

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 13

IS THIS A 'MONSTER' FROM MARS? ..



AT SUNDRY times and seasons up the past two generations world humanity has had its scientific-fiction scares about "monsters" from Mars landing on this planet and taking over. H. G. Wells started this bugaboo, and another Welles, one Orson, pulled off a bogus radio report of its happening a few years ago and frightened residents of the Manhattan district into panic.

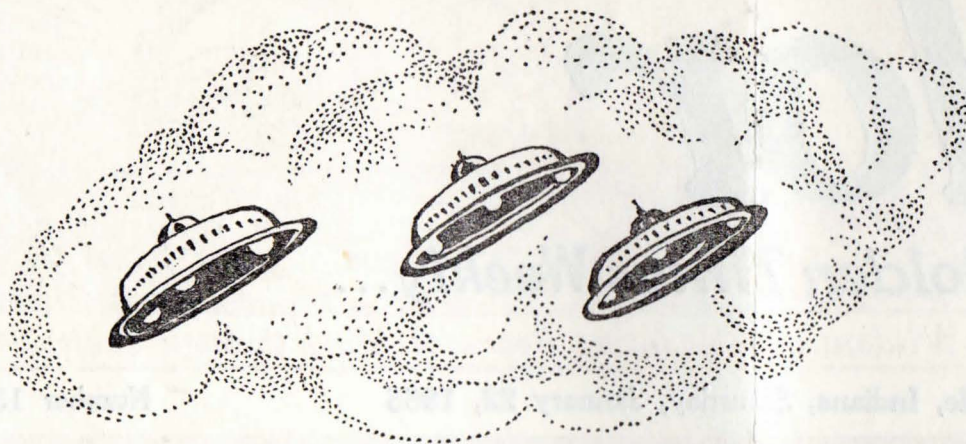
Now from England comes what purports to be a camera photograph of a real Man from Mars, snapped by one Cedric Allingham in Scotland about 4:20 p. m. on February 18, 1954 as the interplanetary visitor turned back to his Space Ship after landing, emerging and conversing with Allingham. VALOR is indebted to the British Book Centre for the print from the original photograph from which this accompanying picture was made.

The British Book Centre is publishing Allingham's



book about the whole experience, on February 11th next, of which VALOR has received an advance copy. It runs to 152 pages and will retail throughout American bookstores at \$2.75 the copy. Its title is *Flying Saucers from Mars*.

THE MARTIAN, who looks in rear view like a youngish Lindbergh, stood about six feet tall and wore a single-piece garment. A double harness, seen in



the photo, served some function, with a detachable headpiece. Allingham says in his account of the experience that the Mars man also wore a breathing gadget attached to his nostrils, enabling him to live in our unaccustomed heavier atmosphere. But his facial expression and his voice conveyed his culture and temperamental kindness.

Of course the Mars man was unable to converse fluently in English. Allingham determined his origin in the following manner—

"I reached for my pad," he says, "and scrawled a diagram on it. In the middle I put the Sun, starring it with rays so as to make clear what it was meant to be. Around it I drew three circles to represent the orbits of Mercury, Venus and the Earth. I pointed to the third circle and then to myself. He nodded. Next I pointed to second circle and then to him. To my surprise, he shook his head.

Not from Venus? I pointed again and said the word Venus. He repeated after me "Venus?" It was the first time I had heard his voice and no longer could there be any doubt that he was of nonterrestrial birth. It is difficult, if not impossible for me to explain his tone but it had a limpid quality about it—not the gurgling liquid laugh of the ancient club man but the clear liquid of a hillside spring.

A third time I pointed to the sketch of the orbit of Venus. A third time he shook his head.

I tried again. Outside the orbit of the earth I drew a fourth circle to represent the orbit of Mars. I pointed to it, then to him and said: "Mars?"

He nodded at once.

ALLINGHAM confesses he lacked the mental telepathic capabilities attributed to George Adamski, and could make almost no progress in getting details of life on the Red Planet.

All the time that the attempt at conversation was going on, the Space Ship was resting in the gorse less than a hundred feet distant, with hatch open awaiting the Mars man's return. Allingham secured pictures of it in closeup, the best of which are reproduced in *Flying Saucer from Mars*. The ship was almost a duplicate as to construction of the one that had come down in Arizona desert in 1952, which Ric Williamson beheld.

"I was about to try a new line of inquiry," Allingham went on, "when to my surprise, he asked me a question. I don't know why I should have been surprised, obviously there must be plenty of things the Martians cannot know about life on earth, but I had taken for granted at the start of our meeting that I was the questioner—there seemed to be so much more for me to learn.

"Needless to say I could not understand his words. But his gestures were clear enough. He was asking me if the peoples of earth were about to start another war. What was I to say? I shrugged my shoulders, shook my head and tried to give the general impression that I hoped there would be no war, though I could not be sure. He seemed to understand, and for a moment his face looked serious and troubled.

"I returned to my pad. Now, if ever, was the time to find out about those Martian canals. I drew a quick sketch of Mars with its light and dark areas and its polar caps. I passed it over, repeating

the word 'Mars.' He examined it and nodded. Next I sketched in a long straight line from one vegetation area to another. Once again he nodded. The canals, therefore, are artificial . . . So Lowell had been right all along. Like so many pioneers, he suffered more than his share of criticism. The truth, however, nearly always emerges in the end."

OF the termination of the epochal forty-minute interview Allingham says—

"It was clear that my time was up. The Martian, who had walked a little way down the sloping hillside with me, motioned me away as he turned back toward the Saucer—still in a friendly way, but nevertheless firmly. Obviously he was in a hurry to be off. Suddenly I remembered that I had not taken his own photograph, I felt that it would be almost criminal to miss such an opportunity, so, as he was walking back toward the space-ship I managed to take a quick snap. If I had not been in such a hurry and the light had been better, it would of course have made a more satisfactory picture. However, in endeavoring to take as much of his profile as possible, I failed to get the Saucer likewise into my finder. But even so, it shows something of the one-piece garment worn by the space-man . . ."

WITHOUT a doubt, the Allingham book takes its place with the truly great books of the year and perchance of the century. As a collection of apparently authentic photographs of spacecraft, nobody's library can afford to be without it. The least service it can perform is to settle in the public mind for all time that inhabitants of our planetary neighbor Mars are "monsters", abnormally equipped with death-ray guns or grotesque paraphernalia calculated to frighten earthfolk out of their wits.



WHAT the Suicide Should Know about What He Invites



THE NEXT to the last chapter in *Undying Mind* will be a revelation worth the cost of the entire book to thousands who hold the notion that self-destruction "ends everything." All it ends, so say communicating souls who have reported back of their experiences following suicide, is imprisonment in the poor damaged vehicle that had borne the brunt of the suicidal act. *The big thing it doesn't do is terminate consciousness.*

You are evidently just as much "alive" ten minutes after you have enforcedly halted your physical heartbeat, as you ever have been before. One woman-soul who had "gone out" via an extra dose of sleeping pills recently sobbed at a Soulcraft audible-voice seance—

"The real reason I did it was because I was so frightfully tired. I supposed if I could only sleep in such fashion that I'd never wake up, it would be the biggest thing that could possibly happen to me. When I went into a man-friend's office for counsel and he was too busy to give time to me, I seemed to feel the utter futility of the life I was living. I went home to bed, and swallowed all the sleeping-pills that were in the box. They were hard to get down, I remember, because I didn't try to wash them down with a drink.

"Well, I must have lost consciousness pretty quickly. Anyway, the next thing I was mentally aware of, was being somewhere in the blackest void I think I've ever known. Not a single gleam of light anywhere, and nothing to tell me whether anything was close at hand or harmlessly distant into which I might or might not bump. I *did* feel I was still in my body, or at any rate *some* body, but I couldn't distinguish a single feature of it. I remember I called out, terrified, but nothing indicated that anyone heard me. So it seemed that I just started stumbling and groping . . .

WOMAN Who Took Sleeping Pills Says She Ended Nothing but Mortal Career

"HOW long exactly I stumbled and groped, I still haven't the slightest way of learning. I wept until I simply had no more tears to shed. I sank down in the blackest despair I've ever known in my life, but that too accomplished exactly nothing. I know now that it was all due to my deliberately cutting myself off from all contacts of any nature with other living beings. Instead of getting relief from weariness as I had expected, I got weariness wedded to abject terror of the state in which I'd plunged myself.

"It must have been equivalent of a week in solar time before I dimly and distantly perceived the figure of my mother seeking to reach me. You can imagine how I clung to her when she finally made contact with me. Then as patiently as she could, she set to work impressing me with the full significance of what I had done to myself . . .

"When I asked where we were, that the blackness was so awful, she said something to me about being on what is known on the Higher Levels as the 'Hades Plane', that I had desired to be eternally separated from my fellows and my wish had been granted. But take my word for it, there's really no relief in it. She explained that what truly had been affecting me, to make me do such a thing, had been a condition in the factors of my life where they had gone out of equilibrium, and I had ended my physical days simply because I hadn't known how to get them back where they belonged.

"Please take my word for it, that the one thing Suicide *doesn't* do is 'end it all' . . . It only makes the condition worse.



"THE BIG remorse for me now, in it all, is the fact that I've completely messed up the lives of dozens and perchance hundreds of people who had counted on meeting me and working out life-dramas together in earthly years still to come. Now I may have to wait two hundred to five hundred earthly years before conditions come just right that we can all be back in mortal life and complete our karmic appointments with each other. What am I going to say to all those people as I confront them one by one when they in turn make a natural Passing? Some of them, I realize, are going to hate me with a poisonous hatred.

"No, the mind does not go into any blank state of consciousness when you wickedly halt your own heartbeat. You merely complicate conditions for yourself. I remember during the World War one of our neighbor's boys was actually driven out of town for being a slacker. Well, the suicide is stigmatized pretty much in the same way, only more so, when we meet those to whom he might have wished to be rejoined and hence took his life to effect it.

"Well, I've got a long, long way of dreary self-discipline to go now, to work the thing out.

"I wish I could convey to every person who ever contemplates self-destruction: Learn the real post-mortem facts of life and realize the predicament for which you are nominating yourself. Hell doesn't necessarily require fire, brimstone, and malicious imps to be torture. Sheer black emptiness can truly make it much worse than ever Dante imagined it . . ."



Bouquets and Incentives

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



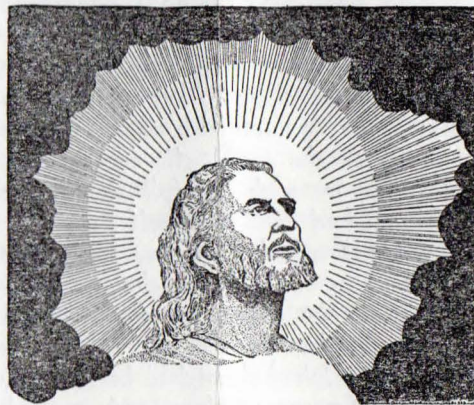
MICHIGAN . .

“**D**ESIRE to come your way again before many moons have come and gone and hope to be fortunate enough to time it with Bertie Lilly Candler’s appearance . . *We have had contact with Mary Baker Eddy at times over many years* and can testify that what is given now (to you) is exactly what she has been saying and wanting desperately to get her followers for all the years since she left this mortal coil. She came in about a year ago with Myrtle Fillmore, the Unity Guardian from the other side. Best wishes to you both and don’t be too severe on the ‘phoney’ flying saucer beings for all good things are copied and imitated. We have had some very strange incidents happen through them. Wish we might talk to you . . ”

TEXAS . .

“**M**Y experiences have been so uncanny that I just had to write you a brief outline of the ones that apply to Soulcraft. In all my travels I have been conscious of the fact that I would sit or be seated beside a person who needed assistance of some kind and invariably the reason would be disclosed. I’ve talked to grandmothers, young boys, girls, single, middleaged women, widows, women with invalid husbands, and each one would tell me her story. However, two women have been outstanding, one a schoolteacher, another a middleaged married woman caring for her invalid husband, a college graduate and very much interested in the Higher Teachings. I gave both of them the address where to write for Soulcraft teachings. Just this morning as I sat down to breakfast this last person whose name and address I’m enclosing was drinking a cup of coffee and believe it or not, she said to me, ‘I wish I knew where in this nation to get the address of William Dudley Pelley; his writings used to mean so much to me.’ When I told her I had recently visited you, she wouldn’t believe me. She went away delighted and promised she

would write you. But most of the others just need some good commonsense advice. They are still very much in the material world and will have to do a little more suffering before they get truly soul-hungry. What a wonderful adventure life is when one is alert and ready to serve In His Name! . . I just came from Carlsbad Caverns and I understood much of their wonders because of having read Soulcraft. The guide said it took over ten million years to bring them to their present state. One man disagreed with him. He said no such thing was true because there was no mention in the Bible of it. Can you imagine such inhibition. Because the Bible overlooked something he discredits Nature and Science. Standing in that huge cavern watching people wending their ways through, those deep paths seemed like Dante’s Inferno excepting that the people seemed peaceful and walking upright. Must stop and catch my train now, but God bless you in your work there; there is so much still to be done! . . ”



UTAH . .

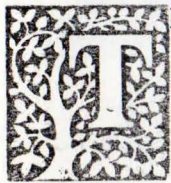
“**I**T IS always the unexpected in the good things of life that make us who are subjected to man-made blunders grip a little harder to the ladder that mounts upward and onward in our striving for the ultimate goal in serving. At times the challenge becomes almost too severe and we are forced to pause and weigh the burdens and wonder if the next step will be worth the strength. At times

it seems we have used all the strength we ever had, plus all the reserve we could get to carry us as far as it has. Whether to keep on is the big question we have asked ourselves a thousand times . . However, every trying situation dissolves itself and we find ourselves pushing forward and upward, knowing we have a job to do and after all the last rung of the ladder wasn’t so bad as anticipated and we *are* one rung higher toward accomplishing the goal we set for ourselves. When you add it all up and count your blessings they are many and priceless . . No, we’re not thinking of the material and the kingdom to which they belong but thinking only of that kingdom found Within for there is the sanctum of Truth, the alterable pattern of the thing that IS. Beyond is the grandeur that adds up to the whole, and we thank God for the privilege of *being* and for those who have helped us along the way. *You* have done much to help us along our way and we often ponder how the world has changed for the better all because of one William Dudley Pelley, who through his pen has made this world of ours a brighter one for us. We are indeed grateful for the addition of such a beautiful gift as *Beyond Grandeur*. Thank you and God Bless you! . . ”

MICHIGAN . .

“**E**NCLOSED find my cheque for *Beyond Grandeur* . . With references to your experience *Seven Minutes in Eternity*, I read it at the time in *The American Magazine* and although I never heard of you before, I was greatly impressed by the story and believed it to be a true spiritual experience. In fact, I preserved my copy of the magazine and probably have it yet somewhere in my collection of old magazines. I have always been interested in things like this. I received your notice of the Detroit Flying Saucer Club and have attended several of their meetings. The last one, on September 28th, had an attendance of about 1,300 and many turned away. The speaker was
(Continued on Page 10)

Clairvoyant Love Affairs May Be Dreams Reversed



THE DREAM phases of reality form so vital a part of our conscious lives that we have come to use the term "dreaming" to denote any projection of fancy that involves us in a spiritually pleasurable or profitable situation.

Most commonly do we employ ourselves in this respect when considering the possibilities of everyday Romance.

A man sees a woman, or a woman meets a man. Up to the instant of meeting they have been utter strangers—at least in arenas of worldly activity. For some inciting reason that never is clear in the conscious forebrain, one or the other ardently but secretly desires cohabitation with that person.

We say love is born.

Love—to those of the Higher Understanding—never is born, of course. At least not by seeing or meeting another. Love in such instances is "renewed"—or a process is at work of quite another character, as will presently be expounded.

Whether they have ever known one another previously, however, . . . that is, pre-natally . . . the one who bethinks himself or herself heart-struck immediately solicits the others attention and devotion.

Regardless of whether or not it is immediately given, a series of ecstatic conjectures is forthwith indulged in, as to what existence might comprise with that person as life partner.

Because conventions or inhibitions are set aside within the arenas of such conjecturings, and the cohabiting—legal or otherwise—promises the realization of all secret hopes and desires as pertains to matrimony, the ensuing mental play is designated as Dreaming, romantic Dreaming.

Thought pictures are projected and added to, of a nature so vital and impelling that they become an obsession. The expected matrimonial state in all its fe-

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

cundities is being so crystalized and "fixed" in Cosmos that event must acquiesce.

"Love," as the language describes what is taking place, "will not be denied!"

The romantically-obsessed man "keeps after" the desired woman, or the romantically-obsessed woman "keeps after" the man till these fancy-forms become real, vital, and of lodestone character to the opposite party.

The match is completed and a new home set up, for happiness or woe as the karma may direct.

Behind this form of wish-fulfillment dreaming, however, exists a host of factors too little recognized by humankind in general.

What if the dreaming so occurs but the second party never does respond?

What is the original motivation for such conjecturing in the first place, whether the affair is completed or not? What can the basis be for these strange premonitions that both men and women experience for those of the opposite sex, that the one toward whom the conjecturing is turned is the person with whom the current happiness is bound up?



SUPPOSE we minimize the importance of the dreaming—as dreaming—for a moment, to consider some enlightening cues and clues to Unrequited Affection. Why should romantic affection be engendered for a second party at all, granted they have done nothing in the present life to birth it, and what subconscious or nocturnal operations of Free Spirit are involved that a rapture is envisioned by mere contact with another?

We enter here the great domain of Karma. We may likewise enter here the great domain of Heatbreak!

Comparatively few are the persons who at sometime or another have not been thrown into contact with a person of the opposite sex, to live intimately with whom has shaped up in romantic dreaming as the acme of worldly happiness. But the experience was but experience. It turned out nothing more. Time may have mitigated something of the hurt, but ever the memory of the person and episode calls up a pang of bittersweet agony.

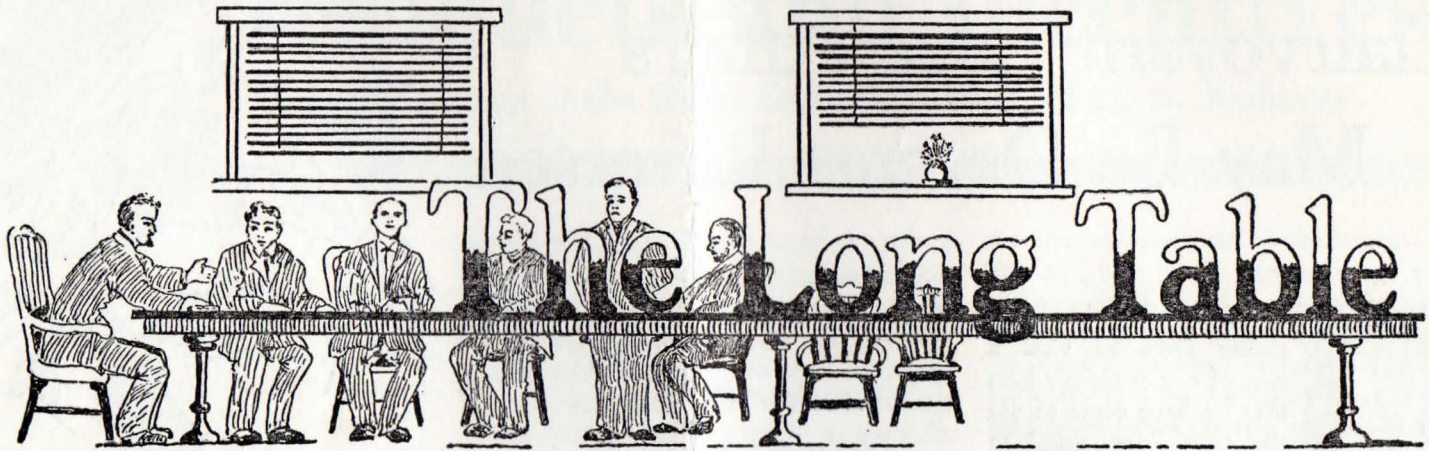
Shall we declare that in every case it lay within the life-education of such persons to know the wrackings of hideous disappointment?

We turn into the entrancing field of the Reasons for Idealisms and confront assuaging facts.

First of all, we confront the great fact often given prominence in these pages because of its basic vitality in every normal life, that each man and each woman operating in mortality is—basically considered—only Half-a-Spirit.

The aggressive qualities and attributes of that Spirit have separated from the acquiescent and conserving qualities. The

(Continued on Page 11)



GOOD FORTUNE OR BAD—

CALIFORNIA: "I may be dense, but I still fail to grasp why one man should be born rich and another poor, one a splendid athlete and his brother a helpless cripple."

Comment: The Great Intellects tell us it's really very simple. The individual soul requires the spiritual experiences deriving from each role to make him bigger and stronger to proceed confidently up through the increasing magnificence of Cosmos. A man or woman may elect to be born to rich parents because they have hitherto been lax or inexpert in handling money and want a turn at profiting from great wealth's true responsibilities. Another may elect to start a mortal life in poverty that he may have a life freed of the distractions of onerous wealth, or to show he has what it takes to create his own riches, not have them handed him by affluent forebears. A man may be born a splendid athlete because he has the experiences of perfect health coming to him after too long a career of physical handicap or pain. His brother may elect the role of cripple because an o'erweening pride in an earlier life requires sterner discipline and the humiliations that succeed from dependence on others. No two people ever have precisely the same reasons for embracing the roles they do in life. But in nine cases out of ten they have nominated themselves for experiences that will mend weaknesses or deficiencies in character. Sometimes those weaknesses or deficiencies may be involved in answering the challenge consciously not to remain supinely in a role where pluck and determination earn

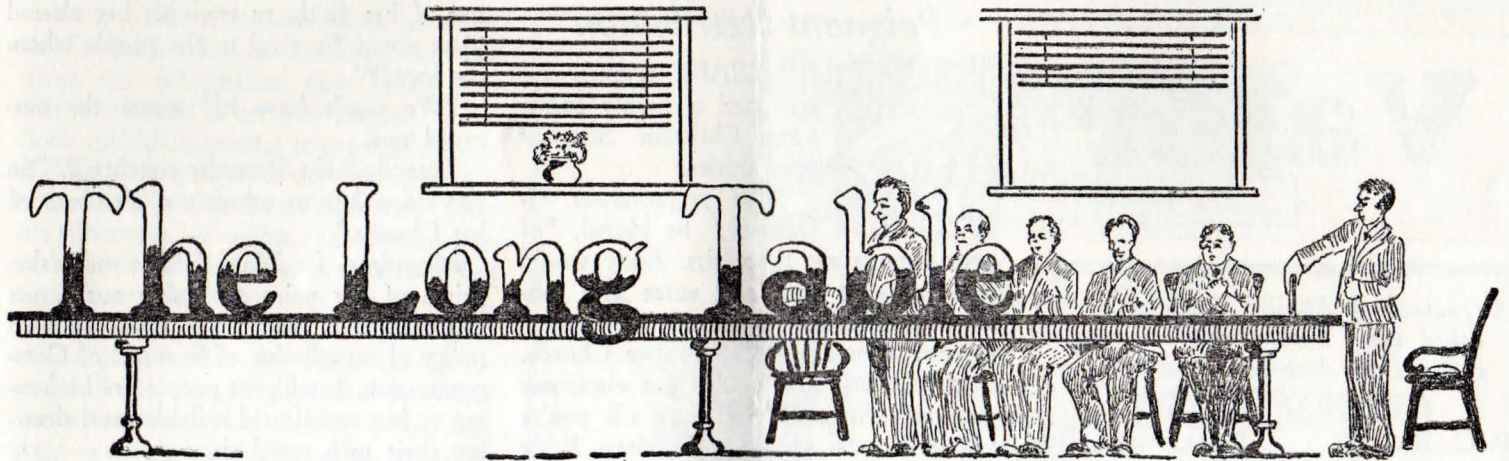
them freedom and cessation from what afflicts them. Get it through your philosophy that the Life Role is a perpetual *qualifying* for a higher and greater state, and the reasons for good or bad fortunes sort themselves out somewhat elementally.

INCREASING CONSCIOUSNESS

SOUTH CAROLINA: "You promised in a recent letter that you would take up in a VALOR article the subject of Raising the Quality of the Consciousness. Did you do it and did I overlook it, or will you do it that I may get some positive benefit from reading it?"

Comment: Commonly interpreted, raising the quality of the consciousness is expanding and increasing the capabilities of the Intellect. Much of it rests on cultivating a keener and readier mental receptivity to the instructive experiences in which all lives abound. You can't acquire a raised capability of Consciousness as you go into a store and replace a tight-fitting suit with one of more ample materials. Consciousness isn't a matter of receiving but of *being*. A person with a "high I Q" as the psychologists name it, is generally one of highly efficient glandular function, coupled with spiritual eagerness to make the earthly sojourn as profitable as possible in all forms of educating experiences. You get the highly efficient glandular function by cultivating a sound body, living cleanly, not regarding the normalities of the physical self by the absorption of alien elements that obstruct the bodily capabilities from rendering an energetic performance. You get highly efficient spiritual function by cultivating an eagerness for the sensation

of playing different roles in life, associating with people on a higher mental level than one's self, learning to weigh and ponder constructively the increments or handicaps liable to accrue from given prospects of action. But in all of it you don't raise the quality of consciousness, you *become* it. You meet the problems of life with a perforcedly higher and wider outlook. Instead of supinely taking another man's word that thus-and-such is so, you explore for yourself and find out by your own personal contact. Thus do you develop courage and discernment. These two attributes themselves cannot help but raise the quality of your consciousness. Does it bore you to encounter matters or projects that you "don't understand"? Why do you tolerate such boredom? Why don't you understand such matters? Are you willing to concede you lack a sufficient degree of intellect? You've got all the intellect you'll ever possess up ten million years but doesn't the constriction lie in the circumstances that you are mentally indolent and won't exercise it? The best general recipe for raising the quality of consciousness that Soulcraft can give you is contained in the eight words: *That which you are afraid to do—DO!* Don't worry that your consciousness won't become expanded. A low quality of consciousness and sloth are usually twin brothers. Throw yourself, or maneuver yourself, into as many situations as possible where it's grimly needful for you to "use your head." You'll find the size or location of your consciousness taking care of itself. You won't require to do much deliberate supervising of it . . .



PSYCHOSOMATICS

CHICAGO: "I'm still going to bat with whoever writes **THE LONG TABLE** on that nettling declaration of a few weeks ago that people who are physically ailing over long periods of time subconsciously enjoy being sick and have only themselves to thank for their predicament. Frankly, I don't believe a word of it. However, on the other hand I don't subscribe to Mary Eddy's moral platitude that every man and woman is intended by God to be perfect. I don't believe a word of that, either, else how would any of us develop Character? As I understand the Soulcraft tenets, the whole earth-experience exists for us to cultivate Character and rise above environment. But where does that leave the child born of such sickly forebears that it never has a chance from the day of its birth?"

Comment: It leaves such a child faced with the Why of selecting such parents in the original instance. Nobody is forced to accept a given woman for a mother, or given man for a father. Always the soul has adequate reasons why it is done. But that's aside from this quandary of hypochondria . . . How many sick people do you encounter who are grimly determined to *work* at the job of recovering flawless health, make a stalwart program of it? Don't most of them want it to come by swallowing some brand of pill or rubbing on a newly concocted liniment? Actually, when we open the subconscious minds of constitutionally ailing people we discover souls who are so eternally tired of putting forth effort and not seeming to obtain an adequate return that they "take it out" on their lit-

eral bodily organisms. People who are truly enjoying life to the utmost for everything it can hold for them, are rarely under any physician's care. They're handicapped, bogged down, and intellectually jaded and discouraged. They've gotten themselves into a seemingly hopeless predicament from which they see small possibility of escape, the factors of their daily lives being what they are, and their physical selves generate no incentives to response. A given man recently came to Soulcraft to get counsel on what his wife should do to regain her health. His ire arose at once when Soulcraft passed him the intelligence that what the wife apparently needed wasn't a new body but a new husband. "What's the matter with me?" he bridled. Soulcraft wanted to answer, "Obviously you can't regard yourself objectively. If I were your wife and had to live with a male of your stolid and moribund type, I'd be perpetually sick myself, just for the deviltry of it." Of course he couldn't get it. He was, in his own eyes, something quite special for a woman to live with. Later, when I met the ailing wife, I had the flush of healthy merriment in her cheeks in ten minutes. She was ill because bored to eternal illness by having become the male's spouse and no way out of it in her sixtieth year unless she brained him with an axe. Variety gives zest to life, and zest and health are synonymous. That wife couldn't get over her boredom from a stalemated matrimony by reading a book, no matter how clever. Soulcraft repeats and stands by its guns: Chronic invalids are chronic, in nine cases out of ten, from hopelessness at the way life has apparently trapped

them. The ailing wife didn't need a surgeon, she really needed a good divorce lawyer. But the average moribund wife had rather endure it than solve it. There are usually children to be taken into consideration. Sick women as a rule are bored women. Isn't it a fact, ladies? . . .

EGO MUST BE SERVED

NEW YORK: "The more I read in **VALOR** of the seances held at Soulcraft Headquarters, and the results you report of them, the madder I find myself getting. Why should you have such priceless experiences to surfeit while the great rank and file of us can't locate a reliable and capable medium from New Year's to Christmas. I'm willing to admit that Survival of personality is a fact, but why can't I enjoy your *proofs* of it? Why don't you wire me to come to Soulcraft and let me sit in on some of these psychical marvels? Or don't I, working for forty a week, rate it?" . . .

Comment: There are people whose income tops a hundred thousand dollars a year who wouldn't be invited to a Soulcraft seance on a bet. Money has nothing to do with it. Temperamental attitude toward exploring the eternal verities has everything. True communication is established in result of affable compatibility toward all phenomena, and looking beyond the wonders of the seance room to the establishment or substantiation of psychical truth. Long experience has proven that bellicosity toward discarnate life not only alienates but repels it. However, there's is much to be said for having evidence you have personally witnessed. We will take it up with you next week.

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Fearing the Truth

WORD comes from West Germany that it has been learned that Communist Russia makes any form of psychical investigation a capital offense. No seances are permitted in the Soviet Union and mediums are regarded as enemies of the State. None of it, of course, can possibly be classified as competition with religious orthodoxy, as Red Russia does not champion religious orthodoxy.

What the Kremlin seems most fearful of, is communication of truths from Higher Dimensions of time and space which might prove inimical to the Soviet regime. Obviously the Red realists accredit the validity of afterlife communication even if so-called Christian potentates do not.

All of it is an indirect compliment to the Science of Soul.

In such apprehension, of course, the Kremlin satanists are so right that little can be said. The real irony in the situation is, that they possess no power to prevent hyperdimensional communicators from telling the truth of conditions inside of Russia. The practical results of Extra-Sensory Perception are by no means a matter of nationalistic dictum.

Psychical scientists of adjoining countries should properly evaluate the Politburo's position in the matter. But of course they won't. They are too naive.

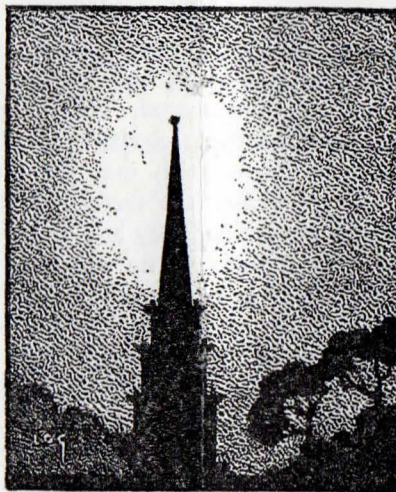
In all the wrong ways.

Poignant Retribution



SOULCRAFT recently entertained a highly indignant Christian Scientist pro-Eddyite.

"The preposterous effrontery," he blared, "of your contending that Mrs. Eddy would materialize to you, and enter into intimate relations with any Soulcraft Recorder—not even a member of her Church. You may cry that you've got electronic tape recordings of her voice till you're hoarse in the throat. If Mary Eddy wished to give evidence of her manifestation on the mortal plane, common sense would dictate that she'd confine it to those of her own faith."



"You're so right!" the Soulcraft Recorder agreed—somewhat to the visitor's disconcertion. "All but in the trifling item of how she could manage to accomplish it. You shut her out by your practiced belief that all such things are fraud and humbug. If you were willing to open your minds to the validity of survival and communication, you might today be enjoying nightly audible communication with the founder of your faith. Suppose in your fanaticism to disavow Mrs. Eddy's avowal of anything spiritist, you turned up the dramatic information that the Gracious Lady actually wrote a voluminous amount on the subjects of Spiritism, Survival, and Communication, but that it had been kept from her communicants by malice aforethought? Soulcraft has it in her own voice that this was so. . . Actually, you have no one to blame but yourselves, that Mary Baker Eddy is being forced to communicate with persons

not of her faith, to transmit her altered ideas about Survival to the people whom she loved?"

"We won't have it!" wrote the outraged one.

"Exactly," the Recorder concurred. "So you drive her to others not members of her Church."

Meantime, for Mary Eddy's own sake, prints of her voice are going out across this nation in which she deplores such policy of repudiation of Survival of Communication. Intelligent people are harkening to her manifested syllables and drawing their own conclusions . . .

American Legion

VALOR'S recent suggestion that if the government of the United States went utterly to pot through infiltrated Red subversion, the great rank and file of its Christian citizenry would eagerly turn to executive jurisdiction manifested by the American Legion, is bringing letters of commendation from all parts of the United States. VALOR obviously has uncorked something.

The rank and file of the American Legion cannot be subverted by alien Fifth Columnists. The American people know that the political integrity of the American Legion can be trusted. It is a ballast and a bastion for Constitutionalism in all troubled days ahead.

This Republic does not need a Mussolini or a Stalin, so long as the American Legion continues to function. And no intimidated congressional body would ever dare "investigate" it.

The Legion may yet serve the American people in strange ways.

They can particularly thank God for it.

Subconscious Mind



LT'S a popular wheeze among the psychically illiterate to dismiss Clairaudient phenomena as the vaporings of subconscious minds of recorders, while as for mediumistic demonstrations, they're all feats of ventriloquism on the parts of the operator, or "controlled" by the medium unconsciously while in trance. Par-

ticularly does a certain class of critic noisily insist that no medium ever has given out information that hasn't first been implanted in her own physical brain. Such rubbish ignorance immediately sends a chill of despair over the earnest seeker after truth in matters of Survival. They are not aware, of course, that persons who make such are claims are merely flaunting their own inexperience in psychical research.

God hasten the day when the Sublimated Brainstrapped are called to realize the extent to which they're advertising their own psychical illiteracies by caterwauling such blatant digressions from fact.

"It's all done by telepathy," smug materialists proclaim—as though they had explained something. So long as telepathy or cryptesthesia stands a chance of being involved, phenomena all comes back to mediumistic fabrication. Yet ask the least of these complacent pundits just what Telepathy is, or how it operates—best of all, why it operates in certain cases and doesn't operate in others—and they squirm out of answering with a pitying smile . . .

Soulcraft people throughout North America are due to hear much in the coming months through Soulcraft of an Irish-English lady by the name of Geraldine Cummins. She lives in London and has been practising clairaudience about the same length of time as the editor of VALOR. Among the stupendous things that Miss Cummins has done is to transcribe over a million words spoken to her inner ear by one Cleopas, presumably the companion of the Disciples who walked with the Master on the road to Emmaus following the Crucifixion. Cleopas had written a great encyclopedia of narrative, reporting on the true happenings in Palestine in the earliest days of the Christian church.



The *Scripts of Cleopas* now run to five volumes, and negotiations are under way to print them in the United States under the Soulcraft aegis.

They are well-nigh the perfect confirmation of the *Golden Scripts*.

They confirm and substantiate the



PRAISE



THANK Thee, God, for glow o'er evening sea,
For mind to grasp there are both Thee and Me;
That I, a Thought within Thy wisdom keen
May know Thy being, spaceless and serene.

I'm grateful for earth's woodlands, grass and trees,
The music of its brooks and birds and bees;
For starlight o'er a soft, warm summer's night,
I lift mine heart in praise for boon of Sight.

I'm grateful for my hands in serving Thee,
A channel here for light and symmetry,
For candor and for Beauty in each line
To demonstrate Perfection in design.

I'm grateful for inspiring thought no end
That souls down higher skies of Light must send
Reminding man he is but Thought of Thine,
That to such Holy Thinking he resign.

My heart lifts up in praise no words convey,
That I may "feed Thy Sheep" along life's way;
When suns burn out and worlds shall cease to be,
That I be deathless as Thy thought for me!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

Golden Scripts in almost every particular. And yet they were transcribed by a spinster Irish lady working alone in London, utterly unable to know about data also "coming through" simultaneously on the opposite side of the planet, to wit, New York.

In 1951 Miss Cummins had a book published in London under the title *Unseen Adventures*. In it she recorded every clairaudient experience she had undergone, paralleling well-nigh one hundred percent the experiences of the recorder of the Soulcraft enlightenment as to technique and incidents common to clairaudient communication. Miss Cummins also had her detractors who scoffed in the profundity of their illiteracy, "All subconscious mind!"

But the perturbing fact is, it *isn't* subconscious mind and if critics who say so could only once go through the sensation of hearing communication transferred from high octaves of Discarnate Thought, they would quickly grasp their own vapidity and silliness.

Clairaudient communication is anything but "writing down whatever thoughts come into the head." Too often it is accompanied by vibratory phenomena that leaves the materialistic scientist speechless. Still, that's not the point.

The point is, the monumental naivette of the inexperienced sitter who alibies all phenomena of the seance room—whether clairaudience, psychometry, or materialization—as traceable directly to the medium. It is only approximated by the wither-

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ing hopelessness of the medium at attempting to convince such critic that he hasn't the slightest notion of what he's talking about.

On one occasion at Soulcraft, such a critic essaying to rationalize the phenomena of "the medium doing everything although perhaps subconsciously," was stopped cold when a seven-year-old child danced out between the velour drapes and laughed and chatted for ten minutes in baby naivete. The critic had proclaimed beforehand that all the materializations were impersonations by the medium. The medium was a fifty-year-old lady weighing 160 pounds and standing five-foot-eight.

Question: How did she "impersonate" a seven-year-old child about 36 inches high and weighing presumably eighty-five pounds?

Miss Cummins in *Unseen Adventures* tells of a soldier whom nobody knew to be dead, describing his demise in the Orient, giving detail of his British company and regiment and the recent engagement in which he'd lost his life. Subconscious mind—or data previously in the mind of the medium? The medium had no worldly knowledge that such a man existed, nevermind his rank or allocation in Her Majesty's forces overseas. Yet twenty-four hours later, on purposeful inquiry, every detail conveyed through the medium by the soldier in question was discovered to be one hundred percent correct.

Isn't it about time that stupid orthodox people, basking in the glamors of their own abysmal ignorance, awoke to what's going on and being proven in psychical research?

Soulcrafters, VALOR says, are going to hear much about Geraldine Cummins and the clairaudient work she's been doing this past thirty years over in London. The most erudite Hebrew and Aramaic scholars alive today have been set back on their heels and stopped cold by the erudition which Miss Cummins has laid down in the *Scripts of Cleopas*.

Subconscious mind indeed! Soulcraft's Recorder has not been without his apologists ready to declare that the entire 273,000 words of the *Golden Scripts* were naught but their Recorder's subconscious mind.

The compliment has been appreciated but not the foolishness that totals the ignorance.

Bouquets

(Continued from Page 4)

Desmond Leslie . . He told a lot about the people of Mars, Venus and Uranus who are now present on the earth. He emphasized one point that has stuck in my mind. That they are *people* like ourselves but far more advanced spiritually. They regard themselves as our elder brothers, it seems. When asked if they believed in God one of them replied, 'We live God . . you only talk about Him.' Something happened to people of the earth in the dim past which resulted in our retarded state and the troubles of Disease, War and Poverty. He said, 'These creatures from neighboring planets are normal; we on this planet are the abnormal, no less so because we don't realize it.' Man has always been taught that he was the highest thing in Creation. Apparently that's merely an erroneous and bombastic idea . . We only talk about God, not live Him. Apparently that's neither erroneous or bombastic . . "

CALIFORNIA . .

“DON'T let anybody fool you with the gripe that you are publishing these Soulcraft books too close together. As for myself, I could easily read and digest one every two weeks. They are real reading matter and say things that stay with you. What's the use of reading stuff that doesn't? The world is full of stuff just thrown out to sell and get the easy dollar. When I put good time into reading I expect to improve my mind and get something back for the reading effort expended. Also those people all the time griping because you use too big words. Why don't they tell the truth and gripe, 'I'm ignorant and want to stay in ignorance. I resent you teaching me anything.' I bet I've doubled or tripled my vocabulary since I began reading Soulcraft. That alone ought to be worth the money the books have cost me. Anyhow, I think so. You see I'm one of your readers perfectly satisfied with the way you are handling things. I bet you don't have many. If other people could do it better, or say more than you're saying, why don't they try? None of them seem to have distinguished themselves yet. The best of luck to you . .

Love Affairs

(Continued from Page 5)

first, incarnating in a body of a human male, forthwith lives the mortal span as the Man-Soul. The second, incarnating in the body of a human female, lives the mortal span as the Woman-Soul.

But they both belong together! The Spirit is not the fully-rounded and perfected entity until up some far æon their re-fusion takes place.

Originally, as the Garden of Eden allegory has it, they were literally hatched from the same Cosmic Egg. But their sojourns through classrooms of seried mortalities declare that each shall act separately, organically, that their attribute-reactions shall produce the acme of each development.

Deep within the celestial Soul-Mind of each, however, there is an exact knowledge of the character-identity of the other. Having been hatched from that same Cosmic Egg, their natures operate on a similar vibration. Being of precisely the same cosmic age, their experience-sequences have run the same time spans. This means, in consequence, that the quality of their consciousness must be forever on a par. They "get along" with one another because they could scarcely do otherwise. Nothing basic in their natures exists to deter them. They "understand each other perfectly" because the same understanding is divided between them. They are the right and left hands of the same cosmic personality and they do not quarrel or have differences any more than the right and left hands of their separate bodies quarrel or have differences.

INQUIRY of a sort, high, high up in the loftiest octaves of Consciousness with which earth-life is in touch, results in the implication that this subconscious knowledge of the other-self—or facsimile—is most commonly the basis for Romantic Idealism.

Every man and every woman carries around in the secret recesses of his and her soul an ultra-private concept of exactly what each envisions the perfect mate to be.

It is with this particular Half-Spirit all up the ages that seried incarnations have had most to do. No man could marry the same woman a thousand times, or no

woman could have the same man a thousand times for her husband, without an attachment growing between them that makes itself felt despite Time and Eternity. Each personality comes to know the other so well, and their temperamental equations are so nicely balanced, that "each could know the other from a hand-clasp in the dark."

This is the pattern for a Romantic Ideal that may have to be satisfied, for karmic reasons, with a thousand substitutes but which never can die without all spiritual extinguishment.

It is the instinctive feel for the replica-personality that arouses the "dreaming" that attends upon courtship.

It is the Urge to Complement, planted in human nature by the Great God Himself—the inescapable dissatisfaction that must inhumanly persist till the perfect fusion is effected—that provides the factor of ecstasy in contemplation. Otherwise ecstasy, rapture, perfect love-cententment, have no excuse or cause for existence.

NOW in the case of an "unrequited" affection, what is happening?

A man who has trifled himself through a half-dozen sterile love-affairs suddenly meets up with a woman who seems to transfix every emotion within his being. He makes advances to her and finds himself repulsed.

The woman may be compassionate. She may respect his intentions. But she fails to find within herself any stimulus to that complement. The man is puzzled, perturbed, perhaps hurt to an agony. He pushes his suit to the woman's embarrassment.

Finally she has to face him with the truth. She doesn't love him sufficiently to marry him. If he is going to "annoy" her further she will have to ask him to get out of her life. Hot words are exchanged. The friendship is severed. The man imagines that his life is "wrecked" . . .

This particular woman held a strange fascination for him. Her mentality, her temperament, her personal mannerisms, all struck a chord that worked a weird havoc in all his emotions. Why could she not have received him and accepted him? Why did she not feel toward him at once as he felt toward her? "She was my perfect type," he laments.

Then this thing happens—

(Continued on Page 14)



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Cogitations

Pelle

MY FIRST newspaper job, after the tissue company folded, was a newspaperman's sinecure, though I wasn't experienced enough at the time to appreciate it. Out in Fulton, N. Y., in such periods as the factory printing office wasn't functioning, I spent sundry hours publishing a personal magazine called *The Philosopher*. Into it I dumped all my callow observations of the world in which I found myself at eighteen. People must have discerned merit in it, because they bought it and presumably read it. In one of his trips through Albany, father took a copy of it into the Albany News Company and came forth with an agreement in his pocket that if I would furnish the said news company with 25,000 copies a month, they would essay to market it on State newsstands. Within a handful of months, nearby States such as Massachusetts and New Jersey were demanding quotas. Thus it happened that copies were placed on sale on the Springfield Massachusetts, newsstands—my boyhood hometown. And one day out in Fulton—which was a paper-making community 20 miles north of Syracuse—I opened a letter from the editor-publisher of the *Springfield Homestead* which said, "Dear Pelley: I've just read the current issue of your maglet, *The Philosopher*. If, in times ahead, you ever find yourself out of a job, make yourself known to me. There's a place on *The Homestead* for you so long as I run it. J. S. SULLIVAN." . . . You don't forget that sort of invitation. And when the toilet-tissue trust gobbled the industry over which I was boss of 103 men on my 21st birthday, and I was temporarily disassociated from

lucrative industry, I essayed a business call on J. S. Sullivan.

o—o
I FOUND him to be a portly son of Erin, nearing his Fifties, with a startling facial resemblance to Senator Joseph McCarthy, only not so good-looking. Whether he's alive or dead in the present instant I have no way of knowing. But



The Homestead, I understand, has long since folded. In the summer of 1911, however, it was one of the most unique and profitable newspaper properties in southwestern Massachusetts. Today we'd classify it as a "society sheet." It published twice a week in a city where the citizens took "Society" seriously. Printed on a flatbed press, it featured local stories of community affairs with generous group photographs, and plethora of jibes and quips to make it the most eagerly sought item on the city newsstands of a Monday and Thursday. Most of the anatomy of "Jay-Ess" as I learned to refer to him, overhung the swivel in which he sat. He and his frau were by no means accepted socially into the ultra-circle of Springfield nabobs, but he lived next door to the bong-swung element, so to speak, and lampooned them so generously that most of the Springfield department stores by no means overlooked *The Homestead*

when they desired to reach the city's elite. I called on Mr. Sullivan. "What I had in mind," said he, "in case you ever showed up, was a sort of roving assignment throughout Springfield, turning your versatile pen on whatever caught your fancy that'd make unconventional copy. I'd like to feature a column, say under the title of THE SQUIRREL EDITOR . . . and you can make it as nutty as you like. I'll pay you twenty-five dollars a week."

o—o
TWENTY-FIVE dollars a week back in 1911 was the equivalent of \$60 to \$75 a week in buying-power in the present. No rules nor restraints. I was free to lampoon whatever I liked. Thus did I become one of the country's original columnists. I sallied forth and walterwinchelled whatever caught my fancy. I remember that Jay-Ess "requested me not to overlook an early write-up of the new Golf Club that was forming in the place, and I electric-carried out to the East Road and got a column and a half from a moribund cow-pasture featuring weeds, blackberry fronds and milk-thistle to the extent of some forty acres. But I made Jay-Ess laugh, and that was as far as my obligation carried. I always suspected that Jay-Ess entertained commendable aspirations to elevate himself out of the Shanty-Irish class and transmute from sow's ear to velvet purse. But he did publish a dratted good sheet that offered me *carte blanc* to express my personality and I expressed it . . . I worked for the *Homestead* as Squirrel Editor for some fourteen months, and increased its circulation proportionately. Thereupon the *Boston Globe* offered me a better berth in Massachusetts politics and I succumbed, al-

though my career on *The Globe*, and my personal associations with the original Teddy Roosevelt during the Bull Moose campaign of 1912, is outside this week's dissertations. I wish to keep to Jay-Ess Sullivan and my sacking from *The Homestead*.

o—o

THE TITANIC sank, and I interviewed the local relatives of drowned persons, thereby getting the material for my celebrated *American Magazine* story, "Pinkie Makes a Promise." I covered the notorious Spencer Trial at the local courthouse after a crime orgy that had kept southwestern Massachusetts on tenterhooks for a month and a day. I interviewed Calvin Coolidge when he was alderman at Northhampton, before he packed his bag and went down to Boston to see Winthrop Murray Crane about nominating him for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and I became acquainted with Henry Cabot Lodge, senator, and Curtis Guild and Gene Foss, Massachusetts ex-Governors, in a professional way that served me in good stead when I had to draw heavily on sterling Constitutional morale later in Washington, whipsawing Roosevelt the Lesser. But I "covered" every clambake and fish-fry of the local Elks, Moose, Eagles, and Shriners at Riverside Park for the better part of three summers and grew adroit at handling language. If they didn't get "written up that Pelley" they came into Jay-Ess's sanctorum and make a storm about it. As the Squirrel Editor I wrote in a class by myself . . . All of which brings me to the celebrated dilemma of the "investigation" of 15 Vernon Street . . . 15 Vernon Street being the street address of the city's most "respectable" brothel. Literally might I have had the city by the ars for a year and a day, but who was I to function as custodian of the city's ears for a year and a day—or any other period of time? Don't anybody get jittery because I've written the word Brothel. I'm not going to make a Dr. Kinsey report out of this page of VALOR just to get a story to fill pages 12 and 13. The whole matter started because in my city peregrinations I happened to write that—**FAMOUS HORSE CATCHES COLD IN FRONT OF 15 VERNON STREET** This was supposed to have a humorous implication only perceptible to sophisticate Springfieldians. The "famous" horse

was the dock-tailed nag of Jessie Gay, a snobby young aristocrat, and familiar enough sight on Springfield's streets, while 15 Vernon Street as aforesaid was the hottest "joint" in an otherwise sedate and prudish city. I had merely observed Jessie's aristocratic nag shivering blanketless while tied to a hitching-post in front of "Number Fifteen," as the place was locally known. It didn't mean that Jessie was necessarily inside. Yet what other conclusion could Springfieldians draw? I only plead in self-defense that those were the days when I was young and thoughtless and specifically beginning to feel my oats in print . . .

JESSIE was the pervenu offspring of a certain industrialist in our midst, born across the tracks but trying his best on his daddy's subsequent bankroll to rectify it. Married and living up in Florentine Gardens, he acquired the smartest rig his bourgeoisie imagination could acquire, a high-stepping, dock-tailed horse, which he hitched to an ultra-fashionable dogcart with a high seat, and when he mounted this seat in a hat with a flaring brim, and held the whip at just the right angle above the reins, he fancied himself the observed of all observers, which he was. Many oldtimers snickered when he spanked through Main Street in this equipage, it was all so Harper's Bazaarish. But someone had told Jessie that he possessed, among other things, the profile of a Greek god, and so he must act up to the role. He acted up to the role to the extent of marrying Ebba Whiting, the "catch of the season," by reason of her pappy possessing the heaviest bankroll in our local midst. I wanted to take a poke at such *novelle riche* but all I did was to poke myself out my first job and acquire proportionate wisdom. Hence the tale. And thus the brash Pelley columnist put it in the Squirrel Column that the flashy Gav rig had been parked all night outside of 15 Vernon Street and the horse half frozen to death; moreover, the officers of the SPCA were considering lodging Jessie in the clink for cruelty to dumb animals. Jay-Ess summoned me down to his office with his own jaw out of position when he had finished a telephone call from Jessie's attorney. "What's the insinuation in this?" he demanded of me, whacking his fat Celtic fist on the opened Page of the *Homestead*. I sought



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to explain. Whereat Jay-Ess said to me, “Was it tied outside overnight?” having reference to the rig. I declared that I’d seen it. “Then suppose you make an equally efficient business of investigating 15 Vernon Street,” said Jay-Ess, “and finding out which gal Jessie’s getting mixed up with. I’ve got my personal reasons for knowing.”

IPERCEIVE you don’t get it. But I got it. As original Squirrel-Editor columnist I was being detailed by my newspaper boss to get the lowdown on the city’s hottest bawdy joint—one fledgling youth, and the scion of a Methodist clergyman at that. How did one examine for the public prints the call-house of the city’s outstanding ladies of the evening? It was a long way from writing up golf pastures. I swallowed my own palate, said a meek Yes-sir, and went forth to Investigate Sin in all its branches. This was 1911, remember. We were a most moral and respectable nation in 1911. And Springfield was a most moral and respectable metropolis . . . I took counsel with myself, decided the best method to pursue was to apply at the Vernon Street premises, and write up what I beheld, . . . and I never had been on one immoral premise in my life. However, I relied upon the Power of the Press to see me through somehow. I went up the steps of No. 15 to discover the doorbell answered by a brown-eyed thrush of some thirty summers—and God knew how many winters—whose smile froze when I stated my business. I said as professionally as I could, “I’m a reporter from the *Homestead*. I want to get a story for Wednesday’s paper on what goes on here and the names of as many patrons of this place as possible.” The brown-eyed thrush didn’t do much warbling at learning this shattering information, unless you wish to spell it *wobbling*. She turned and cried in a somewhat raucous voice for one so pulchritudinous, “Ma. here’s a reborter come to write up the joint!” . . . Talk about atom bombs! I personally proved nuclear fission as early as 1911. Mid-forenoon found me back at my desk trying to hammer out a story. Jay-Ess called me on the intercommunicating phone. “Anything funny happen?” he asked me. “No, sir,” I said sourly. “Mayor Pratt and Police Commissioner McNutt had decided to investigate the place ahead of me and the only funny

thing about it was McNutt tearing his pants as he got out over a back window-sill. When I learned they were ahead of me, I wanted to interview ’em but they beat it.” Came an unnatural silence over the wire, then Jay-Ess said weakly, “Who did you say tore his pants going through a back window?” I said it was the Commissioner. “Come down here to my office on the double-quick,” Jay-Ess ordered.

DID I get a raise for having discovered the Police Commissioner in so compromising a situation? I did not. I got sacked. “We have the good name of the city to uphold,” Jay-Ess cautioned me, somewhat pompously, “and you’re too naive to be writing politics for us yet awhile, even if you are a nut by reason of being Squirrel Editor.” He’d read the humorous story I’d brought down, head-

**POLICE HEAD TEAR PANTS
FLEEING GLAMOR MAIDENS**

“I fail to see the slightest thing funny in the situation,” Jay-Ess adjured me with dead-pan map. “Supposing they were your pants, and you tore ’em getting off undesirable premises because of a reporter at the door who might draw wrong conclusions for you’re being there—*ahem!*—strictly in the line of—*ahem!*—duty.” And he adjured me to grab the job the *Globe* had offered me. To Perk the photographer I heard him mutter as I went forth somewhat dazed, “H’m, let that whippet carry dynamite around and ten to one he’d have no more sense than to drop it. And blow us off the map.” So so that night I closed with the *Boston Globe* and was off on a whirl through New England with the original Teddy Roosevelt. And it all came about because Jessie Gay tied his Harper’s Bazaarish rig o’ late hours to the hitching-post before the city’s hottest Sin-Emporium. Funny how things happen. Looking back on it from the retrospect of forty years, I wonder what Jay-Ess really was so upset about . . . maybe you can figure it . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Love Affairs

(Continued from Page 11)

He accepts her fiat and turns his thoughts elsewhere. A year passes—two years. The great Lodestone of Karma

pulls him to a distant city. He is received at the home of a friend. Perhaps a dinner is arranged in his honor. Suddenly into the room as a guest at that dinner walks a woman who starts tremors up and down his spine. Their eyes meet. Their hands clasp.

"Great heavens!" gasps the man. "She's almost the twin of the girl I was in love with, two years bygone!"

She is not the twin, of course. But she is the same type, the same temperament, having many of the mannerisms which so appealed to the man in his hours of bygone "dreaming" . . . This time, however, woman number two does not repulse him. They seem, within the hour, to have known each other always.

The reason is obvious.

The man and this second woman have mated so many times in bygone lives that neither words nor acts are necessary to "renew" their deep affection.

Within the year they are once again married. Meanwhile, what of Woman Number One?

This man had fallen in love with her—or imagined that he had—because by biological or temperamental coincidence she happened to resemble his real soul-half whom he had not yet confront-semblance!

His subconscious knowledge of his true Spirit-Half motivated the day-dreaming in which he placed such uncanny resemblance and his heart-hunger did the rest.

It would have been useless at the time of loving the Resemblance to tell him that his correct affinity was awaiting him in future. Such affairs must be lived; the lodestone must function!

Wherever a man, therefore, feels himself drawn instinctively and irresistibly toward a "type," it is probably true that he is recalling vaguely from the great storehouse of Memory—prenatal memory or discarnations during slumber—the appearance in general of the complementing Woman-Soul who once started with him from the same cosmic origin.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule. What seems to begin as unrequited affection may not end as such at all.

A plethora of times it happens that it devolves upon the man or woman in a mating to awaken the other to a recognition of identity. Rare indeed is the instance wherein unattached man and unattached woman meet, look into one an-

other's eyes, clasp hands, feel the sure calm thrill of the affinity-miracle—and proceed to love their lives as though no life-interim had ever interrupted them. One or the other has to take the initiative, to cry figuratively to the other:

"Don't you remember?"

If the other responds: "No, I can't say that I do, nevertheless there's something about you that I like," then the cause is no mystery.

WE SPEAK of unstable, moony persons as being "in love with Love."

Trifling men and flirtatious women appear to flit from flower to flower, sipping the honeys of romance as they can. But when we use the phrase, we but advertise our ignorance.

Such people have been so hideously separated from their true Spirit-Halves over so long a period—because of the constant new karma rolling up—that what seems to be philandering is an exhibit of despair. They are hunting desperately, up and down the worlds, in and out of life, haplessly hungering to be joined to their complements. Really they must learn the lesson of emotional stability, of spiritual constancy, and romantic discrimination. But only can they learn it by the tawdry and fatiguing route of a thousand-and-one "love affairs" each turning out a fizzle.

It is a piteous thing to contemplate!

In the normal man and woman, however, there is a premonitory sense as to the proper life-partner.

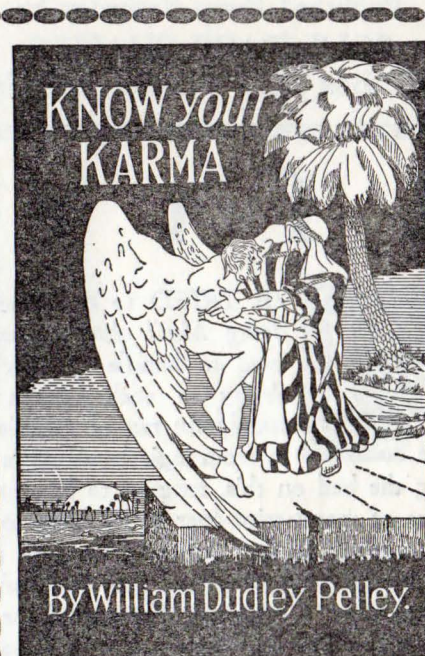
It is Dreaming in Reverse!

The stronger a man's ideals in regard to a wanted woman, or the sturdier the heart-determination in a woman to wait till Mr. Right appears, the more apparent is their knowledge that somewhere in earth-life their proper mate awaits them. They may make a score of incorrect advances, they may even be guilty of illicit adventures. Yet every they press onward.

They press onward because they are acting on infallible inner wisdom.

Their complementing partner is somewhere in life. Ultimately, somehow, the Life Path must lead to them. There is real Chance in none of it.

Meantime their "day-dreams" are their Castles in Space awaiting proper occupants to arrive and know tranquillity!



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**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA**

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

I'VE TRIED to do something different in *Undying Mind* that comes out next week. I've tried to handle the problem of the imperishability of each human personality from the standpoint not of psychical phenomena so much as from logic based upon Science. Whether I've rung the bell on this, remains to be seen. I turned the last six pages of manuscript over to Melford to set on the linotype on the evening of the 17th and went to a movie to change my line of thinking. Melford was just finishing the night's typesetting when I returned. He patted the last two warm galleys and said, "The stuff you've got in these last six pages, Dad, is some of the best writing that's ever come off your typewriter. You've tied the whole book up in these last six pages." But I knew something that Melford didn't . . . that though the writing had run to 320 pages I'd developed half the theme that I'd started to expound . . .

YOU SEE, there's a vast horde of people of a high and discerning I Q, who have small opportunity to witness what I've experienced to surfeit—the ectoplasmic re-creations of persons who've graduated from the body only to find themselves in a more "alive" state than they ever have been in flesh. I've encountered so many and conversed so intimately with them, that the episode of Death—as the ordinary person regards and dreads it—has vanished from my philosophy. I've known for a good many years that Death is a proven fallacy. But it's personal knowledge, based on remembered traits and little character eccentricities of the past relatives, friends, and colleagues. The discerning reader of my attestments says constantly, "I believe you're utterly honest in your conviction that you do confront and converse with these people, but the trouble is, those of us not so privileged would like to be convinced of it on some other premise than seance phenomena. We'd like to become sold on it *from the nature of the discarnate condition in itself*. Then we could be persuaded entirely aside from hearsay evidence." Some of them are even impolitely frank in reminding me that a lot of ingenuous seance episodes are just see-read fiction to them . . . And so I say, I've been all the month working on this *Undying Mind* volume to cater to what I term these "hungry skeptics" from the biologic, chemical and materialistic angles. The psychical episodes I've chronicled are a glorified continuation of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, but I didn't go into such careful detail as I have in them to prove survival of personality, so much as il-

lustrate what the extraordinary powers of Consciousness can show themselves as being. In other words, if Consciousness can perform these wonders, it attests to its own imperishability in the face of them. And that's an entirely new angle on a problem as old as the human race itself . . .

YET, AS I say, with 320 closely-packed pages, I still find so stupendously much unexpounded, that I shall probably not stop working until my theme is completed. So I'm going to keep right on writing till I've finished the subject as it deserves to be finished. Having met the biologic chemists on their own grounds, and disposed of the normal controversies arising out of evolution and biochemistry, I'm going to close *Undying Mind* at its 320th page and proceed right along with its denouement book, *Soul Eternal*. So long as there's food for the gravest thought on every page of both books, and they're both equally readable—I hope—it simply means more and more enlightenment for the adept Soulcrafters. But neither book, I assure you, is for the neophyte. It's a sort of recapitulation of the whole Soulcraft Enlightenment that's presented in these two closing books, *Undying Mind* coming out in January and *Soul Eternal* in February. This means that before the robins nest again, I shall have completed the whole shelf of Soulcraft volumes with the two closing books, *Who Are the Mentors?* and *The Great Nazarene*. I've recognized there ought to be a major book on all the most enlightening phases of Mentorship—which oddly enough includes clairaudience and treatment of obsessing entities attempting to supply advice in practical affairs which often turn out not so practical. Then there's the book I've been gathering data on for years on my beloved Elder Brother—which will be a labor of love par excellence. Thus, in all, it will mean seven full-length books I shall have done within the year, not to mention the 80 pages of additional material I wrote for the revised *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, and the two remaining volumes of Soulscripts. Fortunately, I'm servicing a group of student-readers now who can't get too many of these volumes nor receive them too close together. By the way, reprints of

ORTHODOXY ex-
ults in knavish fear of
God; spirituality in in-
telligent and loving
adulation . . .

Thinking Alive and *Star Guests* ought to be available in another fortnight as well. At any rate, I'm getting these books upon paper for perpetual availability no matter what my own personal fortunes may turn out to be. One of these days the whole country is scheduled to awaken to what's available in Soulcraft. Already our yearly sales surpass any other esoteric publishing house in the United States—which probably means the world . . .