

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VIII Number 10

Saturday, January 1, 1955

**HAPPY  
NEW  
YEAR!**

# The Wrong Way to Regard the New Year



B. I. Director J. Edgar Hoover says that a crime wave of "grave proportions" may strike the nation, presumably this coming year, unless an alarming increase in juvenile delinquency is checked. Writing in the January issue of *The American Magazine*, Hoover advocates a return to religion and strengthening of family ties as means of halting youthful lawlessness.

Available reports, Hoover said, indicate crime of all kinds increased 8.2 percent in 1954 over 1953. In 1953 persons under eighteen accounted for 53.6 percent of all car thieves in 1,174 reporting cities, 49.3 of burglaries, 40.1 of all other thieveries, 18 of robbers and 16.2 of rapists.

One of the things which has helped bring about the delinquency problem, Hoover thinks, is *the age of debunking*. He declares it has seriously undermined the traditions, customs and standards of adult conduct and added: "When children grow up among adults who refuse to recognize anything as fine, good, or worthy of respect, it is not surprising that a certain number fail to develop high moral standards or even to distinguish between right and wrong."

Reiterating that juvenile delinquency is always rooted in adult delinquency, Hoover said he believes the easiest way to bring about higher moral values is through religion . . .

WITH all due respect, VALOR disagrees with Mr. Hoover's conclusions. The current high rate of juvenile delinquency is not a spiritual constriction so much as an economic. The utterly spurious and cancerous economics introduced into the American scene by the New Deal to treat with the distresses of the depression years, has now wrought an economy where the making of guns for perpetual warfare has effected a

## CRIME and Juvenile Delinquency Come from Insecurity Politically Motivated . . .

standard of living that cannot be maintained under a sound economy. A hundred and one socialistic schemes projected by the professional and bureaucratic do-gooders have sapped the initiative and vitality of the American people as a whole, introducing a philosophy that the government owes everyone a living, and the improvident and financially shiftless will be looked after by the various relief agencies whether they have merited such care or not. The demand for more and more money in the home to keep up an unwarranted living standard, to meet astronomical taxes, and to pay the clip of a hundred and one unionizers who "get the workingman his rights", has made it necessary for over 50 percent of the wives and mothers of this nation to leave their homes and bring in a weekly paycheck to augment the husband-father's.

The children of this nation have had their home influences destroyed by screwball panaceas, with communism assiduously gnawing at the bastions of old fashioned integrities, and the mother who formerly kept a reasonably effective eye on the activities of her offspring now has become a breadwinner with their father. The children "run wild" . . . Religion—meaning Theology, of course—has not a tuppence worth of influence in the picture one way or another . . .



IT IS a favorite wheeze with every politician, alibi-ing his own intellectual confusions, to rise up periodically and throw a sop to religion, that all which made our forefathers strong and great was the seriousness and assiduity with which they espoused the various theologies. Fully ninety percent of what the old-time theologies taught, is now being shown to have been spiritual conjecture, and metapsychical error. Only yesterday, the bad man was consigned to a most literal hell, peopled by the devil and all his angels. Tossing such monstrosity and blasphemy on an altruistic Creator out the window has meant spiritual *progress*, not retrograde.

Mr. Hoover, apparently, would castigate any constructive and scientific attempts to determine reliable facts about theological tenets as "debunking" . . . and add that the rising generation suffers morally from it.

When he passes down such insupportable assumptions generally, the effect is to add to the average layman's despair over remedying something that obviously has gotten beyond the individual's control.

The average father and mother are not discouraged because pentecostal theology has been, or is being "debunked" by scientific psychical findings. They are discouraged because they have lost control over their own government. Time was when they had something to say about

prospective political candidates, and epoused those whose views coincided with their own. Today you hear John Q. Public grouse on every hand, "What does it matter who we vote for, they both stand for the same thing in the end don't they?—selling us out?" Policies are all determined beforehand. Anything patriotic is deprecated as "isolationism".

Added to this insouciance comes the still greater burden of his own Federal Senate publicly reprimanding one of its own members who had been too assiduous in unearthing treason in high places, the cynicism of seeing billions of his tax money being shoveled out to distant countries and governments in whom he has no interest, a national debt raised to figures that can never be liquidated, and a deliberate effort being plotted to turn over his whole nation to a crowd of rag-tag radicals on New York's East River. Naturally such cynicism transmits to the smaller fry. *The politicians have effected a condition in this nation as well as throughout the earth where individual or domestic security has departed where the woodbine eternal twineth.*

Why blame the small fry for feeling the reactions from it?

VALOR maintains that the day you totally and completely "debunk" Theology of the utterly spurious and fantastic claims represented in the Vicarious Atonement, and get it through the average man's head that he specifically is responsible and none other for his aberrations of the flesh, you will begin to establish integrity under life's institutions. From there it would be but a step to establish integrity under our economic and political institutions.

What actually is happening, considering the increased pace of civilization at which the whole world has been living since World War I, is a *gigantic shake-down of the unassailable merits of all institutions of our modern world.*

The problem of Juvenile Delinquency is not a problem at all, it is a symptom of something greater and graver.

Sooner or later, of course, all these festers are coming to climax. The payoff may be grievous. But people with their heads screwed on tightly should view it that nobody can beat either the moral or economic law. If they could beat it, it wouldn't be a law.

The kids are all right. Even their dads and moms are all right. Just clean the virus-spreaders from other nations and races out of the Anglo-Saxon garden and the moral crops will come in healthily again. And Soulcraft, viewing the prospect from its hundreds upon hundreds of testimonial letters, believes that it must be the *regeneration* of Religion, not recourse to its purblind errors, that starts the cycle of reclamation.

Readapt our economics so that Mom

goes back into her home and looks after her small fry as Nature intended she should, and J-D doesn't present such insurmountable headache.

The Small Fry reflect the psychologies of the Oldsters. What they want is SECURITY, morally, physically and economically.

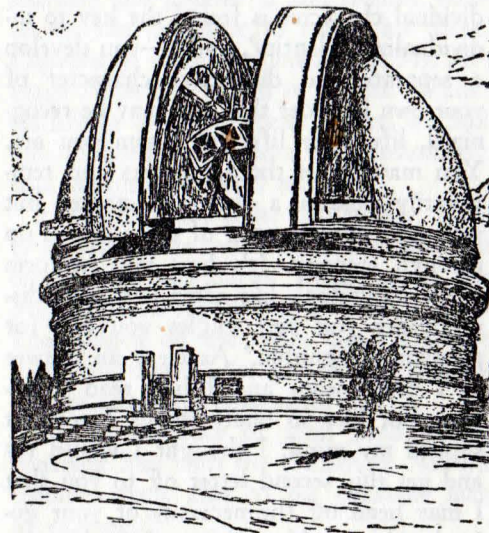
But try and get it with the present U-N plotters in power and being allowed to go places. That is the real challenge of 1955 . . .

## Pushing our Astronomical Horizons in 1955 . . .



UNCANNY to narrate, the time may come in the future when astronomical science has to apply hat in hand at the door of the sacred psychical researcher to obtain true interpretations of what the modern super-telescope is beginning to discern in the heavens. There is no longer much doubting the fact that former great scientists like Sir Oliver Lodge and F. W. H. Myers, having gotten into the Great Beyond, are carrying on explorations with their earthly brethren's quandaries in mind. Therefore when Myers particularly communicates papers back on astronomical cosmology such as he has done in the surpassing books of Miss Geraldine Cummings of London—*Beyond Human Personality* being one in point—the bedevilments of the astronomers on Mt. Wilson and Palomar should be lessened . . . if they would but harken. But of course they will not. It's all "Spiritualism" to them as a caste. And they continue in their ignorance and scalp-scratching . . .

In Soulcraft's next book, *Undying Mind*, you may find a roster and program of the various stages of cosmic evolution that human consciousness experiences, until it "incarnates in universes" as the *Golden Scripts* have phrased it. That there is such a thing as a "stellar" or "solar" existence for the soul on the apex of consciousness-development sounds like sheerest necromancy to those who think of "heaven" as an eternal "sleep in Jesus." But all advanced mystics are fa-



miliar with it. The mystery of "stars beyond count" in the "expanding universe" takes on meaning and rationality in interpreting them in the light of the following news report that went the round in the nation's Sunday papers last month.

That the great telescopes pointed into the heavens may be looking at the evolved souls of "Graduated People" of æons back in Time, is utter fantasy to the man in the street. Nevertheless, F. W. H. Myers, one of the founders of the British Society of Psychical Research, not only corroborates such incredible thought—assuming Miss Cummins' communications to be correct—but explains the conditions making for such achievement.

Read the accompanying newspaper account, then VALOR will have more to say about it in later issues—

(Continued on Page 11)



# Bouquets and Phenomena

How the Person at the Other End of the Mail Reacts to Soulcraft . .

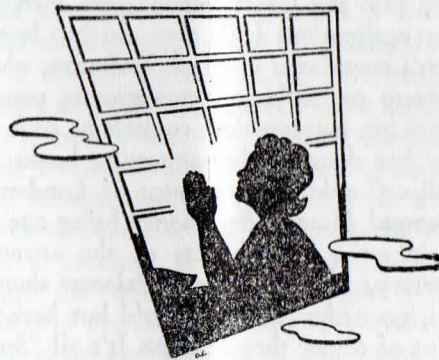
## WASHINGTON STATE . .

“LAST week I took the liberty of writing to your Long Table for clarification on the point of Cosmic Identity which had been bothering me for some time. However, tonight my wife was reading for the second time portions of *Thresholds of Tomorrow*, Chapter 14 to be exact, pages 348 and 349. There were the answers to my questions. ‘In individual character is found the key to individualized identity’, and, ‘—you develop a separate and distinctive character of your own in order that you may be recognized, life after life, for whom you are. You may live a thousand lives and temporarily possess a thousand names but you can’t keep a roster of those names up through eternity. It’s how you perform as an individual, life after life, that distinguishes you and singles you out for peculiar recognition.’ As clear an answer as I could want and I had read it before, but like so many things I read, it slipped my mind. I thought I would try and get this second letter off to you that I may head off the necessity of your going to the trouble of answering my original inquiry . . .”

## NORTH CAROLINA . .

“I WANT to commend you for the beautiful way in which you featured the inspired Prayer of Silverleaf. I have, with great spiritual profit, used the Prayers of Invocation contained in the Soulscripts. I get six or eight of the separate Soulscripts, kneel down by the big chair in the living room and pray them one right after the other, keeping my mind on the meaning of what has been written. *I never pray for anything but spiritual unfoldment.* If you get that, all else will be added unto you. There seems to be a direct message from Jesus recorded in England, which states that prayers of those on earth are the ammunition with which the angels fight this last great battle. In other words, they are able to do

so only as we produce the spiritual weapons with which they accomplish results. Any planet is manifesting the conditions produced by the Thought emanations of its inhabitants. One line goes something like this: ‘What awful things occur when the spiritual light is not strong enough to hold the condition!’ We create that spiritual light by prayer. *Let us all pray!* . . . I take issue with your critics from Seattle in their remarks concerning Harriet and George Fisher. Harriet’s beautiful song about her garden in heaven was most inspiring. I am also deeply interested in whatever you say about George Fisher and am hungry for more details but I do commend them for being interested chiefly in *spiritual* doctrine. I suppose they have in mind the 9th Liberation Script, probably the greatest thing ever written in the English language, and also another great Script, the 18th. This hunger of the people for spiritual things



can be fed by the direct words of Jesus. You have taken down words that could be none other than His, and given them out across the nation in the *Golden Scripts* . . .”

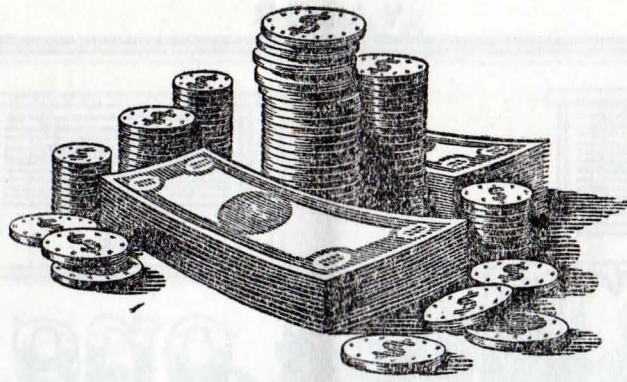
## FLORIDA . .

“THE BIG blight of Mysticism as transplanted from India to the West, is that of learning too much detail about it, and doing too little. In the first place, except for people like Mr. Pelley and other teachers, Mysticism is not a ‘business’. It is not something to which to devote your whole time to the exclusion

or neglect of other duties. By doing that you come to be regarded as ‘queer’ or ‘unstable’ and not suitable for your job. If ever you had a secret, the study of mysticism is one to tell *only to yourself*, and if ever you regard yourself as having superman possibilities, people should discover that in you with popeyed surprise. Believe me when I say that the big blight of oriental mysticism when applied to the western world is meditation without resultant action. This condition has caught up with, and ruined, many for current life in our civilization.”

## MICHIGAN . .

“ENCLOSED find \$3 for VALOR, that I cannot do without . . . I have purchased nineteen of the large volumes and four of *Seven Minutes*. Am now in the seventh volume of Soulscripts, with *Beyond Grandeur* still to study. I cannot hope to master the wonderful teaching in the brief time allotted me, being in my eighty-first year. Mere words are inadequate to express my deep appreciation of the awakening and spiritual development derived from them. It is so difficult for me to understand how any person could be so void of principle to refer to any gift tendered you for this great work you are devoting your life to, for the benefit of mankind. Surely the *Golden Scripts* alone are convincing evidence you have contacted our beloved Elder Brother as well as discarnate Mentors and that you hold the key to eternal verities, past, present and future. God bless you always . . . I was deeply pained over the passing of Buzzie. I have gone through so many such experiences, from the age of three when my white bantams ate salt and were found dead. I can feel mother’s hand loosening the neckband of my dress because always a heartbreak has caused an intense pain in my throat. Wherever I have lived, there has been a cemetery of pets to leave. I brought the ashes of a beautiful cat I took to Iowa,  
(Continued from Page 10)



# DO You Delude Yourself that Plenty of Money Would Terminate Your Troubles?



**N**INETY-NINE out of a hundred persons, castigating themselves as Failures at forty-five, do so because they realize that the half-century mark is only five years away, and they are inconveniently unpossessed of Money. No average American, knowing that the assets which he has compiled by his own labor are figurable in millions, considers himself a Failure.

Now and then in story or drama, we meet with the eccentric who sighs above the diamonds in his shirt-front: "I can write my cheque for a million dollars. All the same, I am a failure!"

But nobody believes him, and the average American laughs at him brassily. Such an eccentric may go on to narrate how the focusing of his life forces has kept all loving from his life. He may have caused some competitor to commit suicide, and the act of the victim be upon his conscience. Or he may have looted an orphan asylum or fired an infirmary for crippled veterans. All of it has nothing to do with the fact that he *is* in possession of the fiscal power that means the influence to which he aspired at twenty. Such pricks of conscience concern the ethical methods—or lack of them—by which he ascended to the status of Power.

Fellow Americans boo such declaration because of its intrinsic falseness. The eccentric is uttering a manifest paradox. Let us keep our thinking straight in such an analysis, and not be misled by sentimentalities.

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

Success, intrinsically, is the acquisition of Power in any form.

In our present civilization, the Money Power is dominant over all other forms of power for indisputable effects, and positive results.

The man who has acquired Money, has acquired Power—for all practical purposes.

But in acquiring Money—which is synonymous with Power to all practical purposes—and both of which represent Success, or at least absence of Failure, can we say that such person has truly graduated from the hecklements of mortal complications?

Has he, in other words, left troubles behind him?

**T**HE ANSWER, probably, will be in the emphatic negative. It is generally agreed that the greater the Money, the greater the Power, the greater the Power, the greater the Success, and con-

sistently the greater is the trouble visited on the possessor to retain all three. Conversely, therefore, looking at Mr. Average American who is in a funk because his life at forty-five spells failure, we find him inclined to attribute his predicament to a shortage of fiscal resource.

He thinks that if he had money, plenty of money, he would be in a position to escape the quandaries which make his present life a nightmare, whereas it is acknowledged on the other hand that the more the money, the greater the difficulties to retain its possession!

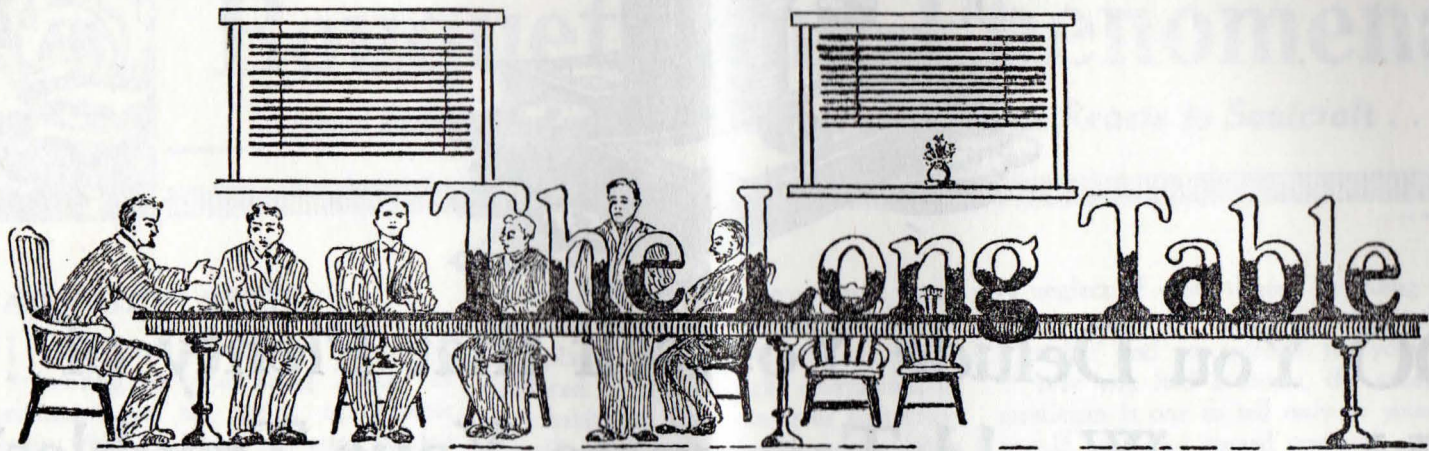
So, in the face of such paradox, we confront him with the challenge: Are his troubles truly due to his constant lack of currency?

The sudden possession of prodigious amounts of currency at forty-five would doubtless dismiss certain creditors from his doorstep, who are harassing him to distraction at this moment, but what guarantee is such convenient or relieving dismissal that month after next, or year after next, the same doorstep would not receive a wholly new crop of creditors, representing in the financial form still other complications?

Or put it in this way: Two men start out at twenty upon an equal footing. At forty-five one of them has a million dollars and no creditors; the other has no money and creditors who resemble the crowd at a ball park.

What policies has the first pursued that the second has disregarded? Let us look metaphysically for the moment at the nature of Money.

*(Continued on Page 14)*



### REAL SOULCRAFTER . .

**O**HIO: "For forty years I accepted the doctrines of orthodoxy. I never questioned them. But in 1939 my mother and father both died. They were good people and especially good to their children, but they could not accept the theology of orthodoxy. Their passing somehow marked a turning-point in my religious thinking. It did not seem justice that God would consign men to hell for the sins of one lifetime. I began an earnest search for truth. I have studied earnestly, reading many books. I have studied many nights till two or three o'clock in the morning. I had a "dream" shortly after my mother's passing. It seems as though she came to the bed and put her arms around my neck. I looked up into her patient face and said, "Mother, you still here?" I can never forget that dream. It was so vivid and so real. A short time ago a good friend of mine locally loaned me several copies of Soulcraft books to read. I must confess, it's the best I have ever read. I feel that my search for Truth is finally bearing fruit. I expect to continue reading Soulcraft. It has given me the greatest conception of life and the universe I ever had. It has already answered many of my questions. I have nothing to ask of you except the privilege of coming to Noblesville some time and making your personal acquaintance."

*Comment:* The foregoing communication, received on December 27th, is so typical of the Hungry Three Percent described on Page 16 of this issue that VALOR cannot forbear to publish it. There are 3,200,000 Americans in this entire country who might have written this letter. The job of the earnest Soul-

crafters all over the nation is to locate them and put them in contact with Headquarters. When the three million are in, Soulcraft goes places . . with regenerating effects on the whole national ensemble . .

### DIVINE CONTACT . .

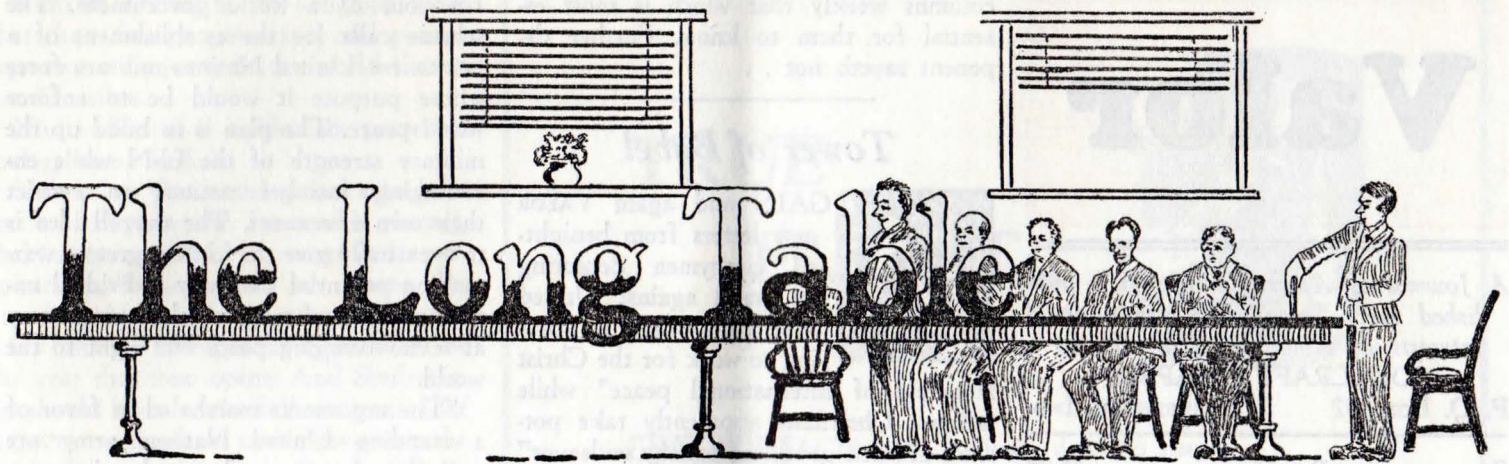
**I**LLINOIS: "What does one do to have contact with the higher planes such as you described in your *Seven Minutes in Eternity*? I mean not so much the visit to another plane as the experience you had on the train when you described a feeling of being cleansed and experiencing the certain presence of Jesus Himself? . . all the reading does indeed give one knowledge and wisdom but it is only the awareness of His presence that can give one's spiritual longings Peace. What must be done? . . "

*Comment:* It would be easy to reply to this communicant, "Go through hell, asking no quarter, showing that you can take it, with your head high and your chin square, never expecting anyone to step out and reward you for being true to your Inner Light. Never fear the Master won't appear to you with His memorable words of consolation, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'" . . It's a hard and a tough philosophy but it does make men and women. You are on this plane, not to gain previews of radiant epiphanies but to prove up what sort of mettle you're made of, or make some more. Forget the exquisite psychical visitations and concentrate on living your daily life to the highest and finest advantage. *Don't look for the Visitations and they come to you.* VALOR's editor had

the closeness of the Elder Brother brought home to him in a recent seance when he remarked feelingly to a materialized presence, "Give the Elder Brother my most loving regards, will you? . . if you're going back to where He is." The materialized Mentor replied instantly, "My son, can't you realize that the very speaking of those words have conveyed to Him what you wish Him to know? Not a breathed word do you utter that He does not hear." This seems difficult to accredit, indeed. But are you sure, Illinois, that if such a 'vision' came to you that you wouldn't live thereafter in a halo of glorified mist as being something pretty special for having received it? And this might seriously upset your whole Life Plan. However, address your request to the Elder Brother Himself. He can hear you and respond as it pleases Him . . If He doesn't there's a good and sufficient reason for it, having your good a heart . .

### MARY'S REALITY . .

**C**ALIFORNIA: "As you are perhaps aware, a gentleman named Carl Gluck, living in Oakland, has circulated considerable literature that contends Mary Baker Eddy has already been born again as a small girl and is now twelve years old. Gluck's pamphlet says, 'She is living again, unaware of her future mission, with her earthly parents in 'the western part of the United States.' I have read in VALOR that you have had materializations of the lady at Soulcraft Headquarters and prefer to believe VALOR. It seems that Mr. Gluck's information is based on a little-read poem of Mrs. Eddy's entitled *Christ and Christmas* and on the illustrations for it, which were prepared



under Mrs. Eddy's guidance."

*Comment:* VALOR can't help wondering what might have been Mr. Gluck's reactions at 9:55 Sunday evening, December 19th, had he been seated in the Soulcraft Council Room and listened to what twenty persons present had every reason for identifying as Mary Baker Eddy's audible voice, speaking for twenty-two minutes by the clock on some of her early struggles to found the Church of Christ Scientist. Some of the facts she elects to relate would cause a world-wide sensation among those of the Scientist faith, yet they check with other little known facts about the dear lady's early career. Mary Eddy has now made six personal appearances at Soulcraft Headquarters, always speaking in the same voice, and unquestionably identifying herself. VALOR dares to say positively that Mr. Gluck is badly in error and Soulcraft possesses several copies of tape recordings to play as evidence in the event that its claims to being in touch with the intellect of the lady are challenged. Mary Baker Eddy is apparently on the Fourth Plane of Radiant Light but making periodic sojourns down here to the first plane to communicate her present enlightenment to those sympathetic with her regrets at ever having written Chapter IV of *Science & Health*. Incidentally, many highly-placed personages in the Christ Scientist Church have heard these recordings and had no answerings to make to them. Mary is *not* reincarnated in the body of any 12-year-old girl in the West, and Soulcraft has tape recordings of her voice and attestments to substantiate it . . . once you hear her true voice you never confuse it with anybody else's . . .

AKASHIC RECORDS . . .

**F**LORIDA: "I have received the last copy of VALOR and enjoyed it very much. Would like to pat the artist on the back for the good work put out in pictures, etc. The Bouquets and Phenomena articles are appreciated, so are the Long Table. What a variety of discussions you do get, but I hardly believe there is one human being living today who can please every individual. Even if you were God, or the Devil himself, there would still be some who would gripe about something. The old saying has it, 'Variety is the spice of life', and 'It takes all sorts of people to make a world' and I believe you have them on the VALOR list sure enough. If the following question is permissible, I would like to ask How or by what method are the Akashic records recorded? I've heard that one's good deeds as well as bad are registered."

*Comment:* The Akashic records are a specialized cult term, as Soulcraft understands it, for the same data that Soulcraft holds to be preserved in the third, fourth and perchance fifth plane *Gallery of Memory*. Soulcraft arrives at its origin somewhat like this: You carry in your subconscious mind memory of every word you have ever spoken in either love or passion, or even passing criticism. You also remember every situation from your first few months in earth-life that you have ever been involved in. Upon earthly occasions clairvoyants meet up with people who have the reflective pictures from the subconscious in their auras. But graduated onto a high plane, there is an ingenuous Hall of Mirrors—or we might describe it as that—or perchance tele-

vision screens would be better, which to walk down and view one's self as one walks, portray and recreate every scene and act in which we have ever participated, reflected as of the age and environment when the participation occurred. *Everyone* has to walk that Corridor of Memory sooner or later and observe every act, gesture, relationship and even speech that distinguish earth-life. Thus there can be no squabbling as to whether 'you did or you didn't'—your own subconscious portrays the truth of precisely what did happen and there is no gainsaying it. Undoubtedly data secured from such reflectory experience could be described as akashic records. Read the Soulcraft book *Know Your Karma* . . . it is all explained in much greater detail. However, it is a consoling thought that practically nobody sees that reflected record of your subconscious but yourself. It is an entirely privy experience and you undergo it to arrive at your decisions as to whether a life has been lived so poorly that it merits going back and living over. There is, of course, another school of thought respecting akashic records, holding them to be the sum-total of all knowledge existent in the universe, and penetrable by the mind competent to lift its own vibrations high enough. That a woman-friend should have her own akashic record read to her out of a book, likewise mentioned in your letter, would seem to be more of a dream-illusion. Besides, who would prepare such a volume? There are, of course, stupendous libraries in the Higher Life, but many of them are merely prototype books of earth. Remember, however, that all history and all knowledge boils down finally to biography.

# Valor

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## Purpose



MISTAKEN notion gets around about the reason for publishing VALOR. Suppose we straighten it out.

VALOR, unlike its predecessors, is not a crusading sheet. It is not, under the present setup, "agin" anything. On the other hand, it is not advocating or espousing this or that, even considered detrimental or constructive factors in the American Scene at present.

VALOR endeavors simply to keep national Soulcrafters informed about those matters which it is politic for them to know—as Soulcrafters. This may run the whole gamut of information, from Flying Saucers to the enlightenment on the higher worlds released at last night's Spiritist seance. Having contributed such enlightenment to mortal intellects, VALOR's function is fulfilled. It aims to keep the national audience up to the minute in what is going on in Soulcraft.

A score of national issues challenge VALOR's editor and he would like nothing better than tossing his hat into the ring and agitating them to mass ethical improvement. But constitutional government having vanished in this country insofar as the First Amendment is concerned, he is permitted by the authorities to write only of esoteric and metaphysical subjects.

Very good, so be it.

VALOR isn't starting anything it can't finish. Soulcrafters may obtain from its

columns weekly that which is most essential for them to know. Further dependent sayeth not . . .

## Tower of Babel



GAIN and again VALOR gets letters from benighted clergymen deploring its stand against United Nations, "which is striving to work for the Christ Principle of international peace" while militant Christians apparently take potshots at "this good and worthy endeavor" . . . disclosing the extent to which these innocent gentlemen may be propagandized.

United Nations is *not* striving to work for the Christ Principle of international peace. United Nations is a cute scheme whereby alien conspirators obtain control of the constitutional United States and its assets and dissipate them to the end and means that America no longer be in a position to dictate international comity and ethics. It was conceived in sin and born in iniquity. VALOR's editor received the entire agenda of its genesis and purposes on the second day of July, 1929,



sixteen years before it came to material pattern in San Francisco after the close of World War II. The Higher Mentors then referred to it as "the Fifty Nations".

As proof that claims to its being the Fifth Internationale are not without foundation, VALOR clips the following from the current issue of *The American Nationalist*—

"An extremely dangerous proposal is being advanced by those who would like to see the United Nations take over the

functions of a world government. The scheme calls for the establishment of a permanent United Nations military force whose purpose it would be to enforce world peace. The plan is to build up the military strength of the U-N while encouraging member nations to restrict their own armament. The overall idea is to eventually give the U-N a greater war-making potential than any individual nation or bloc of nations, thus—in theory at least—bringing peace and light to the world.

"The arguments marshaled in favor of a standing United Nations army are well thought out and calculated to appeal to the widest possible audience. Using Korea as an example, proponents of the idea bolster their case by pointing out that the disproportionate burden carried by the United States in that conflict would never have been necessary if the other members of U-N had contributed their shares in men and material. But while there is a superficial appeal to this kind of an argument, it must be kept in mind that the plan is in reality a one-way street from which there is no turning."

We build up United Nations, in other words, giving it authority, men, and armaments, and it grows to a point where and when it turns about and dictates the foreign policy of United States and subsequent administrations. If United States does not concur, it finds itself at the mercy of United Nations Army, that transgresses our sovereignty and enforces its dictates on the formerly free American people. And at whose behest? Remember, America has but one vote in its councils, as against fifty to sixty other votes, some from such inconsequential states as Guatemala, Panama, Turkistan.

America, in other words, tosses its sovereignty into the kitty, and United Nations rules through Washington in whatever international brainstorm the balance of the world's have-not nations wish to generate. The United States can voice no effective protest, even though United Nations officials enter upon American homes, seize United States citizens for dissidence with its dictates, and transport them to any country abroad for sentencing and imprisonment—or even execution. We have surrendered our 174-year sovereignty, purely by a majority of United States senators voting approval of a treaty.



Remember, too, in the religious sense that these foreign potentates and powers represent a majority in the world that is non-Christian.

The whole of it is idealism perverted and gone to seed.

VALOR has discounted global cataclysm as occurring in the foreseeable future, and has been uniformly correct in its perspicacities. VALOR is by no means discounting what is being plotted for the U-N charter changes in September of the year that now opens. And Soulcrafters should know to the fullest extent what is being manipulated under cover for the successful consummation of such malevolence.

Here is an issue that cannot be disparaged. If the plans for the U-N charter revision come to success, nobody is going to be allowed to preach esoteric truths in any form. Indeed, Christianity itself may find itself under increasing onus and handicap. Something like 327,000 clergymen may then get up in their pulpits and roar, but it will do them no good. When they discover themselves seized for sedition against United Nations, predominantly non-Christian, they may perchance discover too late what they have been the means of advancing.

VALOR believes these facts should be given broadest publicity and attention. If this nefarious spiderweb cannot succeed without America's utmost cooperation, then America is powerful enough to play her world role in utter disregard of it. What's the matter with the stamina of the average American layman that he's fearful of what can happen to him by taking and sustaining the lead in the international scene and serving notice on all other suzerainties to "go jump in the lake." The irony is that, without American sustenance, *they will*.

Why give away our free birthright? Nobody is forcing us to do it. The whole thing is being manipulated through mischievous alien propaganda.

And we're falling for it.

Throw the whole business out and let America play her destined role with the ethics of Christ Militant sustaining her moral position. If they can't or don't, then she deserves to be scuttled.

Soulcraft teaches its adherents *not to be afraid of anything*.

Certainly they should not be afraid of Leadership.

## TRUE FLIGHT . .



EACH night I lay me down to sleep!  
I know that Love my soul will keep,  
For this frail house in which I stay  
Must gather strength to live each day.

When body sleeps in peace below,  
Then I may spread my wings and go  
To higher realms, there Truth to learn . .  
Sleep soundly flesh, till my return!

I roam green fields, by waters still,  
O'er garden, woodland, plain and hill;  
I've learned the secret beyond doubt  
Of Going IN and coming OUT.

Earth's body is not truly mine,  
'Tis loaned to me in earthly Time;  
And I may use it here on earth,  
But never disregard its worth.

For through this body, here Below,  
I learn vast truths which I should know,  
To fit—the real Eternal Me—  
For service in Love's high degree.

In learning much, this truth I've found:  
That flesh, like grass, is of the ground;  
That what in day is known as "Mac",  
Is borrowed. I must give it back.

This happy thought comes oft to me:  
When body sleeps I may go free,  
To come, to go, in realms of light . .  
So sleep, stout flesh, caressed by Night.

Thus when I lay me down to sleep  
I feel I hold His truth to keep,  
To work *His* will, to go *His* way  
And serve anew when comes the day!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

## Behold Life!



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

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We don't need United Nations to show us how to exercise the prerogatives that God Almighty has put into our hands. All we need to do is go full steam ahead and exercise them!

### Utopia



**NEXT** in order, that VALOR intends to shout about this year, is this muddle-headed scheme to put all American wage earners on annual salary through Ruether's Guaranteed Annual Wage agitation. From the angle of the mechanical employe, who picks up a bolt, thrusts it into a hole on a casting and tightens a nut on the other side in an assembly line, it represents Utopia. The point is, that to anyone who knows his fundamental economics, *it won't work* without killing all American capital risk and initiative.

Nobody is going to be fool enough to start a business when he must hire his employes by the year, with no assurance that business conditions are going to warrant such length of employment.

Talk with the brainstrapped enthusiast for the scheme and he falls back on the hackneyed argument that something must be done to provide employment for the millions of laborers who are being laid off in ever increasing numbers through installation of labor-saving machinery. Employes have first been forced to perfect the labor-saving machinery because of the unreasonable demands and antics of organized labor. The labor-saving machinery is invented and installed and the obstreperous employe invited to take a walk. He says he'll be danged if he'll take a walk, the employer shall hire him for a year and like it, whether the employes have use for his services or not.

What these employes are battling about is the long-deferred introduction of the Cooperative Principle. But the colored gentleman in that woodpile is the fact that unless "Labor" is distinguished as a wage-earning category of itself, the union big shots no longer have jobs, neither are their services required. That is unthinkable to the gentlemen concerned. What they want is compulsory unionism on so gigantic a scale that they control the whole sustenance of the American people. And that is the very dictatorship against which Americans have already

fought two wars and may yet fight a third.

Strange that all these panaceas for the economic dilemma roam the horizon for antidotes for everything but hard work, personal initiative and willing ambition. Those were the qualities that once upon a time made America great. Now comes the Labor Czar who would solve all substitutes for these by fiat and formula.

Soulcraft teaches that *Character* is the one supreme qualification for eligibility in any Legion of Merit on any plane of Cosmos. But development of character in the individual sense is the one thing that seems to be anathema to these little Lords of Economic Circumstance.

Nevertheless, the matter is forced to issue by the exigency of the times under a sustained prosperity.

What we truly want is a return to our constitutional liberties, the elimination of the alien theorist, and deportation back to his benighted soil of every malcontent who brings his exhausted panaceas over to the western side of the Atlantic and effects to recommend how to idealize the American heritage.

Soulcraft believes the United States and its 160 million population is capable of Going It Alone, without help of any sort from overseas Do-Gooders. And on this cleanly-cut platform it makes its stand.

Cooperativism is quite something else than Socialism or Communism. But even of Cooperativism, we want our strictly American brand. We are utterly fed up on regenerations that only strive to regenerate those with Old World Gimme's.

If you don't like the way America is running her own affairs, stay out of her. What the American people hunger for actually in their hearts is a leader without *Fear* in his innards.

*He will come . .* VALOR believes it.

### Bouquets

(Continued from Page 4)

to my lot here. I did not know the truths of Soulcraft then. My one and only child, a baby girl, died in infancy and from 1938 to 1949 the last four members of my family departed, so I am absolutely alone in life. I truly know what heartache is. A year ago August I lost a beautiful dog, eleven years old. My solace in all losses now is the 6th chapter of the

*Golden Scripts.* My one continuous prayer has been to be given a place to serve in the Animal Kingdom beyond the Border. I have found them so much more loyal and true than humans . . . My best and sincere regards . . .”

CALIFORNIA . . .

“**WE** HAVE among us here in these United States (deep night reveals) a leader undergoing, like many others, what appears to be delayed Karma. His raiments were no longer needed by him on October 14, 1066, near Hastings in Sussex Country, England. He was forcibly parted from his mortal body while in a lone advance position, attained by getting permission from William the Conqueror to be the first Norman knight to strike a blow against the forces of Harold in England. The English forces were soundly trounced. The unfortunate knight's name was Taillefer (Smith to you). As a result of the interbreeding which inevitably followed the victory, many of the modern Britons of 1944 owed their tallness, blondness, and blue eyes to the lads from Normandy. After dawdling for hundreds of years in the summerland of the Spirit and seeing he couldn't advance further unless he neutralized a guilt complex put onto his time-track back in 1,066, our desperate knight made an agreement to be born to a female friend of his at a time calculated to catch the turn of international event on the upswing in favor of the descendants of his English victims. He is reborn, raised by his best friend, schooled mili-



tarly and is prepared to acquire the necessary basic training under the great MacArthur in World War I, learns tremendously well how to handle people, sees the “expected” clouds on the horizon and like an adding machine set to correct an error, does the inevitable face-saving deed. He lets the Germans be his former self, and, as he steps ashore on the beaches of Normandy in 1944 that old self is dissolved in the heat of battle 878 years after the original bait was laid be-

fore him by his Guardian Angel October 14, 1066. It was justly proper that his entry back into mortality be marked by an unmistakable sign: General Eisenhower (Smith to you) was born on October 14, 1890. And exactly one 54-year industrial cycle later the battle was joined. Twice victorious, once gorily and once gloriously . . .”

**Astronomy**

*(Continued from Page 3)*

**PALOMAR'S** 200-inch telescope may be converted with the aid of a \$50,000 television-like device into an instrument that should do as much to increase the size of the observable universe as a 2,000-inch telescope. This was learned in a visit to the Mr. Wilson Observatory Laboratory in Pasadena.

Television equipped telescopes are expected, eventually, to determine if the universe of which the solar system is a minute part is finite. In other words, does the universe continue for an infinite distance into space? If it has definite boundaries, there could be additional and perhaps stranger universes beyond it.

The Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C., has given \$50,000 for the development of a television unit which could magnify the power of the greatest telescopes. The Bureau of Standards, Naval Observatory and Carnegie Terrestrial Laboratory of Magnetism are participating in the project with Mt. Wilson-Palomar.

Dr. W. A. Baum of the Mt. Wilson Laboratory has done some research relating to the project and is convinced it will be a success. “Photoelectric techniques,” he said, “should produce results that might be expected from a 2000-inch telescope.”

**ALTHOUGH** the 200-inch telescope can see objects that are 10,000,000 times as faint as those the human eye can see, this isn't adequate for attainment of modern astronomy's ambitions. All present large telescopes are limited by the fact that the light of the night sky, combined with atmospheric disturbances, causes blurring on plates. As a result, direct photographs with the 200-inch can't be exposed for more than half an hour or they blacken too much to reveal images.



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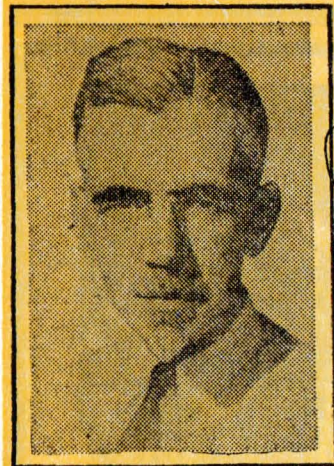
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# Cogitations

Pelle

**H**ERE we go for another year of *Cogitations* . . . I happen to know in advance that it's going to be a sort of an eruptive year. What I mean is, things of the utmost gravity are coming to issue in it. Mentors had assured me that nothing of serious consequence was due to occur in 1954, and nothing did. The Mimeograph Prophets tried to beat my brains out for uttering such optimisms but check on the Soulcraft prophecyings up the past 27 years and tell me how many times they've been wrong. Certainly we've had storms and earth rumbles and wars and rumors of wars—any year in the calendar has them. But nothing of a grave and major consequence threatened civilization as such, nor will it. What the Mimeograph Prophets don't understand is, that the greater and vaster the event, the longer time it takes to "build up" in the higher dimensions before releasing on the earth plane. Unless you have a more or less profound knowledge of the machinery that operates between the planes you're woefully at a loss as a professional soothsayer, although you may not know it. In addition, the adept esoteric scholar is able to discriminate as to who may be "dishing out the dirt" from the more complicated dimensions, and letting their prognostications rest on a pure performance basis . . .

—o—  
**T**OO MANY conscientious persons break into kindergarten psychical work on the assumption that it's pretty marvelous to hear converse over the ESP wire, and that's all there is to it. Some spirit says something of the gravest import, it is transcribed and edited, and eleven minutes later the mimeograph ma-

chines are whirring "giving it out to the world". The esoteric sage knows that it's by no means so easy as that, would that it were. In the first place, truly great counsellors rarely give out occurrences of major calamity to humanity in advance, because little of a permanent spiritual nature is gained by doing so. By no means does it follow either that just because a certain message is transmitted, any obligation is incurred to "pass it along to the world." It may be strictly private information, to guide persons in earth life in their constructive counter efforts to mitigate distress. The truly important communications are reserved for those with the character to refrain from any cacophony of excited proclaimings, but that's not saying that lesser mentalities don't hear things in the succeeding dimensions and fly to the psychic telephones to call



all their relatives on a party-line basis and spread the forbidding tidings like some small-town gossip. Up in New England once, we had a veterinary's wife who installed a rural party phone in her kitchen, and she spent at least a solid hour from her housework every morning confabbing with neighbors twenty farms away. One noontime she saw the local pastor gallop

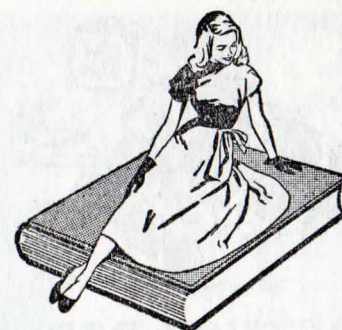
past in his rig. Seated beside him was a flashy city gal of known lurid character, with the back of the rig packed heavily with suitcases. As the horse was being lashed along the road to the local depot, with the afternoon train due in twenty minutes, the doctor's wife flew to the party telephone, nearly tore it from the wall in cranking it, and screeched to Central, "Give me *anybody!*" With half a dozen parishoners responding to her mad ringings, she poured out an hysterical account of the Rev. Smith eloping with Sally the Sinful. Before the train had pulled into the depot, a committee of deacons was awaiting to save the erring clergyman from hell's fire and damnation at the hands of the hussy. Trouble was, the train pulled out with the Reverend and the hussy still over in a local physician's office where Sally was having her sprained ankle set. The minister had acquired the dramatic luggage at the home of a charitable parishoner who'd been cleaning out her attic and wanted the pastor to distribute "the things she didn't need" to improvident persons in the village. Rev. Smith had merely overtaken the high-voltage maiden up by the Jones farm where she'd twisted her ankle in a rut. The rest was the veterinary's wife's imagination. But that "Hello! . . . Give me *anybody!*" is forever the hallmark screech of the inexperienced psychic. Really he or she wants to use the cosmic telephone for the dramatic novelty of using it. Then if some demised old reprobate starts dishing the dirt, they take what he says for gospel truth merely because it's discernible across the cosmic party line, and presently there's a committee of the adamantly orthodox getting up a petition to abolish all telephones in that the most frightful people do talk over them. It amounts to that . . .

AND NOW we have the additional converse of alleged Space Men adding to the bedlam. They too use thought-speech upon occasion it appears. But people who set their mouths in a grim line against any possibility of the "dead" talking to those in life, are willing to relent a bit in the face of the possibility that Saucer Voyagers may "have something." So it isn't Uncle Erasmus on the psychical party line predicting the heavens are due to fall Thursday, it's a character from Orion. At least the Orion character seems to have come to earth in a contraption that registers on the radar, whereas Uncle Erasmus drank himself into a stupor and registered out of flesh by arguing the right of way with a fast freight. The orthodox allow that the Orion character is rational while Uncle Erasmus is utterly irrational and does anybody care to make anything out of it? . . . Well, sometimes the newspapers do, and then *all* psychical contact gets a black eye. But there's no way of stopping it. Jenny Blow gets a message "from Outer Space", so Jenny becomes overnight the priestess of "a new cult". And the cosmically literate thrust their tongues in their cheeks, or laugh raucously at Jenny and her satellites sitting out on the lawn in zero weather, waiting for the Orion helicopter to pick them up seventeen minutes before universal doom destroys all non-believers. It's quite as tragic as it's pathetic. The Orion helicopter fails to show up and so does the cataclysm. All the cult devotees get is a cold in the head, and everybody tries to forget everything as swiftly as possible. The professional esoterist knows that unless higher-dimensions phenomena is likewise present, a whole flock of earnest folk are merely having their hyperdimensional legs pulled. You don't gain to a capable working knowledge of adept psychics by any mystical burst of "light" that happens between lunch and dinner in the northeast bedroom. You spend years and years at it, and suffer all sorts of educating disillusion while learning the ropes. You check with worthy entities who can materialize upon occasion from the higher dimensions. And you have your own psychometric talents to call upon for confirmation. In other words, like many other values in life, you have to *earn* them by hard work . . . which the exciteable or hysterical never care to concede. "Can't I talk across the cosmic telephone wire?"

they demand. "Can't I hear what comes over quite as plainly as Prof. Whoosis? All he is, is *jealous*, because I learnt in an afternoon what it took him eighteen years to perfect. He's an old fuddy-duddy and you'd better listen to what I heard last night and get your cyclone cellar dug if you don't want to find yourself wafting forty miles above Kansas on Wednesday." Okay, Okay! Wherever and whenever was the adolescent who didn't know more than the old man? The wise parents let's the adolescent bump his head and learn. Unfortunately, true and bona fide psychical contact itself wears the bump for a distressing period . . . Let's keep our heads as level as possible and go back to considering 1955 . . .



TWO GREAT issues are coming to focus in 1955, presumably at the close of the approaching summer. One is the mess for America that may threaten from the totalitarian revision of the United-Nations charter. The other is this devastation that Walter Reuther is agitating, raising all manual laborers to the status of salaried employes and requiring every employer to pay a worker a yearly sum whether he works or not, or whether there is need for his services or not. The first renders the Bill of Rights null and void, handing over the policy-making of our country to the rag-tag and bob-ends of every little squee-gee government under the sun just because they kindly consent to send a delegate to the Tower of Babel on New York's East River. The second paralyzes valiant and constructive American industry with most of the inhibitions of Fabian Socialism, the forebear of totalitarian Communism. Nobody's going to engage in any business requiring help when individuals taken on in February must be paid a definite sum in October, regardless of whether the employer has any enterprise in October to employ anybody. Trouble seems to be that Reuther, like John L. Lewis and other labor tycoons, have succeeded in pricing labor out of a market that can't carry higher wages, so this "annual wage thing" is an alluring alternative to wrangle about and maintain them as Indispensables. But the fanatics and improvidents get hold of it and cause national elections to swing upon it. And it brings us one step nearer to the devastating philosophy of Marx and Lenin, "Each according to his ability—to every-



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one according to his need" . . . with everyone declaring his own need according to his appetites. Here's John L. Lewis, who well-nigh labor-tycooned himself out of a job, wrecking the coal industry with such high wages that nobody either wants to buy or is able to buy the stuff, and is turning to natural gas or butane as substitute. What the nation truly needs is a substitute for John L. Lewis or Walter Reuther. And that will come, that will come . . . But it's something to think about and see specifically for 1955 . . .

—o—

SOULCRAFT has been mentored for more than twenty years by a supernal group of intellects on the Higher Side who first communicate clairaudiently, then achieve complete materialization of their etheric bodies and confirm by word of mouth what they previously communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception. How many other cult philosophies do that? It means check and double-check. In twenty-five years or more its mentors have never transferred a wrong or precipitous statement. When individuals like Daughter Harriet, George B. Fisher, Silverleaf, Howard Candler, or even Mary Baker Eddy say they look ahead in time and see Soulcraft expanding in all directions in the coming 3 years, I know by indirection that nothing serious can be slated for the national public else Soulcraft would be affected negatively by it. George Fisher a year bygone predicted that 1954 would be Soulcraft's greatest year thus far, and it has been. Now the chief interest of this personal group lies in the imminent creation of the Golden Center of Soulcraft where thousands can rally and be instructed, particularly in the summer months. At any rate, the prospects for Soulcraft were never brighter nor more promising than they are this January 1st, 1955. And there is enough constructive Good in sight for everybody to offset any seemingly dolorous experiences for the nation generally in the coming twelve-month. Meanwhile, *Undying Mind* rolls off the Soulcraft presses, along with the two completing volumes of Soulscripts, and in the midspring comes the volume on the Great Nazarene . . . So here we go for a new year of *Cogitations*. Don't look for much gloom coming out of Soulcraft. Too much supernally fine is ahead for the nation and the world to waste space and energy caterwauling even at the Mimeograph

Prophets, who, after all, are expressing what they see according to their lights . . .  
—THE INTERPRETER

## Plenty of Money

(Continued from Page 5)

What is Money, that either a plenty or a lack of it results in twin nightmares, though from widely separate causes?

MONEY, says the political economist, is the exchangeable symbol for produced or stored-up wealth—or cached goods derived directly or indirectly from the bosom of Mother Earth. But Money defined by the metaphysician takes a distinctly different aspect—

"Money is the practical demonstration of a man's true worth to that society amidst which he operates!"

Such definition, of course, gives us pause. We are inclined to gasp at once: "But how would that apply to the social worth of such a Personage as Jesus of Nazareth?" Great mentors assure us that the proposition holds adamantly.

It is because we cannot estimate Christ Jesus' worth to society in money—there not being enough currency in existence to compute or pay it—that we are inclined to think it blasphemy to measure such worth in money at all. So we dismiss it as unthinkable. And truly, so it is!

Yet coming down to lesser personages and their service-values to society, we are by no means thus handicapped.

Generally speaking, society's way of expressing a man's worth to it, whether as a great inventor, a great physician, a great novelist, or even a great taxidermist, lies in the amounts of money it is willing to transfer to his bank account for serving it.

Those in the higher octaves cannot think of worldly money in any other aspect.

Men of true and sustained worth to society, actually serving the race in some other form than errant caprice or brilliant accident, find themselves on few Relief lists.

Outside of passing instances of friendship, the services of such men are competed for in terms of financial payments. Excepting parasitical gamblers—who sooner or later are cleaned out utterly—

point out a man who has accumulated a prodigious amount of money, and sagely hung onto it, and in ninety cases out of every hundred you discover individuals whom society could not have done without. This even goes categorically for bankers and traffickers in currency, since under our present system, they too supply a service which humanity respects.

Granted that the characters of such men may leave much to be desired morally or ethically, and granted further that they may put their accumulated gains to petty or inglorious purposes, the fact remains that society rewards its general servants—by the law of supply and demand, competency and artfulness—at just the value expressed in money emoluments that they represent in indispensability to the general social scene.

The great surgeon, the great attorney, the great engineer, the great chemist, "command their own fees," and no nonsense about it.

So the man always out of funds because he barely earns enough to meet his sustenance, always complaining because he cannot find work, agitating against established forms because they do not take note of him, is advertising his superfluity in a world where compensation is exact and recognition unerring.



**T**HE TROUBLES of a man who is ever short of money—month after month, year in and year out—are not therefore due to Money in its shortage, but rather to that man's debatable worth to society in general. He has not yet made himself so indispensable in his line that securing his particular services and none other is the first consideration of society toward him, and rewarding him with money payments becomes second consideration.

The man who says: "How much can I screw this year from the boss?" in a species of polite labor-extortion, is forcing an issue that will back-fire to his injury.

The man who has concentrated on giving such a service, or specialized in his line till none can stand beside him, worries about no payments to come from his endeavors. The laws of supply and de-

mand are his collectors.

But Mr. Average Man, who has looked upon his work, or his job, or his current employment, as merely a ruse to get currency into his possession, is putting the cart before the horse and creating a condition that will unseat him the moment that the importance of the Money exceeds the importance of his services. Money is like a certain type of woman in this, that it insists on forcing itself on those who disregard it. This is not saying that stock market crashes, declarations of war, tragic accidents, sudden illness, do not create emergencies where possession of quick cash absolves one from headaches. It is saying that when a man charts his work intelligently, or pursues his job so diligently, that society recognizes his expertness, his troubles from creditors are mere passing incidents, always adjustable, and of no lasting moment.

The average man is average because he thinks Money first, and his indispensability to his employer or society, second.

Work as a mere means of getting money is forever the labor that puts up a battle, that fights the workman, that eludes him on the slightest opportunity and goes "over the hill" when he would most embrace it.

Work that is taken up and pursued for its own sake, to an expertness that none other can duplicate, commands compensating dollars like groveling vassals.

Compensations come automatically, according to the degree of expertness that is reached. The astute metaphysician is aware of the fact that such specializing expertness sets up a vibration all its own, that Money has to recognize and obey as a law.

Who is the workman first to be let out when slack times loom? Is he not the fellow most given to declaring: "Believe me I'm only working here till I get a better job that pays me more money?" Whereas the man who says honestly, "I'm not working for the money, I'm working for the kick that I get from my job," is usually difficult to keep—because other employers are camping on his trail to offer him more, and steal him away!

Yes, the Average American gets the cart before the horse in this matter of Money.

The man who commands his price, has few creditors on his doorstep!



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



As the New Year comes in, I can't help turning over in my mind the possibilities for Soulcraft in this nation, based on proven percentages of population up the past quarter-century. It's a fascinating and intriguing challenge, this population business, considered by tests which Soulcraft has been making the past fourteen months. We have pretty well proven to our professional satisfaction that whether you canvas a small town or great city, no matter what the State or its situation in the Union, you find an average of *three persons out of a hundred* over the age of twenty years instinctively interested in parapsychical subjects. Parapsychical means "above and beyond the physical" or material. In other words, you have to solicit 97 persons before running across three with an eager yearning in their souls for something higher than the conventional orthodox beliefs in the Hereafter—the type of folk who cry when they discover Soulcraft, "This is what I have been searching for, all my life!" Three percent! What does this mean in practical expansion? . . .

**R**IGHT NOW, in 1955, there are slightly more than 162 million Americans. The latest official census in 1950 counted our numbers at 150,697,361. That means we have jumped over 11 million in five years. Of that 162 million, 108 million are estimated as uniformly 20 years or more of age. We have, in other words, something like 54 million minor children.

Very good, let's say that out of the 108 million, three percent are interested in receiving enlightenment above the orthodox subscriptions to religious belief. And three percent of 108 millions amounts to 3,200,000. There are potentially, in other words, about three and a quarter million prospective Soulcrafters in the continental United States. *The challenge is how to locate them!*

Every little while I have persons of no mean assets query me how Soulcraft might be carried to the entire United States, granting that operating resources presented no problem. I tell such persons that Soulcraft cannot be carried to the entire United States. In the first place, the average American layman lacks the capability of intellect to grasp what is being presented to him in Soulcraft—and I'm not trying to high-hat him in the slightest. He feels no particular urge to challenge the oddities of orthodox denominationalism, although the person doesn't wear shoe-leather anywhere in America who at some time or other hasn't had his qualms over the experiences awaiting his soul when it graduates from his

body. Then, following close upon his heels, is the neighbor who flees adverse criticism for his spiritual curiosities, either from his relatives or associates . . . But I do know how to reach enough people in the whole United States to begin the spiritual metamorphosis of our mass population. I can do it through that three percent *providing I can locate them* . . . or look at it another way—

**T**HERE ARE, also in continental United States, something like 7,875 communities of 1,000 population or more—from New York with its 7,891,957 down to Forks, Wash., with its 1,123—the most westerly point in America with a population of more than a thousand. It's a mere matter of arithmetic to discern that the average American community, call it a city or call it a town, boasts around 13,714 adults, males and females. Three percent of that population means there are 511 persons not only susceptible to the Soulcraft enlightenments but actually hungry for it in their hearts. A good way to look at your own community is to take the reputed census for your city or town, allow that 33 percent of it are minors, and calculate 3 percent of the remaining two-thirds. It has been found by test throughout the whole United States that three out of every hundred adults, I say, are just as eager to know what Soulcraft is discovering and proclaiming as you may have been in your own right. Think what it could mean to your own enthusiasm for Soulcraft if you discovered 511 other persons in your city or town that were as eager to make your acquaintance as you might be to make theirs—by reason of their similar views on the eternal verities. And the total of 3,240,000 Soulcrafters known and recognized throughout this whole nation would put Soulcraft into position among the major spiritual philosophies of the United States. They would exceed the Spiritualists, by almost twenty-five times. They would exceed the Theosophists and Rosicrucians by over a hundred times. And what the weight of their numbers would mean over against the ranks of the strictly orthodox denominations, could scarcely be conjectured. . . . This is the fascinating challenge that I face for 1955—

learning the identities of that 3 percent and bringing them the spiritual relief for which their souls are admittedly hungry. No need to convince them, just *locate* them. On the other hand, I realize it's out of the question to solicit 97 persons fruitlessly to find that remaining three. There's got to be some mass method for getting them to come forward and indicate themselves. Well, there's an answer to it, somewhere. Finding it is my job in 1955 . . .

**¶** *WHEN great changes occur in history, where great principles are involved, as a rule the majority are wrong . . .*