

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 11



RESOLUTIONS FOR 1955 THAT HOLD TRUE MEANING . .



THE PRACTICE of making new resolutions for personal conduct and spiritual growth for the fresh year that opens, seems to be as old as Christian civilization. But there are aspects of it for Soulcrafters, past, present, and future, that should not be overlooked, particularly here on the threshold of 1955. It is more than carelessly listing a few items in which our characters may be deficient and deciding to remedy them consciously in the twelve months ahead. Actually it should be an entire character overhaul that challenges us . .

When we write down, "I RESOLVE, throughout 1955, to do so-and-so," what sterling standard have we in mind, on which such New-Year resolving is based?

SOULSCRIPT Discourse 132, appropriately enough the first one being issued for 1955, takes up the highly controversial issue as to what true Spirituality may be, as contrasted to Materialism.

It sounds wholly inane to write at the head of our Good Resolutions List for 1955, "I RESOLVE this coming year to strive to be more spiritual than in previous years," unless we possess the clearest understanding of what Spirituality consists of in its essence. Actually it consists of more than acquainting ourselves with a lot of metaphysical academics, or being



familiar with the phenomena resulting from psychical sittings that establish communication with those in higher zones of life. It even means more than refraining from gross acts and injustices to our brethren. In a masterly discourse in *Soul-script 132*, the Mentor concluded with these words—

"Life in the universe on any plane of being, must know itself for what it is in its correct fundamentals, else its true import and worth is lost to the one who has to go through with it . . . Recover the desire for that type of activity, *keep yourself at all times receptive to the higher laws and processes*, and you will be manifesting the highest type of spirituality."

Spirituality then, is contributing our quotas of energy toward helping Holy Spirit consummate Its purpose in the finite world.

Making one supreme resolution as the New Year comes and passes, to try to be more spiritual in 1955 than one has been in 1954, may perchance mean more in practically profitable ways than one suspects at first glance . . .

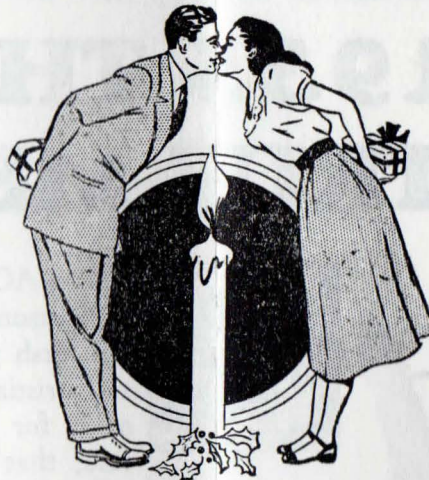
ONE would only require to read the Soulcraft mail from week to week to realize that an impressive change is coming over humanity, taken by and large. Farther and wider the data is percolating out amid all classes of society that there is far more to the world and life than three meals a day, house rent, motorcar acquisitions and payments, and the raising and marrying off of young.

Actually there is a sublimated world enfolding this material world, whose evidences intrude stronger and sharper into ordinary earth-life with each year that passes.

Real adepts in the Higher Wisdom know for a fact that our whole solar system is passing into a section of the heav-

ens where the cosmic ray bombardments from the Constellation Aquarius are causing quite ordinary people to become more and more responsive to influences hitherto dismissed as psychic—and a bit necromantic. It means in substance that the activities of the higher and more etheric worlds and planes are lowering closer and closer to those of this material universe, and people who pay attention to them and respond correctly suddenly become endowed with attributes, without which the common citizen is at an unwitting loss.

It is not a bad resolution to make, by the way, that you will, this year ahead, give stricter attention to the great and mysterious phases of life that while puzzling and even unnerving to many nonetheless serve as a finer and stauncher basis for life and a better balance to the character, when examined and understood.



To say to the self, "I'm going to turn over a new leaf in regard to learning what it is that excites and holds so many thousands in so-called mystical matters, and not be quite so cocksure of the worth of my own materialism," may open a whole new boulevard to life . . . which in former years has been tedious, prosaic and withal a bit relentless.

Aligned with such resolution is another that can be prolific with surprises—

"I RESOLVE during 1955 not to be so given to passing snap-judgment on the other fellow's opinions, without making certain I know as much about odd subjects as he may know, causing them to be different from my assumptions."

There's a wisecracking secular beatitude which runs, "Blessed are the ignorant for they shall persuade themselves that they know everything."

The man next door to you, or next bench to you, may have a wealth of priceless wisdom locked up in his head that you have dismissed with the superiority of contempt . . . that he's more or less a nut because he affects to understand what you may not. The real bigot is the man who declares, "I don't know what your views are, but the really big point is, I don't *want* to know."

One of the chief reasons for the low I/Q of the human race is because the average man is too intent on expressing his own opinions to take time to learn why the next man hold his views to the contrary. We can find profit in recalling that it's only people of low and mediocre brains that go about acclaiming this or that with fanaticism. People of real intellect, in contact with the noisy and loquacious dub, usually keep their mouths shut. That Chinese proverb isn't at all bad, that God gave a man two ears but only one mouth, that he may listen to twice as much as he speaks.

You need to be an exponent of something akin to Soulcraft to attract the type of person who makes an appointment with you to get your counsel, then takes up the time expounding what he expressly wishes you to tell him. Or you are sought for enlightenment in metaphysical snarls by some beggar who no sooner gets inside the door than he feels it necessary to impress how much of the higher philosophy he knows already. The accomplished adept grasps in the first twenty words a stranger speaks, how much he truly knows. When the interviewer shows he wants to be the interviewed, there's nothing to do but tell a joke or two and explain you must see a man about a dog.



IT'S altogether commendable to draw up a set of Resolutions for a new year not
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MAN from Mars Caught in Photo Close-up by Britisher in Scotland . .

IN THE Cops-and-Robbers comic opera into which the Space Ship drama is being allowed to degenerate in this country—partly due to controversial government policy and partly to the tire-'em-out tactics of the Space pilots themselves, a book of equal importance to Adamski's *Flying Saucers Have Landed* and Keyhoe's *Flying Saucers from Outer Space* will be published February 11th by the same British Book Center that sponsored the original Adamski volume.

Its name is *Flying Saucer from Mars* and its author is Cedric Allingham.

Briefly, its narrative has equal importance and import to the Adamski-Leslie work, inasmuch as it sets forth Allingham's encounter with a space ship and space pilot declared to have been from Mars, that occurred on the 18th of February, 1954, near Lossiemouth, in the county of Moray, Scotland at about four in the afternoon. One James Duncan, a local Scotsman unknown to Allingham up to the instant of the epochal happening, stood a little way distant, saw the craft make its landing and the operator emerge and talk with Allingham, and makes affidavit to such effect.

What makes Allingham's book take precedence over contemporary volumes on the Now-You-See-'Em-and-Now-You-Don't Saucers is the fact that he not only made several excellent pictures of the Space Ship in closeup, but of the alleged Martian aviator himself.

Print of this last photo has been sent to VALOR by the publishers and will appear in next week's issue of this publication . .

ACCORDING to the author's narrative, he was wandering the sea girt heath in the vicinity of Lossiemouth with

¶ *Allingham Breaks Biggest Saucer Tale of Year in "Flying Saucer from Mars!"*

his camera in search of pictures of native bird life, when the Saucer appeared apparently coming in from outer space, doing the usual hit-and-run stunt in the low-hanging clouds then ultimately shimmering in off the sea and coming to a complete resting-place in the bracken just a few rods distant. Whereupon a side panel slid open and an occupant "leaped lightly and gracefully to the ground."

Allingham goes on to say, "As he advanced to meet me, I raised my hand in salute. He did the same. Then for a while, we stood staring at each other. It is natural that we should have done so. He, presumably, had seen other Earthmen. I had never seen a spaceman. In all

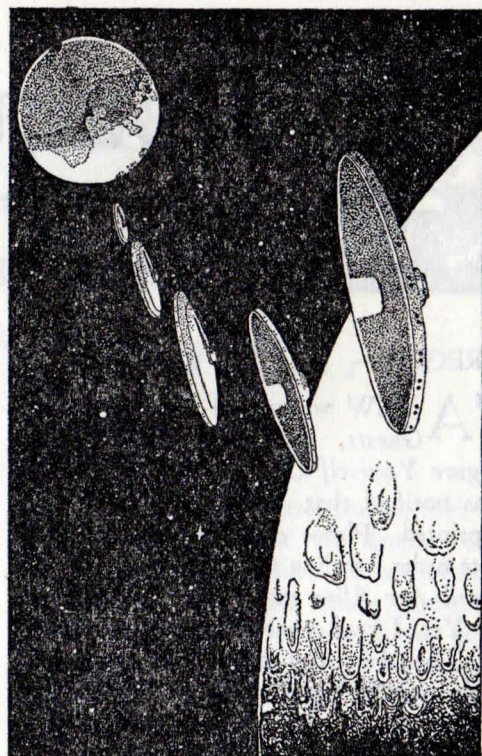


essentials, however, our appearances were similar. My own height is 5 feet, 9½ inches and his was slightly more. I should say he stood about 6 feet. By terrestrial

standards I would say we were about the same age, I am 32, and his hair, like mine, was brown and short. But his skin was a curious color rather like a deep tan. Even so had he been dressed in terrestrial clothes I doubt whether he would have had any difficulty in passing for an Englishman. The only difference was that his forehead was higher than that of any man I know. But although physically alike, his clothes were absolutely different than mine. In these days of scientific fiction, most of us have seen pictures of one-piece space suits which the heroes wear while hopping about from world to world. Strangely enough, the fiction writers were not so far from the truth in this case. The space man's garment really was rather on these lines. It covered him completely from his neck to his feet, and only his hands were free. There were no definite shoes: the feet were encased in the garment. The garment itself reminded me of very close chain-mail—presumably insulating and certainly flexible."

To quote Allingham on what ensued would be ruining the story of the book, but lacking any common language in which to converse, the usual sign patten followed, in which the Tall One got across that his craft had come from Mars, whereas Allingham had expected it must have been Venus. He registered that the Martian word for "Yes" was a vocal sound much like "qul-l" and the converse

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Bouquets and Phenomena

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

OREGON—

“A FEW weeks ago I ordered *Star Guests*, also the small booklet *Figure Yourself Out*, which I received. I was notified that *Star Guests* was being reprinted. Please consider this a substitute order, sending me *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* instead of *Star Guests*. . . Yes, I read your transforming article in *The American* twenty-six years ago with electrifying results. It came at a time when it was much needed. The comfort you have supplied cannot be estimated. God bless you! . . .”

CALIFORNIA—

“I CAN truly say that Soulcraft is the most wonderful elucidation concerning life and death that has ever come to my notice, and I feel that the enlightenment now being distributed is unequalled anywhere in the world today. As much as I am able to grasp of it truly amazes me and I am most grateful for the privilege of receiving it. Again I thank you for the comfort and understanding which I have received through you . . .”

VIRGINIA—

“I HAVE been reading Soulcraft literature now for about one and a half to two years and it seems as though I had been awakened after a long, long sleep . . .”

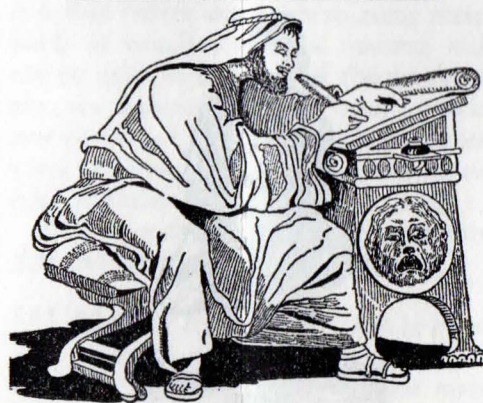
CALIFORNIA—

“UPON receipt of each Soulcraft book I have thought ‘Here is the greatest,’ but the next one would seem most deserving of that appellation. But for pure spiritual enlightenment, the last one I have just completed, *Beyond Grandeur*, is by far the greatest. One must read it and study it over for finite mind to grasp its stupendous revelations . . . I have been through it the second time and I had the feeling of walking hand in hand with you through the Majestic Corridors

of Divine Consciousness, looking at Creation at its very source. For the first time I felt I stood face to face with my Creator and was looking at a magnification of myself . . .”

ILLINOIS—

“THE LONG anticipated book *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* by William Dudley Pelley has arrived and I am reading it avidly. It is everything I had hoped for, and more. Words cannot express my gratitude to Mr. Pelley for giving to the world his life’s experiences and inspirations. Soulcraft is the answer to what I have been seeking, a clarifying of everything which I have studied—Christian Science, Unity and Theosophy. The psychical experiences I had had were not accepted by Christian Science or Unity, so I had despaired of explaining myself until reading Mr. Pelley’s book. I feel I have ‘come home’ to



the group, the vibration, to which I belong. Soulcrafters must know the joy I feel. I had given up all hope of trying to explain ‘the psychic ear’ until Mr. Pelley’s terminology made it all so simple . . . This Sunday morning, around 6 a. m. I

heard my beloved mother’s voice saying to me in her particular idiom, ‘I’m okay . . . they want to teach me something different (up here).’ Oh, my friends, how much this message meant to me after three or four days of depression. Friday I heard my beloved departed pleading quite distinctly, ‘Oh help me to come through! . . .’ So I believe this morning’s message came in result of Soulcraft. Her voice sounded so firm, more like her dear precious self. She seems to have suffered many frustrations since leaving this earth-plane, strangely enough through the very sources one would think would extend spiritual freedom—(did she mean orthodox?). All she seems to ask is to go from one plane to another unchallenged. Her precious mother love demands she see and visit her loved ones occasionally, else nothing besides matters. Until her grief at being required to leave us is assuaged, she cannot progress fast . . . Oh, if only higher Soulcraft helpers can be indulgent enough to allow or help her to visit me occasionally, she believes she can go far. She is not earthbound by reason of ‘sin’ but of a great love, greater than self. I have despaired of making Unity understand, yet that was the last letter I wrote to Unity, asking help. She definitely does not want to go to a higher plane without her loved ones . . . I dare say I have been consciously aware of religious groups of teachers she has been with, and I must say there is less compassion, patience with the loved one’s need than one sees exhibited here on this plane among the ‘unenlightened religionists’. I can only feel that each group of religionists is working with available material, which sometimes does not stack up much different from the humans on this plane . . . Mother’s ideals were so high and her sense of goodness and religion has suffered shock till she is afraid of almost all religions. But if someone of Soulcraft can only reach her through gentleness, and love enough to convince her that she will not lose her

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Dislodging Vicious Forces Seeking to Mislead the Neophyte . .

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

earth-life and are entrapped in their one absorbing passion or the deeply rooted habits it has engendered in earth-life.

"The student must clearly understand that such beings can only annoy or afflict men and women who are to some degree, defective in their psychic organisms. Persons who have been extremely callous or indifferent to etheric forces of life, suddenly become convinced of the reality of these discarnate forms, are particularly liable to afflictions in such regard. Their own psychic developments have been so grossly retarded that they are open prey to the vengeful or vicious.

"**S**ELF-centered or weak-willed individuals, inert or undeveloped souls, for instance, open the door to them, whereas healthy, well-balanced people cannot be approached by these dregs of humanity who have been tossed up on the shores of death and have as a rule little or no sense of their moral responsibility with regard to their fellowmen. They find themselves in a sort of unreal darkness, the night of base passions and all-absorbing egotisms, and, in their distress, they crave with all the powers of their natures the earth-life from which they have been severed. This makes them too often masquerade as self-styled mentors and "guides" of those most sensitive to them.

"No real sense of a higher spiritual universe has ever been theirs, so they stray about within this intermediate world until at last they come upon a light and perceive a susceptible human being. This aura is the light of a living man or woman. It attracts the wandering spirit who eagerly enters within it, and then frequently become enmeshed within the strands that bind the double to the physical self.

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EVERY little while a case is called to Soulcraft's attention where naive students have "played around" with automatic writing or spirit communication in an amateurish way, only to find centers opened within themselves that convey perpetual voices speaking to them, oftentimes keeping up a cacophony of abusive or vulgar language. The subject is too big to treat in a single magazine article, but if the mentality of the victim be too ineffectual to cast out such intruders, there is a more or less simple way to dislodge them.

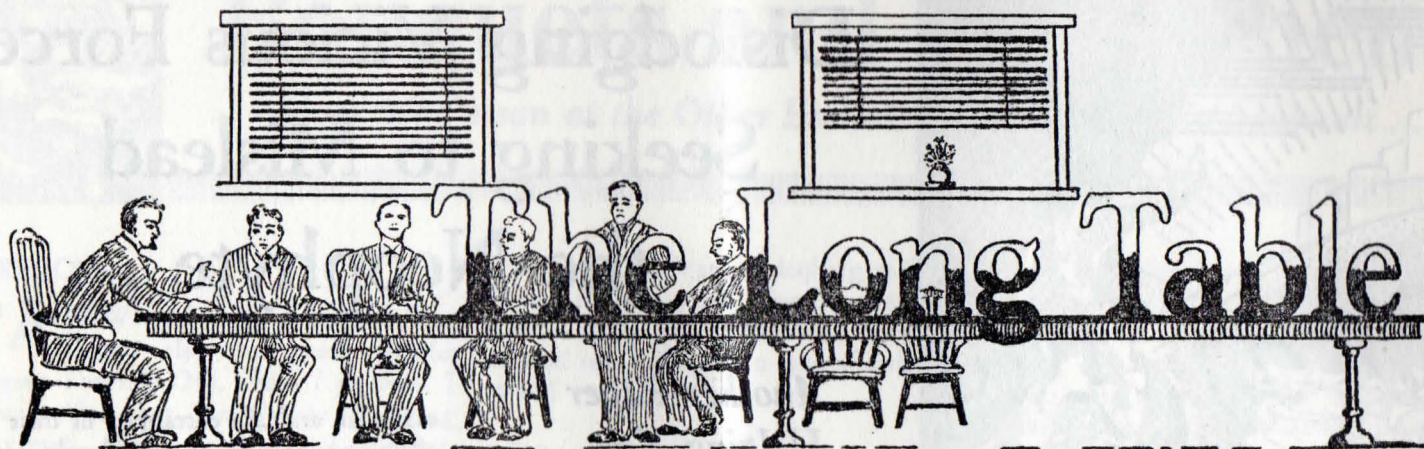
The Soulcraft mentors recently gave the following general counsel in such a case, that might well be kept for preservation when such instances of aberration develop in future. Uniformly, as the following paper describes, the mild "possession" has ensued because there is a psychic deficiency in the victim's mental apparatus or coordination. Sometimes this is due to a spinal maladjustment, when vertebrae are pressing on nerves that cannot preserve equilibrium of odic force throughout the system. A first-class oste-

opathic check-over is the first step recommended. Seemingly incurable cases of constantly prating Inner Voices have been completely ended by such adjustments.

The next step is to understand who the entities may be, causing the mischief which should lead to illumination on why it is being caused. Here is what has been communicated from the higher echelons of knowledge—

"**Y**OU are concerned here with cases of aberration which are caused by interference by the newly dead with the vital communications existing between the physical body of the living man and its etheric soul double. These travel by means of the unifying body to the material organism . . at least forty to fifty percent of the patients treated in sanatoriums are obsessed by dwellers in the lower zones of Hades, or as it might better be described, the 'terrorist' world . .

"Human beings . . or rather ex-human beings . . of brutal or concupiscent character, bullies, scoundrels who in earth-life have craved power, individuals possessed by jealousy or desire for revenge, congregate in this lower spheres closest to



TEMPORARY AMNESIA

INDIANA: "I am, as you know, a physician, but something happened last Saturday that seems to have been more in your province than in mine. Perhaps you can enlighten me. I made an appointment with a woman patient for 1 p.m. At 11 a.m. I was looking for the girl who cleans my office and she did not come until 12. I remarked, 'You are late.' I turned my head and that is the last thing I remember until 5 p.m., same day. I thought it must be at least two o'clock and was astonished to find it was five. What I did in those five hours I have not the slightest idea, excepting what the cleaning girl told me afterwards. She said my patient came on schedule, with her husband, and I instructed her to get ready for treatment. I stepped out of the room while she did so, and they waited over an hour for me, finally leaving in pique, for which I could not blame them. For the life of me I cannot remember this patient's name nor what she looked like. One of my patients told me that two years bygone she made an appointment with me, and when I came in to see her, it wasn't myself whom she saw but a man walking around in my place, describing him so well that I knew whom she meant. He had passed away seven years before. He had always been jealous of me and died hating me . . . for no fault of my own. What I want to know is, could *he* have taken on, or over, in the five hours I was 'out' last Saturday. The cleaning girl said she was certain I did not leave the premises for she heard me in the adjoining room opening and closing doors, but being busy she paid no attention. She heard the various patients remark they wondered what had become of

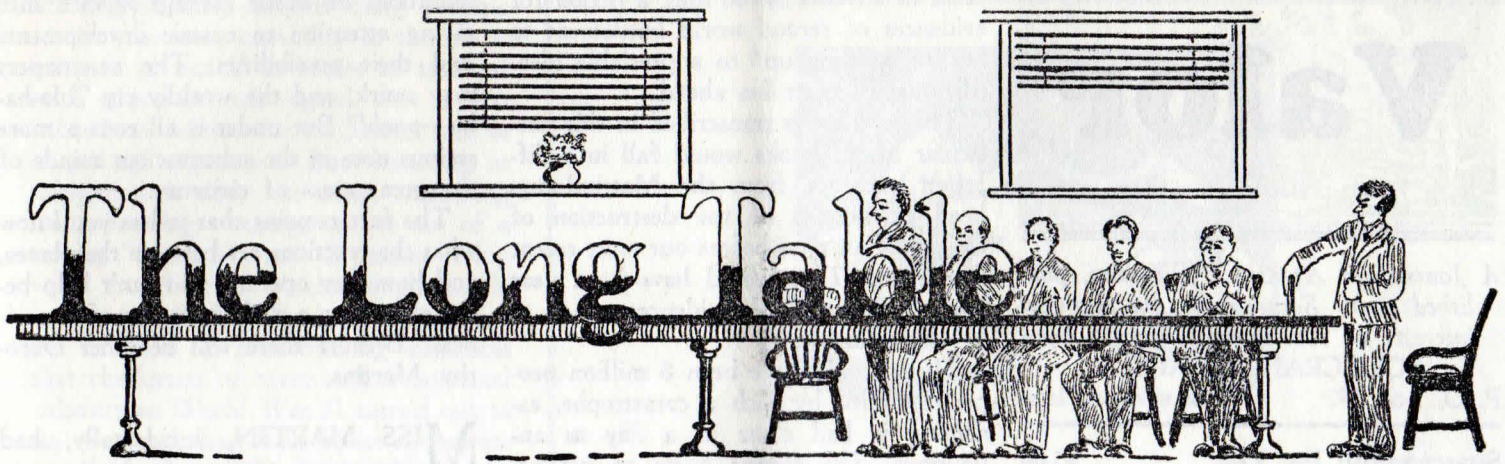
the Doctor before they left. Can you enlighten me so that it cannot happen again. That is the first and last time anything like that has happened to me . . ."

Comment: We are learning in deeper phases of esoterics that such amnesia lapses, for that would seem to be what they are, figure individuals who through some organic injury or maladjustment are incapable of making a sure contact with the double or unifying body. Thus unifying mechanism conveys the commands of the soul to the brain. If maladjustment, injury or disease in the physical part makes such a connection impossible, no matter for how long or short a time, the soul-intellect is unable to control the pineal gland or certain brain-centers, satisfactorily, and the human being resembles a ship without a pilot, purposeless excepting for automatic reflexes, yet the pilot has not been disintegrated. As a rule he is partially cut off from his means of expression and is unable therefore to register his experiences on the memory centers of his material body to any effective extent. The double still connects with the solar plexus, the sacral plexus and other nerve centers, so the material body is still fed with life and may therefore continue its functioning in an otherwise normal manner, subconscious mind alone taking over. In quickly turning your head, as you say you did, after the cleaning girl came in, you may have caused a temporary dislocation of an upper spinal vertebra without much warning pain resulting but which had the effect of throwing the cranium of the etheric double out of the physical or material head. The rest of your etheric double continued its functioning, and pardoning the ridiculousness

of it, your etheric head was loose instead of precisely fitting your husk-head, thus registering memories that came through the senses. Do not be alarmed; the condition is not exactly pathological and might never exactly happen again. Then again, it might, but if you know what is the cause you will not be alarmed. What you say about the former enemy is quite a different matter. Soulcraft has never encountered a case where any discarnate entity, no matter what the past emotional relationships, has been able to involuntarily alter the atoms of the body so as to alter the physical appearance, *but you could have done it yourself by strong subconscious thoughts of your late critic.* Soulcraft knows of one outstanding case where a certain man cannot turn his thought back to the personality of his last earth-life without his present physical appearance changing to the exact appearance of the recent career, which closed by death in 1879. Thought changes the etheric body's molecules and of course the change in the molecular formation evinces an altered outer appearance. Unfortunately this is a branch of occult therapy that cannot be promiscuously circulated.

BIRTH CONTROL

KENTUCKY: "Please correct me if I'm wrong, but apropos of Karma, aren't there quite a few people who have climbed and attained that daydream in the flesh which they thought so impossible at first? Are such people trying to escape reality by wanting something which isn't in their surroundings? . . . Also on planning your family Over There, what do you do about your tendency upon entering the mortal coil to resort to birth con-



trol? Is this taken into consideration in advance? . . . Lastly, if there is no such thing as chance, where does medical science fit into the picture when it saves lives which otherwise would have been lost? . . .”

Comment: In response to your first inquiry, Daydreaming is a somewhat vague term. If you mean do people visualize ambitions and follow through to realizations that were not in their original life plans, it is doubtful. But “life plans” is a broad term. The lesson they came into life to get, or the karma they might seek to rectify, might not be concerned with worldly wealth or position at all, for instance, such a mission as going through life experiences that developed their Patience. The Interpreter would have the right to inquire Daydream concerning what? . . . Second inquiry: Instead of wrecking family plans, birth control might assure them. But what of the couples who practice birth control for years, only to discover that despite all precautions, conception has occurred? A mother and child might have entered a prenatal compact that there would be no brothers and sisters. The timing of a gestation, to get the correct Birth Path, may mean everything to the success of an offspring’s life. It is doubtful that in so important a matter, contraception that is karmic can be permanently deferred . . . As for your third inquiry, about Medical Science saving those who would otherwise be “lost”, we’re told that in the Cosmic Intellect there is no mass populace that is “saved” by enlightened medics, there is forever the individual. It is always the individual life and its earth program that is involved. If it be “miraculously” saved by expert

doctoring when its life program called for a closing, it will arise from such outstanding cure and perchance break the neck in a slip on a flight of stars, or in an early automobile accident. All true cures come anyway at the dispensation of higher agencies, prolonging a life whose finish was not supposed to happen. All of us in cruder times have either known or heard of lives being saved without expert professional attention. However, do not overlook that swarms of children come into life today who meet with maladies unquestionably caused by unnatural urban conditions. Adulterations of foods for commercial preservation bring dietary conditions unknown to the offspring of an earlier generation. So society as society both gains and loses. But the destiny of the individual soul is filled regardless. Many children can today gain an earth experience in a matter of years that hitherto required a lifetime. The plans made before coming into flesh are on the whole inexorable, barring only one disruption . . . that caused by willful self-murder. It all boils down to the probability that the Cosmic Law can neither be defeated nor advanced . . .

BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON

CLEVELAND: “Do you agree that the next war will be “The Battle of Jerusalem” which will be fought in Jerusalem, and that the All-Nations army (United Nations army) will be defeated supernaturally and hurled out of that city? Also, that Jesus Christ will return to Jerusalem again before this battle is fought, and that every eye shall see Him?” . . .

Comment: No, Soulcraft espouses none of it. The eight allied questions centering around this theme are likewise nonanswerable for similar reason. This great religious propaganda literature that has been erected around such theme is wholly at variance with what Soulcraft believes, for reasons of its own, to be the eventual happening. On July 2, 1929, Soulcraft had dictated in 90 minutes the principal events of the coming 30 years in this nation and the world, much of which data was later destroyed to assure its privacy. But in 26 years ensuing not a single item listed has failed to mature, from which Soulcraft adjudges that the denouement of current world happenings will follow suit. The whole inside composition of “The Fifty Nations”—assumedly organized in San Francisco in 1946 under the nomenclature of United Nations, was described. Soulcraft was informed that the ultimate fate of this Marxist Fifth Column and Fifth Internationale was indeed involved in the so-called Second Coming, but Jerusalem as a focal point for a history-shattering battle is open to much vicious misinterpretation. Soulcraft does not subscribe to the fact that Jerusalem has any more consequence than any other municipality of the Earth or Near East, when, as, and if Red China spills over the Chinese Wall, somehow integrated with the collapse of Communist Russia. In none of the Soulcraft Master Transcripts has there been any outstanding championage of this city of Israeli. But the visual appearance of The Master in 13 world capitals is most plainly indicated. *When* is not for public proclamation. Had it been for public proclamation, it would not have been communicated so privately.

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Discrimination



A SKEPTICAL person, visiting Soulcraft not long since, slapped down a dozen small books on psychical messages of various sorts printed in Britain in the 1920s, and exclaimed, "Read those and learn for yourself how unreliable statements from The Beyond may be, pegging forthcoming events. Practically every one makes the statement somewhere in its pages that World War I was Armageddon, and there will never be another such conflict. And look what broke loose in 1939."

In due course of time—mostly after getting into bed at 11 p. m.—VALOR's editor examined the volumes. Sure enough, in one after the other, the communicators expressed themselves as "seeing no signs in these higher dimensions of another great world conflict." The latest book in the lot bore the publishing imprint of 1929.

In view of what erupted on the world just one decade later, what did they prove? . . . that the Higher Friends had prophesied incorrectly, or the communicator interpreted wrongly?

No!

They proved what VALOR has repeatedly declared, that persons commonly in psychical contact with residents of this earth-plane are not sufficiently elevated to get an over-all picture of maturing over any lengthy period of time, and that upon the planes which they occupy, ten

years in advance is too long a period for evidences of second world battlement to begin "building up" to appreciable identification of what lies ahead.

The statements transcribed in this particular list of books would fall in a different category from the Martin-Laughhead predictings of the destruction of Chicago four days before our most recent Christmas. That would have been near enough for decided evidences of it to be determinable.

There would have been 8 million people imperiled by such a catastrophe, assuming it had come in a day as announced. The frantic haste to get accommodations ready for so many souls "coming over" would have superceded all other activities on the Higher Planes. All of which is a phase of widespread catastrophe that is a closed book to the neophyte "prophet" of such doom, unlettered in what takes place on life's loftier levels.

Until you have served an adequate apprenticeship in details of day-to-day activities on planes above earth, you are



woefully unequipped to act as gloom-butcher and celestial drum-beater of disaster, and in the long run doing but a disservice to yourself. Remember the same thing was repeated earlier by the celebrated Millerites in 1844. They had the end of the world down so patly that impressionable individuals by tens of thousands fashioned their ascension robes and clambered out upon the housetops to participate in the spectacle.

None the less, it is a fact that such

sensations *do* bestir average laymen into giving attention to cosmic developments and their possibilities. The newspapers may smirk, and the worldly cry "Ha-ha-ha—*pooh!*" But under it all runs a more serious note in the subconscious minds of the great mass of citizenry.

The fact remains that unless you know what the reactions are between the planes, and how they operate, you can't help being slated for a daily program of uneasiness. Because there will be other Dorothy Martins.

MISS MARTIN, incidentally, had sent most of her forebodings to Soulcraft six to eight months before, following them with long-distance telephone calls. VALOR's reaction was to caution her against pursuing such a program of disaster-proclamation, knowing from its own sources that nothing of such consequence was building up toward such end in the immediate higher dimensions. And unless such things *have* begun building up in the immediate higher dimensions, nothing occurs on this plane. But it's difficult to convince the tyro of such fundamentals, enthused with his neophyte phenomena.

These British books, acclaiming generally in 1929 that all the troubles of the world had been solved by the fighting of World War I, and naught lay ahead for humanity but pleasant prosperity, were obviously communicated by similar handicapped of an earlier date.

Soulcraft doesn't shape its policies in such regard by clairaudient messages projected by some cosmic excitable or groups of excitable; it shapes such policies by indirect notation of what seems to be going on in the higher dimensions at any given period, and drawing consequential deductions. But you have to know your higher significances to do that. The best prophecy tests are deductions from what is transpiring on the overhead planes, pointing to this or that as an imminent denouement. Then comes the momentous decision as to how much is politic to make known to the inhibited mass mind of the orthodox public. This is by no means the monopolistic bigotry that some people think. The technique to treat with such situation would seem to be this—

IF ANY great terrain or social cataclysm seems to be evident from the higher—

life preparations, do everything possible within your own capability to thwart or mitigate it, but if it comes in spite of one's efforts in such regard, view it that it has been decreed for the human race as a spiritual experience. But thwarting or mitigating it does not mean screeching and screaming warnings to get out of a certain "doomed" area. It means doing what the editor of VALOR sought to do in the late Thirties and early Forties—try to build up counteracting influences that checkmate or avert such a universal calamity as World War II turned out to be. Soulcraft had it in books of private transcript since 1929 that tragic denouement was coming from the policies of the Administration that was to succeed the Hoover presidency. *How* tragic it was to be, depended on the awakening and arousing of the electorate to its peril. Well, VALOR's editor tried, and America found out . . .

And now other eventualities that are eventualities are slated. But the activities on the loftier levels show no signs of preparing for sectional cataclysm. And this goes for Space-Man communications quite as much as for clairaudient messages from the Physical Graduated.


Relax, and become erudite in the cosmic fundamentals. Thereat wisdom follows automatically—and the multigraph stays silent.

By Their Fruits . . .




UNDRY correspondents are taking VALOR to task for not maintaining its enthusiasms in respect to the Flying Saucer personnel as highly as it did in the summer. But it's not a matter of enthusiasms. It's a matter of considered judgment as the Space Visitors demonstrate their erudition by their works. VALOR by no means retracts its convictions that the Flying Saucer phenomena are very real. It has its own private reasons for entertaining serious doubt that superiority of Space Voyager acumen, contrasted with peoples of Earth, is to be taken for granted.

Soulcraft is merely revising its estimates till the evidence shows otherwise in unmistakable tenor. Mechanically, yes. Ethically, perhaps. But statements to the effect that innate characters of all indi-



VALOR



WAKE, O Soul! Entrust thyself to Me!
 Who placed the shackles locked so firm on thee?
 None but thine earthly concepts locked within,
 False concepts which admit belief in Sin!
 There is no Sin against the laws of Life
 Except you harm another in its strife!

Trust in thine own capacity to love
 As angels trust in God Himself above,
 Thy soul is but an emanation free
 To show the Higher Forces locked in thee;
 Thy godly mind o'er diamond caves may roll—
 Go seek them, but let Pilot *Will* control!

No man shall place a limit on thy strength
 Nor know its height or depth or width or length,
 Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained
 May yet be thine if thou emerge unstained.
 Some feet shall tread all heights that dreams may weave,
 Why not thine own? Press on! Aspire! **ACHIEVE!**

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

viduals in earthlife are known to them, can be taken with salt. Scarcely a week now transpires that events do not occur leaving room for growing skepticism.

Maybe it's a childish business, settling Who is wiser than Whom. But that's not the point. Graver issues are at stake.

There are entirely earthy men who know to the pinpoint both *who* and *what* are behind this planet's major complications. *No space-man has yet evidenced that he begins to know one-two-three about the same identities.* It's entirely reasonable to conclude that if he did, his conduct would be different—not to men-

tion addressings to persons in flesh. To illustrate somewhat crudely—

Instead of picking up nonentities—with all due respect to the humanities of the individuals selected—and giving them a spin through the higher stratospheres wouldn't commonsense reserve such experiences for strategic personages in this worldly scene whose elevation a thousand miles out from earth, while doing a little Turkey-Talking to them about their policies, would cure what ails world society in a fortnight? No need to exterminate any alleged malefactor. Just give him an experience he never forgot. So

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Noblesville, Indiana

positive a job could be done on him that a somewhat breathless page in history might result.

But no, . . concurrent event shows plainly enough that either the Space Men aren't in any real hurry to get society on this earth-ball straightened out, or they don't know whom to give such attention.

SO SOULCRAFT and VALOR are marking time on the whole stupendous saga and watching what develops. As for the spokesmen selected for these aerial excursions, reluctantly Soulcraft comes to the conclusion that they are more interested in how many copies of their latest book sold last month than in truly doing an elevation job for society as society. The discerning earthly intellect looks over the lot, and, with two or three exceptions, says mentally to the Space Personages, "Is this the best you can do? . . Aren't you aware that the selection of inadequate personalities only backfires on your own perspicacities? We know that on earth."

Knowing something about the identities of the Space Men, Soulcraft and VALOR looked for a slightly more massive performance, commensurate with expected cosmic prestige. They are not showing it, and so why blink it? This is in no way disclosing any chip on the shoulder, or dealing in criticism from the slightest unkindness. If a given man doesn't show heavy capacity when elevated into a big executive job in earth-life, one has the prerogative of adjusting one's estimate of his character. It's entirely reasonable and rational that the Space-Men don't know as much about our planetary situation as we've too confidently given them credit for knowing. So that fault is ours.

Okay, let's readjust all around, and get on a working basis where knowledge is pooled for the highest good of interplanetary society. What's wrong with that?

In other words, who really cares who's wiser than whom? By the fruits of a man's intellect do you know his real worth, be his origin the planet Earth or the star-sun Betelgeuse . .

To be pardonably blunt, cerise flashes high in heavens no longer butter real earthly parsnips. Why not get down to business and in an entirely harmless fashion start cleaning these Aegean Stables up?

God knows they need it.

Resolutions

(Continued from Page 2)

to lie, cheat, steal, kick the dog when he comes through the door you're opening, too slowly, or make fun of the old lady next door who may have aches and pains of which you're not aware. But these items are childish beside the worth of the blanket resolution to strive to be just a BIGGER person in every aspect throughout the twelve months that are opening than you have been in the twelve months that have closed.

To really be BIGGER means to expand your consciousness to treat valiantly with weightier problems, to be kinder and more tolerant when it truly costs you deliberate effort to do so, to do your thinking in terms of Ideas, not events or much less People, and withal display a temperament that makes you win friends and influence people because you possess the qualities that do it, not as a pose that you acquired from answering an advertisement.



Above all, don't make too many Resolutions for 1955. Make only three or four and seriously bend yourself to keeping them. Seek to live the year so that in January, 1956, you can exclaim in complete honesty, "This is the most wonderful year I've ever lived because I've learned more in it than any earlier year of my life. Up to December 31, 1954 I was going through life like a somnambulist. Now I've come into working acquaintance with the enshrouding world of Spirit, I've found the most unexpected merit in the most unlikely persons, I've opened up new fields of interest to sharpen and expand my intellect . . and I've even acquired an entirely new repertoire of jokes to tell my friends in place of all those bromides that made nobody laugh but me."

Sooner or later life is due to pick you up and shake you out of your philosophic somnambulism, anyhow.

Beat experiences to the punch—the wrong kind—and give yourself an entirely New Look for 1955.

All it can cost you is the effort.

Vicious Forces

(Continued from Page 5)

"Instantly conflict arises. In some cases the discarnate being does not realize that it is dead. He struggles to gain possession of the means of communication with the pineal or pituitary glands of the victimized individual, two of the most important centers through which human personality expresses itself. He may be attacking a woman's mind, and, if successful, finds himself in control of her body.

"**M**ANY of the ravings of the irrational are inspired by the alarm of a discarnate being who finds himself placed in such extraordinary circumstances. Only dimly may he realize the material world through the centers and memory reflexes of another. But naturally this travesty of existence, when he is ignorant of the fact that he is dead, arouses within him either rage, or frenzy of fear, or even some other more puerile emotion.

"He may be dislodged from his controlling position through the owner of the body in question being sufficiently strong intellectually to compel him to loosen hold of that part of the unifying body which governs the brain centers—but this is rarely the case to one who knows little or nothing about the physical anatomy.

"The more effective method for loosening the hold of the obsessing one is to make the physical occupancy so unpleasant that the discarnate meddler finds no particular comfort in staying within or near it. This has been successfully done by acquiring a small galvanic battery, of harmless voltage of course, of the variety used for entertainment purposes at county fairs, and seizing the electrodes in the hands when the possessing spirit has been ordered to leave and go about its business and refuses. Particularly can annoying psychical communications be disrupted by the physical unpleasantness of such applications.

"**F**IRST, explain to the possessing one that his presence is unwelcome and if he does not depart from the victim's aura, he will be shocked into leaving. Pay no attention to his grandiose claims or threats, for true mentors and guardians never so conduct themselves.

Never try to anesthetize the brain centers with alcohol or drugs to get rid of such intruders. The centers are thereby left the more open and defenseless. Be rational and controlled within the self, and warn the possessing entity of what is due to happen.

"Then let it happen.

"Caution should be exercised respecting the weakness of the current, and the natural condition of the patient's heart. But mild shock treatment will so upset and distress the spirit that it will withdraw, though it may recover quickly and return to the attack with sardonic remarks of the futility of the treatment. No matter. Train the mind to think that the operation is purgative and meant for the intruder, not the one who has been so uncomfortably and illicitly assailed.

"It would be well, during such therapeutics, if the patient did his best to fix his mentality on the protective shield-aura of the Christ personality, as the mind is then keyed up highest to vibrations the intruder will not be able to stand."

Bouquets

(Continued from Page 4)

beloved ones down here by learning new things, she will be wonderful. She is a natural psychic through her purity and integrity . . ."

TENNESSEE—

"**I** HAVE lately read your book *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. Mr. Pelley, I was thrilled by it. I think it must be that your own personality is so evident in the book—you seem such a real person—that I especially enjoyed it . . . I have read quite a little along this line and have visited various mediums. I am passionately interested in the subject of spirit return but am not 'psychic'. I do not receive as much in the way of 'real evidence' as I long to get. . . I would like to contact Bertie Lilly Candler myself, if possible. Is it possible for you to help me meet her? . . ."

IDAHO—

"**T**HE SOULCRAFT books are the richest vein of philosophy I have struck in more than forty years of uninhibited prospecting . . ."

(Continued on Page 15)



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Cogitations

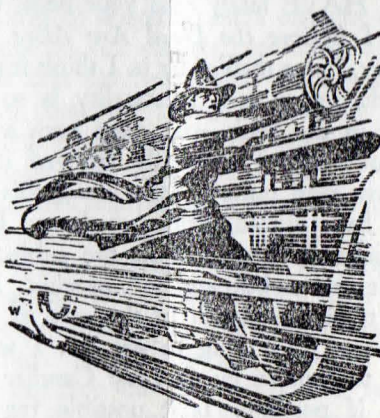
Pelle

TRUE winter cold seems to have settled upon the nation this past week, together with old-fashioned snowfall west of the Mississippi. This, according to the current newspapers, has brought an increase of fire hazard. People in the rural districts feel the need of additional warmth in their domiciles, drag up the cast-iron stove from the cellar, hitch it to handy chimney with rusty stovepipe and proceed to build a fire in it. The ancient thing leaks sparks like a sieve, which ignite Uncle Eben's old trousers left hanging in the closet since that paint-job he did on the fence in the summer, and Uncle Eben's trousers fire the thin wall serving as partition to the pantry. Soon forty stale doughnuts are in a holocaust and the blaze is spreading to the kitchen attic where everything is stored of too much value to be consigned to the local dump. It's but an igneous detail after that for fire to devour the house, let alone indigestible doughnuts, and fire insurance rates on the whole neighborhood or municipality rise in consequence. My mind reverts to sundry scenes of my boyhood where the Demon Flame contributed maximum drama toward making life worth living. In nearly seven decades that I have lived, I have witnessed many blazes, seasonable and otherwise, but I write with crossed fingers that never once in all that time have my own personal premises been assailed—which includes parental premises wherein I had legal residence . . .

o—o

I WAS, of course, no such model brat that I did not, in my extremely tender years, fail to experiment with the festive match and get flame in reaction, causing my elders to Take Steps and take them

fast. Having written in these columns previously that my age had seen the invention of the automobile, the motion picture, the airplane, the radio, and now television, I should by no means be so remiss in chronicling of major contributions to civilization as to overlook the Parlor Match. Today's small fry pulls a chair over toward the stove in parental absence, and thrusts explorative little fingers into the inverted wall-box, withdrawing certain small sticks of wood—on one end of each being a small knob daintily tipped with blue chemical in quiescence. This drawn along an abrasive surface—anything from spotless wallpaper to the seat of masculine pants, in which of course small fry are customarily deficient—produces Promethian Fire in sparks. To squeals of infantile dismay these sparks promptly proceed to burn down the premises. But in my early years such fecund arrange-



ments had not been perfected. We used so-called sulphur matches, acquired by the card and wrapped in tissue-paper. Such matches were attached to each other in rows, two dozen in such intimate association making a "card" three inches wide. Italian ditchdiggers and Hiberian laborers oftentimes employed remnants of

such cards to decorate their hatbands. You used the thumbnail to split off a single sulphur match, after which you carefully stored the balance of the card back in the blue tin wall-box or shoved it in the pocket or hatband as aforesaid, then you went looking for an abrasive surface whereupon to get a blaze. When such blaze started, it did not flame, it *bubbled*. It bubbled till all the provided sulphur was consumed—or went up your nostrils, causing you to cough as a sign that you had beaten Prometheus to the torch—then it tackled the wood stick itself and you had the main ingredient for reducing your community to ashes. When I see a Civil War film in the present wherein some sergeant under General Robert E. Lee strikes a match to read a military order by a deft snapping of a matchhead against the thumbnail, I know the director was born either in Vienna, Moscow, or Hester Street, since the close of World War I. But this has nothing to do with my explorin the cards of matches in the blue tin box in the parsonage in East Templeton, Mass. back before McKinley became President and darned near firing the whole south woods . . . myself, not McKinley . . .

o—o

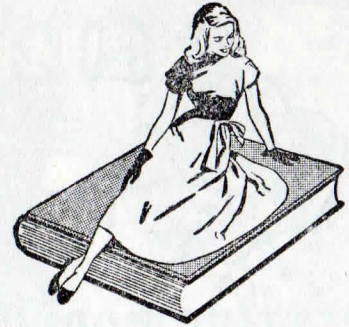
UH-HUH, the whole south woods behind the parsonage, about a quarter-mile over. That is where I repaired with my baby sister Edna, to demonstrate to her feminine naivette how civilized man got flame without calling upon Greek gods. We crossed the south mowing toward the stone wall marking off the meadow and beginning the woods, which in sultry August afternoon was perfect substitute for tinder. I broke one fraught stick off the card, affecting to be nonchalant and mature, and said to my hero-

worshiping girl relative, "This is the way Sitting Bull started all his campfires the night before completely surrounding Custer," and I ran the red tip of the sulphur match along the surface of the nearest granite boulder. The red tip of that sulphur match bubbled all right, but it wasn't in my hot little hand when it did so. It had described an arc in air where it had broken with a crack and landed seven feet away in bushes. Never had I supposed Sitting Bull got campfires to confuse Custer so fast. Edna employed her four-year-old legs with astonishing alacrity for one so young, and proceeded to high-tail the blazes out of there literally as figuratively, admonishing her brother, "Now you'll catch it!" Emphatically she was not referring to match or woodlands. I had not caught the said sulphur flame when it hit terra firma, but the brittle, dry woodlands had done so. Whereupon it was up to me to extinguish what I'd started. I recall essaying to extinguish my personal conflagration by picking up all the rocks in sight and hurling them into the expanding blaze. My theory was, that if I cast in enough rocks there would be no area or ozone for the conflagration to flourish. Thus the fire must extinguish. Presently my male parent was at my shoulder but not with a crowbar to pry up more rocks. He'd come southward across that mowing as fast as I'd ever witnessed my male parent move in his life, equipped with a spade. He put out that holocaust along the stone-wall with scoops of well-placed dirt at its base and he did not tarry in his effort. Neither did he tarry in his effort at conducting me to the low-ceilinged southeast chamber when said flames were vanquished, making it painfully clear to me that old fashioned sulphur matches and small boys should have naught in common. I did not resent such reprimand. Anybody with the brains to do with loose soil what I'd personally failed to do with miniature boulders had my unqualified admiration. It was an honor to be larded by such an intellect. I never was one of those youths who discovered to his astonishment how much his father had learned by the time that the youth became seventy that the old man had not known when the youth had been seven.

o—o

IT IS instinctive with most of us, I've noted, that when the community siren

blows to announce a fire, to hope it'll be a big one . . . Community fire sirens have, of course, gone with the sulphur match that long ago produced their hootings. Up in New England forty to fifty years ago, fire-alarm boxes had numbers which the big whistle on the chair factory repeated, in order to apprise the townfolk of the fire's approximate location. I always thought there was sense to that. Later the system was abandoned for mere steam-wailings, informing the citizenry that a fire had broken out *somewhere* but its location being nobody's business. And every person apart from his premises worried. Those were the days of horse-drawn apparatus, and fires were so seldom—due to general difficulty at getting those blue sulphur matches bubbling—that even the fire horses were put to commercial drayage purposes between igneous debacles. Well do I remember the afternoon that Dan Glasheen's Percherons were engaged in pulling a load of odiferous swine through the Square when the steam siren began blasting atop Haywood Brothers' chair factory. The alacrity with which Dan came off his seat, disengaged the chain whiffletrees from the pig-truck, and started the Percherons up across Central Street to the fire-station where the fire engine waited was record-shattering. Those splendid horses seemed to know what the steam blastings meant and entered into the spirit of the thing with a gallop. Dan was pilot of them however by the reins, afoot behind. And while somebody's hencoop was acquiring its quota of fried chicken at the other end of town, Dan was making nine-foot strides in his heavy brogans to keep up with the excited Percherons. To the credit of the man, he never stumbled once—or he'd have imitated a sled, striving to get to the Klondyke as impedimenta on a group of huskies who smelled hot caribou steaks ahead and first come, first served. Those Percherons so enjoyed the mighty business of getting that fire engine to where it was wanted firstest with the mostest, that they backed alongside the horizontal pole of the engine-chassis in the firehouse of their own accord. The breathless Dan snapped cinches. The engine rolled streetward. Then the whole town turned out to see those Percherons come galloping. Alas, Dan had left his truck of hogs squealing their heads off squarely in front of the Bon Marche Millinery & Perfume



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Shop and 'twas said that Miss Hoadley, the proprietress, didn't have another customer for two days . . . Then motor-driven apparatus came in . . .

o—o

SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts, where I started my newspaper career shortly after the turn of the century, enjoyed the reputation of possessing the most efficient and modern firefighting equipment in the Commonwealth, or for that matter in New England. Every fire station was more immaculate than many of the respectable burghers' homes round about. The Percherons stood throughout the days with their heads lowered out the bays into the vehicle room, and at the first clang of the fire signal, the bays flew open and the horses clopped into action. It was a point of pride with them to have the apparatus rolling before the siren stopped sounding. All the same, it didn't stop two of the most disastrous fires in that part of New England, the consumption of the Highland Baptist Church of a January midnight—one of the most spectacular blazes I ever attended in which several foremen lost their lives—and even the City Hall itself, which burned to the pavement of a memorable noontime. 'Twas said the City Hall blaze got going during a Charity Bazaar, the exploiter of the sulphur match being a chained monkey who grabbed the fatal "card" from a municipal attendant's hatband. He knew what to do with it, all right, the chimpanzee did. And when the smoke had cleared away, Springfield was set for its present elaborate Municipal Group, with chimes in its campanile. Which calls to mind the *greatest* fire I ever attended, the burning of Blagoveschenck, Russian Siberia, of a night in September, 1918, during World War I. In the battle between the Bolsheviks and Allies the city had been fired, and our troop train kept rolling at three miles an hour throughout most of the night in pursuit of the enemy. We skirted the eastern edge of the burning metropolis, one of the biggest in eastern Siberia. . . . And no more fearsome sight have I ever looked upon or watched. Know what awes you in such a spectacle? . . . the stuff that gets into the sky itself! The tremendous upward draft of heat creates a vacuum that lifts everything portable. I actually saw whole house roofs lift into such vacuums and sail off in blazing sky rafts of themselves. The pan-

ic of citizens is, of course, indescribable, because it's a matter not only of keeping out of the track of falling walls but falling debris from fiery regions overhead. Great sheets of what appeared to be blazing tar-paper would seem to be drifting unrolled in air sustained by the heat. When dawn broke, we were again in open country, the catastrophe behind us. But a hundred feet away, under a pasture oak tree to the east, a lordly moose and a big Korean tiger, were resting pacifically side by side, having salvaged themselves from nocturnal furnace. To prove it, I brought home a camera snapshot of them . . . But only in boyhood memory is there a picture—and exceedingly moving picture—of royal Percherons coming at a thunderous though joyous gallop with that furling fire-engine immediately behind. Faugh with your motor-driven firefighting equipment! Percherons knowing what their job was all about, and doing it, was a piece out of Americana that no country on the globe can ever duplicate . . . Funny how you always seem to remember when man or animal knows what the Job is all about and does it to his utmost! . . . Anyway, Happy New Year, and keep the new-fangled parlor matches out of reach of the small fry during 1955 . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Man from Mars

(Continued from Page 3)

lasted for some forty minutes. He indicated no protest when Allingham sought to photograph his ship—which pictures turned out even superior to those in the Adamski book—and as he finally headed away to get back into the saucer, Allingham got a full-length photo of him.

The picture when developed shows a slightly round-shouldered Lindbergh, his belt and hips hung with some sort of harness in which were implements connected either with his breathing apparatus or weapons of defense.

TO FAT out his story into presentable book-length, Allingham doesn't get into the meat of his own story till Chapter 8 on Page 103. Still, as a matter of Saucerana, his review of prefacing data on Space voyaging, and the rich data he contributes of his own experience, makes the book well worth the \$2.75 that it will

sell for in American bookstores shortly after the first of the coming month.

Unabashedly its author announces he will come to the States and reside in California this new year, from which it is expected he will lecture before all the more lucrative American audiences, due to our own government's Keep-'Em-Guessing policies originating from the Pentagon. Publishers and editors who contribute toward making another best-seller of his opus will undoubtedly be treated with the usual Take-it-for-granted disdain that has distinguished Allingham's predecessors with the sole exception of Truman Bethurum. The conduct of Desmond Leslie during his flash itinerary in these Yankee States of recent memory apparently sets a standard for all space authors to adopt for getting their names before the country. More than VALOR has made such comment. But then, who are the proprietors of the American journals that they should aught but raise their worshipful eyebrows before these celebrities who seemingly add to the erudition of nations by merely standing on a spot with cameras focussed when the capricious visitors from neighboring planets zoom in?

ALLINGHAM does much breastbeating over several pages, essaying to convince the prospective reader of his British hardheadedness and you-can't-fool-me temperament. This part of his narrative, instead of promoting reader-camaraderie only alienates it. Of psychics and telepathy he knows nothing and boasts of it. Nevertheless, his writing job carries a strange hard ring of sincerity and conviction that is highly commendable. Yet his apparent stupidity in conversing with the Mars man exasperates his reader. The concreteness of his cranial equipment when enjoying such opportunity to obtain priceless information, such as his efforts to convey the idea of atoms by ripping a sheet of note paper into the tiniest fragments, makes the reader lament that the space men can't contact persons of higher I/Qs. But whenever was it otherwise?

Soulcrafters will want to buy and read *Flying Saucer from Mars*, if for no other reason than to keep abreast of what is developing in the earth in these fraught days. Undoubtedly through official de-

nial and deception, the interplanetary relationships are being perfected without public panic . . . which isn't saying much for human nature.

Soulcraft's championing of the Saucer illuminations to the moment has been a disastrous venture to its exchequer which the snobbery of the space authors has not helped, but that, of course, is not public business. The British Book Centre, Inc., deserves highest commendation for its championing of these books—which publishing firms in this Home of the Brave and Land of the Free—did not feel at liberty to expouse. Now flying saucer books are becoming a dime a dozen and it is the exceptional volume that calls for more than two-inch mention in reviewing columns. Allingham's book *does*.

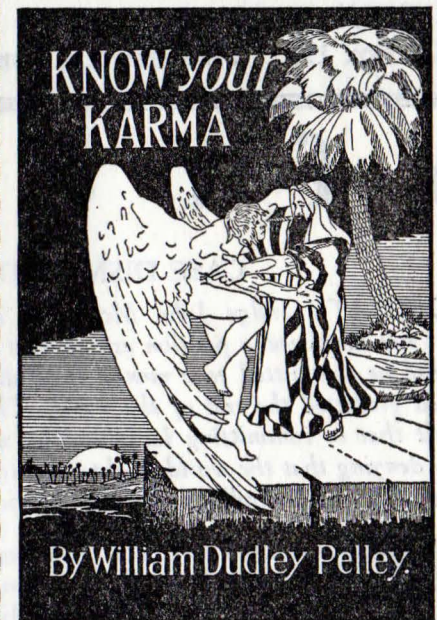
More about it next week . . .

Bouquets

(Continued from Page 11)

CALIFORNIA—

"THANK you for the wonderful reading matter that I find in VALOR. It was a memorable day for me when I started receiving VALOR. I have kept every one that has been received and they are all marked—articles are underscored—I read and re-read them. My memory isn't so good but I have, like you said, gradually come into the state where certain things affect me in a much different way than heretofore. Like, for instance, death so-called, hell, heaven or thoughts of them . . . I haven't yet gotten up the courage or whatever it takes, to tell my Scientist friends about Soulcraft. Just because they are to contented and happy, I don't know how . . . I had a doctor friend who Passed last Tuesday morning of heart attack. The death has left me with the very odd feeling *that it was exactly the right thing to have happened—for him*. He seems to have finished this grade. Now I feel he will go uphill. His comment on VALOR was, 'I believe in lives!' . . . My husband is highstrung and inclined to be material-minded. In fact he has often jestingly referred to himself as 'half-cracked'—but he grabs every VALOR before I can read it . . . My daughter kids him about reading Pelley . . . nevertheless, it's the most interesting, most absorbing reading we have ever encountered . . ."



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

CASE DISMISSED

PROBATE Judge John McClellan in Lansing, Mich., has dismissed a petition asking that Dr. Charles Laughead be committed to a mental institution. Dr. Laughead had predicted the end of the world. The Judge may have felt that in committing Laughead he would be on record as denying that the world might come to an end. And boy, he's not nuts!—Indianapolis Star, January 2, 1955.

SOULCRAFTERS not only throughout the United States but in several foreign countries reached by VALOR will be highly gratified by the news in the boxed editorial comment above, published editorially in *The Star* for Sunday, January 2nd. To pronounce a person mentally unsound merely because his religious or metaphysical views do not concur with those of the orthodox majority is not only making a travesty of religious conviction but setting a dangerous precedent. Predictions of the world's coming to an end are a dime a dozen on VALOR's editorial desk any week in the year, while as for religious dissidents being off their rockers, if the authorities started locking 'em up, there wouldn't be enough citizens on the outside to act as keepers and custodians for those on the inside. Nonetheless, it's typical as an ideology for treating with those whose esoteric challenges you can't meet. Call 'em nuts. Lock 'em up. Take 'em out Thursday and burn 'em at the stake. Just get rid of 'em! . . . that's all! . . . *Get rid of 'em!* No one ever stops to explain how "getting rid of 'em" establishes truth. Yet in the unthinking mind, it seems to do so. At least they're not around to make the orthodox uncomfortable . . .

VALOR has said previously upon this page that Dr. Laughead was, and is, a highly intellectual and spiritual instructor. In his position at Michigan State College and in result of his metaphysical studies, he was in a position to give rational answers to the young who came to him seeking what the theologic "authorities" couldn't give. Reports had already reached VALOR of the venom that had begun to compound for him among the ecclesiastical parentage of some of the students with whom he was in contact. It began to look as though somebody in the higher zones should begin paging Cotton Mather. The standpat, Bible-tells-all, theologic element obviously hailed Dr. Laugheads' espousal of Dorothy Martin's "messages" with zest. It was but a

step then to forcing his resignation, spreading the smear in the newspapers, and having a relative petition him into innocuous desuetude. However, a magistrate with his head screwed on tightly, stopped the blithering nonsense. Truth isn't enhanced or preserved by sealing up men's minds with prison padlocks—not in the present day and generation, although now more than ever there are powerful blocs vigilant to achieve it if they can. However, there is a lesson in the whole episode for the discerning.

PEOPLE doing truly effective research work into higher zonal aspects of spiritual facts, rarely if ever give out specified dates for definite catastrophic events granting they have reason to assume such events are really imminent. They don't do it for two reasons. First, not a single thing of practical value is achieved thereby. Second, whether events mature or do not mature, they always hold repercussions for the prophets. Respecting the first, it might be assumed that had Dorothy's prediction about the destruction of Chicago come true on December 21st, all those who had taken warning and gotten out would have been grateful to her for "saving their lives." The true mystical adept recognizes that nowhere in Cosmos is there such a circumstance as anybody extending his life in result of advance warning. VALOR has said this before and says it again. Nobody can perish physically from any cause of any nature before his allotted time comes to perish. If there were people getting out of Chicago from a cataclysm occurring on the 21st, they would have gotten out anyway, without the need of any warning from Dorothy. It would have been in their own karmas to get out. In the second place, had Dorothy been right, she might have been briefly hailed as a great clairvoyant, but lacking the proper esoteric erudition her resultant ordeal would have been anything but enviable. What the old Biblical prophets did, in prophesying holocaust, was attempt to salvage a wicked and idolatrous generation—which was quite something else than qualify themselves to head a new cult. . . VALOR trusts that Dr. Laughead will not be in the least dismayed by what has happened to him but acquaint himself the more fully with the higher laws and

processes that operate in such cases. Otherwise, philosophically, he falls between two stools. The great study of metaphysics can survive what didn't happen. What the Martinites should determine is why it didn't happen. Then they'll be the more happily prepared to instruct orthodox die-hards . . . Still, the lock-'em-up element can be counted on to shout for the Oregon Boot and thumbscrew so long as religious controversy lasts.

¶ Religionists who have believed too much have always been keener for persecution than those who believed too little