

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 26

TO COMMAND LOVE,

*Let People
Be Themselves . .*



IT MAY appear odd to the practical-minded that esoteric principles can apply as trenchantly to the international situation as to any predicament in private life.

It comes as a somewhat breath-taking discovery to a certain provincial type of mind that esoteric Mysticism has little about it that is truly mysterious. It is merely the uncommon expounding of positive spiritual fundamentals underlying all human relationships. To be explicit, suppose we try to interpret our country's foreign relations in the light of them.

William Philip Simms recently wrote a somewhat disturbing article for the Scripps-Howard Newspapers telling why America was losing out in Europe. Almost as though in answer to Mr. Simms, one Indro Montanelli, Italian journalist, came back with an equally frank article on "Americans and Us" published in the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan. Neither man being a ca-



pable student of cosmic fundamentals, draws the correct conclusions from what he beholds abroad. Supposing those of us anxious to avoid further foreign complications, try to grasp them through Soulcraft principles.

"WHY is America so unpopular," Signor Montanelli asks, "even in those countries which she has liberated with her armies and subsequently helped to rebuild and rescue from starvation? Of all the objective causes with which we justify our feeling of ran-

cor against an enemy, guilty of having beaten us in a war which we declared, there's not one that holds good. America has taken from us neither ships, nor cannon, nor a foot of land. Americans have treated our prisoners of war with great humanity. They have given us 40 billion lire—approximately \$65,000,000. Unfortunately, all these claims on our gratitude are obscured by one defect of which



there isn't the slightest hope that Americans can be cured . . . because it's in their blood.

It is the craze for improving us, for making us kinder to each other, juster, richer, happier. In other words, prototypes of themselves.

“PERHAPS it wasn't only good faith and honest intentions which guided Roosevelt and the State Department. But it really was these with the American people. They asked for no colonies, no commercial servitude. On the contrary, they accepted further taxation to succor the defeated.

“All that they asked was that we defeated nations should become better, that we should love each other and America, renounce our rivalries, carry out social reforms use DDT, deodorizers and refrigerators. This was—and is—their mistake.

“From this has developed the antagonism to America.

“The real trouble—the great inexplicable crime of the Americans—is that they really *are* better than us Europeans. I don't say more intelligent, which in itself would signify little, because intelligence has not that position among human values which we Italians, and still more the French, attribute to it. Neither would I say the Americans are more cultured, capable, refined, or courageous. I only

say they are better intentioned, ready to sacrifice the individual for the common good, more candid, more trustful of others and ready to see the good rather than the bad side of things.

“All this annoys us horribly!

“It upsets all our criteria which for centuries have trained us to look for evil behind the mask of innocence and to oppose it with malice more subtle and perverse . . .

“Envy is what it is. The whole of Europe is envious of America—envious of her power, of her well-being, of those thousands of miles of ocean which still protect her from the calamities to which we are directly exposed. We are envious of the corned beef of Americans, their very childlike innocence and enthusiasms indicative of happiness and good health.

“We all know that if we are alive and free today it's only thanks to Americans, it's only due to them that we have not become attendants on a German colonel, or, as yet, on a Soviet Kommissar. And yet every misfortune of theirs—the Americans—gives us the bitter subtler pleasure, almost of revenge.

“How am I to explain this to my friends in United States? Surely they would not expect me to add gratitude to the total of all that I owe them?” . . .

THIS would seem at first glance to open the whole problem of practical Christian ethics. If the payment for being kind and charitable toward the loser or unfortunate is bitter hatred, then Christianity must be a self-defeating proposition. VALOR has often said in pleasantry that the only trouble with the Elder Brother's adjuration to love your enemies, is that our enemies by no means wish to be loved. Those who despitefully use you and persecute you solicit a good feud with you, and may it keep up until the seventh generation.

Are we right in drawing such conclusions? Is Simms or Montanelli accurate in diagnosing what really is at issue between Americans and foreign beneficiaries of their charity?

Soulcraft suggests their analyses have fallen short.

Americans have the subconscious megalomania to make over all other racials and nationals into something resembling themselves, and Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, and most decidedly

Englishmen, have not the slightest desire to be made over into anything resembling Americans. God forbid!

It isn't because they don't wish to be generous, cleanly, sporting and prosperous like Americans. They want to be *themselves*. And Americans don't want them to be themselves, they want them to be Americans.

These overseas racials wish to be the thing they have chosen to be, in each instance. Generosity, cleanliness, fair play or prosperity have little to do with it. If Americans were less ignorant cosmically as a mass, they would sense the great fundamental in incarnation they are trying to plow up, to the everlasting enmity of their continental neighbors.

An Italian incarnates as an Italian because he wishes to correct his bygone mistakes as an Italian. A Frenchman incarnates as a Frenchman to work out his karma strictly against a French culture and background. A German or a Russian—and decidedly an Englishman—has spiritual problems to solve and progressions to make against German, Russian, or British aspects of civilization, perchance going back for generations and centuries. The American has no cultural background excepting the belt-line production of his type engrossed in sports, movies and motorcars, and no history as yet excepting military history. His psychology is, that every man has his price and the man with the biggest bankroll is provenly the wisest and brainiest. His charity consists in writing checks for drives and charity hysterias. He is as naive as he is gullible, and calls it “being a good sport” . . . he has, in short, no *depth* to him.



Who cares to emulate him because his skyscrapers are the tallest in the world or his womenfolk the bossiest?

He doesn't even know that he comes back into the earth-life more than once. Nearly one billion persons in India and
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GOBLINS, Witches, and Black Cats Give Chills to Halloween

*Folklore of Nether
World Was
Merely Misunder-
stood Psychological
Phenomena . .*

FOLKLORE up the ages has been replete with psychical phenomena, but theologically encouraged ignorance has kept it in the realm of superstition and demonism. In today's age of rationalism which we call Science, we investigate and interpret correctly the nature of activities between the various planes of conscious life. We term it Psychological Research and it is an altogether respectable line of inquiry. But only yesterday in the years, anything mystical or not readily explainable by known laws of physics, was automatically attributed to the Devil and his minions. Being nonunderstood, it must perforce have been evil. To illustrate, take the creatures popularly called Goblins . .

Originally the goblin was a "household spirit", playing the same role in French folklore as the Scotch and English brownies, bogles or boggarts. He was supposed to be helpful around the house but also of capricious and erratic disposition, mischievous and prankish, given to rapping on walls or doors, moving furniture in the night, sometimes breaking dishes, banging pots and pans around, snatching bedclothes off sleepers and committing other small escapades that too often we describe today to "gremlins" . .

Actually today's psychical researcher knows that such household goblin has never been anything more nor less than the adolescent poltergeist, or "mischievous spirit"—which investigation discloses

to be usually the earthbound soul-spirit of a pranking child. Such child makes the discovery that it can appropriate odic force from living adults and use it to get action on material properties. Likewise it is highly amused at observing reactions on people of flesh, as witness the celebrated case of the poltergeist in the home of the Episcopal missionary in Bombay, whose specialty was waiting until the missionary's table was filled with guests, then snatching the fruit off the centerpiece from the third dimension into the Fourth, gobbling it, and dropping the pits before the "horrified" and thoroughly frightened diners.

The missionary forsooth, was not honored with many guests . .

WITCHES have always been classified in somewhat different category.

From the Dark Ages of Europe, on up into comparatively modern times, persons gifted with clairvoyance or mediumistic qualities were put in the category of Sorcerers. That they could do things "not of this world" was *prima facie* evidence they were communicants with Sa-

tan or in league with powers of darkness.

Such associations were enhanced by the fact that mediums cannot perform in anything stronger than ruby light, and preferably no light at all. The natural conclusion at which purblind humanity jumped was, darkness was required in order to hide goin's-on from the eyes of the "righteous." Today's Science has made it clear that white or yellow light contains the actinic or death-ray that concentrated too strongly in sunlight usually results in sunburn or sunstroke, and that in common photography fogs the camera-plate. So sensitive are fourth-dimensional people to the actinic ray that white light turned on suddenly in the seance-room is not luminous, by the way. There are forms of dark-light that furnish hyperdimensional senses with illumination quite as satisfactory as any brilliance reaching us from the sun.

But back in the years of ignorance and superstition, all this was Devil's data, and the canny old ecclesiastics of the Old Testament made it a stipulation of social ethics, "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Undoubtedly it was plain competition in leadership that provoked such adjuration, since invisibles in the more tenuous atomic dimensions could report on the evil maneuvering of leaders which common folk could not know about, and "give their show away." So the mediumistic personage, capable of forming such contacts, was stigmatized as the social outcast. As for any "alchemist" who fabricated an atomic bomb and blew up any Hiroshima of ancient times, he would have been worshiped as Old Nick himself.

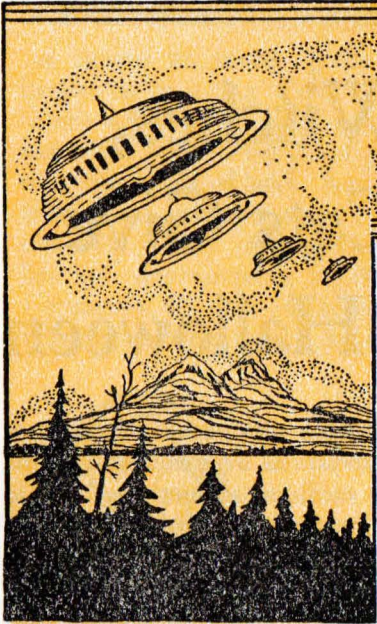
Belief in witches has existed in all lands, from earliest times to the present day, because psychical research determines that people have been becoming discarnate from earliest times to the present day and behaving quite in pattern.

The wise woman and the medicine man
(Continued on Page 11)



SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...



Military Pilots Silent on Saucers, Says Keyhoe

THE following is a verbatim letter addressed to the editor of the CRIFO Newsletter for publication. The writer is Major Donald Keyhoe, author of *Flying Saucers Are Real* and recently, *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*.

"For the past four months, our entire world has been under constantly increasing surveillance by the unknown race which controls the 'Flying Saucers.' During this same time, the 'silence group' in the Air Force has fought to keep the truth from the public. Hundreds of UFOs, operating singly and in formations, have been sighted by our military and airline pilots all over the world. But the threat of court-martial if reports are made public keeps military pilots silent; and only a few airline pilots have risked official anger by publicly reporting these dramatic encounters . . . Through CRIFO Newsletter you are doing a valuable public service, helping to expose this conspiracy of silence."

IN THE past few weeks, others have been silenced. Notable among these is Frank Edwards, nationally-known radio commentator.

"Frank Edwards was well-liked by all for his candor and free-of-doubt-talk delivery on many public issues. He was alone among commentators who fought courageously to reveal the true perspective and the true facts about Flying Saucers. He was equally determined this year to talk Saucers until the truth was made known . . . but he lost . . . lost to bias, ignorance and pressure.

"News should not be mixed with opinion," said Philip Pearl, AFL spokesman, but George Meany, the Federation's president uttered the real misgiving when he expressed distaste over Edwards' 'violation' of a policy directive by asking listeners to write in telling their views to specific questions.

"'One time,' said Meany, 'he asked his audience whether they wanted him to continue his nightly broadcasts on Flying Saucers. We were swamped with mail about Flying Saucers, and, Saucers are not what we are especially interested in.'"

Frank Edwards received literally thousands of postal cards in response to his project. The results were: "Five-hundred to one in favor of Saucer news."

WHILE the above was happening, columnist Russ Leadabrand was asking: "Why are the Saucers here?" He said: "I've gone over this Saucer thing pretty carefully. I'm trying to figure out why they are here. There must be a very simple, almost elementary reason. It is true that we have set off some rather showy pyrotechnics in the Pacific and elsewhere.

"These explosions might have been seen as far away as Mars. Certainly no further. We play at culture and dabble in bloodshed. We tell ourselves that we are civilized and then war in a half a dozen countries at once to prove it. The Saucer people must have had quite a show if they have been viewing us for the last ten years.

"I wonder what they thought of Cinerama and TV and the other cultural advances we've made. I wonder what they have seen behind the Iron Curtain. The assassinations must have interested these superior beings who ride the fantastic discs from outer space. But what do these Saucer people want here?"

"These space beings have stuck around for ten years. Surely ten World Series

in a row must get boring even to an interplanetary visitor. They *must* be here for another reason. Being superior they certainly cannot fear our weapons. Being advanced scientifically they have nothing to fear of our researchers.

"Being able to move at will, to confuse the minds of the Air Force brass time after time, they certainly have nothing to fear from the military. I can think of one answer . . . it isn't original with me. A lad wrote a fiction piece about it a few years ago. It was shocking then but it still is possible. What are the Flying Saucer people doing here?"

"Did they just bring a burning curiosity from some alien planet. What do they think of us? We may be a thousand years behind them in development!"

THE columnist tells us we may be a "thousand years behind them in development." Thirty-thousand years would be more like it and even a few million years in some cases of craft coming from far distant and highly evolved solar systems.

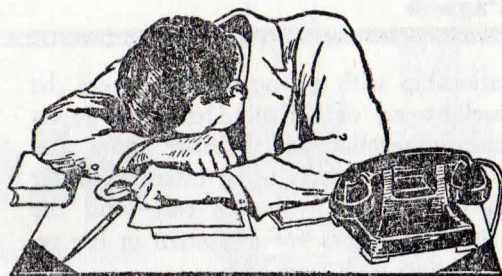
Recently, the American Rocket Society held a meeting in El Paso, Texas. They said that the first Earth man will be sent into space within thirty years, and the first unmanned satellite will be sent into orbital space within ten years.

Many scientists and military officials were present at the meeting, but declined to be quoted on a more widely-known subject . . . Flying Saucers. Most of them discussed them off the record. But there was little new in their answers to the question: "Are there really Flying Saucers?" The answers usually were: "Yes, no, and maybe."

ALSO recently, the Air Force said it was making a thorough investigation of the reported sighting near Redding, California, of an aerial armada of two-hundred planes.

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Everyone Has Asked "What's the Use of Living?"



AT SOME time in the lives of all people practically one hundred percent of them have put the question to themselves: "What's the use of living?" Usually it is voiced, mentally or otherwise, in correlation to the suicide thought.

The suicide thought, is a universal thought. All persons have thought it.

Each man and woman, at some time in his life, has seriously considered the possibilities or expediencies of self-destruction. Strangely enough, too, it has not always been in connection with bafflement, disappointment, grief, or unbearable pain.

People confronted by bafflement, disappointment, grief, unbearable pain, may groan in their agony: "I don't want to go on living!" and perhaps speak the truth. But there is a world of difference between this complaint and the philosophic utterance: "What's the use of living?"

One implies the desire to end an intolerable predicament. The other implies frustration in logical deductions.

When a person cries that he doesn't want to go on living, he probably will or won't in direct ratio to the predicament's unbearableness.

When a person cries: "What's the use of living?" he is expressing a mental condition that can carry as far as suicide but usually does not, because he is on a quest for information that may possibly be satisfactorily supplied. Moreover, he is aware of it.

That awareness holds him to the drama of experiencings. The very fact that he asks the question, "What's the use of living?" implies that doubt still exists in his mind as to the profit or loss, spiritually, from such experiencings. He is truly expressing the mood of skepticism. That mood may aggravate to the point where he may conclude to vacate the physical body, by violence to himself or otherwise.

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

It may pass in the ecstasy of an exceedingly profitable adventure in human relationships, causing him to decide that life is very much worth living.

What we are interested for the moment in discussing is the variety of motivations that may make ordinary people voice the query from time to time: "What's the use of living?"

Why do people ask it?

LIVING, to start with, is the strange business of quitting one octave of manifesting consciousness—that for the sequence has shown itself as holding sentient units—and entering upon the conditions of another octave that we may enhance our spiritual natures by the contrasts.

We might think, carelessly, that we would derive profit from the altered natures of circumstances in the different octaves themselves, but a little serious reflection reveals the fallacy of that concluding.

We forever have the wonder of Memory with us, continually exercising, compounding the spiritual essence that is known as Character. It may be sharply demarked, as in the consciously lifted memory. It may be vague and elemental, as in the exercised instincts.

All of it is but Consciousness contrasting this state with that state, this octave with that octave, this association with that association, and the true profit accruing as we take deliberate thought to the reactions of our spirit-selves to each for better or for worse.

THIS point may be illustrated by a given man's experiences with several types of women. One woman whom a man has been strongly drawn toward, let us say in some little town in his boyhood—perhaps his own mother, perhaps his first sweetheart—may inflict either an inhibition or a fixation upon him regarding women in general that follows him throughout maturity. We might put it that the little town represents an octave of life—or the experiences with certain spiritual being on a given octave.

Our man leaves the little town in his youth and moves to a distant city. There he comes in contact, commercially or socially, with dozens of other women. Some are indolent, some are gold-diggers, some are clever, some are merely beautiful but dumb. Here and there one of them may be heart-starved for affection and throw herself slavishly at the young man's feet—though in this day and age it's very rarely done unless she's been to a party and partaken of too much gin.

Always and forever, however, our man is making comparisons. This woman is a better woman than that woman. The city girls are better dressers than those he knew in his home-town back in boyhood but by no means so conscientious.

It is in the fact of the comparisons themselves that our man enlarges his knowledge of the sex, not in the mere brutish contacts with Lizzie, Jane, or Mildred, going to church and holding the hymnbook with Maude, getting stuck for an eleven dollar taxi-bill with Mabel, or finding himself trapped in a cheap flat at two in the morning with a mopsy known as Toots.

No man ever went into an intimate re-

lationship with a woman that across the background of his mind did not go an uneasy recollection of other years and other circumstances when intentionally or no he played a similar role—and the same thing goes for a woman in her relationship with men.

It is in the capacity to make such comparisons that our spiritual profits originate, and to make them swiftly, readily, and facilely, is the thing we call Wisdom.

One experience in itself can never give us wisdom. We must ever have two experiences, in order to compare one with another—or drag over the reactions from one into the other—before our experiences acquire values at all.

Now take the seried experiences we may have in various places, and in various periods of our lives, with the opposite sex, and substitute them for the various Octaves in Consciousness through which we are constantly deploying by preelection, and the reasons for our changes in Octave-Livings become clearer to us.



OF COURSE, another reason why we shift periodically from one Octave to another Octave of Living is because the physical mechanisms which we employ in each, wear out and new must be provided.

We eat the wrong combinations of foods and the slow poisons we introduce into our systems gradually break down or demolish tissues. Or we live or work in unsanitary surroundings due to the economic predicament into which we have purposely inducted ourselves, and life is consequently shortened. Or we get kicked in the face by a playful calf and the old countenance is never quite the same map afterward. Or we lose our eyesight, or our teeth drop out, or a chunk of enemy pig-iron carries away one of our arms

or legs in a war. Or maybe we get plain tired of gazing upon the same twisted nose, or skewed mouth, or missing chin, that tortures a mirror every time we look into it, and we feel that the well-known vehicle is becoming as woefully out of style as it is growing out of whack. We want a new one on general principles. Moreover, it is the part of sanity and good taste that we should aspire to possession of a new one. Therefore, by slipping out of one octave and into another, we get the new one. And that—in the language of our day—is something to write home about.

This would be one devil of a universe, and some of us would be consigned to hell indeed, if we realized with finality that down all eternity amen, we were never to appear any different than we do, or have any better bodily mechanism, than the one we're toting about at this moment with our souls enoused inside it.

Cripples, ladies who bulge in all the wrong places, young men with cauliflower ears, and lassies whose feet won't track—not to mention red-faced gentlemen whose noses have threads of red silk in 'em, like banknotes—would have excellent reasons for berating God, if this wise and benevolent provision for changing our physical clothings as we change from winter's drabs to the colors of springtime in our raiment, were not prescribed for the seried betterment of our spiritual morale as we pass from octave-season to octave-season up the years of the worlds.

BE THAT as it may, we know that definite advantages accrue by living from seventy to a hundred years in one place, then moving somewhere else—in the unique transportation that men call Death—and living seventy to a hundred years in another.

We make comparisons in the times and the manners. We greet our former friends with their missing arms and legs replaced, their teeth stuck back in, their hair and eyes painted a different shade, their temperaments sobered or their dispositions mellowed. We ride in oxcarts through one generation, we flit off to a more refined octave for another and flap around like turkey-buzzards, we die out of the turkey-buzzard span of locomotion and take a fling in an era of steam trains and airplanes.

Yet time and time again, the lawful fa-

tality of it smothers down upon us, the frightful sameness of repetitive environment, and on some blue day we cry despairingly: "What's the use of living?"

We don't need New Deal Depressions, lost jobs, lodgings in hall bedrooms, broken-down motorcars, or shrewish matrimonial partners, to make us cry it.

Legion have been the mortals living "the life of Riley", domiciled in palaces, earning their livings by going into banks, thrusting pieces of mauve paper under the wickets of tellers who ask: "How'll



you have it, Mr. Whoozis?" or changing their husbands or wives every other season like slightly-used motorcars traded in for new ones, who reach the same heights of insufferable tedium and want someone to enlighten them why existence is so futile.

It is not a matter of habitat.

It is not a gripe at cloying frustration.

In nine cases out of ten this thing is happening—

For some reason or other such persons, be they male or female, have had something go askew with their polarities in the matter of the Positive or Negative for which they should be anodes.

Putting it in another metaphor, they have suddenly found themselves as an electron without a proton, or as a proton without an electron.

A sense of Balance missing in their earth-lives, or their lives in any octave, has suddenly come home to them—not Balance in the aspect of common gravity-equilibrium so much as Balance in the aspect of the closed electric circuit.

They are not a vital part of anything.

Their nature has ceased to complement another nature.

They are poignantly striving to function unto themselves, as an earthworm—severed in the middle—might strive to function in its forward half as a completed worm while at the same time the

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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—

BOSTON DOCTOR'S EYES

BOSTON, MASS: I am seventy-six years old my next birthday and have been interested in esoteric matters for years . . . Twenty-five years ago my eyesight went out of focus, so I went to a Rosicrucian friend in Maine . . . He came down to the hotel where I stopped, shook hands with me and said at once, "I will straighten out those eyes." He did it in one treatment. Later I returned to my office in Lynn but they went out of focus again. He came down and lived with me for two weeks and straightened them out again. Later he came and lived with me for five and one-half months, treating me every day, but could not change them in the least. Wonder why? . . . My eyes have gone out of focus about six times since. Personally I think someone, some entity, on the Other Side, is battling me and I cannot drive him out. Can you shed any light on this? . . .

Illumination: Admission that some entity exists who can thus interfere in the working of the organism, merely feeds power to such a one and enables him to be effective. The way to get rid of such an entity, granting he exists, is to deny his existence in one's affairs. Still, that does not seem to be the matter at issue. There is a vertebrae in the spine near the top that getting misplaced in the ordinary hurly-burly of life can pinch off the optic nerve reflexes and cause the eyes to go out of focus. You as a physician should know about this. Apparently you are suffering from a physical maladjustment that you are transferring into the karmic. Check on your spine with a good osteopath . . .

WHAT TO EAT?

NASHVILLE, TENN: There is one question I would like to ask you. I know I will find the answer somewhere but my desire for Soul Growth is such that I want to know NOW. What about diet? Do your teachings prescribe special foods? For instance, I am a vegetarian and at one time I studied in an organization that taught me not to eat things that mature beneath the ground. Do you have any such restrictions? Let me know. Thanks.

Illumination: Soulcraft has always taken the position that the chemical constituents of the body are one thing and spiritual proclivities another. We eat animal flesh to get chemical vitamins in concentrated form for the body's nourishment only. If we can get the same vitamins in vegetable form, very good. According to the New Testament, Christ Himself ate mutton and fish. We know there are constitutions that simply cannot get along on vegetarian diets. Soulcraft has no recommendations as to diet to make, excepting the one great recommendation of *moderation*. Your appetite in nine cases out of ten reflects the chemical requirements of your body, but it is your state of mind that keeps your body well and fit. Some of our most capable psychics today are users of tobacco, and relish an occasional after-dinner glass of good port. Did not St. Paul comment on "A little wine for the stomach's sake"? It is the mental reaction to these ingredients that counts. You can *be* what you consider you are, in your mind. You are treating with a different plane of existence when you look to foods to do anything particular in the promoting of spirituality. Stop worrying about it. Seize and absorb every shred of knowledge of cosmic integration that you can obtain or that comes your way. Your peculiar appetite only maintains so long as your physical body is in existence. Diet is a extremely minor issue in Soulcraft. When you have your spiritual principles right, physical adjustment follows automatically. Soulcraft is mental. Diet is


physical. Eat what supplies you with a normal and capable intellect, and let it perform to your spiritual satiation . . .

REINCARNATIONAL DIS-HARDS

WADSWORTH, OHIO: You say that on the next plane we can look over this life, judge what was left undone, or might have been better done, and come back again, and in such way progress by rectifying our past mistakes. But, you say, it is purely voluntary. Well, then, if one did not come back, how would he progress? If that is what earth-life is for, what happens if one does not choose to return?

Illumination: Millions do take exactly that position, apparently, and turn rancorous and mischief-making in consequence. Their own group simply progresses along and leaves them behind, and they become strangers in a strange land to those who surround them. Reincarnation is by no means an obligation but a *privilege*. People who won't avail themselves of it simply lose out, with no one to thank but themselves. They are left behind in the procession of their own kind. But as a matter of fact, this sort of thing rarely happens. As one mounts higher and higher into the planes, and observes the enrichments of multiple earth-experience, all the silly earth inhibitions against the reincarnational hypothesis fade away. Unless the soul takes advantage of the instruments and processes that Holy Spirit has provided for mounting up the worlds, one simply doesn't mount up the worlds. He stays where his own prejudices and fixations hold him. However, animus against reincarnation is universally an earth-phenomenon, premised on the tough breaks that individual souls assume they have encountered. When they see those breaks in correct retrospect, and realize the spiritual profit they have derived from seemingly unfriendly circumstance, they are universally eager to have another "go" at

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How the Opposition Does It

THE SUNDAY papers for October 17th carried an Associated Press feature article by Frances Lewine entitled "All Is Calm in Princeton Institute." This institute has long been the American sanctuary for the internationalist, Albert Einstein. During the infamous Mass Sedition Trial in Washington in 1944, O. John Rogge the Ass't. Attorney General who prosecuted the 28 anti-Communists with such vigor, was reputed as repairing to Princeton Sunday by Sunday during the trial, for mysterious conferences with principals unknown. Now the Lewine article informs us that Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer has found "shelter" there after his banning from the Atomic Energy Commission. The article, from which VALOR takes the following excerpts, is unusually thought-provoking—

"After the atomic Energy Commission banned Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer from access to secret atomic data," says the Associated Press story, "scientists and interested laymen wondered: Would the highly regarded Institute for Advanced Study retain him as director?"

"They got the answer earlier this month—Oppenheimer stays on.

"**T**HE hot public controversy over the man who directed much of this nation's atomic research for war was no deterrent to the institute's board, which named Oppenheimer unanimously.

"What's it like, this institution that goes quietly about its business in the midst of furore?"

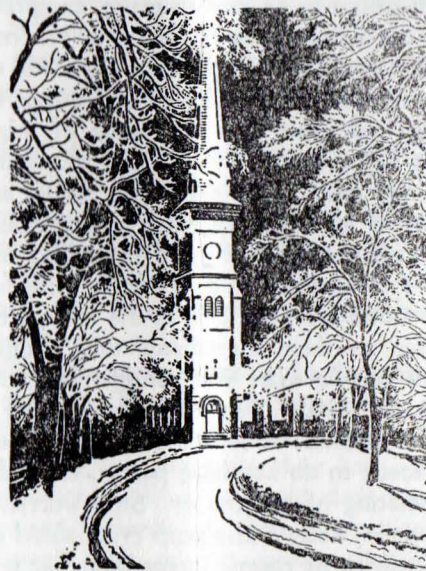
"The story starts with Abraham Flexner, an educational reformer who dreamed of a haven where scholars and scientists could do their thinking unhampered. He said frankly he had in mind a Utopia and had hitched his wagon to a star.

"One day early in 1930, two lawyers came to see Flexner in the quiet university town of Princeton, New Jersey. Their clients, they said, wish to make a large endowment to some worthy cause. What would he suggest?"

"Flexner had his answer ready—an institute for advanced study:

"It should be a haven where scholars and scientists may regard the world and its phenomena as their laboratory with out being carried off in the maelstrom of the immediate . . . it should be simple, quiet, comfortable without being monastic or remote. It should be afraid of no issue, yet it should be under no pressure from any side which might force its scholars to be prejudiced . . . its scholars should be absolutely free from administrative responsibilities or concerns."

"What he proposed, Flexner said, was simply a lovely place in which to think and work free of cares.



"The lawyers carried Flexner's message to Louis Bamberger, a merchant prince who then headed a huge department store in the heart of Newark—New Jersey's largest city, and his sister, Mrs. Felix Fuld.

"Our clients are interested, they reported back. So interested were Louis Bamberger and Mrs. Fuld in Flexner's dream that they handed him \$8,000,000. At 87, Flexner lives today in quiet retirement with the knowledge that his dream is a reality.

"Amid the plush green of a 600-acre one-time farm tract, the institute stands today a few miles outside Princeton. It has just one main building—a \$500,000 colonial, three-story structure known as Fuld Hall, and three smaller units.

"Here some of the world's most famous scholars work and study. Their equipment is largely office space, blackboards, a library of 40,000 carefully selected volumes and a staff of secretaries and assistants.

"The institute opened its doors 21 years ago this month, housed temporarily in the graduate mathematics building of Princeton University, although it had—and has—no connection with the university. Its own quarters at Fuld Hall were completed in 1939.

"Flexner served as first director of the institute, which today includes a school of mathematics and a school of historical studies. Mathematics was selected, Flexner said, because it lies at the foundation of modern science. History, the humanities, social, economic and political affairs come readily under the scope of the other school.

"What the institute meant to scholars themselves was picturesquely stated by famed mathematician Albert Einstein. "I am for it flame and fire," he told Flexner.

"Einstein, whose theory of relativity had placed him in the forefront of men of modern science, accepted a post as head of the school of mathematics.

"The institute took many of its scholars from German universities, where the brutality of the Hitler government took a heavy toll. Of them all, Einstein was perhaps best known. Now 75 and a professor emeritus, he still reports daily to the institute, continuing his work.

"The institute is an exclusive outfit, where the entrance requirement is simply an over-abundance of brains. It has been in operation 14 years, a youngster as institutions go, and was little known outside of academic circles when Dr. Oppenheimer, famed as the wartime director of the atom bomb project, accepted the post as its director in 1947."

VALOR has no adverse comment to make on the Princeton Institute. It believes in the Voltarian precept: "I don't agree with a word you say, but I'll fight to the death for your right to say it." Even Communists and fellow travelers—under our First Amendment—have the right to say their say. What VALOR rises up and makes a scene about, is their saying it under the atmosphere of scholastic irreproachability, or finding ways to suppress the other fellow for saying his say against them.

VALOR believes that Christian culture can well hold its own when its principles and precepts are given equal voice with the non-Christians. An establishment like the Princeton Institute equally financed and sponsored on a par with the non-Christians, would then deserve to lose out if its offices failed to deliver.

If a few great Christians got together and contributed \$8 millions to underwrite such a Center as Soulcraft is planning in central Indiana, it would unquestionably provoke an hysterical wail of protest from fellow-Christians and non-Christians alike.

Nevertheless, in the name of the Lord-God do not be astounded if something like it should come to fruition. VALOR doesn't concede for one instant that the non-Christians are the only bloc holding its Louis Bambergers.

And mayhap as well, the Christian Einsteins and Oppenheimers will write a new page in science out of it in contrast to which atom bomb development may take a different flowering.

Just give the two blocs an equal start and an equal financing. What's wrong with *that*?

Use of Living

(Continued from Page 6)

other half of itself, carried by some careless bird miles away, was likewise striving to function as the whole worm and wondering to itself what in the worm-world was wrong.

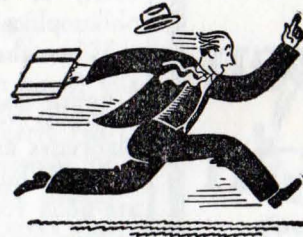
It is a pathetic and tender thing, this question of Polarity.

In the human phase, it assumes a hundred aspects, yet always and forever you will discover if you examine closely that the man or woman who finally comes to the place where he or she demands sin-

cerely "What's the use of living?" is a living exhibit of a person whose polarity with his or her complementing half has temporarily or permanently gone askew.

Reduced to everyday fundamentals, what does this imply?

YOU doubtless have in your time—being a person of wide experience—encountered certain men so much in love with certain women that they have been unable to eat their meals, recognize whether Christmas falls on Labor Day or the Fourth of July, or put on a pair of socks that were mates.



COOPERATION



'T'S all very fine to have courage and skill
And it's great to be hailed as a star,
But the single seed ground in the grist of life's mill
Doesn't prove what a miller you are.
For there's no solo hand in the game that we play,
Each must work to Design and to Scheme;
For the one thing that counts in our world of today
Is, *How do you pull with the team?*

They may sound off your praises, proclaim you as great,
They may single you out for high fame,
But your work must be done with the team or the mate
Or you might end by losing the game.
For never the whole work or life is quite done
By the man who would selfishly dream,
But life's battles are lost or its struggles are won
By the way that all work as the Team!

You may think it immense to be praised for your skill,
But the far greater thing you should do
Is to get yourself praised for your Mind or your Will
Or your Grit to see life's brevet through,
While helping your fellowman run up *his* score
When his chances seem hopeless and lean;
'Tis forgetting the Self till the whole game is o'er
By running in stride with the Team!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

You have doubtless met up with women so mashed on sundry males that they have handed out twenty dollars in change for a five-dollar note, driven their motorcars over traffic policemen without the thought of an Excuse-Me! or put cigarettes into their cupid lips and lighted the cork tips without a cough in a carload.

You never saw one of these in ten thousand, however—or rather, you never heard one of these—ever voice the query: "What's the use of living?"

When men and women are in love—real love—the kind that makes starry eyes, flushed cheeks, high-voltage corre-

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

spondence, and detestable omelettes, the utility of existence never weights them philosophically.

When the heart-hungry man has actually found the woman who loves him voraciously who thinks that his bombastic platitudes are priceless pearls of wisdom, who tells him that his dropped cigar-ashes are good for the rug and that she'd just as soon keep right on working after they are married, he is never found in the corner grog-parlor pickling his bones in the brine of cheap pessimism.

When the lass with the Palpitating Bosom who has done her worshiping from afar, suddenly finds herself lifted off the floor with a couple of her ribs crushed to the point of imminent collapse, a two-day growth of bristles raking her downy cheek, and a voice in her ear—that never would breathe o'er Eden without filling the place with the fumes of second-hand pipe-tobacco—asking her to spend the rest of her days frying ten-cent liver over a twenty-five-cent gas-jet, she doesn't buy Schopenhauer or go in for cotton stockings and affect fried-egg hats.

(Continued on Page 15)

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 7)

earth-life. Believing or not believing in reincarnation then becomes strictly hypothetical . . .

SUICIDE OF A CHILD

OKLAHOMA CITY: When the letter from Noblesville arrived last week I felt it was an answer to prayer. Just three months ago, my only child shot and killed herself and it almost broke me in mind and spirit. Am trying so hard to loose her and let her go. I am a student of New Thought and Practical Christianity but this has hit me hard. My girl had so much to live for, a nice home, two lovely children, a good husband. But her health was not good and she had resorted to sleeping pills for rest. I know she did not realize fully what she was doing. I hope your books will give me peace and more understanding . . .

Illumination: We parents must learn that other souls are our children only by prearrangement. This seems difficult to accept on this plane of observation. Each soul is its own entity and accountable only

to itself for its acts. Life on this physical plane is merely a condition of consciousness, and if it prove so highly unsatisfactory to the ensouled spirit that it seeks a tragic exit out, that is its own affair strictly. Parents are in nowise accountable and have absolutely no cause for feeling "broken up" . . . within fifty to seventy-five years, probably all principals in such a situation will gather about a pool in the higher etheric realms and discuss the pro's and con's of it in the light of the higher understandings. What we discover occurring in the cases of many suicides, particularly of the young in flesh, is a wholly abortive prospect for obtaining the spiritual lessons for which the life-career was entered. During the night, in sleep, such adolescent soul will consult with higher authorities and almost literally "get permission" to terminate the earthly career and return to planes of spirit for a fresh try under more propitious circumstances. Usually when such occurs, or is granted, the termination is by way of sudden motor or plane accident. In this girl's case, she apparently wished to indicate that the termination was a deliberately elected one. Read the entire Soulcraft rationalization for earth-life and all these enigmas become ironed out. This plane is by no manner of means the plane of Finality. The constructive course to pursue is to get in conscious contact with the daughter and aid her to get oriented to a better life-role. It can be done. But what if the daughter her-

(Continued on Page 14)

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

The reports came from a Forest Service lookout and two youths reported they counted two-hundred nineteen *aircraft* flying south.

The report, relayed to the area filter center, resulted in an alarm which sent Air Force jet interceptors into the air. Lt. Bruce Shipley of the filter center headquarters said the jets found nothing unusual in their search. "But we're making a thorough investigation," Shipley said. "It might be that the reported sightings came because of low cloud formations and possible reflections from the lights of some aircraft. *But we don't know*, and we're still looking into it."



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Goblins, Witches

(Continued from Page 3)

of primitive societies, the learned pagan priestess, and the divinities of early religion through the occult competitions of Hebraic Christianity, became the malignant and accursed witches, sorcerers and alchemists of the Middle Ages and later folk-belief. World folklore almost universally reports them as having powers of divination, superlative strength, transformation of self or others, power to become invisible or cause others to do so, ability to impart animation to inanimate objects—in other words common seance-room levitation—and produce anything out of the air at pleasure. Today we call this *apport* work.

Even up to 200 years ago they even burned at the stake such remarkably endowed individuals, fancying they were doing the Lord God a favor to put them out of existence.

What a travesty on human intelligence!

TODAY we commemorate the unutterable stupidity and superstition of it by the celebration of All Saints Day, All-Hallowmas, or Halloween. Originally it was a festival commemorative of all saints and martyrs known or unknown, introduced by Pope Boniface IV in the 7th Century, probably to supplant the pagan festival to the dead.

Essentially All Souls has been the festival in commemoration of the dead, and modern psychics enlightens us that when you send strong thought-waves to souls in the higher dimensions, it invariably attracts them to come close to the sender. Unfortunately for humankind, however, it is those on one or two planes removed from earth who thus make ready contact, and not being spiritually progressed their communications and works are not always classed with what mankind terms holy. The tragic mistake of mortals all up the sordid pathway of spiritual relationships has been in assuming that if such soul-spirits were not progressed to the “holiness” of the fourth, fifth or sixth planes, they were devotees of the devil and all his archangels.

And the devil has no archangels. The devil does not even have existence himself. Instead of being the personification

(Continued on Page 15)



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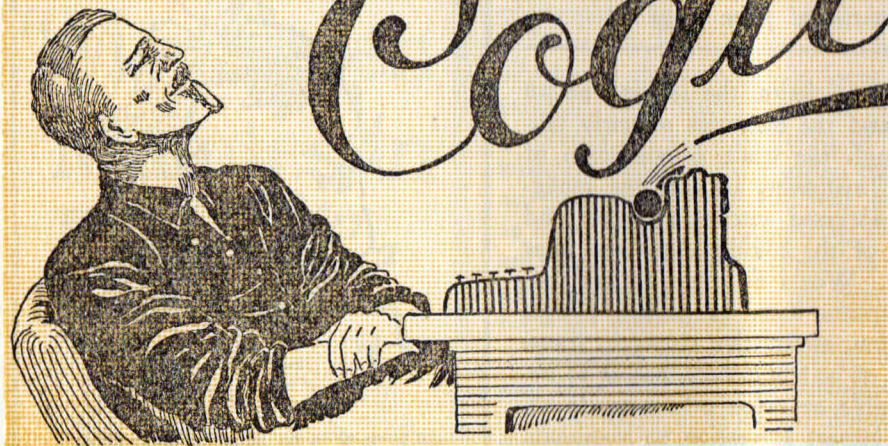
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Cogitations



IM led to wonder whether Secretary Wilson knows as much about dogs as he knows about motorcars or national defense. He said of a recent press interview that he preferred bird dogs to kennel dogs because whereas the bird-dog rustled his own eats, the kennel dog merely sat on his fanny and howled—words to that effect and by no means a fortunate political effect. However, I'm not interested in the political effect. I'm interested in the antics of dogs when the canine alimentary canal lacks nourishment. People who have visited Soulcraft will agree with me that am I by no means a neophyte in adjudging dogs' appetites. In fact it has been the circumstance that Nature seems to have endowed dogs with appetites, that has gotten me into this canine mess. I look upon some wall-eyed little mutt who wanders into the place with his ribs showing, wonder how he might appear stuffed—with food—and presto, out of hand I have acquired a permanent addition to my dog colony. Feed a dog and he by no means licks his mouth carefully, says Thank You Very Much, buttons up his overcoat against the wintry blasts of misfortune and goes along the way through an embittered and hostile world. Feed a dog—especially an overly hungry dog—and you've got him on your hands for life. He never knows tact, discretion, self-discipline or social restraint. Food is food. You've got it, and he wants it. Permanently. If you have given it to him once you can give it to him again. And again

and again and again until it's a program. And of course he tarries and lingers to get it. But I'll take this up later. What I started out to say was, that while the bird dog may occasionally pick up self-discovered snacks in the career of being a bird dog, by no means does it follow that the kennel dog merely sits on its fanny and howls. If that's all Charley Wilson knows about our characteristically famished four-footed friends, he'd better go back to making differentials and tail-lights. I can personally vouch for the fact that when a kennel-dog, or any other breed of pooch, makes up his mind its time to go to lunch, he by no means *howls*. Not as I interpret the inflections of his voice. A howl is a long-drawn-out wail that expresses woe or despair at the sterilities and frustrations of life—such as a mate three miles away who hasn't communicated with the howler since year before last. The bark of hunger is the voice of high-pitched indignation, mixed with anticipation, and it is short, significant, and to the point . . .

o—o

YOU CAN'T have five pooches addressing you three to six times a day in high-pitched indignation mixed with anticipation, without starting to learn the rudiments of dog language, to say noth-



ing of behavior. At the risk of being uncouth I might likewise add that I have yet to meet the Four-Footed Friend either, who is content to sit on its so-and-so when its stomach is empty. There is something about starvation in the average mutt that makes its so-and-so the last thing in the world it bethinks to use, to settle the unpleasantness and get on social security. Customarily I go so far in my observations as to perceive that ninety-nine out of a hundred dogs, decidedly the kennel variety, even abandon the natural use of four legs and get along with two. These they are standing upon, while the two forward legs are employed at striving to claw holes in the kennel-wire—especially if someone hoves in sight with a dish. I say that if the Honorable Charles E. Wilson has never noted this likewise, he is by no means equipped to be secretary of defense. Really starving pooches practically take the place apart, or make every vocal endeavor to do so, whenever a human bean, male or female, hoves in sight with a dish. Nature has endowed the canine with certain perspicacious attributes that make it translate the sight of the dish into the assumption that the receptacle holds nourishment—say nice chopped steak, or stewed kidneys, or liver and onions. It will continue to exercise such assumption till the said human bean hoves *out* of sight with said dish. There are no two ways about it. Take Buzzie, for instance. I have been waiting with ill-concealed patience since my opening line to get to Buzzie. . . Buzzie, as you have been apprized many times before, is a tawny Cocker with papers. The papers may have AKC embossed vaingloriously across the tops of them, but that does not prevent him from devouring everything in sight—from dishes of doughnuts left inadvertently exposed to human fingers ditto. Buzzie is, in fact, a walking appetite in its most virulent aspects. Never yet throughout his

14-year-old life have I ever beheld him—as the poet puts in—“comfortably gorged with food.” Buzzie has never yet in his long career ever reached that ideal dog-state where he couldn’t get down another morsel if it cost him his pedigree. Buzzie is an official guarantee that he can—and does—eat his owner out of house-and-home, pantry victuals, viands set on a window-ledge to cool and anything in a deceased state that smells to high heavens. Moreover, he never howls for rations, he voices his desires in short, half-angry, and decidedly energetic barks. You can hear him all over the plant and half-way down to Ball Brothers’ paper-mill. Then take Butch . . . only don’t truly take him because I’d have a devil of a job getting along without him . . .

o—o

BUTCH masquerades under the glorified distinction of Beagle—Bench-Legged Beagle. This does not necessarily mean that he has front legs like a bench because you’d flop on your so-and-so if you sat in such a bench yourself, for howling purposes or otherwise. It means that Butch’s mama was undoubtedlyly



Scotch terrier in her ancestry but met a gentleman Dachshund on life’s Odyssey who done her wrong. Obviously Butch was the wrong, and he’s got the legs to prove it. But it worries Butch not at all, especially when hungry. However, Butch has no papers in the AKC, so his demonstrations of personal famine do not go to such extremes as Buzzie’s. Butch is more contained in his primeval urges . . . which of course doesn’t make a lick of sense—particularly on Butch’s ancestral lineage—still there it is and you and I are stuck with it. Butch has excellent manners; never once have I beheld him leaping and swallowing without investigation. Butch sniffs every morsel he lets slide down his very polite little hatchway. Sometimes he sniffs it several times,

thereby denoting he has profited from his many incarnations and will not now let himself be taken in by morsels containing ptomaine and other ingredients not agreeing with canine constitutions. In fact, Butch gives every indication of having descended from a mater who decidedly must have been a lady and moved in the best circles until that dachshund villain wrecked her. He doesn’t have one “point” about him that by the remotest possibility would ever attract the comment of a Secretary of Defense. But he has never been known to commit scandalous acts in the darker corners, while as for doing childish acts indoors generally . . . he is forever surprised-looking that you should imply such a thing. Buzzie—with papers a foot long—shows no more restraints in such items than a Kremlin Communist in a Capitalist’s music-room, but then, by human standards—figuring one year of a dog’s life to be seven of man’s—Buzzie is approximately ninety-eight, and perchance when one is within two years of the century-mark a little leeway in the personal sanitations is permissible. I wouldn’t know. I *do* know that I have heaved everything at Buzzie at sundry times from linotype “pigs” to one of the Kluge presses when I have witnessed him being careless at indoor hygienes. But I was speaking of the canine appetite, not culture or drainage . . .

o—o

NO, I do not consider that the Hon. Charles E. Wilson knew his dogs. Walter Reuther or the whole kiboodle of CIO officials notwithstanding. Admittedly I have never owned a bird-dog, so I cannot speak from experience, having no birds I have ever wished flushed in the canine manner. But right there again I would challenge afresh the organizing genius of General Motors. Did he mean to imply that the bird-dog ever lived who turned aside into a lunchroom to get himself a cupper-coffee and ham sandwich while on the trail of a bird, or desisted from his specialty as a dog to nose up a delectable putrid fish under a bush? All the bird dogs I have ever contacted have had a singleness of purpose, an attribute of concentration to the business in hand, that makes me wonder if Mr. Wilson wasn’t truly throwing out some \$64 propositions to find out how much his political opponents knew about dogs, being such excellent specimens in the col-



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loquial way themselves? But not a one took him up on the technicalities involved, or even the ribaldry of his references. They just objected to his implication that certain elements of *genus homo* have what it takes to start their business careers at \$4 a week and end up at fifty owning the Empire State Building, whereas others yowl to high heaven if the government doesn't support them and all their relations to the seventh generation. Personally I'm strong for the Wilson Ideology, having come up the hard way myself and discovered how well it works. But it's the hit pigeon that does the loudest flopping, whether there's a hungry bird-dog in the vicinity or not. What's all this industrial opinion doing anyhow in a magazine given over to esoterics? . . . Let's discuss things more cultural . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

To Command

(Continued from Page 2)

China know it. That's half the people in the world. True, it doesn't make them keep their streets cleaner or provide fleets of helicopters to aid flood victims. But deep in the eternal minds of these overseas racials are the fixations from hundreds of lives amid their own kind, and for the North American parvenu to come flying overseas and strive to make them over in a generation to something like himself, births their nonreasoning hatred.

Understand esoterics, or the true reasons for life being what it is, and most of these racist headaches iron out.

Then again you meet the type of esoteric ignoramus who gives it out as a profundity that certain peoples actually get a variety of soul-satisfying happiness out of hating somebody else. He also should go to school to Mysticism . . .

HATRED—or acute detestation of another's personality or manners—is ever founded upon a fierce loyalty to the individualistic mission which the soul of the hater has come into life to achieve. It may not always take the form of venomous desire to exterminate the one hated—that is merely a degree of the animus.

But people do insist on living out the purposes for which they have gone to the

trouble of entering life. The so-called Law of Self-Preservation is based on the same obsession. If they fail to make the grade in the enhancements they are expecting out of the current incarnation, their whole group may proceed higher along up Cosmos and leave them behind. That is the true tragedy—to be thus left behind—in the eternal cosmic progression.

All of it sums up to the truer adjuration—

To be loved, be as kind to people as possible but don't play God with them and bethink to change them overnight into something else. Even God Himself doesn't try to do that. Above all, don't expect to change foreigners over into Americans. If they had wanted to be Americans, or had any special reason for coming up under American culture—such as it is—they would have gotten themselves incarnated *as* Americans. Americans have been described as a breed of nationals who know the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Let these overseas folk work out their karmas toward themselves and toward one another. It isn't turning the other cheek that births affection. It's keeping both your cheeks out of the other racial's business of being what he is and respecting his reasons for being it.

International do-gooders please note.

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 10)

self does not wish it done, knowing in the privacies of her own soul already? . . . For the parent to take on any exaggerated remorse, however, is more or less spiritually absurd. Understand the workings of the whole Chart of Life and responsibilities drift precisely where they belong. Just poultice the wounded maternal spirit with the thought that the daughter undoubtedly had great karmic cause for doing what she did. Approach the matter clinically and try to find out what it was, and how she can be helped if she needs it. It is clinging to orthodox error to feel remorse that a child has done such a thing. Try to find out what the motivation was. If this particular mother could really grasp that mayhap her daughter's soul was 20,000 years old, the shortening of this temporary life might not take on quite such tragic significance . . .

Goblins, Witches

(Continued from Page 11)

of wisdom, the human concept of him pertains to abysmal ignorance.

Halloween, however, is but a husk and shadow of what it was when the Devil existed in the prime of man's thinking. It has sunken to one night in the year when the small fry may soap neighbors' windows or let air out of a neighbor's automobile tire, without getting a thrashing for it or a call from the police.

There is only one life, one eternity, but it does consist of many phases and experiences. In time we come to learn that when one phase demonstrates itself to another phase it by no means signifies that either belong to the nether regions.

The only demons that exist, are people of limited intelligence who have altered the rate of their atomic vibration but who seem to be mad about it.

If they possessed intelligence, they wouldn't be demons.

Use of Living

(Continued from Page 10)

Life is real, life is earnest, for such pairs of mutually-demented purveyors of devotion.

Such males walk head-on into telegraph poles and never give the collision a thought. Such females renovate their dainty chambers of a Monday morning by turning the linen on the bedsprings and sending the mattress down to the laundry. Life is topsy-turvy, certainly! But because of its bedlam, it is good to be alive. And the reason for it all is not hard to seek.

An earnest man and a devoted woman, "all wrapped up in one another," are the highest decipherable point to which the human polarity can be raised.

The electric circuit—body, soul, and spirit—between them is closed and complete. They are the perfectly complementing anodes for, and to, each other.

They are actually generating a psychic force that can open doors, hoist pianos, move mountains, or stand empires on their heads—if empires these days possess any heads—and the thought of missing ten seconds of Life outside one another's company congeals their hearts blood like stale glue.

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When the right man and the right woman have properly come together and found their balance, each unto the other,

they will ever stick closer than two coats of paint.

The romance that comes to full flower in the middle-life is an ecstasy known to no callow calf.

Romantic living is very, very good!

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

THE FLAVOR of an altogether perturbing experience has haunted me for considerable time now. It was perturbing because it was so realistic. We were having an audible-voice seance with Bertie Lilly Candler at Headquarters and my old pal and former colleague George B. Fisher "came through" to me. The seance had been more or less private and personal at his own request in advance. There were Soulcraft matters he wished to take up with me, some of them concerning personnel, some concerning finance, some concerning forthcoming expansions generally. Bertie Lilly sat in trance just across the table corner from me in the Headquarters' Council-Room, so near I could have reached forth my hand in the dark and touched her. But Bertie Lilly's conscious spirit had gone elsewhere for the evening. George Fisher seemed to be occupying her body and speaking with his own inimitable voice. Proofs that it *was* George himself were contained in what he said, quite as much as in how he said it. We just sat there in the dark, relaxed, and chatted. *We chatted for forty minutes by the clock! . . .*

GEORGE was a Canadian of about my own age, born in Toronto of a large family of brothers and sisters, who went to New York just before World War I and patented a process for manufacturing women's tissue-paper dress patterns. He made a connection with the *Woman's Home Companion*, that gave the Butterick Company and *The Delineator* a bad race for business, in time realizing a fortune on his process and becoming a director in the Crowell Company. Funny thing, I'd gone to work for the Crowell Company at about the same period but my connection had to do with the editorial department. George was in the Service Department and I never met him until 1937. He happened to get hold of some of the early Soulcraft Scripts and went down to North Carolina to see me about them. I chanced to be in California at the time, but when I returned they told me a New York businessman named Fisher had left \$500 in cash as a down-payment on a new car he wanted me to have. I was to choose the car and send him the bill for the balance, no matter what its cost. It was his way of paying me for what the Scripts had done for him. I didn't need a new car but I did need a wad of boodle to buy some printing machinery and begin our own publishing. I went up to Manhattan to see him about it. Out of that contact came not only the present Soulcraft plant but the growth of probably the outstanding

masculine friendship of my life . . . Never in our 12-year association did I go to George for the use of funds that he refused me. In 1940 he resigned from Crowell to give his whole time and interest to the successful promotion of Soulcraft affairs. In 1941 he wheeled me about the country as combination counsellor and driver. Then of a day in 1949, while I was locked up, Melford brought me the tragic news that George had suddenly passed from heart trouble at his home in Darien, Conn. In fact that he'd left me most of his stock in Collier-Crowell didn't assuage the loss of his camaraderie in my life. The stock dropped to 13 even before his estate was settled and now nets me the princely dividend of \$3.75 a quarter . . . I mean on pretty much the whole bequest—what I have left of it . . .

YET he tells me he spends more time now in this place than he ever spent while in flesh. It was the wealth of reminiscence that he indulged in that recent evening, whose haunting flavor will not go away. In 1938 we were driving down Merritt Parkway toward New York together; the other evening George reminded me of our conversation that morning, what I said, and what he said. He reminded me of the main adventures in a transcontinental motor trip we took to Spokane together in 1941. He volunteered the information about what his other heirs were doing with his property. Forty minutes of it, I say, just a casual chat with an old and time-tried friend. And you know what? I was so close to his personality that *I could hear the literal intake of breath between some of his words*. Don't tell me the "dead" aren't alive! When you have a departed colleague sit across a table corner and visit for two-thirds of an hour with you, and never make a single mistake in a reminiscence, you just take for granted there's no controversy whatsoever about his survival. He had a very distinctive voice, George did, and a most peculiar chuckle. Both were back in the voice that talked so lengthy with me the other evening. He even discussed third parties we both had known, and never made a miss. So I'm going to give over my COGITATIONS to him next week and describe for you what he wants to see Soulcraft become . . .

as his Monument. Well, George never let me down once when he was in flesh. I hope I'm sensible enough to trust that he doesn't intend to let me down now that he's out of it. And I can't begin to tell you what a lengthy and leisurely chat like that with one whom the world considers "dead" does to your morale. You just feel sorry for the poor ignorant folk who know nothing about it or think it all necromantic . . . Anyhow, it's the sort of thing you don't forget.

¶ *TOO many parents teach their children to fear God instead of love Him, forgetting we hate those whom we fear*