

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

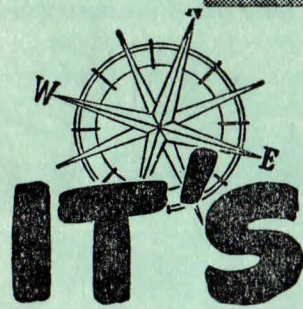
How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume VII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, June 19, 1954

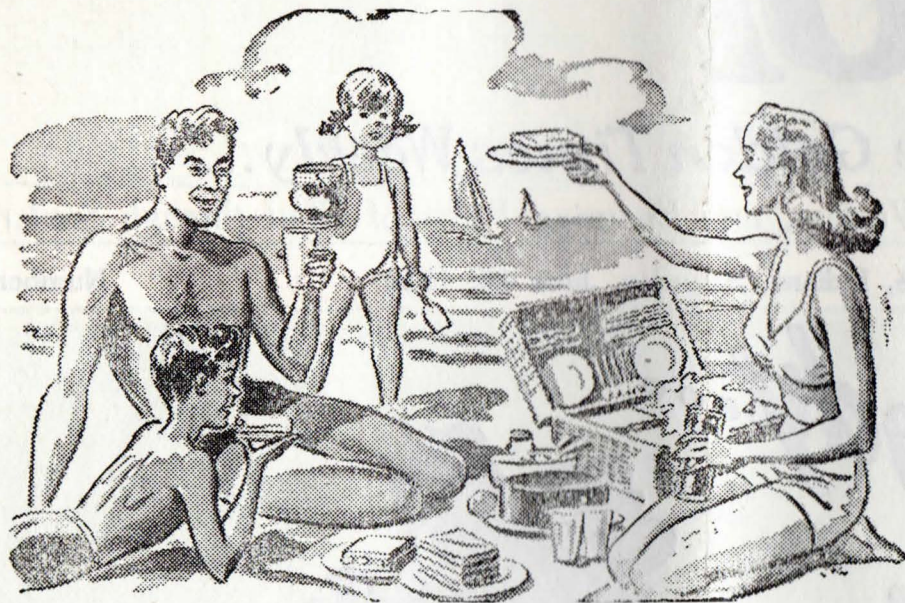
Number 8

*Get Ready...
Pack up!*



**IT'S
VACATION** *Let's Go!*

Vacation Holidays from the Mystical Angle



IT IS a peculiarity of the human consciousness that too-long concentration upon a given matter, or too-continued an application to a state of overly concernment, exhausts the nerve cells of the physical brain, producing a condition either of jaded disinterest or temperamental insouciance, regardless of how great a peril may demand attention.

The modern psychologist considers such effect physiological. The brain cells need "rest" . . . although he becomes academically vague about the frequent circumstance that a great incentive or stimulant coming along suddenly, dramatically, will restore the normality of the senses in an instant. No explanation is forthcoming as to where the energy derives from that effects such restoration, granting it exists at all.

The capable esoterist has a more plausible answer for the "tired" brain that proceeds to lose all its weariness in a matter of seconds, when something occurs of an astonishing or revolutionary nature. He contends that physical brain-cells have nothing to do with it whatever. So long as they exist and function at all, they are forever ready for service. What actually happens in the case of the jaded temperament is the sentient spirit having been participant in more spiritual increment

than it can absorb and "weariness" is merely a control effect on educative processes until Spirit can catch up.

All life experience is merely spiritual education and spiritual enhancement. This spiritual education we commonly term Knowledge. Having extracted the likely enhancements from Knowledge that we can use repeatedly in similar predicaments in future, we term such enhancements Wisdom.

Thus do we have the traditional axiom, "Knowledge comes but Wisdom lingers."

Putting it more aptly, the only *real* difference between Knowledge and Wisdom is that Wisdom is that residue of Knowledge that remains in the consciousness for instantaneous utility according to the exigency of future circumstances . . .

IT IS by no means bromidical that just at the present time in the earth's social history, mankind is either witness or participant in more educating experiences than the common run of his kind can absorb and utilize. We say, "Things are happening too fast and furious for the average mind to keep track of them." But that is not stating the case with real accuracy.

World events are occurring at too swift a pace for the average intelligence to be able to absorb more than its accustomed quantity of educating vicissi-

tudes. Speed events much above the normal rate and they merely "fail to make lasting impression" on spectators or participants. True intelligence is developed—in other words—by increasing the capability of the consciousness to grasp and retain the significance of what happens around it externally. There are exceptional people who can do "two things at once"—or three, four, five, six things at once. But the mediocre mind can only encompass "one thing at a time." The difference between the two is the measure of our "quality of Consciousness."

The day may arrive up our cosmic careers when our intelligence may be sufficiently advanced to entertain twenty things at once, or a hundred or ten thousand. Of others, considering it in our current status, we would acclaim such mental capability as god-like. But it may not be god-like at all. It may simply be spiritual maturity. If that expresses god-likeness, well and good, but it is a matter of Growth, not prodigality . . .

THE PEOPLE of the world, and particularly the American people, have had such a fill of civic scandal, corruption, propaganda, and general bamboozlement since the last week in October, 1929, when the Great Wall Street Crash occurred, that their spirits en masse have become saturated with intrigue and sensation, till the point is being reached where indignation is deadened and wholesale phlegmatism setting in. Two major wars since the turn of the century haven't injured them to the catastrophe of war



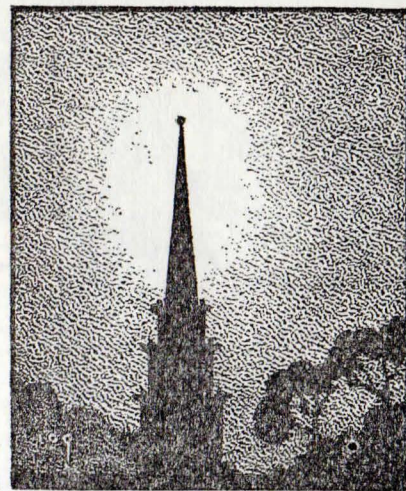
but have exhausted their sensitivities to see the futility of it.

Soulcraft's Harriet, speaking in materialization from the discarnate, never

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What Are Spiritual Leaders Offering that Is New? . .

What Has the International News Survey Brought Forth but Accepted Generalities?



RELIGIOUS leaders across the United States have generally concurred in a recent address of President Eisenhower's, in which the Chief Executive stated that "spiritual strength" is the country's greatest bulwark but emphasized that such strength must be nourished constantly in the church, the schools and the family. It is a happy circumstance that he thus endorses these higher values, particularly in light of the fact that nowhere in his nominating or inaugurating ceremonies was the name of Jesus the Christ once permitted to be spoken. But the nation's prelates appear to have reacted to the latest testimonial from the President in the usual expressions of glittering generalities.

The Most Rev. Merlin J. Guilfoyle, auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco, contributed the most potent statement when he remarked that "spiritual strength rests upon ideas, not upon materiel of war." It poses the question applicable to all the prelates, would they not be in the forefront of the decriers and persecutors of anyone brazen enough to strive to bring some new ideas to the Christian religion itself?

In his nation-wide address April 5th, Mr. Eisenhower stressed that today, as always, spiritual values provide the American people's strongest asset, saying that without this spiritual strength "everything goes by the boards."

The President's words found a warm echo in religious leaders who were asked by International News Service to express their views on the source for strength of spirit, and what role they felt religion might play in sustaining and building it.

THE RT. REV. Henry H. Shires, suffragan bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of California, stated:

"We believe from the heart with President Eisenhower that the strength of the nation lies in the religious faith of our people. That truth is written in our history. Our nation in its liberty was born out of the religious convictions of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence and wrote the Constitution, that all men are under God free and equal.

"It was our faith that these things are true that nerved our arm to defend them. It is faith in God and His righteousness that has built the spirit of this nation by which we have survived. Just as it was the church alone which gave birth to such faith, it is the church only that effectively can maintain it, a church that in itself must be free and strong and true to the spirit of Jesus."

Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston told INS:

"The spiritual strength of America easily can be measured in the fortunes of the family in national life. When the virtues flourish that vitalize the home then we can claim that we are strong spiritually as a nation; when they are weakened or disappear then we are in danger.

"Students of social phenomena have warned us again and again that there are present certain factors that even now threaten our stability and if they become progressively worse can lead us only to

moral shipwreck. Among these we must list divorce and marital infidelity alongside of laxity in parental discipline and neglect of education and religious values.

"Against all this, however, we have the traditional pattern of family life in America which emphasizes the ancient virtues of sacrifice and honor, affection and discipline, honest labor and religious training.

The spiritual strength of America is, to be sure, still a bulwark against the threats of our day, but we have no reason to be complacent in its regard since it can be lost by neglect from within more easily than by force from without. The work of religion is to assist with the grace of God in making this eventually impossible."

The Very Rev. Dr. James A. Pike, dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City:

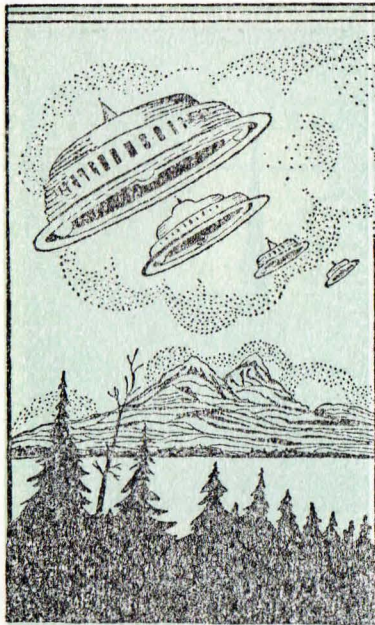
"The President's words are timely indeed. No times ever have really been secure but when they are obviously insecure, it takes more than faith in the things of earth to keep us effectively at the task of earth.

"A LIVING religion, an active trust in God, a grounding of our hopes in eternal life can give us the courage and serenity to keep on the job here and now while realistically recognizing the perils we are in.

"If we know our final stake is not here, then whatever threatens—even the powers of hell, which the H-bomb well symbolizes—we will continue to serve God and neighbor right here with our whole strength, knowing that every practical effort we make for peace and the preserva-

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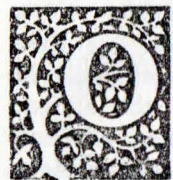




SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....

The Strange Sighting Over the African Mountain



ON THE 19th of February, 1951, Captain Bicknell was flying the East African Airways ship, the *Lodestar*, from Mombasa to Nairobi. There were nine passengers on board and also the radio operator, D. W. Merrifield. At 7:20 a. m. Merrifield drew Bicknell's attention to a dazzling bright object motionless at some 10,000 feet over the crest of the mountain. The height of Kilimanjaro is 19,300 feet. For three minutes the two watched the object and then alerted the passengers. One of them had powerful binoculars.

Captain Bicknell examined the object through the binoculars. It was a tube over 200 feet long, silver in color, with three dark bands that circled it, a huge "fin" at one end, the other end was semi-spherical. For 17 minutes they watched this object that had no other features but was clear and hard in its outlines. Then on an upward slant, it began to move east and was lost to sight at 40,000 feet. There were no clouds and the ship left no vapor trail.

All the passengers were interrogated when they landed at Nairobi and agreed with Captain Bicknell's statement. They also said the drawing he supplied to the *Nairobi Sunday Post* was an accurate picture of the object.

ON BOARD the *Lodestar* was a passenger by the name of Ray Overstreet, radio operator of the American ship the *Robin Mowbray*. He claimed that he had a cinema camera with him

on that flight. On the 13th of March he was interviewed by the Shipping Reporter of the *Natal Mercury*. He arranged that Ray Overstreet should show the film to a silent audience. Among this group were the Durban Harbor Pilots, Captain R. Morton and A. Davis. The film convinced these viewers that what was seen moving on the screen above the mountain was "an unidentified aerial object" that was under intelligent control.

Overstreet said that he had sent his film to Johannesburg and had it developed there. The *Natal Mercury* published a photo of one of the frames of the film showing the mountain clearly with the bright spot of the object. But the film was so reduced that the spot appeared only like a star. It was clear enough on the film itself however, to recognize its tubular shape, the observer said. That day, Ray Overstreet told the men to whom he showed his film that he was sailing for the United States. The Shipping Reporter who wrote the account for the *Natal Mercury* is convinced that he did. *No certain account has come to hand as to his landing in this country!*

Overstreet had a documented film, that when shown, convinced competent observers who had been skeptical. The Mt. Kilimanjaro sighting photos must exist somewhere. If anyone knows the whereabouts of Mr. Ray Overstreet, radio operator of the American ship the *Robin Mowbray*, please inform us. You will be doing Saucer Research a big favor!

SPACE visitors are surveying every inch of ground around the major fault lines of the earth. These lines of weakness are under great strain as we go deeper into Aquarius.

The area around Mt. Kilimanjaro in eastern Africa is a highly disturbed magnetic area. One of the earth's major fault lines goes through this section. The 200-foot cigar-shaped craft must have been a scientific laboratory, obtaining data.

The low altitude and the long period of hovering would indicate this.

In recent months there have been many earthquakes and volcanic activity has increased throughout the world. On April 30th Greece's second major earthquake in less than a year brought destruction and death in the central mountainous area, 150 persons being killed or injured and more than 25,000 made homeless. Hundreds of homes were shaken down. The stricken area apparently centered near the village of Granitsa, 135 miles northwest of Athens near the Pindus mountains. The town of Pharsala was reported wiped out. The town Sophades also was reported destroyed. There was widespread damage in the city of Trikala where houses collapsed in a cloud of dust.

Tremors of "catastrophic violence" startled people in Thessaly. Violent shocks flattened entire towns and crushed scores of people to death. Thousands of people slept in open fields . . . some because they had no home to return to and others because they were afraid to go back to the towns they had fled.

Interior Minister Ioannis Nicolitsias said the quake was comparable only to the one in the Ioanian Islands last August which claimed 600 to 1,000 lives and left 120,000 persons homeless.

A few days before this major disaster, on April 17th, 200 homes were lost in the Corinth area quake. On April 21 the
(Continued on Page 10)



The Necromantic Origin of the King's Scepter . .



TO CONVEY some idea of the extent to which the original Spiritual Hierarchy was advanced over its modern prototype, the denominational clergy, consider for a moment the possession of, or jurisdiction over, such a thing as the vril stick. According to the slender details that have come down to us, the vril stick was a slender glass rod, some thirty inches long and hollowed down the center. At the top end was a most peculiar handle, or rather it was capped by a six-inch length of glass affixed in oblique slant somewhat in the shape of a cross-bar made by Spencerian penmen when they write a capital letter T.

Inside such glass tube was confined the vril ray.

The vril ray was a death ray.

How it was evolved, how it could be confined in a slender tube of glass, pertains to the so-called Lost Arts.

The lethal fecundity of the vril stick, however, consisted in the phenomenon that if it were grasped by the top-piece and pointed at some obstreperous or incorrigible person, the latter jack-knifed instantly and was gathered to his fathers. No morbid execution ceremony, no blood, no hysterics.

It seems to have been a simple case of: One Point and You're Perished!

The potentate possessing the vril stick had but to lift the rod and aim it an instant at the offending undesirable and slaves took what was left of him out and buried it.

That the vril stick was an Atlantean implement but that its secret was retained down into comparatively recent times—as the age of our planet now is figured—is attested by the fact that vril sticks have been recovered out of post-Atlantean Egyptian tombs, although very little publicity is given out about them.

There is said to be one of these recovered vril sticks in the British Museum,

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

lying now on velvet in a hermetically-sealed glass case.

No one ever handles it. It is not pointed in such a way that the public—even that part of the public allowed in the Forbidden Objects section of the Museum—passes in front of it. It has long since lost its potency. Still one could never tell to just what extent Time figures in the miraculous powers of such an implement.

It might still contain vril!

HAS it never occurred to you to wonder where the tradition of Aaron's Rod, the king's scepter, or even the necromantic fairy's wand, originated? Why should the mythical Neptune once have been supposed to stick his dripping head up from the sea carrying a trident, when Neptune was half-fish and needed no walking stick?

Always and forever these very ancient mythical potentates, on land or in sea, carried some sort of rod that lay up the right forearm. Mercury had one with symbolic wings near its top, and the modern physician still uses it as a symbol of the healing profession. Why didn't some of these carry a hammer, a chisel, a pair of candlesticks, a crowbar or a scythe-blade? But no, it is come down to us as a straight, slender rod, not unlike the



swagger stick of the modern army officer.

From all logical conclusions, the thing being symbolized is the very ancient vril stick that carried the decree of life or death in its tube.

We are told, however, that it could not be pointed higher, at the lethal end, than the true horizontal or the vril ray inside it reacted back upon the person holding it. In other words, it inexorably required to be pointed slightly downward.

Of course it was exclusively a royal possession, for whoever possessed a vril stick carried about with him the means to absolute authority.

There was no argument about it.

And let it be added here that the Vril Ray is not a myth. Stories persist in leaking forth that already it has been rediscovered by one of the governments of modern Europe but that to date its extremely short radius of operation makes it impractical for general destructive purposes and likewise too potent for individual employment.

In the ancient days, however, the man with the vril stick could command himself obedience.

OF course the vril stick was a material contrivance. Yet calling it to mind illustrates this point: The very ancient adepts who once headed up the first forms of social organization on this earth, who were in fact responsible for introducing forms of social organization among man-species, had Natural Vril Sticks among their own mental and spiritual equipments.

They could, so to speak, release a form of vril ray from their minds!

What galvanism do you suppose was at work when Peter, reported as "taking a good look" at Ananias, caused the latter to drop dead? If Christ could raise Lazarus from the dead, what sort of logic would deny His possession of the converse power to make other persons devoid of life if so He chose? There is no record anywhere that He did use such power, but the power to give life implies the power to take it back.

Jesus did not need a vril stick, for He was so far advanced in Behind-Life processes that He could command mental and cosmic forces surpassing in potency anything that electrodynamics might confine within glass rods.

But a vril stick in the hands of Christ, on that very account, would have reposed where it very properly belonged in that He had the spiritual development not to use it.

Now to gain some idea of the emasculated offices of the modern spiritual leader, consider what might happen if a vril stick were placed in his hands or even a knowledge of the vril ray placed within his head. . . He calls himself a "spiritual leader" but leading spiritually is just what he fails to do.

He knows nothing whatever of great cosmic processes, great fundamental galvanisms behind life or how to operate them, great possibilities in externalized fields of force that command the substance of Mind upon Matter. He calls himself a spiritual leader because he sermonizes twice a week upon a Paulistic theological hypothesis.

He propagates the silly and childish absurdity: As in Adam all men sinned, so in Christ shall all men be exonerated from that sin. He has no proof that such a man as Adam ever lived, or that he sinned, or when, or where he thus put a hex upon the human race. He cannot prove that there is any such hex upon the human race at all.

He parrots what he heard some professor tell him in a seminary.

His whole philosophy of a God of Wrath is pagan.

He harks forever back to the mythic idea that Jehovah dwells in the Ark of the Covenant behind the Temple Altar.

He brags about his auditorium as being the House of God, whereas it is no

more the house of God than a lunch-room. Because he orates in it a couple of times a week about God, doesn't mean that God is anymore concerned in it than He is in a bowling alley.

Ask him to demonstrate his adeptship in spiritual processes and he gives you a blank look and excuses himself to be present with a committee of ladies to arrange for a baked bean supper.

He has fanagled himself a pleasant, social job as head of a parish of people who consider that the Age of Miracles ended two thousand years in the past, and that religion consists of talking about it in the present.



Ask him what he knows about human beings having lived before their present lives and he will tell you that you're talking nonsense—each human soul starts its personal journey up through the worlds when its body emerges from its mother's womb—so he believes and if you challenge the truth of it, you are a heretic and should be burned at the stake.

Take the record of ecclesiastics generally over the past two thousand years, and consider what might have happened if they had been given vril sticks.

The Methodist ministers would have sought out the Baptists and annihilated 'em, and the Baptists would have sought out the Presbyterians and given 'em a dose of vril with zest. All of 'em would have turned on the Romanists and burned 'em to their socks, and if the Romanists had been equipped with vril sticks there wouldn't have been a Protestant alive after 1492.

IT'S a long, long cry back to the Days of the Princely Avatars, and their stupendous control over Nature's awesome forces. The modern church is become a congregating-place for Pauline sentimentalists who have interpreted Jesus as a glorification of themselves, and if the man in the pulpit doesn't say the right things—or dares to do a little probing of his own in the eternal verities—let him be fired from his job like any factory-worker who makes a botch of the material to his hand.

The clergyman is supposed to tell his congregation the things they want to hear, and with two girls in high school and his parsonage-rent coming to him gratis, it is easier to acquiesce than to suddenly thunder fiats that shake the whole meeting-house.

Can you imagine Christ soft-pedaling His remarks because the Board of Deacons might register a complaint with the Presiding Elder if He talked on psychological research.

Spirituality, indeed!

The probabilities of arriving in either heaven or hell, as conjectured by some seminary professor back in 1896, is the average dominine's idea of Spirituality.

The transmutation of chemicals, the performance of matter at the galvanism of mind, the practice of telepathy and levitation of the consciousness, the altering of dis-ease, the willful anesthetization of the body's nerves to pain, the reading of vibrations to get the history of a person or an object, the understanding of the processes by which an immortal spirit either picks up the physical coil or lays it down, the continuance of intercourse with those who have vacated one octave of practicing consciousness for another—all these are of the very essence of Spirituality, or that which pertains to spirit or the nonphysical.

Your modern representative of the one-time avatars, at least in the theological sense, not only knows nothing of the frailest A-B-Cs of such life fundamentals but calls you a disciple of devilry if you attempt to learn them of yourself.

Thereby, happily, any personal possession of the miracle-working talent is lost to him or denied to him.

We have more to learn about these so-called "lost arts" of "occult magic." We will give them further consideration next week . . .



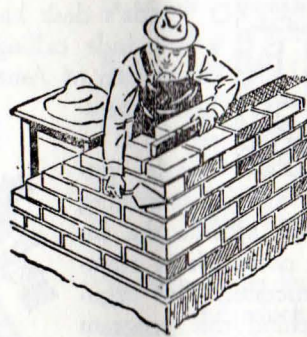
Week in Retrospect

TRUMAN Bethurum and George Hunt Williamson addressed their Saucer audience at the Sheraton-Gibson Hotel in Cincinnati, Friday night, June 11th, to a highly appreciative crowd of Ohioans, although the sweltering nature of the weather ran the attendance under what had been anticipated. The information imparted caused those present to request a second appearance of the two on Friday, June 18th, but plans of the two for appearances elsewhere made such return date impracticable. "Ric" Williamson speaks this week before a women's organization in Detroit, while Mr. Bethurum's commitments may make it necessary for him to return temporarily to his home on the West Coast. The avidity with which radio and television stations welcomed Bethurum's and Williamson's appearance with advance publicity attests to the widespread interest in the expanding question of the Saucers, but terrific humidity that has suddenly struck the Midwest in the wake of an exceptionally cold spring militates against gathering large assemblies in closed halls, however air-conditioned. It is a problem to be faced and accepted philosophically. The Cincinnati gathering was pertinent to what can be looked for in other eastern audiences so long as the current heat-wave endures. Ric spoke for forty minutes and Bethurum for an hour, both being continually interrupted by applause.

* * *

A HEAVY second edition of Soulcraft's new book *Beyond Grandeur* was completed at Headquarters Friday for the general public. It was done on white paperstock in round-cornered binding similar to the short clergyman's edition of the *Golden Scripts*. This means that it will fit in the pocket. The demand for the book continues to increase and the highest commendatory comments are coming in from those who have finished

the reading of it. The Soulcraft practice in producing these books when a new number makes its appearance, is to strike off a red leatherette de luxe edition on India paper, the same format as *Thinking Alive*, *Earth Comes*, *Behold Life*, *Star Guests*, *Adam Awakes* and *Thresholds of Tomorrow*, that those who have been compiling a shelf of the original Pelley books may be able to purchase first copies of the same design and thus complete uniform sets. The type is then turned over for express printings of the public edition on white stock. The Promotion Department at Headquarters is being readied for the planned mailing of 130,000 descriptions of the book to new readers during the month of July. Such a quantity should place *Beyond Grandeur* in the best seller class overnight. Practically the whole first edition in the burgundy leatherette bindings are sold out already and this edition will not be reprinted in the de luxe pattern. Only a few odd hundred copies remain for those who may be tardy in filling up their bookshelves . . .



THAT the Saucer sightings are increasing instead of diminishing throughout the nation and the world, is the sub rosa information reaching VALOR's desk. At the present moment they are exceeding 700 *per week*, although the country's press services are adopting the policy of ignoring them. But along with such unprecedented numbers of sightings, the week's digest of Saucer news turns up

other facts under various date lines throughout Christendom. Here are some of the more spectacular—

Two satellite objects, or space platforms, have been located in the earth's gravitational field and are being tracked by scientists at White Sands, New Mexico. The group is headed by Dr. Clyde Tombaugh, discoverer of the planet Pluto. They discovered the two objects with the aid of electronic equipment. These objects are circling our earth like two moons. Their relative smallness and great speed make it impossible to sight them with a telescope.

An astronomer at Tulane University recently announced that he had discovered a long, strange "roadway" on the moon. It had never been observed on the moon before! If that be true then it must be artificial in origin. There have been other recent lunar sightings which show strange markings near one of the craters, and a black line near the crater of Tyche.

Air Force Secretary Harold Talbott's plane was followed by a disc object while flying over California. When the Secretary ordered the plane to change its course, the object flew away at great speed.

* * *

GOMA, Belgian Congo—A new mountain is growing on the border between the Belgian Congo and the Belgian trust territory of Ruanda. Early this year the low saddle linking an extinct and an active volcano the Nyaragongo and the Nyamuragira blew up with a bang that was heard fifty miles around and flames started to shoot out of the hole, mixed with ash and pumice. Lava poured out and ran down the mountain threatening an important road. A few days later, the new crater started to build a new cone of cinders and hot stones around the first hole. The wild animals fled . . . elephants and buffalos crashed boldly through native villages

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A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. BOX 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

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

VOL. VII JUNE 19, 1954 No. 8

Karma



LET US not be unmindful of the fact that if all is turmoil, confusion and frustration on the international diplomatic front—Russia generally accredited with being the cause for it—it is all but policies of the Roosevelt Administration coming home, like malodorous chickens, to roost. And such expression is by no means political.

Is it not a well-remembered fact that it was the pro-Soviet policies of the New Deal that made Russia great as she essays to show herself today at the international council-table? Did she do it of herself? Did any other country assist her? Diplomatically speaking, it was the Roosevelt Administration that recognized Russia diplomatically in the first place. Then when war broke out, despite the fact that Stalin had turned red-handed from his liaison with the Nazis, it was the leadership of the Rooseveltians that attended to the potent business of seeing that Russia got eleven billion dollars' worth of our munitions and other war aid. Only a little handful of clear political thinkers tried to warn the nation what was being done, and most of them were consigned to penal dungeons for their perspicacities.

Should Americans rise up now, in the eleventh hour of resultant jeopardy, and curse the Frankenstein that their own Administration under the foreign policies of Harry Hopkins and Dean Acheson

was responsible for conceiving and gestating?

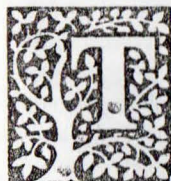
America made Russia what she is today. She labeled as crackpots the "red-baiters" who fulminated in the 1930s against what was being transacted. If the Frankenstein is now ripsnorting and roaring up and down the earth, causing turmoil in any country that harbors her agents, why not blame Washington and not Moscow?

It is an excellent time to turn back and read Jimmy Byrnes' book, *Speaking Frankly*, over again—then shut up and feel grateful for what the New Deal clique connived for us with malice aforethought. Do you notice that the country in general is not especially exercised about seeing Pelley exonerated for portraying in 1936 what was being arranged? Republican officials are quite as zealous at seeing him continue to be legally circumscribed as ever were Democratic politicians. Would this not make them birds of a feather?

Anyhow, the country that raised Russia to her present role of Machiavellian agent among the nations was the United States, abetted by Britain. The United States is therefore suffering what she asked for.

She should shut up and show that she can take it as well as dish it out.

Let the Ladies Fix It



SO VALOR's desk has come a broadside calling upon the women of America to bestir themselves as a female voting bloc and do something practical against the increasing potentials in atomic destruction. The argument behind this program is sound and the organizations of women being lined up behind it are impeccable. VALOR passes it along to its feminine readers on its merits and as a public service. The monograph, addressed *To Whom It May Concern* reads as follows—

"This is an inquiry to

the individual woman who might be interested in adding her single but effective voice to the concerted effort now being made by many groups to make an immediate appeal to Congress to *stop further experimenting with the hydrogen bomb*.

"It is felt that our scientists have done enough experimenting, surely, to know what we have. We certainly don't need a deadlier weapon. We hear about islands being sunk, either intentionally or unintentionally, ashes being scattered over unanticipated areas, radio-activity possibly contaminating friendly neighbors' bodies, vegetation and live-stock. We hear, too, that the ashes do not get blown away into space but go up to the earth's ceiling-like atmosphere and must, in time, come down.

"We who are interested in this movement do not say that we should throw away the bomb. Peace organizations have tried that and failed because of "Adequate Defense" reasons. Nor should anything be said *for or against whether* we should go to war if we are attacked. If one is interested in writing one's own appeal, or better still, an appeal from the *whole* family, listing children's names and ages, it might be better to use the expression that many groups are using. . . "Let's put on the brakes and stop further experimenting with the H bomb" . . . might be the most effective. When a momentum is gotten up in the wrong direction and one wishes to reverse that momentum . . . the *only* thing that can be done is to come to a *full stop by putting on the brakes*.

"Now . . . we who are interested in this



appeal *do not* say that we are *not* in favor of peace . . . *But* . . . let's start at the bottom rung of the ladder and try to climb up. *If* the American people are aroused to the point where their voices must be listened to . . . *who* is to say that perhaps the next old-fashioned type war that seems apparently to be in the offing, if one is to judge by the old familiar pattern of newspaper and radio and television announcements that are already in evidence, might be averted. Is it too idealistic to suppose that if the people who are concerned with such things see that we mean business about the bomb experimenting . . . they might also consider that we won't sit still for another war, either? *And* perhaps, if we stand up to be heard in this instance (for the first time in many, many years) might it not give the other peoples of the world, who used to look to the American people for leadership before we (the only nation to do so) dropped the bombs on human beings in war-fare, courage to stand up, too? Maybe the *peoples* of the world can save themselves from total destruction.

“**T**HE groups who have been contacted directly are: Michigan League of Women Voters, Dearborn Michigan Branch of the AAUW (University Women), Zonta Club (an International Business Women's group), the YWCA, the PTA, the Detroit Round Table of Christians, the Detroit Council of Churches, the Supt. of Schools in Dearborn, Michigan and Detroit and the National Education Association through its Michigan outlet in Lansing . . . all local organizations advised to pass a resolution to suggest to their national parent *that* an immediate appeal be made by *them* to Congress.

“So far only women's groups—outside of educational sources—have been contacted . . . However, there is no attempt to make this exclusively a Mothers' March on Science, or even a potential Mothers' League of Nations . . . If any man, individually or through a service-club wishes to chime his voice in with the others, he is certainly invited to do so. . . After all, the men are the fathers and brothers and uncles of the children to whom we will pass on these unsettled conditions if we do not straighten them out in our own lifetime. *And* the men are the ones through the years and mil-



Friendliness



WHEN you live as a friend, you will find a friend,
Wherever you choose to fare;
If you carry a mirth to a strange far land
A mirth will be waiting you there.
For the oddest thing in this odd old world
Is that like's always seeking like;
Who travels with love for his fellowman,
The fellowman's love will strike.

We each of us make our own small world
And we choose our associates too;
And while millions may travel the face of earth,
So our intimate friends are few;
And the joy we find as we sally forth
Our fortune or fame to make,
Lies not in some master's occult wand
But is all in the joy we take.

If you travel with honor, then honest men
Will confront you along the way,
But if you are false you will find men false,
It matters not where you stray.
For Good breeds Good and Bad breeds Bad,
And we're met by the traits we show,
And Love will greet friends at a stranger's door
While Hate will confront a foe.

So each of us build the world that he knows
And which only himself can spoil,
While concepts of Hate or notions of Shame
Can ruin a whole life's toil.
And though to the outermost ends of Space
Our duty may make us fare,
If we carry Truth in our hearts withal,
We shall find Truth dwelling there!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



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lenniums of warfare who have fought the battles in good faith while the women have remained home to weep.

"Copies of this letter will go out to an important women's organization in every-country possible including Russia. If women will take advantage of the freedom that Science has afforded them by freeing them from their kitchens in most cases, perhaps we might, for the sake of our children's future welfare, have a voice in saying how we feel Science should make use of its discoveries.

"So . . . again it is reiterated that if we as individuals or members of groups or families get busy and get our appeals off to Congress and say, 'Let's put on the brakes and stop further experimenting with the H-bomb' . . . perhaps we'll be able to do that and get atomic energy converted to the benefit of mankind instead of its destruction . . . and only God knows how much more.

"Such things as freedom of the press, freedom of petition and the voice of the people heard throughout the land with the help of God can still bring forth miracles. Let's get busy on it right away."

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

count of destroyed houses reached 708. On April 25th strong tremors jolted San Francisco. Numerous buildings were damaged and a landslide blocked a highway five miles southwest of the city. The Associated Press received a barrage of telephone calls from many point telling of the quake. They indicated the disturbance was particularly strong along the San Andreas fault from Palo Alto north and across the Golden Gate into Marin County. Shocks were also felt in Redwood City, Belmont, San Carlos, Santa Cruz, Aptos, Oakland and Orinda.

On April 29th, the day before the Greek disaster, severe quakes centered off the West Coast of Mexico near Guaymas or Mazatlan. Director Beno Gutenberg of the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena said it was "certainly a major earthquake." Berkeley and San Diego felt the shocks as chandeliers swayed and homes creaked.

AS ALL of the above was taking place, high winds or tornadoes swirled through Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and

Louisiana. Many persons were injured, and one was killed. Property damage amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. In all, at least 36 southwestern cities and towns felt the brunt of the winds. A windstorm and heavy rain battered Forth Worth; a school house near Lufkin, Texas was smashed. In Dallas, winds rocked the state fairgrounds and a 120 foot long wall over the auditorium's roof collapsed. Boats were capsized in Galveston Bay. At Hugo, Oklahoma a tornado caused terrible damage and the communities of Reydon, Strong City and Red Moon were flooded as the Washita River spilled over its banks.

Space intelligences have claimed that the *world will not end!* However, the leveling-off process, due to new vibratory frequencies in a new density, will cause somewhat drastic changes on Physical, Mental and Spiritual levels.

Our atomic bomb experimentation has not caused these disasters directly. We are going through a "refining" period and our strange weather phenomena, earthquakes, and tornadoes are caused by the conditions of this new area of the universe. Our atomic bomb tests only tend to make a serious condition more so. In other words, they accentuate an already unstable state.

The southwestern test sites in New Mexico and Nevada were directly over major fault lines, and the Pacific sites were also near areas of great weakness.

Space friends know we are going to have changes take place on this planet and it is one of the reasons they are here. They will help us all they can . . . and that's plenty! *They will not allow this earth to be destroyed and they are daily checking our weakened fault zones.*

Vacations

(Continued from Page 2)

said a truer thing in her life than when she apprised her father in a Headquarters seance on October 14th last, "It's the *minds* of the people that need healing, Daddy, more than their bodies."

The minds of mass humanity in this current generation have been tortured, torn, twisted, flagellated, and generally abused in the moral verities beyond those of any mortal generation up the past two thousand years. Mankind needs a holi-

day or vacation from too much spiritual tutelage for the moment, to give human intellects the chance to come back to normal. The professional Communist knows, of course, that the diabolic art of "keeping people so stirred up so they don't know which end their heads are on," is a phase of giving them more spiritual education than they can take, thus emasculating those intellects from rationalities and logical judgments in any premises. When people's minds are operating normally, Communism makes no headway . . .

IT IS a good thing to remember, therefore, that when a man or woman seeks a vacation or holiday from any line of endeavor—even the duties and responsibilities of day to day living—it is the chance to obtain a different line or quality of spiritual nourishment that lies behind his urge. By having his opportunity to acquire a different variety of enhancement from new environment or associates, he gets his old or common enhancements in better perspective. The major point in all of it is correct identification of the forces at work.

Never declare, "My mind is tired out following one hackneyed line of activity." Put it rather, "My spirit is fed up with so much of a given kind of experience that I can't absorb any more lasting profit from it." Brain cells have nothing to do with it. *They can function as effectively registering the fact that you're tired of living life as you're discovering it, as they ever function in pursuing a vocation that has jaded you with its monotony!*

Remember that Conscious Spirit has its safety-point for the profits from venturings precisely as bodily nerves have their safety-point in the matter of sensing physical distress. If organic pain becomes too acute to be accommodated by consciousness, "fainting" results—which is a total blackout of all consciousness for the moment, that the overloaded wires of sensation do not fuse from their load. "Nervous breakdown" is too often an aspect of the same distress-point in the matter of spirit being overloaded by Experiences and their permanent reactions and repercussions going static. Rest Periods in each instance orient either cells or nerves to the temporary overloads. But remember that the Consciousness always

comes off gainer by an increasing trifle of quality.

Another axiom describing it is, "Only that which hurts, educates." It isn't literally true, of course, as we daily absorb lasting wisdoms while expanding our consciousness without accompaniment of anguish. What might be more properly stated is, "There is education of some sort in every hurt." And by the same token, there is education of some sort in every change of environment, even though it be no more than contrasts leading us the better to appreciate the lessons of the commonplace.

All of it adds up to knowing the *why* of each of our reactions to circumstance. Get in the habit of doing that, and the entire agenda of one's life adventures assume vital significance. In fact, the overall adventures of mortality itself—whatever the incarnation—portray themselves as continuing, never-ceasing profit.

The moment that point of appreciation is reached the whole distressing tension of mortality suddenly is lessened. We are here in bodies to profit from the business of studying through experience, not contain ourselves in a perpetual broil of apprehension that we are here principally as an excuse for being "punished" for our sins.

Think it over. And if you've reached the point in your activities that you can't take any more experience along a given line, try another.

Watch how electrically your "jaded" feeling leaves you.

Really it's Time Out for gaining a New Viewpoint.

Week in Retrospect

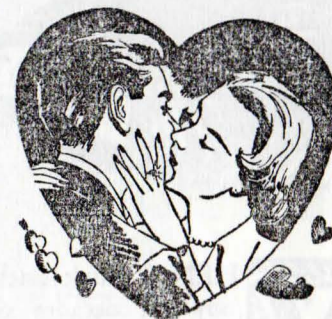
(Continued from Page 7)

and plantations, destroying everything in search of food.

Santiago, Chile—A strong earthquake shook the central Chilean provinces of Aconoagua and Coquimbo recently. It was felt in San Felipe, Illapel, Santiago and Valparaiso.

The California Institute of Technology reported on June 4th that two strong earthquakes centered off Ecuador, near the Galapagos Islands. A separate shock in the Gulf of California was also reported.

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Cogitations



been with him since the last meeting of similar character.

o—o

NOW ALL members of the Methodist faith will join me in conceding that the Thursday night prayer meeting, back at the start of the century, was quite as important as the Sunday morning sermon or the Sunday night "song service"—and perhaps more so than the latter, inasmuch as the Sunday evening song service was too often a mere hollering match with the auditorium organ to give harmony to the noises. *Our* Thursday night prayer meeting was most frequently "led" by the outstanding plate-passer and mortgage-forecloser of the congregation, which during Old Man Montague's regime happened to be one E. R. Whitehead, millionaire president of the Whitehead Paper Mills. Old "E. R." displayed a John-Dee-Rockefeller piety in the business of parading his alms before men, meeting the deficiency in the pastor's salary by common consent of the workaday congregation, and always being good for sundry cheques at odd times when the church roof needed mending or the C-Major pipe in the great organ developed hiccoughs and something had to be done about it or God was not in His heaven nor all right with the world. "Old E-R" seemed to have cherished a complex all his life, anyhow, that he should have followed the calling of pastor instead of millionaire, and let no opportunity slip to function in an authoritative position before audiences made up of the more devout commoners. He would pray a long and effusive prayer, read a selection of Scripture, deliver a brief talk on the desultory morals of the day, then "throw the meeting open" to personal testimony from those present as to their progress as Christians since the preceding Thursday. The order of these "testifiers" was pretty much the same. The first person to lead off was Mrs. Agatha Moon, widow who would arise and in a quavering but earn-

WHEN I think back over my six decades of life and retrospect on the odd characters that have fallen beneath my observation, Old Man Montague stands forth as one of the leaders of that memorable procession. I would expatiate on Old Man Montague as proving something or other by his life and works. The trouble is, that while Old Man Montague was not *the* most remarkable character I have ever met, he certainly kicked up enough cosmic dust briefly to entitle him to no small consideration and obtained his results through means and agencies not at all foreign to today's moral bleeding Hearts. You see, Old Man Montague unwittingly discovered the secret of using certain aspects of religion—or religious moralities—to gain his ends, let the chips fall where they might. In this he antedated a host of current reformers who hold to the tenet that the ends justify all means.

o—o

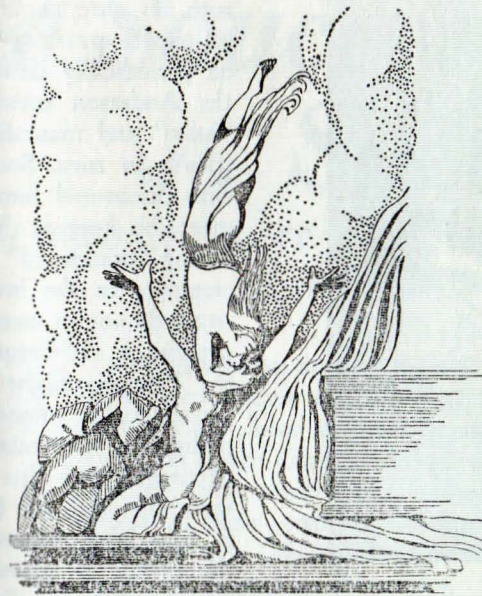
IN THE first place, Old Man Montague was not so frightfully old—at least not in years, although you can make up your own mind as to the item of acumen. Incidentally, as well, I think he blundered more or less into his community role, which is by no means saying that he didn't grasp the import of what he later pursued as a program. He was a tall, sandy-haired, raw-boned type—a widower—whose jaw persistently displayed the need of a razor, with vague blue eyes on either side of a heavy nose, on which he wore foggy spectacles perpetually twisted. His facial expression

while engaged in his avocation of "improving the morals of the community" was one of earnest vacuity, head tilted back where his vision could examine the microscopic aspects of the ceiling. The blue serge suit on his angular limbs had never been distinguished by tailoring or pressing. In particular I recall his wrists and hands—both prodigiously large and covered by coarse hairs. I could frequently see these hairs across the church vestry, as his fingers gripped the back of the folding-chair in front of him as he stood and contributed his "testimony" to the weekly prayer-meetings marking the



Methodist denomination back at the start of the century. Old Man Montague never missed a prayer-meeting on Thursday nights, and having so presented himself, equally never failed to be first upon the angular feet, telling the Lord how it had

est voice recite her wrestlings with the Spirit since last her hearers had been thus assembled. Then would pop up the small and alert Frye spinster, a hundred and ten pounds of feminine poison, to tell what the Lord had done for her since the preceding Thursday, enabling her to withstand the "desires of the flesh" on the part of her arch-enemy, Man. Then either Fred Hawkins, mail carrier, would arise and mumble something unintelligible from the opposite side of the vestry, or Old Man Montague would arise, take his stance with those hairy hands and wrists clutching the forward chair-back, tilt his head backward for a view of the filigreed ceiling—which "E-R's" prodigious substance had probably paid for—and deliver himself of the current "burden of conscience" which weighed down his soul. To tell the truth, he had begun the practice in an inoffensive manner and manifested his "conscience" around a topic that carried the moral approbation of the community, to wit, the High Cost of Living. He had been called to pay so high as 18¢ a dozen for fresh eggs at Earl Dearing's grocery—the history of which I recounted briefly in these columns last week—and in his vocation of house painter he had inadvertently been present on the Russell poultry farm, daubing whitewash on coops for a consideration, when he'd overheard an altercation between Joe Russell and Earl Dearing that apprised him that Earl paid Joe but 10¢ per dozen for the eggs, which left him a retail profit of around eighty percent. What Old Man Montague wanted to know was, did he contribute to Earl's spiritual delinquency by using whitewash moneys to assure the said grocer of an eighty percent profit? It was a moral as well as economic quandary and twenty housewives pricked their ears electrically at the percentage of unholy profits Earl was apparently realizing in the item of fresh hen fruit. That the price at Earl's emporium toppled to 13¢ exactly 14 hours later, contributed to Old Man Montague's sudden realization that if he could clean up community aberrations in the cost of foodstuffs, he could perform equal ablutions on greater social festers. So a couple of Thursday nights later he recited another constriction on his conscience. Was he contributing to the moral derelictions of the community if he failed to report an altercation he'd overheard outside the west window of the



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Anderson domicile when Bartholomew Anderson had engaged in disagreements with his wife about the brash behaviors of one Socrates Wrigley, iceman, when he periodically delivered his product at the Anderson premises rear? This was "juicy" and masculine ears pricked electrically in turn. Socrates Wrigley forthwith discovered himself without employment, his boss at the back of the vestry having "gotten rid" of such an indiscreet employee in the interests of community rectitude not to mention Old Montague's conscience. It began to be noticed that the Thursday night prayer meetings were picking up in attendance, as nervous apprehension compounded as to what said Montague was due to "say" about his wrestlings with the Spirit next. The fact is, Old Man Montague was discovering the power of sensation when linked to expose, and his "conscience" arose to more devastating echelons . . .

WHAT, for instance, was an earnest and professing Christian to do when his dear brother in the faith, one Artemus Longnecker, took the name of the Lord God in vain down near the public horse-trough when his draught beast had broken its tie-rein and proceeded to the fountain without Artie's permission? What should have been his course of conduct when "Sister" Armantha Scott neglected to pull her house-shade to the bottom of the sash when she disrobed and applied bath-water to her total person Saturday nights? Was it a matter of conscience or was it not when Lyn Hoadlev slipped his arm around the shoulders of the pretty Third-Grade Schoolteacher, one Miss Uppenstart, when they occupied the same night-coach on a crowded train coming up from Boston, and did it devolve on Old Man Montague to apprise Mrs. Longnecker of her domestic hazards in the premises? As various social reprisals visited reactively on these malefactors, people began flocking in heavier numbers to the meetings but bringing expressions of deep concernment on their faces. Old Man Montague waxed bolder in his reformations of the community's moral life by the simple expedient of presenting these complications under the cloak of his earnest desire to "do the right thing." Soon my own father and mother were commenting that Old Man Montague was seizing hold of a wicked and idola-

trous generation by the hair and working reformations that sooner or later might have repercussions on that seeker after "truth". He might find the Truth in the form of a resounding kick in the seat of the unpressed pants. They wondered what form such kickings might assume?

o—o
WELL, of course they came. Conscious of his growing influence, Old Man Montague could scarcely wait for the prayer and hymn-singing to abate. As Christian censor of other people's morals he considered he had an unbeatable technique. So he turned the foggy spectacles on no less a personage than "E-R" himself. He got up of one Thursday night apparently tortured by conscience as he had never been tortured. The fact was, dear brothers and sisters in the faith, he had that week learned that one of the town's leading papermill industrialists though he contributed heavy and spectacular sums to the upkeep of God's earthly real estate, was nevertheless *secretly piping community water from the general raceway into his Number Two beater-room without a meter being attached*, thus obtaining water free for the manufacture of his product. No wonder he could undersell competitors. Should he, Old Man Montague, continue to attend that church's prayer-meetings under such a veil of thievery or should he not? Old "E-R" popped his head forward when this commercial bombshell detonated, let his jaw sag for an instant, displayed all the symptoms of incipient apoplexy, then turned red, white, blue, lavender and cerise, left the prayer-meeting to close itself and departed at a senile gallop. How in the world Old Montague could have learned of the water-thievery was never ascertained. However, contiguous with a grand jury indictment engineered by E-R's competitors, Old Man Montague was waited upon by a group of masked males in the dark of the moon and told to betake his overly sensitive conscience elsewhere—and not to stand upon the order of his going. So *he went!* Old E-R died before the case came to trial, and prayer meeting attendance returned to normal—seventeen women and six men. Thus was illustrated a truth that all crusaders learn sooner or later, you can always gauge the effectivity of your assailments by the opposition called up reactively and visited upon your person.

If you're not assailed, nobody is doing very much worrying over your importance as a reformer. Having said which, I'll stop reminiscing for this week. Reduced to an axiom, it means that if you are not attacked, frankly you're not doing very much damage to the malodorous element and had better shut up and whitewash your fences without qualms. I know a number of reformers who should have profited by the example of Old Man Montague. Maybe I should have profited more from him myself! . . .
 —THE INTERPRETER

Spiritual Leaders

(Continued from Page 3)

tion of individual freedom and for human welfare is pleasing in the sight of God.

"And we will leave to Him the outcome of things. If we trust God we will not in panic adopt the freedom-destroying methods of the enemy. More than ever these days the church should set before men their eternal destiny, that as citizens of heaven and colonists of the earth they may have courage to redeem the times."

The Most Rev. Merlin J. Guilfoyle, auxiliary bishop of San Francisco:

"Spiritual strength rests upon ideas, not upon materials of war. Today the real battle is for the minds of men, since ideas are fashioned by the soul, man must first think correctly before he can do good.

"This spiritual power was expressed by our first President: 'Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable.'

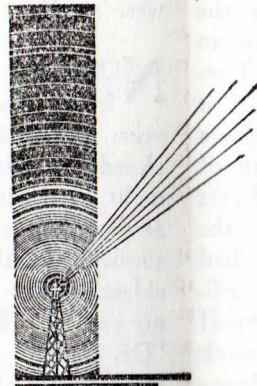
THE MOST Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, auxiliary bishop of New York, offered an excerpt from his writings in comment on Mr. Eisenhower's remarks as follows:

"The great shame of our world is that we have the truth but we have no zeal. Communists have zeal, but they have no truth. Communism is like a fire that is spreading itself all over the world: It is almost an inverted pentecost.

"Some day instead of turning downward, that fire will begin to burn upward and in true pentecostal fashion, bringing life and peace and joy to men instead of hate, destruction and death."

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

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

IN ALL this strange psychological work, dealing with the survival of the conscious spirit after the transition called Death, I shall never cease to be intrigued by displays of evidence that I regard as irrefutable. I had another case of it this week upon the return to her native Indiana of that staunch little Soulcrafter, Mrs. Clarissa McClung of Florida. Clarissa worked for a time last year in the Soulcraft bindery but had gone to Florida for the winter because of the ill-health of her husband. While in St. Petersburg she had attended a psychical seance at which John Siddall, former editorial genius of *The American Magazine*, had made himself known. It had been John's approval of my early fiction work that had brought about my 1916 connection with *The American*. Then in 1923 John had vacated his body because of stomach cancer. Bert Boyden, the Managing Editor, had preceded John by five years, having been killed in France in 1918. However, in 1928, when I underwent my memorable Seven-Minutes experience, it had been Bert who had received me on my entrance into his dimension, and I had talked with him for forty to fifty minutes about the fallacy of "death being the end of everything". In the second half of the Visitation, John Siddall had been in the vanguard of that group that entered the celebrated patio to greet me. The erstwhile lines of suffering had disappeared from his countenance and I had never beheld him looking better, although throughout our converse he appeared highly amused at my stupefaction, finding myself in such unbelievable situation . . .

BUT WAS it possible the whole of it had been but a grandiose dream? Here's the sort of evidence that attests—to my satisfaction—that it was not. . . John had not been alone, as I have said. So when Clarissa had written me from Florida earlier in the spring that John had identified himself at a St. Petersburg seance, I asked her by return mail the next time such contact might be reenacted if she would ask John who the lady was, who had accompanied him that memorable night in 1929. Clarissa had scarcely known of John's earlier existence, but had quickly gotten her cues at the first seance when he had spoken of his one-time suzerainty over *The American*, and sent his commendations to me for what I had developed out of the Seven-Minutes episode. Meaning, of course, the current size and affluence of Soulcraft. Duly receiving my letter, she indeed remembered to make the query when John did repeat on his first visitation. "Name

of the lady with me!" John had exclaimed. "Which one? There were two!"

NOBODY in the universe but John Siddall and myself knew this to have been a fact. *And up across twenty-six years, John had remembered his companions.* I had never disclosed to a soul that two ladies had accompanied him that night, certainly I had not told Clarissa. Such a simple checkup as that, stacks up to me as the most positive evidence of literal survival and that I must have seen none other than John. Incidentally the St. Petersburg medium had been a stranger to me and my affairs. The episode takes its place with the famous "Dr. Curtis" transcript mailed to me from Salem, Massachusetts shortly after Seven Minutes was published, in which this unknown personage had recounted to his friends at a New England seance many phases of my behavior that night that, like John's second lady companion, I had never recounted to a soul . . . At the Bertie Lilly Candler seance at Headquarters May 8th, George Fisher had materialized to chat with an old-time friend visiting me that weekend from Toronto, Ontario. They discussed their acquaintance in mortal life with a third man. "I wasn't aware you knew him," Russell had remarked to George. And George had said, "I told you I'd gotten acquainted with him, the last time I saw you in Toronto. Don't you recall that I went up there when Pearl was ill." Pearl had been one of Fisher's adult sisters. *Then Russell remembered.* It is evidence like that, dropped in the most casual conversation, that carries major weight in confirming identifications. Already I've told the anecdote of Charley Stoddard's dad, who appeared at a Candler seance in Indianapolis in 1941 and reminded his son, Soulcraft's head pressman, of the mustard plaster he had applied to the boy's back on a fishing trip in Minnesota when Charley got into poison oak when eight or ten years old. Proofs, proofs, proofs! Stay with psychical research and they will be forthcoming. I've had so many of them now that all dolour or tragedy has gone from Death. When I can see, hear, and even touch my "departed" friends

¶ *OUR hope of immortality does not come from any religions, but nearly all religions come from that hope*

again—who have by no means departed—Death has assumed an altered significance. So, getting further salutations and commendations from John, has been the highlight of the week. Truly we're living in Eternity NOW! Get it through your head that you're already partaking of the only immortality you'll ever know, that it lasts forever from here on out and even earth's values take proper importance . . . Care to make a bet on it? . . .