

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VIII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, January 15, 1955

Number 12



Soulcraft as a Science

THE EIGHTEEN to twenty volumes now available under the Soulcraft imprint merely hold their thousands of pages wherein Soul is being observed, its attributes chronicled and eccentricities classified.

Peculiarly enough, in observing and classifying the facts about Soul most people have ninety-eight percent of their spiritual hungers fed. Because of such fact they automatically wish to give the religious flair to Soulcraft. But religions in our current day imply dogmatic "beliefs"—or conclusions inculcated and accepted on faith.

Soulcraft is not concerned with "faith" that does not have reasonably substantial evidence to bastion it. Why the need for Faith, anyhow, if evidence is both available and reliable?

Faith is the very opposite of evidence. It is belief based on sacred conjecture.

A CANNY New England woman back in the late Thirties gave her definition of Soulcraft. Said she—

"It's the dough of Spiritualism,



FVERY little while Soulcrafters are challenged by orthodox religionists, "What, in twenty words, is Soulcraft?"

Twenty words, however, are not required to describe Soulcraft. It may be described in nine—or better, five. Soulcraft is not a religion, as so many critical persons assume. It is not a mystical cult. Soulcraft is a science—*the Science of the Soul*.

What do we imply when we use the term Science?

Webster's Dictionary defines Science as "A branch of study concerned with observation and classification of facts, especially with the establishment of verifiable general laws, chiefly by induction and hypothesis."

That's Science. Any science.

"Study concerned with observation and classification of facts." Have you ever paused to consider that Soulcraft comprises just that, in respect to verifiable general laws of Consciousness?



Theosophy, Christian Science and Unitarianism, whipped into a batter sweetened with humor, and baked as a loaf of sacred Psychological Research." Then she added, "Truth to tell, one can't help liking the taste of it."

Let's consider these four philosophical departures, each on its merits and in the kindest criticism. First Spiritualism. What is Spiritualism and to what extent does Soulcraft—the Science of the Soul—participate?

Spiritualism is a quasi-religious faith based on unorthodox testimony transferred through mediumistic agencies that spirits of the departed can and do communicate with terrestrial people and apprise them of literal living conditions in the after-life. They live consciously, these departed, retaining their earth memories on a plane of reality known for the most part as the Summerland, although there are other and higher planes for progressed souls above this Summerland. They can, and do, upon occasion, come back into the earthlife vibrations, where they keep guardianship over the fortunes of those in flesh they continue to love. The churches of this faith are uniformly presided over by mediumistic clergymen and clergywomen—mostly the latter—where orthodox terminology respecting Deity is commingled with worldly soothsaying, haplessly in many instances, for such financial remuneration introduces the stigma of commercialism into the proceedings. Loosely connected in an "Alliance" each congregation is more or less an independent unit and the adeptship of the mediumistic pastor usually gauges the congregation's prestige.

Is Soulcraft a derivative of Spiritualism in any sense?

THE SCIENCE of Soul automatically dictates that every phase of psychological research, both sacred and profane, be examined and espoused to get at the facts for analysis and classification. Soulcraft applies all the assurances of Survival on

a noncommercial and nonsoothsaying basis. The psychological mysticism which was the very basis of the Christian religion in its pristine phases, naturally comes in for fullest embracement as the Science of Soul is determined. It isn't a case of Soulcraft having a common premise excepting as the findings of psychological research are substantiated. Now how about Theosophy?

Ask the average educated layman what Theosophy is, and he'll tell you it's a form of Tibetan mysticism brought to the West in 1875 by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and organized under the title of the Theosophical Society. But that's only part of it. Theosophy actually is a religious philosophy embodying doctrines as old as humanity itself, which was originated in the 3rd century by Ammonius Saccas. It has always taught a *knowledge of the laws governing the evolution of the universe* and not assumed divine revelation, declaring that no unsolvable mystery exists anywhere. It was revived in 1875 by the founding of the American Theosophical Society by Helena P. Blavatsky but, owing to different interpretation of beliefs, broke into two groups in 1913, the second under Anna Besant, an Englishwoman. "Doctrines old as humanity itself" . . . how could any Science of the Soul ignore or neglect the soul's *history* in the social and secular scheme? Again, therefore, in so far as Theosophy carries, it has a common premise with the Soulcraft data, not necessarily, however, derived from it. Next, Christian Science . . .

ALTHOUGH she named it a Science, Mary Baker Eddy unabashedly established a formal church organization in which she expounded as "the law of God, the law of good, interpreting and demonstrating the Divine principle and rule of universal harmony." Accordingly, Christian Scientists regard the practice of their religion as applicable to all human needs, emphasizing Health. Christian Science healing is practiced by individual church members everywhere. Nevertheless, there was one "human need" that Mrs. Eddy gave no overweening attention, in fact in Chapter 4 of *Science & Health* it is alleged she went so far as to repudiate it. That was the hunger for communication with persons who have been lost through the experience of physical death. What the personalized experiences of the soul

may be on quitting the body, Christian Science treats with silence. The main attention of the faith is concentrated on divine healing and preservation of perfect physical health. The Eddy dogma applies strictly to the fortunes of the soul on the earth-side of life. Eternity is largely the assumption that there is no death for perfect creatures.

All that Christian Science and Soulcraft have in common is espousal of psychosomatic supervision over the corporeal self. The Science of Soul definitely establishes the control of Consciousness over physical atoms and their performance. As for the religious tenets of Unitarianism, there again Soul Science establishes that in which Unitarians most believe, the incomprehensibility of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, believing in the one God, the Father, and the human personality of Jesus . . .

UNITARIANISM originated as an organized denomination in Poland and Transylvania in the middle of the 16th century as a result of the Reformation. It was extirpated by Casimir I of Poland a hundred years later but it survived in Transylvania and spread to England and New England, where during the first part of the 19th century many Congregational churches adopted Unitarian principles.

The Science of Soul, based on every reliable testimony procurable, establishes the existence and supervision of the single Divine Intellect throughout the universe, no matter by what name He happens to be designated. But it by no means finds any indication of His being depicted in the anthropomorphic sense.



To say that Soulcraft has "picked out" a few outstanding or individualistic tenets from these or other faiths, and crystalized them into the Soulcraft psychological illuminations, is to miss the point of the study entirely.

If there be any tenets for common subscription in Soulcraft they are as few as they are simple—

The soul of man is a divine unit out of the consciousness of Deity, perfecting its ever-expanding realization of self through the rigors of experiencings on any and all planes with which earthly intellect is in touch;

In pursuit of such self-ennobling experiencings it reincarnates many times in an ever upward spiral until it has truly acquired all the increments that any plane of cosmos may afford;

It is, in its essence, immortal and imperishable, but its chief concern on any plane of consciousness is to develop Character through triumph over ordeal. There is no God of wrath or jealousy excepting in the ideologies of wrathful and jealous men. As for post-mortem "Judgment", man judges himself by determining through the manifestations of his character to what level of loftier spiritual attainment he will qualify himself to reside upon.

NO, Soulcraft is not a religion nor a cult. It is a Science premised on "finding out" and classifying. Call it an idealized aspect of sacred psychical research if you must, but it does abolish the horrific mysteries of the ecclesiastic imagination and bring peace of mind through circumstantial knowledge.



One thing about it is outstandingly significant: It asks that nothing about it be taken on hearsay or in dogmatic faith. Its outstanding axiom is, that what makes sense on this plane, makes sense on any plane, and *vice versa*.

There is, in consequence, no more superstition in it than there is superstition in the science of Metallurgy. People *know* that what Soulcraft propounds to them can be backed up by substantiating evidence.

How many religious denominations can do that?

It might be a good thing to keep this first article in this week's VALOR and have it on hand when one's next caller demands to be told why readers of the Soulcraft books and Scripts as 1955 opens, are increasing by the *thousand*?

Science of the Soul, indeed!

SOULCRAFT

Aim for the Artless,
Bow to the Beauteous,
Call to the Callous,
Dare for the Dauntless,
Ecstasy for the Eager,
Flare for the Fatigued,
Gladness for the Glorious,
Hunt for the Heedless,
Industry for the Idle,
Joust for the Jealous,
Key to the Kingdom,
Love for the Lonely,
Magic for the Moody,
Nourishment for the Needy,
Omnipotence for the Observant,
Prayer for the Proud,
Quiet for the Quarrelsome,
Ransom for the Rowdy,
Stars for the Stately,
Tenderness for the Tormented,
Ultimatim to the Useless,
Valor for the Venturesome,
Weapon for the Weary,
Xylophone for the Xanthippes,
Yeast for the Youth,
Zither for the Zealous.

—Mara Thi

Supreme Court Refuses Pelley Hearing . .



WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 10—The Supreme Court today accepted 80 cases for review in its mid-winter session but denied a petition by William Dudley Pelley of Indiana that it take note of the behavior of two lower courts in refusing to recognize the High Court's interpretations of Sedition under the previous Viereck, Hartzel and Baumgartner decisions. Pelley had maintained that these decisions had cleared him and exonerated him of the charges brought against him and for which he was tried in 1942 for criticizing the Roosevelt contributions to our involvement in World War II. No hearings for Findings of Fact had been permitted him and the

High Court's previous rulings had been disregarded.

This washes out Pelley's chances for obtaining justice by legal means through the courts. It became obvious in early aspects of the litigation that the lower courts would not assume responsibility for applying the Supreme Court's 1945 findings in the issue sought. His only recourse was to ask the High Court itself to consider his predicament and enforce its own mandates. This the Court, comprised of four Roosevelt appointees and three Truman appointees, refused to do. It merely denied certiorari and washed its hands of the whole controversial question, contrary to certain press reports making it appear that the court had considered the Pelley case on its merits.

The next step, in view of the High Court's implacability, is to carry the affair into the Congress and obtain Capitol Hill relief for an intolerable denial of due process. That the entire Pelley case merits congressional consideration and investigation seems obvious, according to Pelley's friends at the Capital. Pelley wishes to get before the American people the concrete evidence he declares he has in reserve, which he wished to bring to judicial attention via open court hearings had he been allowed to do so. The High Court's insouciance now opens the door for this. Developments before, during, and since Pearl Harbor, including the Supreme Court's former attitude, would win him complete vindication, he maintains. The High Court is on trial, not Pelley.



Bouquets and Phenomena

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

GETTING BORN—

BOSTON: "Just finished *Getting Born* and wish everyone in the world could read and understand it. Wish I could have had your writings sixty years ago as I certainly studied a lot of writings that didn't do me overmuch good. Nevertheless, I suppose I had to go through all that to find Truth . . . May the roses bloom upon your cross . . ."

KNOW YOUR KARMA—

ARKANSAS: "I marvel at the amazing production of printed matter by WDP and the Soulcraft faculty. On December 4th last I mailed a query regarding Karma to the Long Table. On January 4th, exactly one month later, while reading *Know Your Karma* I came upon this letter which had been incorporated in the text of this handsome provocative volume, with enlightening comment. This is an impressive example of action, and must surely result from extra-mundane miracles. I am so glad to learn that karmic debts and injustice are invariably incurred in malice aforethought. Thus, as I interpret, if a person handling a firearm accidentally kills his best friend, a karmic commitment is not necessarily incurred. It was just one year ago, at the age of 65, that I was privileged to become acquainted with Soulcraft. It has changed the more or less drab, mystical horizons of my world into a colorful, zestful, meaningful sphere of thrilling life and adventure. Thanks for everything . . ."

HAPPY NEW YEAR—

WASHINGTON, D. C.: "Two things in the last VALOR I found especially beautiful and just wanted to say 'Thank You!' . . . Happy New Year!"

WORTHY PURPOSE—

WISCONSIN: "I certainly have enjoyed receiving your letters pertaining to your interesting publications,

especially *Beyond Grandeur* and *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. At present I am in the midst of the latter and only wish I had more time to spend with it. Having been a Christian Scientist for years, from childhood up to a short time ago when I embraced the Baha'i World Faith as my religion. I naturally am interested in your experiences with the re-appearance of Mrs. Eddy and in her teachings relative to spirit return and the advancement of the soul. I have attended but one trumpet seance but from that experience have gleaned enough to make what I have read of your experiences most tangible and intriguing. My friend Brown Landone, formerly of Florida, would be one I would thoroughly enjoy contacting, or Elbert Hubbard, or Mrs. Eddy . . . The motivating purpose you set forth as your aim in Soulcraft seems to me to be a most worthy one. Helping people to progress spiritually and to develop their souls, is no small assignment. With hospitals so filled by mental cases, and so little being done to prevent the continuance of such deflections from so-called normalcy, your endeavors to help people to gain a better understanding of life and its purposes fits nicely into the Baha'i program which teaches that we are here to develop a fitness for life in the next as a child in the womb is developing a body and faculties for this life. I am looking forward to knowing you personally . . . My daily prayer is, 'Oh, God, help me to be of some use here and now and in the days just ahead . . .'"

MEDIUMISTIC MOTHER—

BRITISH COLUMBIA: "First I want to thank you very much for sending me your brochures on Soulcraft. I am possibly one man in many millions that had a dear Christian mother that was a true spirit medium and she had her first experience at the age of fourteen. I would have to take 24 hours to tell you all I know about the life hereafter. Ever since I was eight years of age my dear mother would keep me posted on what

many of our departed ones looked like and how young looking some of those who passed over at ages from sixty to eighty years old. At many funerals that my mother attended she could see the departed one, happy and smiling, walking beside the mourners crying or sobbing at loss of their dear one. I have good reason to be interested in psychical research, so I hope by getting several of your books that I will be better able to prove and convince men and women that I know have no thought of the life hereafter but keep on living lives of bad and sinful habits. I have met many men and told them about what is awaiting all of us but they will not believe. They say that when we die, that ends it, you are as dead as a stone. So I simply tell them they will have a big surprise when they enter upon the next world and some may say, 'Well, A--- was right.' You say in your letter that you are not a Spiritualist but judging from your facial expression, I can see you are very psychic . . . I feel that I have been accorded a great privilege to come into this world and I want to try to fulfill my mission. I am sure we are all here for some purpose and we should all be most thankful to our dear Creator, God Almighty, that he gave us such wonderful bodies and subconscious minds to help us through life. My religion is the Golden Rule and regardless of color or nationality it gives me greatest pleasure to help my fellowman in every way that I am able to do so. On February 13th of this year I will have reached my 71st birthday. With my sincere best wishes to you . . ."

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—

NEW YORK: "You are certainly doing a noble work . . . the concepts you are presenting to humanity through Soulcraft Scripts and your other writings are the most logical and most challenging that I have ever found throughout a long and thoughtful life. I can truly add that

(Continued on Page 10)

MAGNETIC Lines of Force Between Kindred Souls . .



HAT process," inquires a reader of VALOR, "is at work in cases of this kind?"

"I had worked at the office until nine o'clock one evening. Being weary, I immediately retired. Resting my head upon the pillow, from what seemed to be the space between the pillow and my ear I heard a child crying as if her heart would break. There was no child near, none living in the house, and this voice I recognized.

"Out of five of my nieces, all living over 500 miles distant, only one was identified with this voice that I heard.

"Knowing that thoughts go out into ether, I immediately sent out mental vibrations of health, comfort, and peace—to surround not only this child but each of the other four. In that way I could not miss any one of them who might be in distress.

"When that was done I slipped off into sleep.

"The next day a dispatch to my mother made inquiry as to my imagination running riot or whether I had somehow tuned in on a wave-length enabling me to hear my niece's voice that evening before at ten. Her reply was: 'Yes, Lorraine was crying then. It was just a toothache, not serious, and a dentist remedied the cause next day.'"

"Here too, is another case—

"One evening I dreamed that I was driving along a beautiful mountain road which bordered a stream whose current was swift. The sky was clear, but from the appearance of this greatly swollen stream it was evident that a flood stage had been reached.

"Strangely enough, the stream was full of furniture! I remember thinking how fortunate it would be could some of the poor mountaineers rescue those household effects before they were broken into bits.

"A few days passed and I received word from my friends in a distant city saying: 'Suppose you heard of the flood that we

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

had last Thursday. It was almost as drastic as the one we suffered in 1913.'

"This was my first knowledge of the flood although I had caught an impression of what was happening about the same time, in my dream."

HERE is a third case:

"One evening in 1933 I dreamed that I stood beside a doorway looking into a room that was filled with flowers—not in vases but in baskets and wreaths. I thought this strange, and instinctively understood that someone had graduated from this earthly existence but could not see the casket. I wondered if it could be myself—and there the 'vision' faded.

"Next morning at 9:30 I was called to the phone, long-distance. As I heard my mother's voice, I said: 'Don't tell me. I know! When did she pass?'

"The 'someone' was my maternal grandmother who was very close to me. A letter telling me of her serious illness was en route. I had not received it. I merely sensed what had happened from the telepathic warning I had in my dream the previous evening."

BEFORE commenting on these three cases, two of them falling into the classification of so-called Prophetic Dreams, let two more instances be recited:

Late one afternoon in 1933, the editor of this publication was closeted with a doctor friend in his office in Washington, D. C. The daylight died and dinner was in order. Having had no luncheon, the pair walked three blocks to a small restaurant on 14th Street. There they continued their discussion which had to do with a forthcoming lecture tour of the editor's. The restaurant was moderately filled with patrons and their voices mingled with the customary restaurant babble.

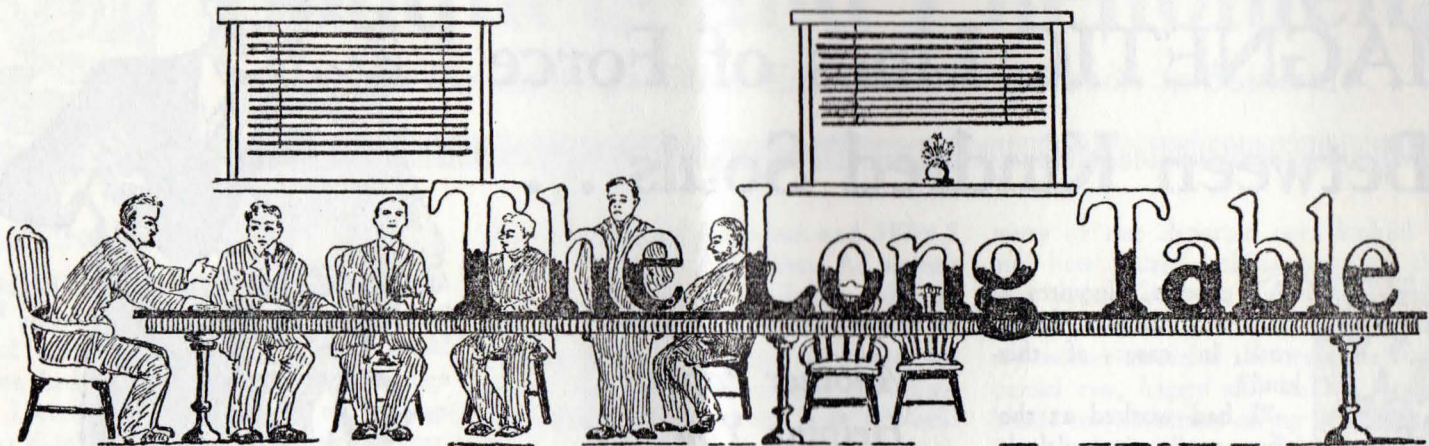
Back in the editor's publishing office, most of the staff finished the day's work and went home. Only two executives remained on the second floor—with the doors open and unobstructed passage for sound up the stair-pit to the editor's private office on the third floor.

Finishing their meal—and discussion—the editor and his guest walked back to the office. The time was then about seven o'clock.

At the street door they met the aforesaid pair of executives emerging. At sight of the editor and his guest their faces assumed an expression of stupefaction. "Have you two been out?" they exclaimed together.

The editor nodded. What was upsetting them?

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GEORGIA—

“FROM my extensive and intensive reading of most of the best of the psychical researchers, I think I understand pretty well the ‘ifs and ands’ about communication and phenomena. But I am so very confident that if I could receive a communication that would be acceptable to me, I should not care one whit about any ‘interpretation’ the experts should give it. I also believe that such a communication would fix me up (in psychical skepticisms). Something is wrong, badly wrong! when I cannot make work that which I accept mentally, when I can find no peace, nothing. Could it be then, that I am at the end of the present road, that I’ll have to wait until I ‘go back’ to cash in on this last experience and have to wait in darkness and in torture? Please forgive me for all these long letters. I hope that from your own personal experiences you cannot but know what I’m going through. Thank God for you and Soulcraft—I was just about to give up and go under, when I found you . . .”

Comment: Here would seem to be a case where little more than an attitude is holding off the very thing that the principal is seemingly so eager to obtain. You say you want a communication that’s acceptable to you. But that’s merely a construction you’re putting upon it. You really want a communication under conditions that you can dictate. That’s the complexion that Soulcraft would put upon it, granting you’re doing it subconsciously. You’re in the role of the photographer who declares, ‘Either I’m going to develop my camera films in broad daylight or I’m going to throw photography out

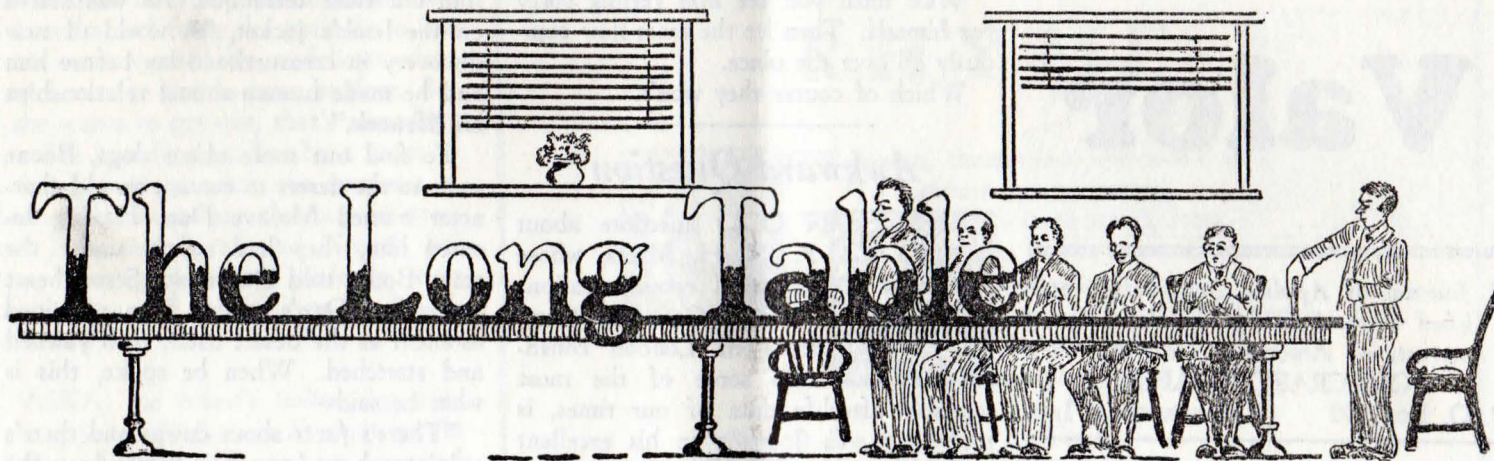
the window.’ Long experience in psychical technique has established that communications can’t be successful if the would-be receiver wants conditions and results according to his own caprice and not according to the impersonal Law of the Process. No medium is particularly necessary for the getting of communications but no reputable medium is going to fight against the battery of ‘No, that isn’t what I want or how I want it’ vibrations coming from the sitter. The truly bona fide and satisfactory communications that ultimately come through, arrive in response to a completely hospitable and cooperative attitude. Just as white light disintegrates ectoplasm, so hostile or critical or capricious vibrations shatter the etheric machinery, or at least mechanism, that produces the wanted results. In the Soulcraft seances, nothing is expected, all that may happen to mature is gratefully received but adjudged on its merits after recording. The result of such insouciance is to have phenomena occur beyond wildest expectations. What would you say to a person who wanted a certain message over a phone wire, but first electrified the instrument so that whomsoever essayed to comply received a painful shock? We grant you the situation is no less poignant because created unwittingly. In all kindness, if you’d forget for a little time how much you’re being called upon to ‘suffer’ and place yourself in a calm and proper attitude of meditation, the Voice might come through to you. But you can’t present yourself as any scalding cauldron of emotion, or hold this or that major reservation, and expect that persons on the higher side are going to be eager to establish relations with you.

As for Karma involved, Soulcraft senses none. You asked for an appointment at Noblesville and got it. Then you failed to keep it. Be certain that Temperament isn’t your worst adversary. It can alienate friends on the Higher Side precisely as it may alienate friends on the terrestrial side. Relax and be receptive. Don’t block things by your own attitude and then complain that they don’t reach you.

OKLAHOMA—

“WELL, I’ve finished reading *Getting Born*. It wasn’t easy because I don’t believe a word of it. I have for years believed in Reincarnation and still do, but not that it is brought about and wrought in the anarchistic manner you describe . . . No doubt you are sincere in your beliefs that certain ‘Mentors’ direct your writings when your subconscious mind tricks you under partial or total self-hypnosis. . . The nonsense pertaining to Numerology leaves me colder than the rest. It impresses me as the most childish and illogical superstition. Regarding mortal communication with those Departed, that is to my mind again a caper of the medium’s subconscious. The medium’s subconscious can relate only that which has been known to the medium. As to materialization, I don’t know. I haven’t seen it. If I should see it, I’d believe in it in case I could not find a logical explanation for the phenomena witnessed. But I’m not adopting it as my own belief upon hearsay or ‘see-read’ evidence . . .”

Comment: The foregoing on *Getting Born* was written on the stationary of a practicing medical doctor. He would doubtless be among the first to rise in



professional indignation if a contemporary came to his town who had merely read a few random medical tracts on homeopathy or surgery and hung out his shingle to do business. Or suppose a patient came to him with the challenge, "Unless you can demonstrate to me in advance of your treatment of me that you are all-wise and all-efficient and can infallibly cure me, I refuse to believe in *Materia Medica* or your capabilities as a physician. I refuse to rely on hearsay evidence or see-read data that you as a physician aren't a preposterous quack." A doctor of integrity spends several years in studying his physiology before he stands up before his professors, who may be old hands in anatomical surgery, and says he doesn't believe a wink of what they've tried to teach him. To say that an ailing person, perhaps suffering from a loathesome disease, can be cured by swallowing a little white pellet is all childish and illogical superstition. . . All of which butters no parsnips. The author of *Getting Born* has long-since been through that amateurish rationalizing that psychic phenomena is all the product of subconscious mind, either his own or the medium's. He's delved 27 years into every form of psychical phenomena, taken something like five million words clairaudiently and attended something like 75 seances of every nature, most of them materializing. Our Oklahoma physician friend admits that he's not even seen one materialization. He's never heard one clairaudient voice or he'd recognize how impossible true clairaudience is when rationalized by subconscious mind. In the first place, almost a third of what he has in his books appertains to subjects on

which he had no previous training or knowledge, accompanied by epiphanies in the room which would probably start our physician friend tearing down curtains and looking under furniture. Some of his messages have been in Sanskrit—of which he knows nothing—and required to be translated. As if a man in his own home would import actors to impose on him, or frustrate him. As for mediums being able to treat with no knowledge that wasn't previously in their conscious minds, that is such a *cliche* that it requires great patience to even converse with such inexperience. It has long-since been so discredited among all the great psychical research societies as to no longer be a subject for discussion. The author of *Getting Born* has been present when contiguous events were happening literally upon the other side of the earth, later attested as fact, that materializations have described minutely, none of which *could* have been of knowledge to the mediums. If clairaudience is the product of subconscious mind, how account for multiple instances where a long conversation has been held with the investigator of an earlier evening, of which the medium is in nowise apprised. Thereupon at a sitting with her, the communicator materializes



and makes direct reference to sequences of the earlier converse, making such a statement as, 'You got the second line in the third paragraph wrong. The word should have been *stayed* instead of *staid*.'

And checking after the seance establishes that the mistake had happened. If materializations are mediumistic productions strictly, how account for a given discarnate materializing by one medium one month, and the same party appearing through another medium the second month, voluntarily referring back to the conversation had during the first materialization and the two mediums unknown to one another? The good doctor will doubtless alibi everything by the explanation of telepathy. But physiologically is he prepared to explain precisely what Telepathy is and how it works? On a recent evening the Recorder sat in the seance room with his former colleague George Fisher and chatted man to man with him for forty minutes mostly respecting a motor trip they had taken together to Spokane in the summer of 1940. The detail of reminiscence was so minute that only the companion could have substantiated it. Lastly, what would this physician critic say to the attested performances of Walter Stinson described in *Undying Mind* where Walter permitted his materialized hand to be fingerprinted and the prints found to correspond in every ridge, valley and island with the young man's fingerprints impressed on his toilet articles before his death? The skeptic might be asked as to proof, "What is it you want?" A demised character appears in the materializing seance who looks like the former associate, talks in his or her voice, is utterly conversant with the most minute life-details of his career on earth and makes joking references to experiences participated in by both materialization

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Valor

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

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

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

VOL. VIII JANUARY 15, 1955 No. 11

Faith

IT IS too early as yet to make comment of consequence on the Supreme Court's decision in the Pelley Case on Monday, January 10th. Nothing occurred causing over-perturbation on the part of the person most involved. A court composed of four Roosevelt appointees and three Truman appointees could not, in all human nature, be overly sympathetic in the case at issue. But all due legal forms had to be complied with, that the onus in history might rest where it had been invited. All forms were complied with. Now the case rests with the Greater Magistrate.

The chief actor in this great legal drama has had repeated assurance ever since July 2, 1929 that complete exoneration lies at the end of this seemingly rocky road. The decision as handed down was by no means unexpected. But it does fit in with the vaster pattern that is weaving.

Everything done in this case, from this point on outward, only kicks its principal performer higher and higher up the historical starflight. Let no one squander sympathy that he is going it blind.

You see, when you're truly in contact with the higher echelons, little of strictly worldly consequence upsets you. The recorder of the Soulcraft illuminations has had plenty of cause over the twenty-seven years for having faith in his Mentors.

Wait until you see *him* feeling sorry for himself. Then let the tears flow copiously all over the place.

Which of course they won't.

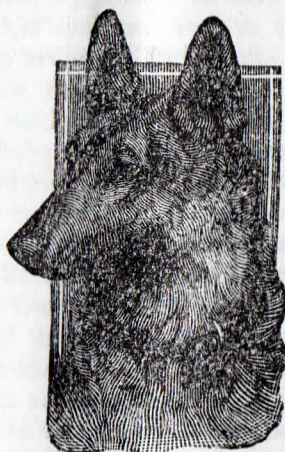
Awkward Question



AN ODD anecdote about F. W. H. Myers, whose psychological communications through Geraldine Cummins of London constitute some of the most valuable afterlife data of our times, is told by R. C. Johnson in his excellent book on psychics, *The Imprisoned Splendor*.

Myers made many attempts to find out from a distinguished business friend what his idea of the afterlife might be. He never received direct answer. Finally Myers cornered him with, "What do you suppose happens after death?"

The friend looked embarrassed. Then after an awkward pause he said, "We shall enter into joy of our Lord—but why bring up such an unpleasant subject?"



Dawgs



ARRY BROWN brings to VALOR's attention a recently published book, *Kinship with All Life* by J. Allen Boone. It is mainly concerned with the author's experiences with a famous dog, known in his time to millions of moviegoers as Strongheart, who was a star in his own right and whose performances have never been topped by any dog since.

Experiences with Strongheart taught Boone that animals have ways of communicating and made it his business to

find out their technique. As was stated on the book's jacket, "A world of new discovery in creaturehood lay before him and he made human-animal relationships his lifework."

To find out more about dogs, Boone went to the desert to contact an old character named Mojave Dan. Having located him, they had supper under the stars. Boone told Dan about Strongheart and asked Dan's advice. Dan remained as silent as the desert itself, then yawned and stretched. When he spoke, this is what he said—

"There's facts about dawgs and there's opinions about 'em. The dawgs have the facts and the humans have the opinions. If you want the facts about a dog, always get 'em straight from the dawg. If you want opinions, get 'em from the humans."

Everybody knows that the tonal pitch of any dog's bark is a sort of informative speech. Soulcraft's Butch may be released to the yard. Asking to have the door opened has a certain anticipation of great works in it. He's going to bite off the world's head and devour its body. The door opens and his speech alters to "Now watch me do it!" . . . A moment later a series of excited yelps convey the intelligence that he's compromised on rabbit and is after it full tilt. Why does his bark alter unless it conveys something—presumably to fellow canines?

Old Fritz, another Soulcraft pooch, rarely if ever barks indoors. No matter how hungry, he only groans. But if it's water he wants, because the dish has gone empty, even such groans become a howling whimper. He doesn't ask for meat in the same voice he expresses a craving for drink.

The late Buzzie had discovered early in life that no matter what he wanted, it usually arrived providing he made noise enough. He never "talked" in his barking. He deliberately made such a tonal uproar that humans gave him attention so that silence like a benediction came to heal the blows of sound. It was useless to belabor him for such behavior. He shook himself, took it as part of his role of being a dog, but said out of the corner of bilious eye, "All the same, you *did* give me what I wanted, didn't you?" He was right.

Emma never barks unless she considers she's defending Headquarters with her life—or is about to do so. No matter

how cold or rainy the weather, she'll ask to be admitted from the patio by a low moan, accompanied by a delicate claw-scratch on the door's outer surface. But if she wants to get *out*, that's something else. She literally describes by a series of canine promings what she proposes to accomplish the instant the way is open. And Fritz and Butch and Teenah will come trotting, knowing perfectly what she's saying and soliciting to do liaison work *ad lib*.

ASKA, the editor's police dog during *Seven Minutes in Eternity*, would bristle and growl and even act demented at any intrusion of discarnates upon the premises. One night the Mentor broke off an important message to remark, "Don't scold your dog for being noisy, she's merely undecided about the propriety of our presences. She can, of course, see us where you cannot."



Fritz, Butch, Emma and Teenah, strangely enough, seem to be upon their best deportment during the Soulcraft seances. Butch, the beagle, forever demands to be lodged in someone's lap. Perhaps the angle of observation is better . . .


But other animals besides dogs feature the Boone animal opus.

Most people have opinions about skunks, but Boone's chapter on *The Zephyrs* could convince any person of open mind that these fragrant animals are really good citizens. How the author got acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Zephyr and all the little Zephyrs will draw a chuckle from all but those who are constitutionally determined to prove that a laugh is wicked.

You'll have to let him tell you about his wee friend, Freddie the Fly. Then there's the chapter on the work of the bacteriologist, J. William Jean, who got results that his fellow scientists couldn't . . . because he loves his bacteria and understands them.

Elsewhere VALOR's editor has proven that wasps and hornets actually respond

R H Y M E



OW foolish, thoughtless, one would be
 To discount love of poetry,
 When rhythm is escape which fares
 To those who live in Love, Upstairs!
 God's poetry is a wondrous thing!
 With poetry you may comfort bring
 To young, to old, where'er you go,
 Give light in darkness here below.

Thus Poetry is the life of Time,
 For poetry is all rhythm, rhyme;
 Good poetry holds with music all
 The joy that loving thoughts install.
 And color likewise poetry gives,
 While in your heartbeat rhythm lives.
 Without such rhythm you would die,
 God's gift of rhythm from on high.

The angels use it in their flight;
 Ageless, tireless, day or night
 We live by rhythm in God's law,
 And poetry times each breath we draw
 In rhythm, beauty, color, grace,
 All poetry finds its rightful place,
 By teachings true of realms above
 It sings of Order, Law, and Love.

All song is wed to rhythm, rhyme,
 All numbers speak of perfect time;
 Creation in itself must be
 The essence of all poetry.
 So give me music, art, and song,
 May I live rhythm all day long,
 My life in tune with song and verse
 In poetry, of God's universe.

* * * * *

In poetry one may plainly see
 How glorious Life was meant to be,
 With song in order, time and verse,
 In tune with God's vast OMNIVERSE!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

to friendship. The first instinctive reaction of the average layman at sight of wasp or hornet is to quash it. The insect gets this vibration of animus and responds in kind. Twenty-five years ago, VALOR's editor was enoused in an old Dutch residence over in rural Pennsylvania while he wrote a book. The place was infested with hornets, particularly

the attic where the book went together day upon day. The editor "talked" to myriads of these baleful winged creatures, even when they alighted on his typewriter platen. Likewise crawled about his head and neck. It took self-control to pal with them under such conditions but it was excellent spiritual discipline. Of ten other persons residing in that house that

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summer, the editor was the only occupant from June to September *who never got stung once.*

Summing up, animals and even insects are "people." Treat them as such and you'll get uniformly precisely what you give—or give out.

There may be a lesson in it more significant than wasting this space on an editorial against United Nations . .

Bouquets

(Continued from Page 4)

they are proving the most helpful. All my life I have been seeking 'Light, More Light!' Now at last I am receiving it. Now I know that I am finding Reality . . I trust I have in nowise offended you in my recent letters voicing my desire for simpler, more easily understood statements from you, if possible. You see, your concepts are so utterly new to the average individual of this western world that I feel we must be told them with the utmost—with even the most child-like—simplicity. The more simple you can make your language, the more people you will reach. I hope you won't think me presumptuous—me, a very humble and inexperienced writer—in venturing to make suggestions to a master like yourself. But I myself have found many of your statements and pronouncements truly difficult to grasp, truly confusing, and I do so wish you could tell these great and wonderful truths in the simplest and most direct way such as the Elder Brother employs . . 'Heaven and earth shall pass away but My words will not.' To me you have conveyed deep and profound truth regarding our souls and the purpose in our coming into the flesh again and again—the having of the countless experiences that we do. I now find myself asking, 'How else could we really learn?' or 'How else could we grow?' And I feel that with your aid, I may even gain some first-hand evidence of the life beyond while I am still here. With profound admiration I remain . . "

Kindred Souls

(Continued from Page 5)

"For the last hour we've stayed over-time, not wanting to leave the building

with you still upstairs—in case you might want anything. We didn't see you go out—"

"But we have been out," the editor declared. "We've been for the last hour and a half at a restaurant over on 14th Street."

"Then how could it possibly have happened, that we've been sitting on the floor below hearing plainly down the stairwell? We can even tell you everything you've been talking about! Both of us heard it plainly and believed you were still upstairs."

The editor demanded to know what had been talked about, and listened to a brief recital of precisely the conversation which he had been conducting with the doctor over in the restaurant!

But that was not all.

The doctor remained in town overnight and next noontime the editor went to the same restaurant with the same guest for lunch. Returning to his office—alone this time—at 2:30, he was met by an irate caller who had come in during his absence. Recognizing the editor, the caller looked stupefied.

"Where did *you* come from?" he demanded. "I've been sitting in the reception room waiting to see you. I had no appointment, but I hated to be lied to. Your clerk declared that you'd gone to lunch, but I could hear your voice plainly coming down from your office on the third floor. A few minutes ago I called her again and charged her with lying to me. I asked her to listen with me in the hallway and hear your voice abovestairs. Astonished, she asked me to go up with her. We could hear your voice plainly as we climbed the flight, but once we entered your room, we saw the place was vacant. Are you a ventriloquist?"

The editor recounted this altogether weird experience in a lecture in Chicago in 1932. After he had descended from the rostrum, a friend declared—

"I'd hold that episode about you and the doctor in the restaurant to be as preposterous as it sounds fantastic, if it weren't for the fact that I've been in a room in my brother's home in Cleveland, Ohio, where anyone can hear plainly whatever is being said or done in a certain room in my nephew's home in Indianapolis. Conversations taking place in the Indianapolis home are as distinct in the Cleveland, Ohio, house—or that par-

ticular room in the house—as if the Indianapolis persons were actually present!”

THE CASE of the woman hearing the child sob with toothache is most aptly identified with the case of the editor and his doctor friend, although in the latter instance there was no sentimental affinity between the principals. In the former case, too, the aunt heard the child's cry coming “as from the space between my ear and the pillow” whereas in the case of the editor-doctor and their auditors, the sound of their voices floating down from the third-story office could plainly be heard by anyone listening.

The cases of the flood and the death of the grandparent bear a resemblance only insofar as it was a fact that in both cases the flood and the death had already taken place and were “in the minds” of the relatives concerned, although transmitted as intelligence without particular sound.

All five cases, however, positively negate Distance as being a factor in the transmission of either uttered speech or projected thought.

Unlearned persons might generally classify the occurrences under the heading of Telepathy. But granted so, what is Telepathy?

Furthermore, the fact that such episodes occur and are conceded for the moment to be bona fide, is scarcely so marvelous as the instance of them occurring thus in isolated cases.



If two people can talk mentally with one another despite a great physical distance between them—as has been amply demonstrated—why should not all people talk mentally with one another?

If the voices of the editor and the doctor were heard in the editor's office on one occasion, why should not the editor's voice be heard in his office as a continual program, no matter from where he happened to be speaking? The fact remains that outside of these two instances, on

those two days a-running, and between that particular restaurant and his office only, was the phenomenon remarked upon.

It has never happened since.

THE elementary nature of Thought itself is involved in some degree in all of this phenomena.

Universally, humankind considers Thought to be that process of the self-aware mental equipment that transpires within the skullcase. But what if Thought were nothing of the sort?

What if Thought were rather a “conditioning of ether”—or primordial essence—that is merely effected or shaped by what goes on within the spirit of man instead of what goes on in his brain?

And what if this etheric condition, misnamed Thought, could be brought about by natural action of elements on materials quite as much as by mental projections from the so-called Thinking Equipment of man?

That discarnate persons “think” without brains made of physical grey-matter to think with, has been demonstrated in thousands of well-attested cases.

Persons vacating their bodies in the night, or during surgical operations under ether, or during the distressing experience of near-drowning, attest to the fact of taking their reasoning—not to mention their perspective—faculties with them. If it were otherwise, they would scarcely be able to identify themselves as factors in their experiences.

Thought might be defined clumsily as the reactive vibration which is set up from any sort of a factual happening and is mistakenly called “thinking” when received into the equipment of spiritually conscious self-awareness.

That the so-called Human Mind has the faculty for creating its etheric conditioning, is likewise beginning to be suspected by those who are probing into Spiritual Physics.

Furthermore, that such etheric conditioning is not circumscribed by the laws governing materials, once it is contrived, is suspected as well.

FOR instance, there can be no such thing as Distance to such etheric conditioning. And the reason why there can be no such thing as Distance to etheric conditioning is because we commonly con-

(Continued on Page 14)



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Cogitations

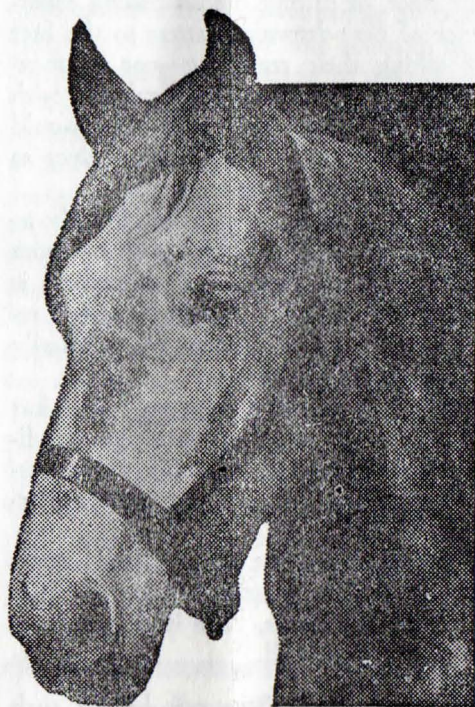
Pella

LTOLD the story last week of Dan Glasheen's Percherons that got lumberous joy out of pulling that Massachusetts fire engine back at the turn of the century. This week I want to talk about horses in general. I happened to have been raised with them. I've cared for, or owned, far more horses than I have dogs. And that's saying something. In the twenty-two years that I lived in domestic association with my dad, he was never without a horse at which people turned and stared as he drove past, particularly when he owned and ran that Springfield parcel delivery. The present generation doesn't know what it's missing, living without the horse. Funny thing, the only time in my life I was hurt by a horse was at the ripe old age of three, something I don't recall ever chronicling in these papers. It was a horse named Dick and I discovered my dad owning it when I discovered myself . . . as the only son of a New England minister back in the Massachusetts hills. He used it to visit his parishioners. When he was transferred from the pulpit in North Prescott to Templeton Center, Dick pulled us over the road, in a "democrat" wagon from which the seats had been removed, mother sitting atop the furniture, with me on her lap. A democrat wagon had nothing to do with the politics of the period. It was merely a flimsy platform on wheels, with two or three sets of movable seats. You took out the back seat, or seats, and you converted the family carryall into an express vehicle for the transportation of merchandise. That was what accounted for my meeting with mishap. Came the first autumn or early winter and father required

to visit the local sawmill to get barrels of sawdust for "banking" the foundations of the parsonage against snow. He loaded aboard six empty sugar barrels—sugar barrels being bigger than flour barrels—affixed the front seat upon these barrels and we set off for the sawmill.

o—o

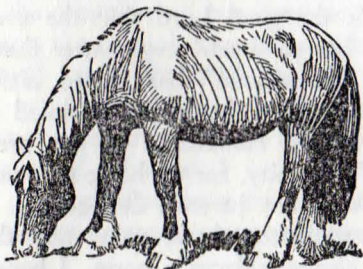
DICK was known as a "fractious" horse, that's the way we described an unreliable critter back at the turn of the century. That is, he was given to dancing on hind legs occasionally, particularly if somebody's old bed quilt blew across



his pathway from a defective clothesline, or he met one of those very early horseless carriages . . . which he didn't until 1896, when his succeeding owner discov-

ered that Dick didn't like the mechanized age that was coming in, ran away and broke his owner's leg. However, we got to the sawmill and dad loaded the barrels. We started home about three in the afternoon. Strange how vividly the recollection remains of coming along by the Richard farm and my seeing a single russet apple left hanging on the bough of a well-nigh leafless tree. My small stomach craving apples of the russet variety at that moment, dad stopped the rig, gave me the reins to "hold" and climbed the wall. He was that kind of dad. His small son hungered for a lone apple on a distant tree and he willingly and readily climbed a stone wall to get it. Dick stood quietly enough till dad got the russet, reclimbed the stonewall, came alongside the shafts and handed up the fruit. I had on, of course, homeknit mittens. I fumbled the apple and it popped away, hitting Dick's rump. Dick gave a start. That start upset me on the loose front seat high atop the forward barrels. Next thing I knew, I was down amid his rear hoofs and he was dancing on me . . . Note that I said *dancing*. I mean, he was walking on hind feet, for dad had made a wild clutch for the reins, gotten them, and given the horse a tremendous yank, which brought him in a bifurcated Terpsichorean position. And a small boy, generously muffled against autumn chill, was down in the dirt beneath those prancing and kicking hoofs, with a frantic father striving to hold the beast from bolting with one hand while he clutched for his small endangered son with the other. Do you know what Dick did to me in that tragic episode? He put the imprint of a horseshoe squarely on the top of my small infant cranium. The "calks" of one rear

shoe, in other words, gouged the tender flesh of my scalp in a figure U pattern. But dad dragged me forth, right shoulder again the forward wheel and body braced so that front wheel couldn't turn. I was, of course, bleeding beautifully. He rolled me in a blanket, put me upon the insecure seat, climbed up himself and started belaboring that horse to get home without ado. To this moment up here in 1955 I can recall the horsy odor of that blanket that enshrouded me. I hadn't been stomped unconscious nor received broken bones. He got home, turned into the yard, bellowed for mother, and lifted me off in his arms. Mother met him at the threshold. I can hear father saying yet, "Try not to be upset, Gracie, but double-you-dee's been hurt." Practically all our lives he called me double-you-dee for WD.

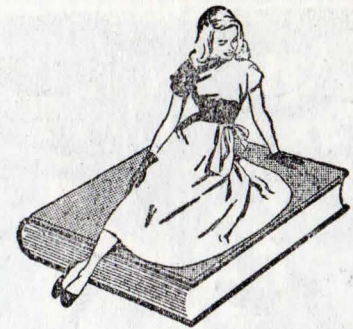


WELL, Dr. Johnson arrived in season and bandaged me up, principally with court-plaster. Then day upon day for the ensuing month, mother clipped away a portion of it till my scalp and face were clear again. All through my youth I never assented to having my hair clipped short in the summertime because of that scar. The boys made fun of it. Father got so he laughed at it in time. He called it my Good Luck mark. But how many have been the occasions since when my political enemies might have erected a mausoleum to Dick's memory had he permanently kicked my so-called brains over most of Massachusetts landscape? Upon one occasion, even a president of the United States would have slept more soundly in his bed o' nights had Dick done his stuff. But I started to talk about horses. Father "got rid" of Dick pronto after, and bought Jenny. Jenny was the little black mare that I told about in an earlier paper, which he ushered into the kitchen one noontime to ascertain what happened when a mare entered a kitchen. I narrated what he learned. Grandmother was baking pies in that kitchen and Jenny proceeded to kick her

into pie-crust. She didn't like being kicked into pie-crust, and I daresay father had quite as much complication on his hands from mother-in-law that afternoon as he did from his mare. Shortly after he moved to Gardner and acquired an Arabian colt named Ben . . . Those were the days of county fair trotting races and father aspired to win top honors with Ben. Every hour of time he had free from business, he was out on the Peter-sham backroad with Ben in a two-wheeled surry, clocking him by the mile. But he won no honors with Ben, not a single honor. He kept Ben through all our Gardner days, and on to Springfield. He'd bought him, I say, as a colt and Ben was around 12 when he finally sold him with the parcel delivery . . . That parcel delivery introduced me to my own favorite plug which I drove for four years, and which responded to the incongruous name of Peanuts . . .

—o—

PEANUTS had few points of equine beauty and never would be admitted to a horse show, not even to pull the trash-truck. But he was a "safe" horse for a growing boy to drive and I grew with him into adolescence. He was a muddy yellow in color, picked up his big feet and laid them down with a certain mechanical rhythm to which he kept time with his under lip. Father called him a "rubber-mouth." Peanuts, in other words, had one steady trotting gait and he kept it up, year after year, all over Springfield. He was one of those lovable, faithful, and not-so-dumb animals that quickly learned all the regular calls at houses on my route. He couldn't be scared by anything short of a steamroller that might be laying paving on city streets. I never knew him to kick or bite or prance or bolt. He stood without hitching. He would start into motion with the delivery wagon the moment I came down the front steps from a house where I'd left a parcel, and I always got aboard by a deft swinging motion. If I missed and tumbled, I could always pick myself up and run after Peanuts and overtake him. But it was his eternal steadiness of pace that covered the same route, night after night, for seven years. Incidentally, we also had a third horse, Henry, a dapple-grey, that we used as a spare. Henry was a Morgan that took no interest in life excepting to eat. The point is, I cared for these three



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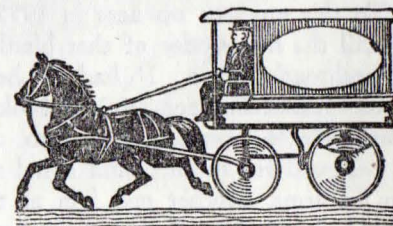
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horses morning, noon, and night for those seven years. I carried all three of them, and fed them and bedded them down with straw. Not one of them ever did a mean thing toward me. But they did teach me horse-nature. And anybody raised with horses knows they're as distinctive in temperament as people. Big Ben, the Arabian, continued as the aristocrat of the trio. Incidentally, he was the only horse I've ever known who'd let me walk in beside him when he was stretched in straw. Even Peanuts wouldn't let me do that. Henry had a queer complex. He could be frightened into absolute panic at sight of a rocking bushel basket. I discovered this one noontime when he almost wrecked the stable. A neighbor had deposited a round-bottomed basket on the floor holding some apples he thought the horses might relish. Henry got into them, struck the basket with his muzzle and it rocked. Henry went up on hind legs, snorting with terror, and almost took the stable with him going through a door to get out without it's being opened. The day we sold the parcel delivery to go out to York State for the tissue paper business, I wasn't around to bid the livestock goodbye. I simply couldn't take it. All I remember of them now is shoveling up enough fertilizer from the rear ends of their stalls to convert the State of Texas into highest horticultural cultivation . . .

o—o

YOU CAN'T tell me that animals don't have souls . . . I've lived too long with horses and dogs, particularly horses. When I became affluent enough, up in Vermont after my story writing had begun paying off, I owned two saddle horses, but I won't repeat on my adventures with them now. What I mean is, think back over all the famous horses of history and tell me what the essence of pluck and loyalty was, inside them, if they weren't possessed of souls? And as I made quite a classic of, in my tale of *The Sunset Derby* that was later a movie for horse-lovers, where are the souls of those horses tonight if they've never rated heaven? What about the soul of Paul Revere's horse, that beat that historical tattoo up the Middlesex Road that night in April of '75, warning the farmers to be up and to arms? Don't you suppose he knew what he was doing? What about the soul of that plucky black steed that bore Phil Sheridan down into Wincheste

with the battle begun and its General not present? And got him there for its finish! Where tonight is the majestic soul of Traveler, General Robert E. Lee's mount, that carried him in almost every major engagement during the War Between the States? The same esoteric nimcompoops who refuse to admit such equinine aristo-



crats can't possess souls, were the gentry who were arguing a couple of generations back that women didn't have them, either. Thank the good Lord that the average horse has so much grey matter that the noun "horse-sense" has passed into the language. But they're all a closed page now in the Americana of the present. More's the pity, for no horse ever taught a growing boy juvenile delinquency. You learn patience, pluck, valor and downright *character* from a horse. I hope the time is still ahead of me when I can pull and ruffle old Peanut's ears again and have him sniff me for oats or apples with a breath that would unmake a bed. . . . Yep, I've got the print of a horseshoe atop my cranium, and have had it for sixty-two years. Don't tell me that a horseshoe doesn't bring good luck. Look at the life I've lived! . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Kindred Souls

(Continued from Page 11)

ceive of Distance as degrees or spatial measurements of oppositions.

In all mental-telepathy demonstrations, the subject of receptivity is cautioned to make his or her mind a "blank"—at least to "think any thoughts that come into the head"—indicating a conditioning in which obstructing Thought Forces must purposely be absent. And yet we are finding as well that for all successful telepathic experiments there must be a certain sentimental or intellectual affinity between recipient and operator. Persons deeply in love with one another are the prime sub-

jects for successful telepathic experiments. And here again we have the tuning-fork principle. They are operating mentally and temperamentally on an affinitized vibration and what affects the one, similarly affects the other.

It seems to be one force, demonstrating merely in Action and Reaction.

In the "dreams" of the flood and grandmother's death we have cases that postulate an interesting inquiry—

How often in the current run of dreams are we but getting the reactions in sleep by pictures of causations from a distance to which we may be affinitized without realizing it, and which take on no special significance because the real motivations never reach our attention?

The flood in a relative's home, the demise of a beloved grandmother, *would* reach the attention of our correspondent and form the desired connection with her "dreams" but a thousand and one less tragic activities going on at a distance might never be identified. So they assume the aspect of fantasies.

All of which deserves a paper in itself.

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 7)

and sitter. As well say to the Oklahoma critic, 'I absolutely deny your identity and existence because I never saw, or got a letter from you before, and besides, you're all illusion and the mystical product of some old lady's mind because two other fellows could make up like you and palm themselves off as being you . . . Well, the doctor says the whole of it "ain't so" and therefore it *must* be spurious. What a jolt he's got coming when he gets out of his body on the Higher Side! As for Numerology being mere superstition, of course Pythagoras was a quack and a charlatan and didn't know beans, which is why his name has come up to us across twenty-four centuries. But if Soulcraft had the correct birth data and name data of this critical writer, it would know quite a sufficiency about him to thwart him in most of his plans and designs if there was any decent reason for doing so. Ten to one, anyhow, his name data will figure out to 4. However, he doesn't have to subscribe to Numerology. Such is his privilege as an American citizen. What perturbs Soulcraft is, that the average

medical man takes the same pride in himself for believing nothing that he hasn't personally witnessed. The only exception he makes is the circulation of the blood. Has he ever *seen* the blood in circulation or did he accept it from see-read medical evidence? The fact that thrombosis might 'travel' about the system means nothing. Telepathy could undoubtedly account for that, it accounts for so much . . . Sorry to give over almost the whole Long-Table this week to these two cases, but the subject matter merits the space. Much of the material in *Getting Born* didn't come through "subconscious mind" illumination or mediumistic phenomena. It came through channels of unveiled memory. This physician should be apprised that there are literally hundreds of persons in this world who remember literally back into their earlier lives and how it has been with them, preparing for repeat birth. Taken altogether, the preponderance of evidence, clairaudient, mediumistic, telepathic and reincarnational, lies on the side of the hypothesis set forth in *Getting Born*, but how impress this on the mind of an 'authority' who hasn't yet seen even one bona fide materialization? Recommended reading for this medico: F. W. H. Myers books, dictated through Geraldine Cummins of London, or the works of Anthony Borgia, also of London, giving Bishop Benson's discoveries when he had made the Passing. However, the skeptic, priding himself on his lack of erudition, would doubtless explain the similarity of details in the Myers and Borgia books with the principles in *Getting Born*, by some sort of telepathy, or pre-reading and filching, which actually did not happen to be so. All over the entire earth, persons attaining to the Higher Planes of Life are sending back almost identical accounts of cosmic conditions and experiences. But our doctor friend, if he's never been to China personally, might as capably declare that no such country as China exists, while as for eating banquets off birds' nests, that's superstition and childish hallucination. Or maybe subconscious mind, what, Doctor? But it's all in good fellowship. Your type is so familiar to Soulcraft Headquarters, persons who come to scoff and remain to pray . . . and they do pray. They pray for themselves in chagrin, that they really knew so little and yet were so sure they knew so much! , ,



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

NATURALLY I'm saddened but not upset that the United States Supreme Court turned down my appeal cold on January 10th. We had "gone up" almost solely on the plea that regardless of whether or not criticisms of my 1942 case had merit, both lower courts had stubbornly ignored that same High Court's findings in the Viereck, Baumgartner and Hartzel cases as though that High Court had never spoken. There was no other authority in the nation to whom I could appeal to *make* these lower courts respect High Court pronouncements. There still is no authority in the nation to whom I can appeal. Then to add insult to injury, most newspapers ignored the treatment I'd gotten there, obviously fearing to create public sympathy for me. It would not have affected me so deeply had the High Court accepted the evidence I had prepared for it and after due reflection decided adversely. But no, the High Court said in effect, "The Supreme Court, even sitting upon so grave a question of its authority, does not exist for you." So this particular legal sequence closes. The statutes declare I was entitled to open hearing in the lower courts that my appeals might be predicated on Findings of Fact. Had I been able to submit Findings of Fact, I must have been exonerated. That seemed to be a hazard that someone wouldn't risk . . .

I'M SADDENED by the prospect too that considerable more time must now elapse before I can visit national Soulcrafters in person. I had wished so much to do it, with the sales of the Soulcraft religious books increasing to incredible proportions of late. Admittedly under prevailing political conditions it would have been a miracle to have secured exoneration by recourse to Washington on due process alone. But this was a case where I asked the Court to uphold its own dignity and prestige. On that I pinned some faith. But its justices were obdurate. "Certiorari Denied!" was all that came down from them. Then in the midst of grave cogitation over the inhibitions under which it left me, a bit of paper was slipped in my hand. "We were doing some psychical work last evening," its donor explained, "when these lines came over. I was told to get them to you." I unfolded the sheet and read this—
"The answer to Chief's big *Why?*
. . . The time is not yet. His present personal loss has actually been gain for the Great Cause of Truth. His enemies really have aided him by their action. His plight will be a challenge to those who believe. His name and work shall become a household word, and **THIS WORD** shall be used as an instrument to reorgan-

ize the spiritual and political thinking of his country . . .

"Those who Believe will use this instrument to strive by his side to bring Truth and Justice into the light . . . He has Truth because he has loved and striven enough to receive and to give it. People generally have not yet Loved and contested hard enough. Soon they shall. Truth, Justice, and its Shining Symbol shall emerge into their glorious day. The Way will be at hand . . .

"Tell him, have patience, tranquillity and calm thought, and everything will come to him in its own right time and place.

"Tell him, ask of the Master, not *Why?* but "*What shall be Thy bidding?*"

OF COURSE I value this little message in that it did not come to mine own ears but through the faculties of another. I have a strong hunch I know who authored it. I say I was saddened, and that is true, but it was more for my country's sake than for mine own. People at Soulcraft will tell you I went about feeling a strange tough confidence deep within myself throughout the balance of Monday and all of Tuesday. Always that Iceberg Prophecy from the *Door to Revelation* has come bobbing into my mind's eye of late. "You find yourself on an iceberg in the center of a sea of hostile humanity. Something suddenly happens. You do something or write something. That iceberg starts melting. You go to bed of a night with the cares of the nation upon your shoulders and awaken next day to find your country behind you to a man." As if all of it weren't enough, a psychical lady in Massachusetts sends me a lengthy communication which was given to her unsolicited on December 4th. It purported to come from William James, world famous psychologist, philosopher and physiologist of Harvard Medical School at the turn of the century. He made the Passing in 1910. It wasn't the first time she'd made contact with him, but the message wasn't for me particularly but for herself. Apparently she'd been worrying about the trends of the nation, but James reassured her in an beautiful prose-verse as I think I've ever read. While my name was used generously, he conveyed the thought to her that the regeneration of the nation was coming presently through Soulcraft. So it all adds up to something. Maybe the Supreme Court will make the unpalatable discovery that it's done more for me in this week's reiection than as if it had given me a hundred per cent attention. Maybe by next Christmas I'll find I should send each magistrate a box of Havanas in gratitude. Wonder would it make them sick? . . .

¶ EVERY man loves justice in another man's house; few there are who care for it in their own