, just such as a half-dozen men might enjoy at a smoker, and with no more formality. In an audible-voice seance there is no stress or strain of "holding the materialization in form" . . . it can go on for hours. The subject of the

"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 na-
tion's newsstands in seven days.
But in twenty-four years it has
not lost its consolation to the
earthly bereaved . . .*

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

probable cost of erection of the buildings of The Center was under discussion. The editor demanded, "But is this the appropriate time to launch such a project with deflation and economic paralysis just around the corner? . . . In another year or so, the cost of erecting buildings may drop fifty percent."

"No," the Visiting Councillor returned, "it won't."

"What do you mean, it won't?" the editor demanded.

And the Visiting Invisible responded, "We on this Higher Side of Life do not see economic prostration visiting the earth-plane for a considerable time yet. If it were to do so, it would start 'building up' here in our world before it manifested down in yours. It is not doing so. Deflation of values along certain merchandise lines, yes. Possibly a general lowering of wages as living costs drop. Even an increase of unemployment where there has been overproduction. But general prostration, no. You are entirely safe in making your plans for construction in the year ahead. Incidentally, we see building up on this plane an extension and expansion of Soulcraft to such a degree that you are due to achieve more in 1955, 1956, and 1957 than you have achieved in all the time since Soulcraft Enlightenment was first announced, some twenty-six years ago. Why should we disillusion or deceive you when the success of your work is the success of our work—helping to Bring in the Kingdom?"

There it was, and we can take it for what it's worth.

Incidentally, the Higher Soulcraft Councillors indicate no anticipations either of any imminent world conflict or continental cataclysms. They lustily repudiate ninety percent of the predictions and prophecies to the contrary being mimeographed and circulated across the country by amateur psychics. The latter appear to be advised from planes where the time element is by no means specifically reckoned. Moreover, the terrain disturbances are localized.

The United States of America still has a long way to go . . . when this United Nations Menace has been permanently laid.

Unlax and do the task given unto your hand. But again, keep your eye on the United Nations Thing.

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

exists on Mars. They have already proven that vegetation exists there and they believe Mars would be ideal for other life-forms as well. VALOR is wondering when the Mars Committee is going to release its findings.

A landing report from France just came in. M. Marius Dewilde heard his dogs barking and went outside. He saw a strange craft parked on the railway line in Quarouble, near Lille, France. He saw two men get out of the craft and they were wearing metallic-looking suits. Sounds like the Lisbon sighting. The men were only slightly over three-feet tall, and had broad shoulders. A green light from the Saucer was so brilliant that the observer didn't get too good a look. Finally, the craft rose from the tracks, making a "hissing" sound as it went. The police at first were skeptical but then someone pointed out strange markings on the railway and found scorched stones.

French security men and special air police are now investigating and part of the railway track and some gravel have been removed for careful laboratory examination.

For some time, now, VALOR has been saying that a new phase of Saucer activity would begin shortly . . . and it appears to be happening. There are landings being reported all over the world. No longer do we need to be content with just "sightings" of "fireballs" and "lights." These Saucers and their occupants are coming down and landing where we can get a good look-see.

This will increase until they flood the skies by the thousands. They have said they would do so *when the time was right*. VALOR believes such time is fast approaching, and hopes the Defense Department release clears up many riddles.

Columbus Day

(Continued from Page 3)

chains upon wrists and ankles of the world's unsuspecting Christians, that are promoting U-N to its aggressive global influence.

Next year there is coming up what is

“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.

A Book Every Married Couple Should Read!

Send Your Order in Now!

One Edition, Leatherette, \$5 Copy

Soulcraft Chapels

labeled a "revision" of the United Nations charter. Why such revision should be necessitated is another thing the poor taxpaying gullible fails to realize. But this "revision" proposes to increase the suzerainty of this unhallowed global outfit so that it dominates the internal lives and fortunes of its membership peoples.

Without representation or "say" in the matter of any kind, United Nations will have its charter altered so that this global body will become superior to our United States Senate and House of Congress—anything enacted in those bodies being subservient to the superior dictates of this international parliament, manipulated—*by whom?*

It is time that average Americans awakened to the identifications of "by whoms" . . .

The point of this address is to call attention of decent-minded and altruistic Americans to the circumstance that these great international procedures never happen of themselves. They are ever made to happen. And whosoever makes them to happen can be depended upon to have their personal fish to fry, and the global welfare tossed to Tophet.

Columbus Day, the day commemorating the discovery of the western hemisphere, is an excellent occasion to become sophisticate in these matters and preserve



the freedom and independence that is traditional with the Americas.

The Germans have a saying that epitomizes the situation—

"We get too old soon and too late smart."

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 7)

of our soul-spirits. You will grasp what plane a soul-spirit belongs upon, by the radiance of his aura-colors. You could not "drift" because there would be no
(Continued on Page 14)



“BEHOLD LIFE . . . !”

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

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

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

331 Pages \$4.00

Soulcraft Chapels
Noblesville, Indiana

Cogitations



IHAD a forty-minute powwow awhile back with one of the Upstairs Counsellors. It was an audible-voice affair, heard by fifteen or twenty visiting people gathered with me about the medium. In absolute darkness, of course, as those affairs require to be. What made it notable was the heated argument in which the Counsellor and I indulged. I'm afraid it horrified the sanctimonious, who look upon it as some sort of *lese majesty* to voice one's personal opinion against invisibles who have become temporarily audible, but I couldn't help that. I've long-since lost awe at folk who've merely altered the form of their outsides. This Counsellor was discussing with us the architectural details of the contemplated Soulcraft Center. I'd visualized a chapel sixty-five by ninety feet, holding something like eight hundred people, counting elaborate rear balcony. The architect had provided a platform forty feet wide and fourteen feet deep up front. "Think what your sensations will be," the Counsellor waxed eloquent, "coming out upon such a platform before nearly a thousand Soulcrafters of a Sunday night in your robes—and teaching them personally . . ." I sat forward in the dark. "In my *what?*" I cried aghast. "Your robes," he repeated. I exclaimed, "Good Lord, do I have to wear robes?" He seemed at a loss. "Don't you want to wear robes?" . . . I changed the subject before I snickered.

o—o

EMPHATICALLY I didn't want to wear robes. Fancy the stubby fly in the butter of human happiness which I

am, clad in robes. Laying aside the probability that if I did wear robes and walk out on a forty-foot platform it *would* draw a thousand people—but not for the words that might come from my lips—I covenant and agree with the safe and sane element never to be so brash as to walk out in front of 'em in robes any more than I'd walk out in front of 'em in pajamas. Robes are *out*. But after the psychical session was over, I got thinking about it. I've thought about it to the present. Why *did* the mental picture of myself in robes give me the feeling of ribaldry inside? Was it my inherited British conservatism and desire to avoid ostentation? Was it some sort of inferiority complex I hadn't been aware I possessed



until the Counsellor called up the official garments and suggested I bedeck myself in them and do some platform-walking in the interests of esoteric efficiency? Was it my wretched and bedraggled sense of

the ridiculous that often arises within me at the most inappropriate of moments? I hoisted my slippered feet on my present pulpit—to wit, my faithful typewriter—tonight and give it thought for eighteen to twenty-one minutes? Or did I have some childhood complex carrying into my sunset years whereof I associated some past personage whom I hadn't relished, with robes, and subconsciously took a poke at him over my own cassock? It was hard to determine. I have decided after due cogitation that it wasn't altogether my sense of the ridiculous—being more of a stirrer-upper in this world than any other breed of pundit, and stirrer-uppers belonging either in uniforms or chain mail rather than in surplices and sacred nightshirts—it was a instinctive aversion that had always been avid within me, at anything savoring of posing. That's it . . . posing . . . or acting to produce an effect.

IF I were asked to name my favorite character in history, it might surprise you whom I'd select. The nation isn't without its element that would certainly decide it to be Hitler, Mussolini, Genghis Khan or the bore who thought up the Anti-Tobacco Crusade. Nope, it would be Cromwell. Oliver has always been my idea of a He-Man. He was by nature a harmless burgher who sat in the House of Commons throughout his earlier days while the King's Boys were running up an unpayable national debt and fixing up a little United Nations of their time as a super-government of Popery. Oliver got fed up on it, shut the place up, cut out the windjamming, allowed he'd take to horse, and do what he and the other commoners could do to fix it. Which he did, as history testifies. Quite a lot of people got messed up ere he finished. But after he'd Straightened Matters Out, some long-haired pigment-welder in a smock and Windsor tie asked him to sit for his portrait done in oils. Posterity would undoubtedly wish to be certain he

hadn't resembled the chimney-sweep or John Barrymore, or the fiend who invented zippers, when it came to countenance. So Oliver sat. "Okay," said Old Smock-and-Windsor-tie finally, laying aside his brushes and starting for the sink to wash his hands, "you can come up and look at it." Oliver did that, too. Then he started for the sink himself but not to wash his hands. He used his hands to get the painter by that Windsor tie and start strangling him, speaking symbolically. "What's the m-m-matter?" the wretch demanded. And Oliver inquired still holding him so he couldn't breathe, "Where is it?" . . . "Where's what?" gasped the choking one. And Oliver put the proposition that made him eternally renowned in my books, "The Wart! . . . the Wart! . . . on my left-hand cheek just above my mouth. I've got one, you know. And by thunder you paint what I've got or I'll finish this job by dropping you out the window into the Thames" . . .

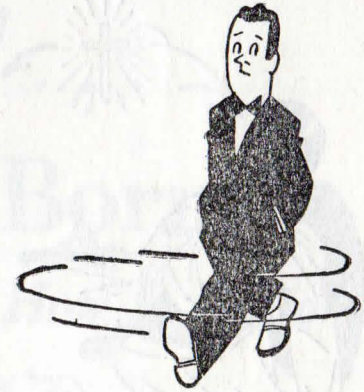
o—o

NOW I don't happen to have any wen on my own personal countenance that painters have been called to note when they've done my portrait—for believe it or not I have been assailed by experts to that end in my time—but there's something about the forthright honesty of the thing that appeals to me. If I did have a first-class prize-winning wart on my stirrer-upper countenance and a painter missed it, no matter how much he wished to capture Beauty in his art I know I'd have tendencies to stir him up a-plenty. If you've ever visited at Soulcraft publishing headquarters, you've been aware of the periodic battle that's come off when the head comp has gone to the half-tone rack to procure a "cut" of me to illustrate this-or-that, and with malice aforethought picked up the best-looking. Several typesetting neophytes have committed that indiscretion and suffered, suffered. If an electrotype of the Boss has to illustrate this-or-that, let it be the homeliest electro in the rack and the genius gets his pay raised. Or consider the screams that rise above the grinding of the printing machinery if I happen to start for the front-office to meet some celebrated visitor with ink under my eye or a patch of dried paste on my trousers. Forever the feminine element must exercise its prerogatives of de-

claring I must look my "best" . . . One of these hectic days a real pundit will show up who will succeed in making it clearer to my understanding *why* I must look my best. I certainly do not look my best to eighteen printers who grind out the Soulcraft books under my aegis. Nor do they wish me to do so, thank the good Lord. But let some utter stranger show up on the premises, usually without appointment, and if I walk into the reception room looking like a one-man slum, one would imagine that historians of the Twenty-second Century were going to have hysterics, to my everlasting damnation. As if I cared. I am *not* a work of art, I do *not* figure I owe it to either posterity or strange ladies who call to secure my advice on how to stop their husbands' drinking, to give the fleeting impression that I *am* a work of art. Undoubtedly that badly befuddled Counsellor from the Invisible, insisted on seeing me on the forty-foot Soulcraft platform as a work of art—and he described it as clad in robes. If putting robes on me would make me a work of Art, I say Harpo Marx would be a masterpiece by Leonardo De Vinci, painted upside down. Maybe I saw too many Handsome Horaces during my silent-movie days in Hollywood. I like my men with earlobes missing and most of their noses pushed up into their hair. Just a personal idiosyncrasy . . . Shows they've been in fights and could take it . . .

o—o

THE AVERAGE man's countenance is a perpetual advertisement of about what his days have comprised to the moment. Miladv can go into nearest Beauty Parlor and have every experience she'd ever known removed for two dollars—five in the swankier places, especially if she's had the swankier experiences. But every man is stuck with his own face and I say he should be proud of it, even though small children on the way home from school run from him screaming. My friend, the original Lon Chaney, did it often for a lark. Lon truly had more character in his face than any other Hollywood actor—and could do more things with it and get more pay for doing 'em than any other Thespian on the screen. Incidentally, he played one picture in robes and that was the Chinese classic, *Mr. Wu*. We bought the robes at a downtown costumer's in Los Angeles, and



What You Can Buy for \$65

*The COMPLETE Shelf of
all major Soulcraft Books
in print at this time.*

Beyond Grandeur	\$ 5.00
Behold Life	\$ 4.00
Star Guests	\$ 4.00
Adam Awakes	\$ 5.00
The Dead Are Alive	\$ 4.00
Something Better	\$ 5.00
Soulscripts (9 volumes)	\$45.00
Road into Sunrise	\$ 6.00
Elucidata	\$ 1.00
Figure Yourself Out	\$ 1.00
	<hr/>
	\$80.00

*Send your cheque for \$65 and
Save \$15 by buying at once*

Copy 7 Minutes Free

WHEN you purchase any *two* of the above books, you will find included in your shipment a free \$1-copy of *My Seven Minutes in Eternity* bound in pocket-sized leatherette. One bonus-copy of *Seven Minutes* is also included in each \$65 order for entire list.

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



Latest Soulcraft Book Now
Being Shipped!

"Beyond Grandeur" Design for Immortality

HERE is a book that presents the immortality of Man from the premise of Pure Reason. The true scope and significance of mortal life is presented in a series of chapters on "meanings" . . . the Meaning of Soul, the Meaning of Spirit, the Meaning of Eternity, the Meaning of Space, the Meaning of Ill-Health, finally the Meaning of Grandeur itself, till you come to grasp a wholly new picture of Celestuality. It is easily the profoundest volume in the whole Soulcraft Library.

The Book of the Decade!

No more leading of souls up to the brink of the grave with the benighted consolation to "Have faith!" This revealing volume propounds the whole system of Ontology and Eschatology—for readers of intellect who can think in philosophical abstractions.

BURGUNDY LEATHERETTE BINDING
320 PAGES \$5

Soulcraft Chapels
Box 192 Noblesville, Ind.

we got the opus half shot before we realized that what we'd bought for him, and dressed him in, had been the robes of a Chinese bride. We sent pronto to Shanghai for an expert in Chinese costuming. If Lon was anything in particular, it was *not* a Chinese bride. I found the query trailing through my mind, was I too cagey of robes because I might feel the chagrin Lon felt when he discovered what he was dressed in? Nope, that wasn't it, either. I am simply not the type on whom robes would make friends and influence people, on the platform or off it. As a matter of fact, confession being reasonably good for the soul, there's only one costume I can hang on my person in which I feel at ease, and you'd never guess that either. It's a Tux. I feel more "myself" in a Tuxedo than most males feel in overalls. How I came by that one is quite as much mystery as why I don't go for glorified nightshirts hung with silver and velvet trappings. Tuxedos are strictly of this generation, so it can't be prenatal. I certainly did not come down from any Thought Planes clad in Tux, and I know positively I wasn't born in one. My parents would have noticed it, certainly my mother. I've found myself walking down Hollywood Boulevard in a Tux at ten in the forenoon and didn't notice it myself until some commoner called it to my attention. It's just one of those things . . .

o—o

NO, returning to my theme, I would by no means be enticed by the gift of a Soulcraft pulpit at eight of a Sabbath evening clad in robes. I have difficulty taking myself seriously in an ordinary business suit—and ten to one it needs pressing, and never have I been able to walk through the bindery without upsetting a pastepot and not noting it until the prim little schoolma'am from Iowa regard me with Mixed Expressions . . . when I see a schoolma'am regarding me with a mixed expression in the reception-room I know something must have happened coming through the bindery. Clothes are a problem with me, anyway. Deep in my subconscious I suppose I entertain the notion that the man who has to depend upon 'em to Make an Impression possesses little otherwise to achieve such effect. The truly Well Dressed Man is the human male whose garments subscribe to his character. I heard a cele-

brated director say once apropos of this thought, that Hollywood only had two perfectly dressed men, one was late Lewis Stone in his hey-day and the other Will Rogers ditto. *The garments of both men fitted what they were within.* And within I'm not one-half the platform pundit that a nation of Soulcrafters suspects. I'm Oliver Cromwell—and with *what* a wart! Which ends my introspection for tonight.

—THE INTERPRETER

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 11)

place wherein it could happen. However, if you persist in being gross, ignorant, and spiritually skeptical you can be a distressing time coming through the Purgatorial Dark . . . Recommended reading for more data on this question, the last two chapters of *Beyond Grandeur*.

WRONG APPROACH

CHICAGO: "My wife lies an invalid these four years of a major stroke. She has come back along the torturous trail of trying to recover her powers of locomotion. She has almost succeeded but not quite . . . Now why can't you help? . . . with your contact with the Other World? . . . find out the answer or intercede for her and heal her? . . . My wife's name is Mary . . . Her age is 61 . . . Cure her and I'll buy all your books . . ."

Illumination: Mary's karma, inviolate to her own spiritual and connubial history, is not a matter of merchandise to trade for some sales of books. The average victim of stroke is inviting the lesson of graceful dependency on others but in all therapeutic honesty, true karmic diagnosis could only be achieved by exploring back into Mary's prenatal mind under hypnotherapy and determining why she induced a stroke upon herself in the first place. Making a magician's act out of a long-distance cure would solve nothing in the readjustment of Mary's spiritual complications. Both wife and husband are obviously working out a drama here. Orthodoxy would have a magician's wand waved and Mary walking miraculously, but what, spiritually, would she derive from such miracle? Mary could undoubtedly reform her faulty body psychosomatically in ten to twelve minutes if she subconsciously wished to do so, but has reasons



Enlarged Edition! . . .

**“Why
I Believe
the Dead
Are Alive!”**

*Eighty New Pages have
been added to a great
book, including the al-
leged Mary Eddy visi-
tations to Soulcraft . .*

This third big printing of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* has been published on white paper, in limp leatherette covers with rounded corners, and tells most of the author’s psychical experiences since 1929.

Full-page Portraits of America’s greatest materializing medium, Bertie Lilly Candler, also the Author . .

320 Pages - - - - \$4.00

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

AT LAST ! . . .
“Getting Born!”

The Book that Tells How It Is Done



How You Seized Hold of Your Infantile Body



HERE is one of the greatest of the Soulcraft books starting for the bindery, ranking with *Behold Life*, *Thinking Alive*, *Star Guests* or *Beyond Grandeur*, for its wealth of biologic and esoteric data—320 pages of vital information that make clear the whole troublesome reincarnational question, why souls come back onto the mortal plane, how they manage to capture control of the embryos developing in maternal bodies. It is the enlightenment you have been waiting for, to make infallible common sense of the earthly tenure. **YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THIS BOOK** The great cosmic processes at work are described in such a way that only adults will comprehend what is being implied. It is one of the “must” books of Soulcraft, the reading of which will make you wise beyond your fellows. Only 2,000 de luxe copies have been printed in this first edition, and you should get your order in at once.

Send in Your Order NOW: \$5 copy

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Post Office Box 192

Noblesville, Indiana

of her own for not doing it. Soulcraft it by no means rewarded by having its books purchased. The approach is the other way about. It is the purchaser who is rewarded, by acquiring the information that expounds the conditions making for

“strokes” in people like Mary understood and remedied. It is the practical application of the old adage, “Know ye the truth and the truth shall make you free”, not, “I’ll buy the truth after it has *made* me free!” . . who cares about selling it?

Published Every Saturday by
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

Valor

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

ONE YEAR: \$5.00
SIX MONTHS: \$3.00

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

EXTENSIVE alterations and improvements have been completed at current publishing headquarters of Soulcraft. A Council-Room has been created at the front of its main building. The chief article of furniture in this Council-Room—which, by the way, is designated by our compatriots in the Higher Dimensions as *The Sacred Room*—is a lengthy oaken table. It has been labeled colloquially "the Long Table." About the Long Table are five or six carved chairs. By natural course of procedure those chairs are becoming filled by some of the most affluent Soulcraft leaders of the nation. Since midsummer they have been gathering spontaneously at Headquarters the first weekend of each month. Names and identities are not ready for disclosure as yet, but gradually a permanent Board is taking shape. As time runs along, this Board will take more and more active responsibility in forming Soulcraft policies, particularly in the development and growth of what promises to become officially known as The Center, so that never again does such a hiatus as 1942-'50 occur in the national or international affairs of Soulcraft. The huge sums of financial resource that well may be involved in the physical establishment of the new Center will thus be administered by qualified executives. At the same time, the unbearable financial pressure that has been my bugbear of the past will be eased off my shoulders . . . *The Long Table* indeed! . . .

KING ARTHUR was reputed to have gathered his Knights about the "Round Table." Such forthcoming reports as may be warranted, about the activities of this Board, could be appropriately emulated of Arthur under the caption *Nights at the Long Table*. We shall see. The first of these occurred Saturday evening, October 9th, when the new and more permanent program was discussed by representatives from Illinois, Nebraska, and Florida—and of course Indiana. Likewise was present a guest from Utah. And two major features of Greater Soulcraft's activities were exhaustively examined: first, the complete publication of the whole line of Soulcraft books; and second, arrangements whereby the inimitable materializing gifts bestowed by the Almighty on Mrs. Bertie Lilly Candler can become demonstrable to more eligible Soulcrafters than has been possible in the past. More of this in a moment. The complete publication of the whole line of Soulcraft books means not only reprints of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, *Behold Life*, *Thinking Alive*, *Earth Comes*, *Star Guests*, *Thresholds of Tomorrow*, *Nations-in-Law*,

Something Better, and sundry numbers of the *Soulscripts*, but issuance of *Getting Born*, *Know Your Karma*, and *Undying Mind*. This last slants into *Beyond Grandeur*, already published, which completes the roster of the Soulcraft textbooks. That a new pocket-printing of *The Golden Scripts* of 100,000 copies must be faced early in 1955 was likewise discussed. Thus will Soulcraft take its place among the major publishing firms of the United States . . .

MRS. CANDLER'S first-rank mediumistic talents have caused her name to become nationally of moment in connection with Soulcraft activities and expansions. Doubtless from karmic premises her gracious influence in the growth and validities of Soulcraft Enlightenment are linking her closer and closer to its people and prospects. There has been no connivance in it. It has come about as a "natural" from the beginning, perhaps influenced more than any other factor by the late George B. Fisher, Crowell Publishing Company executive, who made the physical "Passing" from heart failure in 1949. During the closing years of his career, Fisher resigned his Crowell position and was intimately associated with both the Candler and Soulcraft. Now on the Higher Side, his audible reappearances at Soulcraft gatherings when Bertie Lilly is present, are infallible. But Soulcrafters all over the nation are anxious to behold these wonders of personality-survival for themselves. Public clinics on a Come-One-Come-All basis are impracticable, while on the other hand, traveling as far south as Mrs. Candler's Church of the Beckoning Light in Miami, has been out of the question for hundreds and perchance thousands. It is a readier and more facile liaison that is being sought and in time shall be realized. Under present conditions, to throw down the bars in the summertime and invite all and sundry to visit Noblesville, would result in a congestion for which neither Headquarters nor Noblesville begin to have accommodations. Furthermore, while Bertie Lilly is sincerely interested in every cooperation that "hastens the Coming of the Kingdom" she probably enjoys the highest financial clientele in America—

justly. But the Board is working upon it and VALOR week by week will keep Soulcrafters acquainted with progress. Mere curiosity-seekers or skeptics cannot be encouraged in this great and momentous Program. If, as, and when Bertie Lilly becomes available to visitors another summer, some sort of rigorous screening-out will become imperative. But remember *The Long Table* at Headquarters . . . It may yet play no small part in America's religious history . . .

¶ MEN will wrangle for Religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it. In fact they'll do anything but live it! . . .