

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 3

LIVING ON TWO PLANES AT ONCE CAN BE PERTURBING . .



SINCE the last issue of VALOR, another stupendous event has happened at Soulcraft Headquarters. Bertie Lilly Candler of Miami, America's foremost materializing medium, has come and gone again. In the wake of her visit she has left vital memories of the spoken words of some *twenty* individuals now existent on Higher Planes, who returned into fleshly form for intervals ranging from five to fifteen minutes each, to converse audibly and tangibly with the members of the Soulcraft editorial and printing staffs, all of whom saw the same things and heard the same words. In addition, six guests were present who chanced to be at Headquarters over the week-end—people of more than average affluence, prestige, and intelligence, some of whom were admittedly dazed by what they had witnessed and had uttered to them.

The unfortunate phase of such a hap-



Latest Candler-Soulcraft Seance Amazes Spectators

pening is, as on previous occasions, that dozens of entirely worthy Soulcrafters desirous of sitting in on such momentous occurrences, could not be notified in time for them to gather in from other cities. Besides, this waiting-list is now so sizable as to constitute an audience utterly unwieldy and impracticable for the obtaining of necessary results. Floor space at Headquarters is not available to accommodate such assembly. It is one of the features of such an episode for which there is no solution. While the disappointment may be keen in many individuals, that their attendance could not be arranged, much of it may be salvaged by the circumstance that everything uttered after Mrs. Candler had gone into her celebrated trance-condition, was recorded and preserved on electronic tapes. Every syllable spoken by the Etheric Visitors was mechanically preserved and all which is permissible to make public will be duly dispatched to those chaplains of Soulcraft groups who possess the amplifying equipment for rebroadcasting . . .



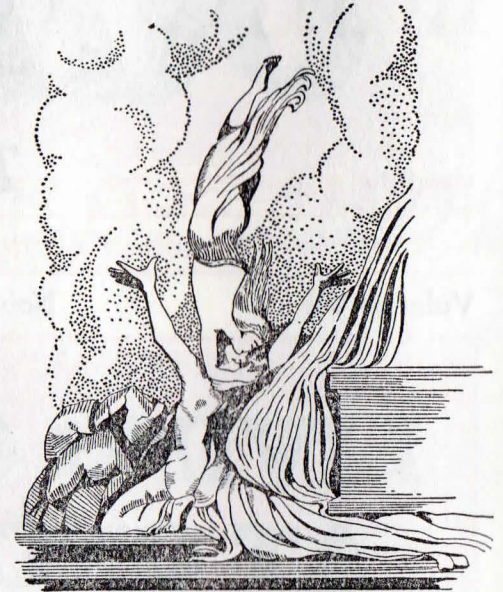
THE MAIN purpose served by such visitations is corroboration and confirmation of the Soulcraft Recorder's ESP communications. If the Recorder has spent long hours previously in solitude, transcribing doctrinal texts that appear in the Soulscripts or in such a volume as the forthcoming book, *Beyond Grandeur*, it is cause for no small gratification to witness the materialization of the personages responsible for much of the dictation from the Higher Octaves, and hear them discuss the pros and cons of what had been thus earlier conveyed in the way of intelligence. This happens

consistently, it might be added, without Mrs. Candler ever having had the slightest inkling of the nature of such texts . . .

Harriet, the Recorder's now-celebrated daughter, made two appearances, conversing lengthily with him each time, George B. Fisher made one, the venerable Ari—one of the Recorder's outstanding mentors on the spirit-side of life—talked with him for a total of twenty-five minutes. In addition, some sixteen others, uniformly known and recognized by Soulcraft relatives on the mortal side, resumed the fleshly form as substantial as they had ever been when in mortality themselves, and discussed family affairs and complications—many of the interviews moving earthly recipients to tears.

VALOR cannot attempt to reproduce in the periodical form all that was uttered on this memorable week-end but comment on their substance will be treated gradually. Something like nine of the physical people present had never before witnessed this type of phenomena. One of the observers was a high-ranking Air Force officer, another a great industrialist from Chicago, a third a Boston banker and financier. George Hunt Williamson and his wife Betty—recent additions to the VALOR staff where "Ric" is learning the editorial ropes as supervisor of the Flying Saucer data—were among those beholding such "out of this world" marvels for the initial instance in their experience. It was interesting in passing, that a personage who departed life during the tragedy of the *Titanic's* sinking, and whom earlier clairvoyant sensitives had identified as Ric's guide and counsellor, stepped out clothed again in flesh and gave the same name that the clairvoyants had supplied five to ten years in the past. Such identification had been utterly unknown to Mrs. Candler.

THE OUTSTANDING occurrence of the sitting was confirmation of the material that the Recorder had transcribed by ESP since last October to use in the current Soulcraft book, *Beyond Grandeur*. Solicited to write the book during a similar sitting last October, the Recorder felt no small concernment that the famous lady religionist in question



had taken issue with him on major Soulcraft doctrines that seemed at variance with her celebrated tenets she promulgated in life.

But around 9:40 o'clock on the evening of May 8th, in front of twenty vigilant and critical people, this superlady stepped—as substantial as anyone seated in the twenty chairs facing her—and declared that the Recorder had scarcely made an error in transcribing the spiritual alterations she had made in her religious thinking since departing the mortal coil. Tall, stately, authoritative, dressed in flowing robes of white in which jewels sparkled, she held the floor for twelve to fifteen minutes. Asked by the Recorder—who was standing two feet from her throughout this address, holding the electronic microphone in his right hand that not a syllable would be missed—why so many of the statements underlying the *Beyond Grandeur* text appeared to contradict her writings left behind for guidance of her church-members, she responded as follows—

"I am delighted to come to greet you, my friend, (WDP), . . . You ask if I like your new book . . . It is the message I gave you . . . I gave you the words . . ."

"So that is your book?"

"That is my book!"

"Good enough. I just wanted that confirmation . . . I didn't know but what some of the things I'd said in it might

Twenty-two Re-embodiments of Mentors as Visitors

have been contradictory to what you preached to your Church while in life . . .”

“Well . . . my friends . . . Probably some of it might seem contradictory to the things that I taught in life . . . because when we make the Change of transition called Death, we see things from a different picture and at a different angle. Then we change our viewpoints and our teachings in many ways. I was a medium in earth-life, which I had told you many times before, and I want the world to know that I must return to give to the people of the world the message of glad tidings of Survival, and that we *live Out Here*, and that I denied the great psychic force that worked through me to prove to humanity that man survived the grave, and to stand on Truth. I denied the Truth that was in my soul, and I had to work it out. That is why I have returned to bring the message to my people. There is good in all religions! But we will not have religions. We will have the *Truth* of the word of Wisdom that will lead mankind out of darkness into light. Truth will stand forever! Truth will release your soul from cares and burdens. It will give you a delayed understanding of the principles and laws of life. It will lead you into the great things that are spiritual. When you have found the Kingdom, all else will be added unto you.”

“Of many of those passages, I’m very happy to know that you approve. I wondered if they were correct.”

“*They are correct!* And I want the people who read from page to page, from cover to cover, to know it is *my* message that has been sent through you, the teacher, to give to mankind upon the earth-plane.”

A few moments later her bodily disintegration took place. Twenty wide-awake and rational people can attest to the phenomenon. Age of Miracles, indeed!

THE OVERALL sessions lasted five hours—three hours when intervening music is eliminated. Try to imagine sitting for three to five hours listening to the literal voices of beloved ones who have risen above the mortal coil and are now beholding world-life from the high-



er vantage-points of Time and Space. Slipping into their ideologies and psychologies, as one does perforce, and then turning the mortal mind back to the world as it is—after such sessions are terminated—cannot help but give the auditor a strange sense of abandonment to a social scene almost as imbecilic as it is gross.

To behold tall, stately forms, clad often in ancient ceremonial vestments, who speak sedately and piously with all the wisdom of the ages in their accents, who often place paternal hands of firm warm friendship upon the shoulders of beholders while conversing with them, and who withdraw and dissolve at the conclusion of the intercourse, presents a spectacle out of this world—which it is, indeed. On two occasions, certain maternal relatives turned to a vase of flowers standing on a handy table, broke off blossoms with their wholly tangible fingers and presented them as mementoes of the evening to those to whom they were bringing assurance and confirma-

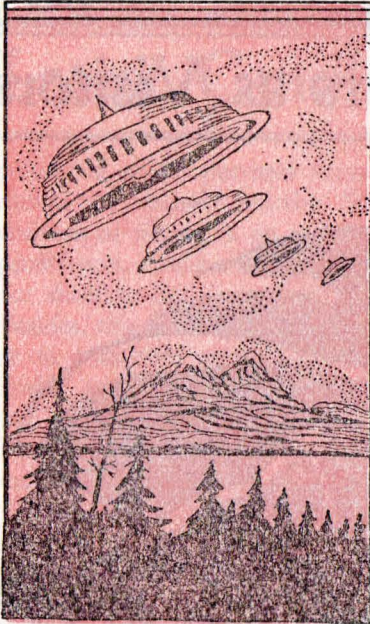
tion of Survival—and when the session had ended the recipients were sitting with such blossoms in their hands—thus attesting to the reality and substantiality of the miracles they had witnessed.

To anyone who has beheld such marvels, the explanations of mass mesmerism and fabrications go by the board. As the Recorder will comment upon elsewhere, on the occasion of her second appearance Daughter Harriet did an exquisitely graceful dance up the room in her white robes with bejeweled studdings, and when she had finished and returned amid applause to her first position before her father, *she was panting from the physical exertion!*—her father could feel the exhalation of her warm-scented breath upon his cheek. Such phenomenon could only indicate that she was breathing oxygen, like any physical girl—which for the moment she was indeed.

Of other bygone celebrities that night, whose facial appearances, ceremonial robes and headdresses, voices and utterances, attested to the plausibilities of their identifications, it is better to treat of them singly and over a period of time, lest too much incredulity be raised at present. One and all, however, confirmed their prevision of the steady and world-



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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....

Saucers Obviously First Appeared in the Eighties

through the previous seven. They knew we would be moving into a new area of the universe and they helped to speed our advancement so we would be oriented for the change.

That is one reason why our technical knowledge has outstripped our ability to cope with or handle it.

IN SCIENCE, we encounter such names Bell, Edison, Ford, Steinmetz, Marconi, and Nicola Tesla—these are only a few of the great personages who have helped push man's progress hundreds of years ahead. Where it may have required that thousands of years elapse between the discovery of the wheel and the bow, the greatest discoveries the world had ever seen followed each other in rapid succession—the telephone, the electric light, the radio, the automobile, the airplane.

When the well-known astronomer Walter Maunder was asked to describe the most remarkable phenomenon he had witnessed in his career as an observer, he said: "My mind goes back to November 17, 1882. There had been a violent magnetic storm during the day, and as dusk fell, I took my position on the roof of the Greenwich Observatory where I could have an uninterrupted view of the sky. I felt that magnetic storms were associated with auroral displays and hoped to see something interesting. I was not disappointed.

a great circular disc of greenish light suddenly appeared low down in the East Northeast as though it had just risen, and moved across the sky as smoothly and steadily as the sun, moon, stars and planets move but nearly a thousand times as quickly. The circularity of its shape when first seen was merely the effect of foreshortening, for as it moved it lengthened out, and when it crossed the meridian and passed just above the moon its form was almost that of an elongated eclipse. Various observers spoke of it as "cigar-shaped", like a "torpedo," or a "spindle" or "shuttle."

"Its entire passage took less than two minutes. It appeared to be a definite body though the inference which some observers drew was that of a meteor. But nothing could be more unlike the rush of a great meteor or fireball with its intense radiation and fiery train than the steady—though swift—advance of the 'torpedo'.

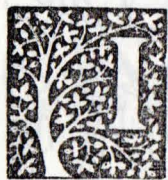
"This remarkable phenomenon was seen by hundreds of people, and an article in the *Philosophical Magazine* for May, 1882, summarized 26 reliable observations, from which it was concluded that the object traveled at 10 miles a second at an altitude of 133 miles. This would make it at least *fifty miles in length!*"

If the sighting really were a spacecraft, it was one of the biggest of modern record. Walter Maunder's conclusion was: "Using the spectroscope, I established the *auroral* nature of the object beyond doubt."

There still isn't any proof *against* this object being a spacecraft. We are now conducting vast experiments at the North and South Poles in studies of the Northern and Southern Lights. In other words, there is something very *auroral* about all spaceships as well as our Polar areas!

Our scientists know that if we can discover the secret of the Aurora Borealis,

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LT'S strange—or isn't it?—that the Wright brothers finally flew their controversial aircraft only a few years and shorter miles removed from the location where the giant airship of 1897 had made one of its dramatic appearances.

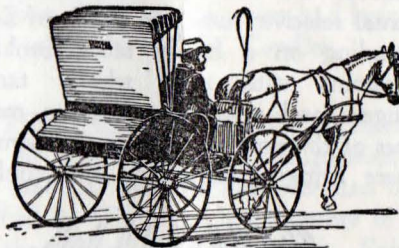
After 1897 man progressed more in a half-century than he had in the previous ten thousand years on Saros-Shan. This progression has been due, in part, to intellects coming from outer space. They have been of three major classifications—

First there were those who volunteered to serve humanity on this "sorrowful" planet by being incarnated into life here taking up physical vehicles on earth. Second, another group of space people were those whose ancestors landed here in the great influx of the 1800s.

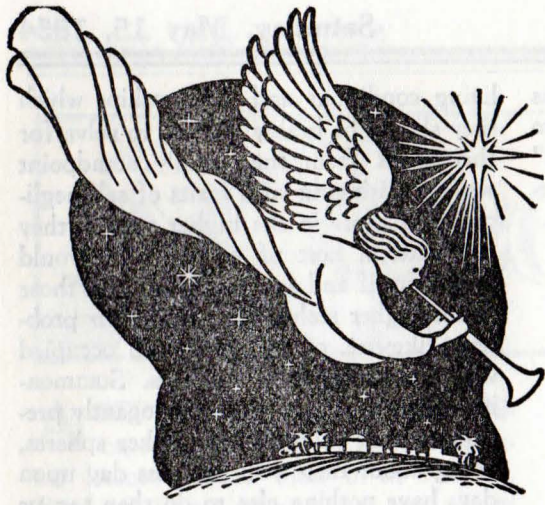
These first two groups may, or may not, be aware of their identities. Many in the first group are beginning to have their memory veils lifted and are realizing their allegiance to their brothers from the sky.

The third group are those recently landed here from space, whether it be two years ago, two weeks ago, or two minutes ago. These individuals are really *planet* people, not merely *space* people, since their organism of expression originated in controllable vibratory rates.

It is true that our attainments are not even a shadow of what they possess, but we have attained what we have through their supernal guidance. After all, you can't get to the 8th grade until you go



"As soon as the sunset faded, a rosy auroral glow spread over the northwest and began to exhibit the usual rays. Then, when the display seemed to be quieting,



Have You Enough Poise to Handle Psychological Talents?

A Heart-to-Heart Talk with the Editor on Some Strange Features of Psychological Investigation and Practice



SHALL never forget the midnight thirty years ago when I stopped in a New York restaurant for a lunch on my way to my hotel after an evening spent in some advanced phase of psychological research.

As I waited for my food, slightly dazed by the almost irrefutable proofs of human survival which I had witnessed that evening, I glanced around at the typical Manhattan night-crowd gathered in that eating-place. I recall asking myself:

"What would happen to the spiritual side of all these people intent on frivolity if they could know, as I have known tonight, that Death is an utter fallacy—that I have been conversing with people tonight who have long since passed beyond physical life quite as naturally and normally as these now bantering with one another in this restaurant?"

I was then in the first flush of my exuberance over the necromantic novelty of inter-plane communication. I had the pardonable childish feeling, which is a stage that all investigators and students must go through, that I was a favored soul, that I was permitted to know mysteries not of record for the common crowd, that I had a superior insight into life which would ultimately enhance my earthly philosophy to a point where life would completely alter its significance.

Thirty years ago, that was. And "much water has gone under the bridge" of psychological development. True, thirty years is

inane as a length of time to attempt to understand and conquer the Mysteries. Men have spent their lives in such employment and died without having scratched the surface of what remained to be revealed. All the same, it has been a sufficient length of time to get a perspective on my feelings of that night.

If I had known that evening even that which I know at present, I doubt if I would have felt much exultation.

I would have been too cowed with my own ignorance, and weighted and depressed with the sense of the colossal responsibility which such a knowledge carries.

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

NINE out of ten persons envy the one who has psychological powers in any degree of accurate performance.

It is popularly accepted that such a one "sees all, and knows all" after the manner of the old-fashioned quack seer.

Certain it is, that such a one usually completes the vaunted trilogy of metapsychical activity and sooner or later starts in the business covered by the terms "tells all." For it follows as the night the day that "telling all" is inexpressibly bound up in seeing all and knowing all.

And therein lies a mighty folly in far too many cases.

People who know nothing about the laws governing True Spirit, want to be psychic because of the vistas of enhanced personal activity which they imagine it will open to them. They expect to do everything abnormal and necromantic from predicting the future to finding lost jewels, being able to connect with great brains who will tell Aunt Jenny whether to marry the insurance salesman, and exploring the eternal verities with a weather eye out for the main chance for themselves.

It is often pathetic.

The average person has no more concept of the obligations and responsibilities of psychics—true psychics—I say again, than a babe freshly born. Indeed, most of them are little more than that, a babe freshly born who is discovering its toes, and having discovered them imagines it has made the discovery that toes exist for the first time in all created human life.

Not that I want to disillusion such people from a spirit of unhappy reaction to the wonders and mysteries of psychics, or present a destructive criticism of a set of human attributes which do have a most valuable place in the mortal scheme of

things. But at the same time I would like to inform certain folk who have not thought much about the subject that there are certain dangers and distresses they are courting, not at all what modern theology has described or implied in connection with hyperdimensional activities, but none the less potent to alter their lives and send them into channels of which they cannot be aware.

IN THE first place, the possessor of psychical faculties has to undergo several great disillusionments himself about the nature of life both in the body and out of it. He has to be prepared to accept that his early childhood fixations about God and religion may suffer some extremely painful shockings, and that he must be prepared to accept a totally altered concept of what the cosmos is and exactly how it works.

I am serious in this.

Suddenly, however, "breaking" into practical psychics and performing some sort of intelligent liaison with those who have actually quit their physical sheathings and made contact with us to report their experiences, we discover that all of our orthodox ideas have been a grandiose fairy tale.

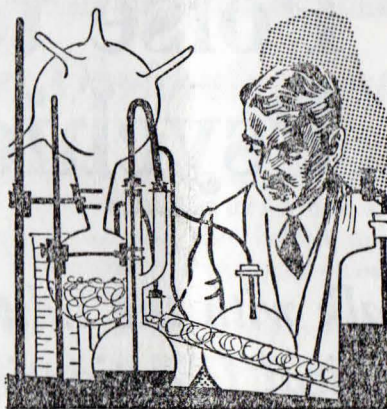
The only "kingdom of heaven" that exists is in the temper and tenure of our own hearts—even as Christ Himself told us—and conversely the only "hell" that exists is a state of discarnate mind where we want to get expression along a certain route that must have a physical body for such expression, but which is denied us in the disembodied state and therefore leaves us suffering the agonies of yearning with no means for gratification.

We are told that life in the higher "heavens" is made up of thought processes, exactly like life on earth, that we do not become all-wise or all-good by dying, that we find ourselves in a state that closely approximates earth with all its problems, only the economic quandary is removed. We live, move, breathe, have pleasures and friendships, joys and sorrows, anticipations and disappointments quite as we had them in the physical self.

And out of the ruck of it we begin to wonder just what purpose is truly served by "dying" at all.

If conditions are approximately the same, only that the one has a trifle broader outlook than the other, why go to the bother of shedding the earthly husk?

And truth to tell, the question remains unanswered until we have ascended into a spiritual state where "living in thought" begins to have practical advantages because of who and what we are.



BUT IT is not in the alteration of our early ideas on the discarnate state that we seek or secure our true distresses when we come to acquire an expert knowledge of psychics.

We make the discovery that even the laws of psychics are not what we think they are. We find that men and women are prone to consider themselves instrumentalities for a higher order of reasoning without considering very seriously why that reasoning should be allotted them. We find too that they are accustomed to think in certain "terms of language" and that those terms on the higher planes may not be like unto those of the earthly status at all. The two planes, or the various planes above us taken in pairs or couplets, may be as unlike as night is unlike day. Thereby as planes are they different and get their necessity for being.

This is a warning to those who would have much to do with psychics that they are entering wholly uncharted fields and arenas of activity and that they must be prepared for shocks and surprises, for inconsistencies and incompatibilities of philosophical concept.

It is by no means true, I say again, that the things on the higher planes are understandable to the lower, and therein we get all the confusion that exists in the process of "communication" . . .

Men and women are prone to bring their woes and griefs to those on the higher planes, for settlement. In nine cases out of ten those woes and griefs arise from a nonunderstanding of proper

living conditions and relationships which they should be brainy enough to solve for themselves from the earthly standpoint strictly. Bringing such traits of self-negligence to those in the higher realms, they encounter a host of entities who would help them if and as they could. But those in the higher realms may have *their* problems likewise, or be pretty well occupied with our problems in our lives. Summoning them to aid us, we are arrogantly presuming that those in the higher spheres, going about their own business day upon day, have nothing else to do than tag us around and be on call as a sort of guardian for us, coddling and nursing us, and giving of their time and effort to aid in our quandaries regardless of whether or not we have the solutions within our own control.

Is it any wonder that the entities who would lend themselves to this sort of thing consistently, have not much business of their own to attend to, and may therefore be compared to that great class of human Fix-Its who are similarly active in earth-life, busying themselves with everybody's problems but their own, and trying to run successfully the lives of all other people while their own affairs are suffering from inattention in consequence?

It is not too much to say that this breed of discarnate *kabitzers* is often as much of a nuisance to true psychical research and development as down-right and openly wicked mischiefmakers, since they will not be bold and candid enough to tell us what their position or relationship really is, but profess to act as our guardians when they would be better employed at studying themselves and improving their own knowledge of cardinal processes before trying to pass it on to earth and label it "divine" just because we cannot pass on its true source.

PEOPLE in a discarnate state are not one whit different from people in the mortal state. That is, temperamentally or spiritually.

One of the most upsetting things we learn from long association with those in the higher state of activity is that they merely enhance themselves by dying, in the characterizations they effected on earth. The gossip will be more of a gossip for having "died"; the rich man will strive to be more of a man of wealth and finan-

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Week in Retrospect

A REPORT just came in from Chicago that Truman Bethurum's Saucer lecture packed them in at 320 W. Randolph Street a few nights ago. About 8:00 o'clock the hall holding 450 people was full and there wasn't even any standing room left. The anteroom or lobby was packed, and there were many others waiting in the hall and in the downstairs lobby. Nearly 900 people turned out to hear Bethurum tell his story of 11 contacts with the "scow" or Saucer from the planet Clarion. He held the audience spellbound with his account, and the question and answer period was enlightening to all attending. At 9:15 Mr. Bethurum had to give a repeat lecture in order to take of the crowds in the hall and lobby. *The Chicago Daily Sun-Times* for May 11th gave Bethurum front page attention, but the article was presented with "tongue-in-cheek".

* * *

BEYOND GRANDEUR starts into the bindery before another issue of VALOR is published. The book runs to 320 pages. The casings are all made and waiting, so that shipments will begin in a matter of days only, thereafter. Understand, despite the publicity relative to it coming out of Saturday's seance, this is not a "dictated" manuscript. True, it is not written in the free and easy colloquial style of the earlier Soulcraft books, that contained interpolations and commentaries between the Mentor manuscripts. It was written as an analysis and exposition of the Soulcraft Doctrine in respect to Immortality. The principles are Soulcraft and none other. And yet there is a quality about the expression of the philosophy that makes it "different" . . . And its author is wondering how it will be received. Evidently his Lady Collaborator in the Higher Realms subscribes to the tenets in the *Golden Scripts*, but wanted certain points developed which she had denied or ignored in life. Saturday night she said by word of mouth while under her



fifteen-minute embodiment, that she had erred in respect to her earthly writings respecting Spiritist communication "and now was paying for it." Getting the Soulcraft Recorder to do the book that should correct her blunder is indeed a high honor for the Recorder and he does not begrudge a moment given to the labor. But it means a complete redesigning of the tenets that have made the Lady Collaborator's church distinctive up till now. What she is saying in effect is, that the Soulcraft principles are right and hers were wrong—something, of course, that may be resented by fanatical communicants of her church. Whether the repudiation, however honestly done while in life, can be corrected, is problematical. The Recorder was wholly taken aback when she declared to him audibly that she was pleased with what had resulted; perchance he convinced his collaborator of his clearer understandings of the expositions involved, while he was writing. At any rate, the whole thing is a mystical enigma. Read the finished book yourself and write in how it impresses you. Saturday night the Lady declared that the finished book was going into more editions than anything that Soulcraft had ever published. "I intend to see that it does," she announced. Actually, it is religion with hell and damnation totally repudiated. That's bad news to the theological

sadists, but the Lady declares that's how it is on the Higher Planes. She's on them and should know . . .

* * *

ANOTHER interested bit of discourse came out Saturday evening. The Recorder was conversing with one of his patriarchal guides, Ari. Twenty to forty people beheld Ari clad in his ancient ceremonial robes and impressive mitre-cap. Suddenly he broke off his line of thought to announce, "While I have opportunity I want to tell you something that's been troubling you about Soulcraft. That's the name itself. You've wondered from time to time whether you were astute in choosing that title, in the light of its unhappy Numerology. Let me correct you in that. The name Soulcraft was put in your mind at the time by Higher Forces. On the Higher Side we consider it ideal to convey the philosophical ideas it represents. Don't worry further about it. Soulcraft represents the digits for Spiritual Exploration and Pioneering, and that is the beginning of the Search for Wisdom. People may not take to it readily at first, but after a time it's vibrations will get them. Presently you will see that it becomes popular throughout America and across the seas. None of what you have presented is your original creation. You were ordained to bring humanity a rewrite of these ancient truths at this time." Even the Recorder himself had difficulty accrediting it. But there it was.

* * *

THE CHALLENGE flabbergasts the layman who may be witnessing one of these Re-Embodiment sessions, where the soul-spirits thus presenting themselves obtain the extraordinary costumes in which they are clothed. Three of the ancient patriarchs, who have said at other times that they have not reincarnated since the periods in which they were famous, wore ceremonial robes of intricate design and sumptuous golden trappings.

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Valor

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We Saw It Happen



WHEN these Higher-Life phenomena come at Soulcraft Headquarters, they appear to come suddenly, giving small time for announcements or preparations. But one thing seems pertinent. Whenever Bertie Lilly Candler has given a trance-sitting in connection with Soulcraft, the session has been infallible in resultant wonderment. Not even the great Italian medium, Valentine, exceeded this remarkable Florida lady for the reliability of what Soulcraft prefers to term physical Re-Creation for the purposes of attesting to the conscious survival of the "graduated" soul-spirit.

Lest the faintest charge of deceit or trickery be laid against her May 8th demonstration at Noblesville, her little Cherokee girl-control, Silverleaf, called to Mr. Candler-Kimmey the medium's husband, and the Recorder to open wide the drapes of the cabinet and thus permit those attending to see Silverleaf in the actual process of utilizing Bertie Lilly's ectoplasm to turn herself from spirit into physical reality. Kimmey and the head Soulcrafter complied, standing on either side of the opening. They lifted the draperies on the unconscious figure of the medium in trance on the right and the partially-formed Indian girl assuming human aspect on the left. The score of persons present beheld the marvel happening, the curtains continuing parted for almost two minutes. That such mani-

festations are trickeries of cheesecloth and mirrors—as the skeptical illiterates delight to maintain—is rationally refuted by such clinical demonstrations. On an earlier occasion, in 1942, the Recorder's "deceased" daughter Harriet had performed the same transition outside of, and in front of, the drapes—in plain view of eighteen guests, one of them the Chief of the State Vigilante Police.



At Harriet's second appearance during Mrs. Candler's current week-end, the girl did a rhythmic dance before the score of spectators—at times fifteen to twenty feet from the medium—to return to a halt before her father, standing at her left so close that her warm sweet breath fell full in his face. Her chest was rising and falling with her exertions, showing that she was utilizing heavy draughts of the room's oxygen in her recreated physical lungs. Here was something more remarkable than many others witnessing the organic effect bethought. *The need for oxygen meant the operation of lungs, bloodstream and heart!* These, for the moment it seemed, must have been present within her ectoplasmically recreated ensemble. And yet the physical girl had not been in the studio a half-hour before, there was no method by which any physical substitute could have gotten inside the premises, and no one but Mrs. Candler was in the "cabinet" when the proceedings ended and the lights were turned on. To have such phenomena happen in a "fixed" studio especially constructed for such exhibitions, is one thing. To have

it occur on private studio-property where windows and doors are sealed against upsetting interruptions, is quite another.

Other scattered bits of confirmation of the physical reality of such proceedings did not escape adept eyes. When the world-famous founder of one of our great religious denominations stood before the Recorder and spoke the words reported on Pages 2 and 3 of this issue of VALOR, she closed her 15-minute converse with a humorous episode in connection with the establishment of her Church. A ripple of laughter went about her audience, in which the Lady herself joined. The Recorder was standing so close on her right as she faced northward, that he noted her bosom react to this merriment—purely muscular reflexes. But the more important fact was, abolishing any claims that her voiced words might have been spoken in ventriloquism coming from the cabinet, he got strong or weak registrations of her voice on the electronic microphone carried in his right hand as he moved it close or distant from the Lady's person, not close or distant from the cabinet where the medium sat inert. The mechanical microphone thus proved that it was not a projected voice. Uniformly the disintegration of these temporary bodies takes place behind the draperies, chiefly because it is insufferable to emotional people to behold a particularly loved one fusing, breaking down, and dissolving before their eyes.

NO, THESE temporary bodies are as real as those of any person beholding them from flesh. On one occasion Saturday, one of the Recorder's patriarch-mentors stood conversing with him throughout the time of the interview with his right hand on the Recorder's shoulder, emphasizing remarks by an occasional pressure of the fingers. The hand was as substantial, firm, and curiously warm as that of any earthly human. There is no clammy ghostliness to these expedient recreations. On another occasion, being formally introduced to the recreated father of a Chicago man present, the father smilingly told his son that he knew more about the Recorder than the son did, emphasizing the Recorder's identity by raising the fingers of his right hand and giving a brief sharp tug at the Recorder's goatee.

The pull was so hard it made him wince.

Silverleaf, from all appearances, stands about 5 feet, 2 inches and weighs approximately 110 pounds. Yet in an earlier seance, when the Recorder had mistakenly started for his seat after conversing with her before the draperies, and she had wished to talk more with him, she reached after him, caught him by the elbow, and spun his 160-pounds about as though he had been a child. The sudden sharp pull could have dislocated his shoulder. A 110-pound woman in physicality would have had difficulty doing it.



These, of course, are but interesting sidelights on a great and miraculous episode. The more worthy significances are always the great wealth of personal knowledge that the Recreated People possess, concerning the past private lives and vicissitudes of those whom they address. Incidents known only to the Recreated One and the mortal person addressed—often going back in the latter's life twenty to thirty years—are common. One such incident concerned a recreated father asking the mortal son if he recalled a time when the latter was eight years of age that he had gotten into some poison-oak on a Minnesota camping trip and the father had experimented at arresting the poison with a mustard-plaster? Not only had the son not thought of the incident over forty or more years, but the medium had never met the son before that specific trance-session and the Recorder had only bethought to invite him twenty minutes before it started.

Of Walter Stinson materializing his right hand during the mediumship of his sister Marjory Crandon, plunging it into a bowl of scalding water that held a lump of red dental kerr, and impressing fingerprints that absolutely tallied with his fingerprints left before death on his toilet articles at home—attested by the Boston Police Department—the facts are psychological history.

No, by every known evidential test that mind can contrive, the reality and identification of these "survived" persons stands



EAGLE . .



ARTH-boredom is a serious thing,
Continued, it can illness bring;
To get oneself in some deep groove
And follow minutes for each move.
To tie oneself in custom's trend
Will cause the soul unrest no end.

What is the eagle's freedom worth?
He spreads his wings and leaves the earth.

At any moment, day or night,
He leaves earth's troubles by high flight,
He owns no luggage, ties, nor care,
He even sleeps awing in air.
Then at his choice he's free to light
Wherever Beauty Scenes invite.
We humans, anchored to earth's rocks
Must come and go as slaves to clocks.

We think we're free! . . . but look around,
Behold we're fastened to this ground;
With heart-hopes lashed to worldly grind
Our freedom lies alone in Mind.
The eagle, made by God to soar,
From ground or sky can Him adore.
It watches long in some high tree
Then takes to wing to prove it's free.

To come, to go where'er it will,
O'er mountain, desert, lake or hill,
While we, like sheep too dumb to know,
Must work organic limbs to go;
Have only Mind to climb the skies
And see Eternity with eyes.
We must in concert heights attain,
And pit against free wings, a brain!

Learn from this bird! It lives in Light,
It knows not Death, nor Age, nor Fright;
From high aloft Its vision free
Horizon's golden scope to see.
Can we lift Mind to fly on wings
While to no rock Ambition clings?
Such is High Challenge that we face . . .
What vaster dare confronts our race?

through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



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reasonably proven. Skeptics who cling hysterically to the contention that fraud must be in it somewhere, are only advertising their illiteracy to those acquainted with modern psychics.

Ninety-eight percent of all former prophecies made have come true on the nail. Why should they stop merely because 1954 has been reached?

Anyhow, it was a great week-end for Soulcraft . . .

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

we shall have magnetically controlled craft ourselves.

NOW LET'S go ahead of our 1800 period to the year 1931. In *Alone Over The Tasman Sea* the author, Francis Chichester, says: "I was nearing the completion of my 1931 solo crossing of the Tasman Sea from Auckland to Sydney via Norfolk and Lord Howe Island." Chichester was a famous early aviator. "At the time of my experience I was suffering from deep depression because my aircraft's motor showed signs of failing and a subsequent crash into the sea would be inevitable. Having, shortly before, passed through a storm, my plane suddenly came out into comparatively clear sky. Suddenly happened a brilliant flash. Nothing could glitter and flash in a cloud but an airplane. I watched the spot intently for a time. More flashes occurred and I could see no plane. Turning to the land, I found that it had disappeared. In its place a long purple-hued cloud lay on the sea at a great distance. Another illusion, I thought.

"It thrust me down into the deepest depths of depression. When I looked back at the flashing lights, they too had disappeared. There was not a sign of them . . . but suddenly something caught my eye at thirty degrees to the left. Then vivid flashes in several places, followed like the dazzle of a heliograph. That it could not be. It must be a flight of planes and they could hardly be connected with me.

"Then I saw advancing . . . great heavens; . . . *the dull grey-white shape of an airship*. Impossible? However, there was no doubt about it, and indeed how should I be mistaken in an airship? It

nosed towards me like an oblong pearl. Nothing but a cloud or two was visible in the sky for miles. I looked left, sometimes catching a flash or a glint there. Turning again to the airship, I found it had completely vanished. I screwed my eyes, unable to believe them, and twisted my plane this way and that, thinking that the airship must be hidden by a blind spot.

"There was scarcely a wisp of a cloud anywhere near, then dazzling flashes continued in four or five different places to the left, but still I could pick out no planes. There out of clouds to my right front I saw another of the same airships advancing. I fixed my gaze on it, determined not to look away for the fraction of a second. I would see what happened to this one, if I had to chase it. It drew steadily closer until perhaps a mile away, when right under my gaze it suddenly vanished. I was astounded!

"But it reappeared close to where it had vanished. I watched it with fixed intentions. It drew closer . . . I could see the dull gleam of light on nose and back. It came on . . . but instead of increasing in size it diminished as it approached. When quite near, it suddenly became its own ghost. For one second I could see right through it, and the next instant, as quickly as a flame can vanish, it had vanished. I turned to the flashes . . . those too had now vanished, I felt stranded in solitude, it was intolerable."

Mr. Chichester now controls an Air Navigation school in London.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Psychical Talents

(Continued from Page 6)

cial importance; the person who goes in for any of the professions will indulge himself to his heart's content—and all the while poor human nature thinks that those who are on the other side advising him are semi-celestial in their discernments and motives, and aiding or contributing their aid from the standpoint of little personal saviors of the individual.

It is sometimes pathetic to see the credence which neophyte psychics place upon such advice, coming from people that in many cases do not know as much about the subjects advised upon, as those who are in physical bodies and asking for

more enlightenment. All sorts of silly rubbish is manufactured, all sorts of pros and cons are effected, and the general result is a hodgepodge of logic and reasoning that may ultimately disgust and discourage the one who is sincerely seeking for truth.

I MENTION these things because I say that it takes a lot of good old-fashioned mundane poise to run the gamut of all this confusion and keep one's feet on the ground and one's head level in the face of it.

We are dealing in psychics with inter-plane communication. When the first shock of pleased surprise is over—surprise that the concepts of theology are all wrong and that there is such a thing as human survival in a state not wholly unlike that of earth—the novice wants to run rampant in personal knowledge thus acquired and pass on to his friends the results of it as proof that what he is concerning himself with, has a basis in cosmic fact. Soon discrepancies will begin to occur in what he is getting. Facts and dates will be given him that do not stack up with known data in the flesh. The diablerie will even reach such a point that the student or novice will begin to pattern his life day to day and hour to hour on what he thinks he is getting as inviolate truth. And even though nothing malicious may be intended on the part of those attempting to communicate or advise him, the results will be disastrous to the judgment, to the sense of personal discrimination, and all the other attributes of character development that come from a personal exploration of life in all its phases from the personal-experience standpoint of activity.



M EANWHILE the subject may be getting more and more "sensitive" and as that sensitiveness becomes increasingly delicate, he will become the easier prey to all sorts and conditions of discarnate people with all sorts and conditions of complexes, who finally take pos-

session of his will completely and begin to get action back on the earth-plane by direct behavior through his body or brain.

The result often is aberration.

And the pathos of it is, that the novice or subject does not recognize the cause of such upset and aberration, and unwittingly contributes to it by feeling a sense of personal responsibility that cannot be ignored or denied. The greater the degree of compatibility with those in the higher orders of life, the greater will be the sense of obligation toward anything they do, or "send across." They become little more than cataleptic white slaves or sublimely hypnotized subjects and will rise in a mighty wrath if told that they are suffering from a form of possession that is sapping their will-power, personality, and rightful cause of procedure for being in life at all.

It is through a bewildering maze of such discoveries that I have fought my own way in the 26 years that have gone. But the tax and stress does not end there.

Along with patient investigation of all these laws and processes, I have effected to share what I was discovering or receiving with several thousand people scattered all over the nation, most of whom I've not been able to meet personally and who know of my progress only as I have printed it and distributed it in weekly literature.

Those people, not knowing exactly what the difficulties are in this type of inter-plane research, have subconsciously accepted that I am infallible in my judgments, discernments, and pronouncements. They have looked to me as the cause and origin of the Intelligence I have been moderately successful in getting, and no matter how many times I have assured them that we are all fellow students together, they have ignored my contention and held me up as a paragon of psychical achievement whose pronouncements might be taken as gospel fact.

So I say, on the whole, it demands intestinal fortitude and no little intellect to persevere through the mazes of what the East calls "pledge fever" and gain to poise and adeptship in handling phenomena not of this world.

Do not be discouraged, however. If you have true gifts, you will eventually use them. If you do not have true gifts, you will learn of it soon enough.

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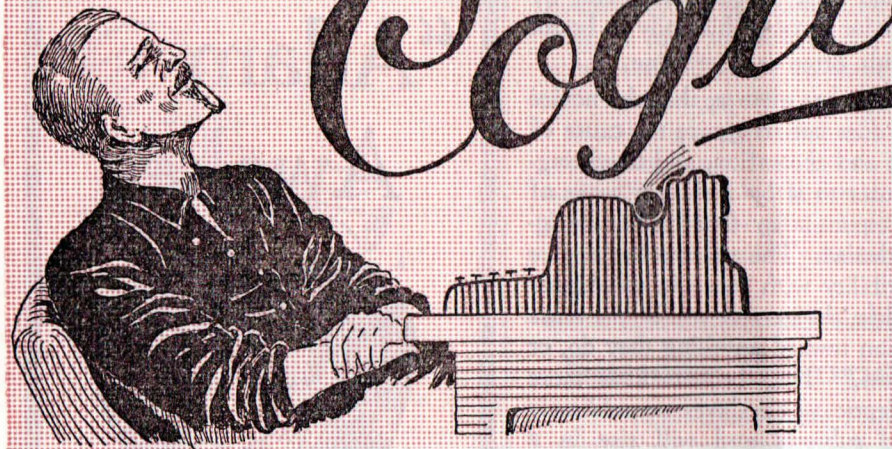
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Soulcraft Chapels

Cogitations



THIS SEEMS to have been a psychical week at Soulcraft. Bertie Lilly Candler and Eddie drove up from Miami on the 8th and spent the week-end, just as I was beginning my continuation of *Cogitations* from last issue. So I must write of them instead. The visits of Bertie and Eddie mark milestones in Soulcraft. The last had been October 14th. . . Naturally, the Headquarters staff has been thinking and talking little else since. Bertie gave us our longest and most important seance that Saturday evening. The highlight of it for myself, of course, was the physical recreation of bonny daughter Harriet for the better part of half an hour, likewise George B. Fisher, Ari, and the estimable Lady who has been my most recent mentor during the writing of *Beyond Grandeur*, and with whom I had many spirited controversies concerning mortal mind and Divine Mind while it was going together. At the most I was expecting *some* sort of admonition from her for my masculine bigotries. But nary an admonition. She pulled the mental rug out from under my feet completely by informing me that *Beyond Grandeur* was just what she wanted. Furthermore, she added in the censored part of her remarks that I should get ready for heavy editions when the first printing had been shipped. And lest the more zealous members of her Church arise and blast me for capitalizing on her name, I serve notice I'm not using her name. As for her personal participation in the writing of the work, I have every word she spoke recorded on electronic tape. No one who

had ever heard her voice would forget it. And I have fifteen to twenty responsible persons ready to affix their names to affidavits that what is recorded on such tapes was precisely what she uttered . . . By the way, she's a thoroughbred . . .



A DECIDEDLY odd thing occurred at the opening of the second session of the seance. It was held in my patio studio, at the southwestern corner of the main plant, which many of you have visited. I had moved my big armchair away from the bookcases under the life-sized painting of the Christ, and Eddie—Bertie Lilly's husband—had strung up the heavy black velour drapes with Dave Gaskell helping. This time, we used the 45-rpm repeating phonograph with assorted sacred music. I had this instrument on my flat-topped desk to the east, with my two master electronic recorders, primed and tested for voice volume . . . The high-pitched, chuckling voice of Silverleaf uniformly has opened all the Bertie Lilly sessions at which I have been present since 1939, but as the music played for the second session and we sat waiting for

Silverleaf to declare herself, a sudden strange commotion as though of a strong wind blowing, came behind the curtains. Next, a white-robed figure—that all of us assumed was Silverleaf—made three ineffectual starts to come from the cabinet. No word had yet been spoken. The figure did *not* come out and the incident passed. Three or four more moments of sacred music and then we did hear Silverleaf. "Did you see *that?*" she demanded from behind the drapes. I asked, "See what?" . . . "*That Space Man!*" she screeched—and it definitely was a screech. I wanted particulars. "He came in here through the west wall in spirit!" she cried. "He'd just left his Saucer invisible out here in your backyard, and wanted to crash this seance to talk to you. Now what do you know about that!" Silverleaf was flabbergasted. I called back, "Well, what's become of him?" . . . "I dunno," said the guide. "When he found he couldn't come out and face the red light, he beat it out through the west wall and I don't see him anywhere!" . . . A minute later, while we were considering it, the curtains parted normally and the Cherokee girl made re-created appearance . . .

o—o

I SAY "recreated" because if there's one atrocious word used in connection with Mentors and dear ones electing to visit us so, it's that colorless and technical word, "materialization". Fancy referring to a human soul as being constructed of "materials". . . At the most, "body rebuilding" would be better. I say these were "recreated" people who so manifested for us Saturday. And they *did* manifest. They manifested not only for me and mine but for practically every person who happened to be in that studio audience. It so happened that I had several important businessmen here, connected with imminent Soulcraft financing, not to mention Ric Williamson and his wife—who had never seen such phenomena hitherto—and within ten to fifteen

minutes the party got personal and stayed so to the end. One of our week-end guests was a retired air force Colonel, incidentally one official who has done more to spread the reading of the *Golden Scripts* among chaplains of the Army, Navy, and Air Force than any other individual in the nation. The Colonel's "guide" and mentor—a tall, distinguished, berobed potentate of olden time—called him forward and conversed with him for nearly a quarter-hour, the Colonel's Lady along with him. Somewhat to my amusement they talked high-degree Masonry, the Colonel being a whole Pentagon in the F-A-M. That was another interesting check and double-check against the oft-advanced claim that the medium originates what is communicated. I should have questioned Bertie Lilly as to just when she was made a 32 degree Mason, not to mention Knight Templar. If Bertie ever rode a Masonic goat, that I should have seen! . . .

—o—

COMPARING reminiscent notes with Bertie and Eddie, we realized that this was now the fourteenth year of our most profitable acquaintance. Bertie is a matronly middle-aged lady, her married name being Mrs. Edward Kimmey. Her husband, Edward Kimmey, accompanies her for all public appearances. At home in Miami, his vocation is Deputy Sheriff. He is tall, personable, and has fine romantic grey in his hair. Bertie is a native of Candler, N. C., not far from Asheville, where she was raised with her brother Howard. They were Methodists by religious heritage. But Bertie told me a fascinating tale after one of her seances, about Howard's making the Passing while still a young man, and some weeks afterward succeeding in recreating himself physically in a Cincinnati kitchen where she was alone washing dishes. As Howard picked up and carried on the story, he besought her to exercise the natural powers which she brought into life with her, and give the breaved human race evidence of soul survival which she had ability to do. But she wrestled with her orthodox scruples for the better part of a decade before embarking on her present career—when she went to the top with electric dispatch. Oddly enough, we discovered back in October of last year that she sat for early development with Mary Beattie of Ohio, whose husband Orange is now composing foreman at the Soulcraft publishing plant. Mary passed over



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two years ago. Thus she reappeared at Soulcraft this week-end in complete re-creation of her former physical self, walked out and greeted Orange and me with all her lovely maternal charm—referring whimsically to the fact that whereas she had formerly sat as medium for me when getting Harriet at Chesterfield or in Ohio, now she was coming out as the re-creation herself. She looked precisely as I had always known her, in fact I recognized her as she appeared between the curtains even before she had announced her name . . .

o—o

I ASKED Bertie Lilly before the seance started the other evening, what her own sensations were, on sinking into such re-creating trance . . . "After the group finishes saying the Lord's Prayer," she related, "I throw myself into a state of mind that's more or less a prayer to God to enable me to help and console those who wish to have the fact of immortality demonstrated to them. Soon it seems to me that a great circular screen or 'tent' starts to descend and enclose me from above my head. Imagine a circular covering of semi-transparent plastic material being slowly lowered by a single rope in the center of its roof, finally enveloping you completely. But as it comes lower, it seems to be filled with sound . . . voices . . . the most wondrous music . . . When it's completely down around me, I just lose consciousness and fall asleep. The time of the seance goes instantly, and next thing Eddie's awakening me, saying it's over. I don't 'go anywhere', I'm not conscious in the slightest of anything taking place about me." Prior to all of her sittings that I've ever witnessed up across more than a dozen years, she has insisted that a committee of women accompany her into an adjoining room while she disrobes completely, putting on a black silk house-coat and sandals, this assuring the skeptical that she carries nothing of a deceptive nature into the cabinet to aid in any phenomenon that follows . . . An utterly charming and companionable lady! . . .

o—o

FROM time to time during this coming month, as Ric Williamson has opportunity away from his public addresses in nearby cities on Saucers, we intend to make a whole series of electronic reels for Chapel playing, under the auspices of Soulcraft Research Laboratories. We

are going to use those three hours of tape recordings of the recent week-end seances to relay the proceedings to Soulcrafters all over the nation—that it's permissible to circulate. Some of the greetings between reembodyed dear ones and guests were too poignant to be relayed to the public, even a sympathetic public. Bill Manspeaker had an important and impressive patriarch come forth and address him, making references to their association back over years only known to the two of them. But all those interviews should be kept—and will be kept—in sacred confidence . . . I shall probably be writing about the strictly Soulcraft contacts, however, for most of the coming month. One of the big surprises of the occasion was the re-embodiment of Harry Martin, one-time manager-auditor of the staff at Asheville, N. C., who demised as some of you recall, of Buerger's Disease in 1937. He voluntarily referred to it, and thanked me for preaching his funeral sermon at Greenwood, S. C. when he had died under ether while having the leg amputated. "You told those listening folks a lot of things I didn't deserve," he chided me, "because I was there and heard what you said. I was standing three to four feet away from you, grinning at the strangeness of the situation—being present at my own funeral, with my body lying in a black box while my intellect was part of your audience." . . . What was it Shakespeare wrote, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." . . .

Week in Retrospect

(Continued from Page 7)

Many of their vestments were jewel-studded. So were the heavy white-silk gowns worn by Harriet and the Recorder's Lady Collaborator on *Beyond Grandeur*. Invariably there is a row of diadem-jewels across the forehead, tiara-fashion. When Ari raised his hand to rest it on the Recorder's shoulder, the sleeve of his gown brushed the Recorder's left hand and wrist. It was soft as velvet but quite as tangible . . . At a seance in Baltimore years ago, the situation became such that it was possible to grasp a portion of such fabric and hold it up taut against a light. It disclosed no warp and woof, being of

sheer substance like modern plastics. It was a real procession of such spectacular personages that came and went in the Soulcraft studio Saturday evening. There were no wild or fantastic phantoms, or necromantic phenomena. Real people from Higher Realms appeared and gave overwhelming and oftentimes embarrassing confirmation of the Recorder's writings and labors. How to rationalize it in the light of physics? It cannot be rationalized. It HAPPENED. And there we have to leave it . .

May 8th Seance

(Continued from Page 3)

wide growth and acceptance of Soulcraft, the expansion of Headquarters, and its vital significance in the national life that is coming as the atom-bomb and military menace is lifted from the life of the nations—which may be sooner than man dreams.

THIS was not the ordinary Spiritualistic seance, in that no necromantic phantoms were apparent, no apports were dropped in or out, and practically one and all visitants from the Higher Realms of Life referred to Reincarnation as acknowledged truth on the planes from which they came. Orthodox Spiritualists do not subscribe to such life-fundamental, their contacts being circumscribed to lower planes of discarnation.

The general overall reaction to such miraculous performings as occurred at Soulcraft on the evening of Saturday, May 8th, could not help but be mixed exultation and disconsolation—exultation that the acceptance of Death is such pitiable fallacy as it is among the psychical illiterates of earth, and disconsolation that we on the earthside must continue our hectic pathways in flesh amid the heterogeneous mass of destructionists who keep the world in the turmoil they do.

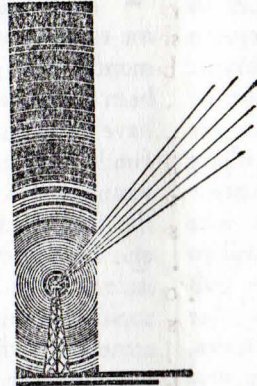
Nevertheless, these things *are* occurring at Soulcraft Headquarters, witnessed by personages of too great consequence for denial or repudiation to long remain effective.

All of it ties into the authenticating of the *Golden Scripts*.

How much longer can America remain insensible to these Noblesville developments?

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

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

LRAN across the following in one of Meade Layne's BSRA Clips of recent date: "Let us make no mistake about this: the basic reason why the phenomena of the visitation of Saucers cannot be made intelligible to 99 percent of the Western World is that, en masse, we are metaphysical illiterates. To reject without hearing anything that involves metaphysical, occult, or spiritualistic concepts—though it may contain the most ancient knowledge of the race—is believed to be the sign of a truly "scientific" spirit and to show one's cleverness in refusing to be hoodwinked. The culture of the West has closed the door upon the only knowledge which can now serve our urgent needs. And such attitudes, which are of the Time Spirit itself, cannot be overthrown and replaced in days or months or even years. We are what we are because of the course of history . . ."

THE FOREGOING will perhaps be endorsed by two-thirds of the nation's so-called esoteric writers. The chief trouble I find with it is, *it isn't so!* I have high respect for Dr. Layne for his many trenchant findings but he can by no means sell me on the argument that western-world people are mystical morons. I find to the contrary. I would say in all kindness concerning my esoteric brethren that the main fault isn't with occidental temperaments, the fault is with ourselves. Up across forty years I have never forgotten George Horace Lorimer's comment, "There are no dull subjects, there are only dull writers." Nine out of ten metaphysical pundits who fly into mimeograph paper and then bewail their rate of returns, have little or nothing that is new to say, then don't know how to say it so that people will pay for it. Soulcraft hasn't found the populace of this western world so dumb. Soulcraft has found so many readers for its books and publications that its chief headache is providing the investment capital, even on a banking basis, to keep its books in print. Three to seven percent of the persons solicited, buy Soulcraft literature and come back for more. The commercial response is two percent. I hesitate to disclose what the average sale per Soulcraft response totals steadily. Soulcraft is encountering no difficulty in selling periodicals on the Saucers, or getting people to understand them. Its sales this year will run above \$100,000 even at present rates of return, and plans are being made for handling \$1,000,000 of sales in 1955. Soulcraft declares that the way you dress your material is everything. It must erect new buildings this summer or carry on its business in tents.

THIS is not said in brag. Five celebrated historical discarnates stood in my studio Saturday evening and warned me to prepare for a general prairie fire of Soulcraft sales in the months and years immediately ahead. As most of them have been accurately counselling me up the past quarter-century, I have faith in their predictions. My fight is a fight for capital funds, because when I reprint a new book it means a fresh investment from \$5,000 to \$10,000. I raised over \$30,000 for the underwriting of the *Golden Scripts* in a period of weeks, and have been giving them away ever since. Again I say, this isn't because I happen to have the knack of talking deep philosophical subjects to the Man in the Street. It's because of something which the "scientific" societies like BSRA are at a loss to endorse. *I cheerfully supply the Average Man or Woman with the spiritualities that his or her heart instinctively craves.* Dr. Layne has referred to this fact in some of his Soulcraft comments as "religionism." All right, it's religionism, and I'm a "religionist." But I learned forty years ago, on *The American Magazine* staff when it was in its heyday, that above all other hungers in life, it's spirituality the human race wants. I culled out an old copy of *The American* recently, published in 1924. Four of its articles dealt with Jesus the Christ—and said so in their headlines. If Dr. Layne wants to publish "nonreligionist scientific findings", which are merely the codification of man's inhibited knowledge, that is his privilege under the First Amendment. But he shouldn't deprecate the human race if it fails to respond. Today more books, articles, and super-production movies are successfully being sold when they have Jesus and His principles as their motif, than at any time up the past thousand years. Why? Because the Christ character and the Christ Message are what today's human heart is famished to hear about above all other subjects. Sentimentality? Maybe. Christ was the greatest occultist who has ever lived—not to mention being the world's outstanding scientist . . . and His science still stands up. I'm neither ashamed nor chagrined to represent Him as I have found that He IS. And maybe that's the reason why I'm not begging customers. Furthermore, I don't think I'm so far behind on my science. No offense, Dr. Layne. You are bemoaning that dispassionate scientific findings do not appeal to mass human nature as they appeal to you personally. I contend its because they're deductions and therefore controvertible. As Christ Himself put it—"But what father among you, when his son asks for bread, will he give him a stone?" Metaphysical illiterates, indeed! . . .

¶ *IN philosophy, it is not the attainment of the goal that matters. It is the things that feed the soul along the upward way . . .*