

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VIII

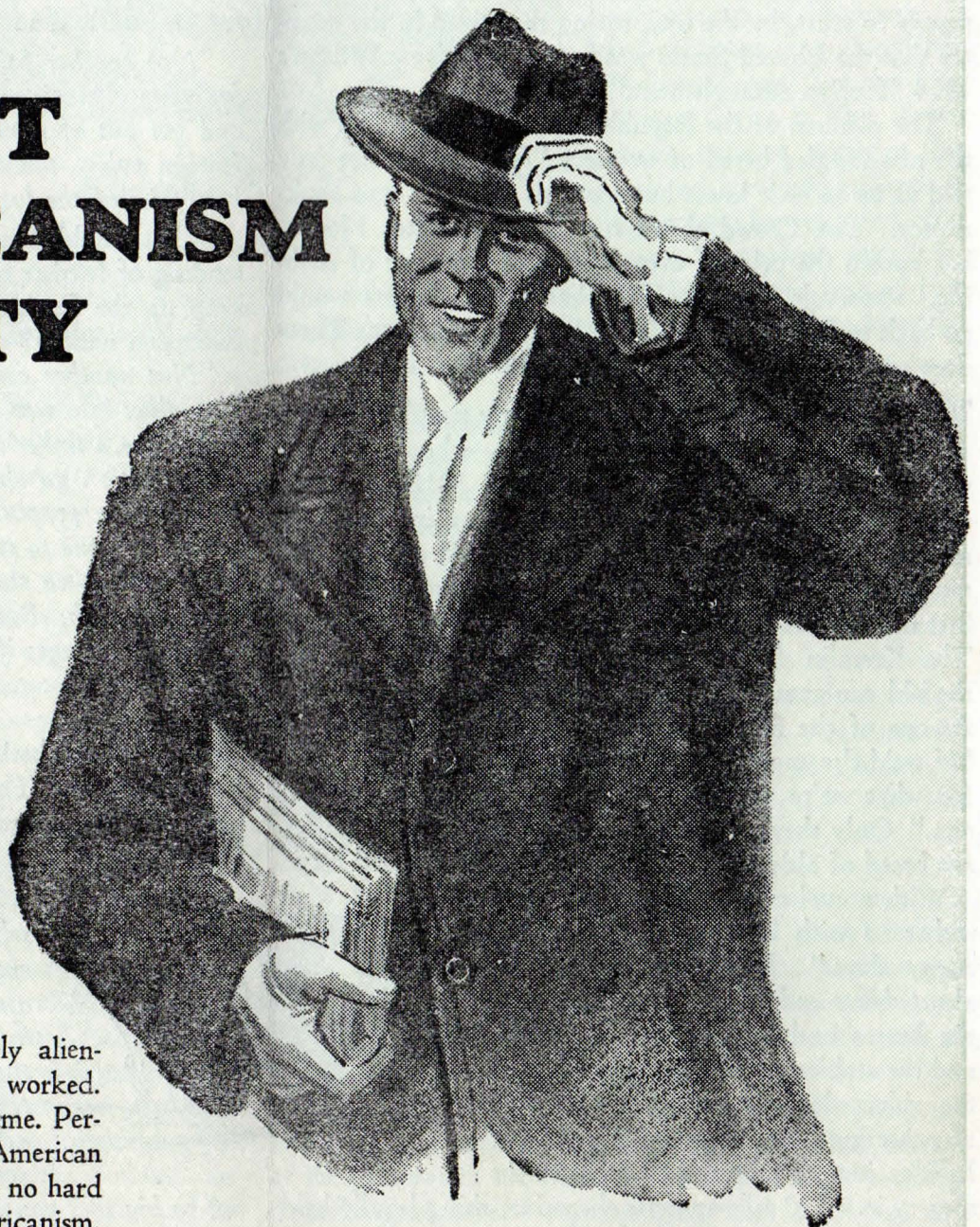
Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, January 29, 1955

Number 14

## WHY NOT AMERICANISM OF FORTY YEARS AGO? . . .

**M**AYBE the time has come to play a sort of game in this Republic. For working purposes we might suggest OTL—the Old Timers' League. We might make it something of a charade, reestablishing the Americanism we practiced at the turn of the century. It would take only native-born people to do it but that would be just the point. The New-Deal Theorists are largely alien-born. What they've offered hasn't worked.

The American public relishes a game. Perchance a game reestablishing our American Way of Life via the OTL can cause no hard feelings but *can* improve our Americanism.



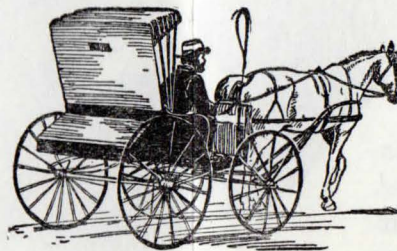
We want raised in the forefront of this badgered nation the citizen of forty years bygone, who sincerely believed in his flag and his country, in the integrity of his government, in the honesty and decorum of his courts, in his allegiance to the Constitution, in his acceptance that the country was governed best when it was governed least—when tax dollars went strictly to pay the federal bills of the American people, not to build airports for Hindus or provide Baldwin locomotives for Hottentots.

The Old Timers of the nation sit about on darkened verandas and blast the lengths of nincompoopery to which liberalistic ideologies have carried us. They might do something about it by nominating themselves as the rallying-point for the forces of reaction. They're rather good people to trust, by the way, seeing they lived in the country that the United States was before Woodrow Wilson's 1914 "foreign entanglement."

The oldsters of the Republic can raise merry hob with the new-fangled breed of overseas "fixer" who's not only tied us up in civic knots but spent us well-nigh into bankruptcy. The Crowd that's run the show since Hoover has known the price of everything and the value of nothing. Roosevelt II personified that. The oldsters would go back to Roosevelt the Great. His first name was Theodore and he happened to be all-American.

**T**HERE are some thirty million elderly people in America—people past fifty, that is—who remember what a different nation we had back in 1912. Some of them remember it too well. They grew up in it and absorbed its heritage. It was unthinkable that any overseas mob could move in and get away with what it did. At first the oldsters kept silent, wondering if it were Progress. The Kremlin fixers disclosed that it wasn't. It was the old con-game—"never give a sucker an even break." As one of the fixers commented in this editor's hearing, "If we'd dreamed that the American people would stand for what we're putting over, we'd have sprung it years ago." Only they wouldn't. Because "years ago" a different breed of oldster Americans *wouldn't* have stood for it.

With a curl of the lip they affect to wither us with libel about "horse-and-buggy days." *Just what was wrong about horse-and-buggy days?* At least the horses and buggies were paid for, and the stables weren't mortgaged up to the ridgepoles. Moreover, we weren't slaughtering two thousand people per holiday just to take the air and see the scenery in a 120-mile-an-hour chromium thing legally held down to a 55-mile road limit. Altogether, we were sane.



Here we are in America tonight, groping for Theodore Roosevelt to make articulate the sterling stamina of the underlying *real* American.

With what poignant nostalgia might we hear him laying down the law to the Chinese Reds, were they holding eleven young Americans in their ratty oriental jails:

*"Turn those boys loose or you'll have a war on your hands within forty-eight hours, including all that modern atom bombs can do to you. If you don't believe it, ignore this ultimatum!"*

What would Teddy be saying out of the White House about levying 324 million dollars of American tax money earnings for the upkeep of that snakes' nest of intrigue that disgraces New York's East River as our poor alibi for an utterly muddled foreign policy?—

*"Not another penny of the American people's money for your shenanigans. Pack up, the whole crowd of you, and get out of America. We can take care of our own foreign policy, thank you. And be thankful our military hasn't jailed the lot of you long since!"*

What would Theodore Roosevelt be saying about the sending of further billions of taxpayers' money abroad to keep up the foreign farce of rehabilitating war-wrecked European nations?—

*"Not another cent to any of you! You manipulated yourselves into war, so stand up to the effects of it. We don't give a tinker's dam whether you join up with Russia or not . . . go ahead and do it if you're that psychopathic. We propose to keep every penny of taxpayers' money at home to strengthen our own defenses. If you're crazy enough to start a war with America, start it any time you wish. But don't look to us to pay a plugged nickel of damages if you get the worst of it. Because we won't!"*

**A**ND this blithering gobbledygook about the *Rights of Labor*? The Theodore Roosevelt—or Grover Cleveland—of fifty years ago would quickly have settled the labor question—

*"You men get jobs and behave yourselves. The government will help if the employer bilks you but it won't spend a cancelled postage stamp to protect you in a racket where you start dictating to the people or government of this country. All Americans are 'Labor' and not ashamed of it, but they're bigger than your wage-clipping unionism, and you're not so big that you can't be whittled back to size. If you too doubt it, just start something—votes or no votes!"*

THE thing the American public is famishing for, in these ribald times, is direct and forceful speech. America doesn't have to take any nation's back-talk. She can pay her own way, fight her own way, both in or out of any situation that gives her forthright challenge. But the present generation must look to the earlier generation to have Dishonor explained to it.

Okay, why not make a game of it, and see how far the oldsters can get, reestablishing American principles behind government again?

Dr. Townsend organized the old folks and wrought the Social Security Act. Admittedly it was a makeshift swindle, politically inspired, but it needn't remain a swindle. It wouldn't be a swindle if Theodore Roosevelt were back in saddle.

*"We propose honestly to segregate Social Security payments and invest them in gilt-edge industrial securities. The Social Security shall be an insurance trust as sacred as the law makes any life insurance payment at the present moment."*

But we can hear Theodore Roosevelt going on—

*"There shall be two political parties in this country, and one shall espouse what the other opposes. Election of our Presidents shall be by direct recommendation of our people, taken out of the hands of newspaper editors, Washington politicians, or minority interests pulling wires from overseas."*

Communism?

Whosoever is proven to attempt overturn of this government by force and violence, shall be adjudged as the public enemy and punished accordingly. But it must be actually attempted, not merely ranted about. The accused shall not be charged with one thing and tried for another. Attention of the Supreme Court of the land shall be mandatory, and Justices shall be publicly acclaimed for the way they cast their votes. Writs of Certiorari shall not be considered due process, but opportunity for shirking judicial attention. If the size of the Republic demands an enlarged Supreme Court, it shall be furnished. But public justice must be a proud fact of American life, with our



courts paid and honored to supply it, not merely act as condemnatory bodies for the politically unpopular.

THE Old Timers can take back their America if they purposefully want it. Blunt speech, spoken in the pride of America's might, can straighten out these neighborhood fist-fights of the globe, if it be delivered with fearlessness and stamina. The budget of our country can be balanced; it's federal taxes cut two-thirds. Danger of war? Let the other country invite it. But if war comes because America has declared her independence in honor, let it be welcomed. War moves in anyhow today because of fence-straddling, pussy-footing and fear of honest declarations of policy—all alien to the American character so sadly diluted.

WHEN it comes to the sacrifice of human lives, we lost practically as many sacred human beings in UN's Korean "adjustment" as we did in World War II. Why all this yapping about losing lives, anyhow, when the true honor of the nation is at stake? Men of intestinal fortitude aren't sniveling about losing their lives when principle is involved. It's their phony self-appointed mouthpieces, scared as jackrabbits of the hell and gore of a battlefield, having over this blither-talk to palsy the American soldier.

What we need—and can get—as a new American political party is a series of Old Timers' Leagues blown up into a national renaissance of the original Theodore Rooseveltism. There is dynamite in this.

AT ANY rate, sooner or later we've got to come to a show-down about all this blatherskite "glory" in high office. Let's get back to true character and stamina and mettle and patriotic fervor, without its being milked and diluted by scheming shysters working in the interests of the oriental Kremlin.

We need Theodore Roosevelt back! And we can get him back in spirit if we suddenly decide we've had *enough* of the prune-juice substitute for patriotism that's been displayed before us of late, everything with a pricetag rippling in the zephyrs. What can we lose?



# Bouquets and Incentives

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

## CONNECTICUT—

“PLEASE send me *Know Your Karma* . . Every book from the celebrated and inspired pen of Mr. Pelley is devoured here. We loan the books to neighbors so I *must* have the entire library. VALOR is always first around this house. Those presented at Christmas gave much pleasure. May your dreams come true this year. More power to you all . .”

## MICHIGAN—

“THANKS very much for the complimentary copy of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. Had it read through quickly by my nurse but expect to go through it by myself later. Also received *Know Your Karma* and have been reading that and I am convinced that you really have contact with High Mentors. VALOR and *Bright Horizons* come regularly and I am enjoying the good reading contained therein. Wish I could have had them about 15 years ago. It might have helped to keep me out of a few things I got into that slowed me down to great disadvantage. But no use crying over spilled milk. You seem to be doing a great and necessary work and I ask God to help and direct you to its fulfillment.”

## CALIFORNIA—

“EVER since someone put a copy of *Bright Horizons* into my hands a few months ago I have wanted to write you. I wanted to tell you how much your writings mean to my husband and me. We have thought along these lines for many years. In fact, back in 1932 and 1933 I graduated from Christian Science, including church membership and class instruction. At that time I received a number of wonderful instructions from one or more Unseen Sources. At first I would be awakened in the night with words going through my mind. I would turn on the light and take them down. Many times words would be used whose meanings I didn't know but which on refer-

ring to the dictionary would fit perfectly . . The reason your writings appeal to us so much is, that they strike a chord of remembrance—they *certify the authenticity of our Inner Knowledge* . . We have many of your books and are “devouring” them, adding more as fast as we can. With gratitude . .”

## OHIO—

“JUST finished reading *Thresholds of Tomorrow*. Took it down to my friend Mrs. V--- and she gave me *Know Your Karma* and I am half through it. For years I have been reading all sorts of religious and psychical material, never quite satisfied. Unity has helped me most. Mrs. V--- introduced me to your writings and I shall be eternally grateful to her. In them I find all that I have ever gleaned from other sources that is worthwhile, and much, much more. *At last I feel that I have the Truth*. Let me know as soon as *Undying Mind* is ready. God Bless you! . .”

## ETHERIA—

“WE ASKED the Higher Mentors what we might give or do for Chief's birthday. Believe we should mail you the answer that was dictated to us . . Fast approaching is the sixty-fifth birthday anniversary of one who has been designated to teach mankind in ways of Love and Truth . . As this day (March 12th) approaches, we on these Higher Planes would request that our friends on the terrestrial plane join with us in the giving of a wondrous gift. It is a gift for him whom you call 'Chief'. We would request that on the day of his Anniversary, and on each day thenceforth, each of his friends would pause for a single moment at the beginning of your Chief's evening hour of Angelus. We would request that for this single moment each day your hearts and minds will unite with us in thought. We would ask that this Thought be strong and have naught but

of Love and Goodwill . . We would further ask, that this Union of Thought be strongly directed toward the work and the abode of him who teaches and directs the great Movement of Soulcraft. For this is truly a great labor of Love and Truth. This is the Gift we would join with you in giving, but we would be giving more than just a gift, especially YOU on the physical plane. You would be generating so powerful a Thought Force of the Love Vibration that very soon all the barriers that surround him would crumple into nothing. *It can be done*, sometimes in but a single moment. For remember, dear friends, Love does conquer all. It needs be but a Strong Love. . . Just say this is a request from the friends of Soulcraft *in spirit* to the friends of Soulcraft *in flesh*. You should do nothing other than give these words to your “Chief” for meditation . .”

## CALIFORNIA—

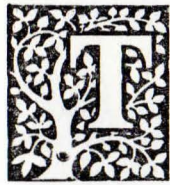
“PERMIT me to send you my heartiest thanks for the autographed book I received yesterday, *Getting Born*. What a lovely surprise it was! I do appreciate your kindness immensely. *Know Your Karma* is another wonderful book. Am reading it at present with deep joy. What a treasure these books are to me! I am indeed grateful for ever having come into contact with Soulcraft. How rich our lives are with all this knowledge at our command! . . And now once again my most heartfelt thanks to you, dear Mr. Pelley . .”

## SOUTH DAKOTA—

“HAVE hesitated to write such a busy office, don't enjoy bothering anyone but I would like some information. On our way back from Chesterfield, Indiana, we learned about Soulcraft in Des Moines from Mr. L. He had purchased several books from Soulcraft and I remember when he thought the reality

(Continued on Page 10)

# Knowing the Facts About Eternity Changes Your Ideas toward this World



HERE is such a thing as the problems and complications of modern society becoming so sizable and so complex that the mind of the average layman can't encompass them. Lost in the very mazes of Bigness, he's inclined to put stock in the commonplace *clique*, "The crying need of this generation is a return to the spiritual acceptances of the religion of our fathers." Now the crying need of this generation may be nothing of the sort. Purblindly accepting the theologic fixations of an earlier generation may not expand the individual consciousness one ten-thousandth of an inch—to grapple with an understanding of the federal debt or how to handle nuclear fission so that a lot of irresponsible Russians don't blow New York or Chicago to smithereens in a night. Orthodoxy contends that Jesus the Christ came to save sinners from the wrath to come. But being saved or not being saved doesn't help in controlling a gargantuan motor traffic problem or arriving at a decision that it isn't up to the American taxpayer any longer to present India with a hundred million dollars worth of Baldwin locomotives.

Soulcraft contends it's but begging the issue to say that it's only "mortal mind" that's concerned with the current value of U. S. bonds, or even hydrogen bombs, or whether or not we should go to the aid of Chiang Kai-Shek—and that the Vicarious Atonement belongs in a "higher" category of human thought. There's not one thing in all of religious orthodoxy that gives the U. S. Senate a clue as to what shall be done to rescue eleven American fliers from the jails of the Chinese Reds—unless it's to say to those Reds, "We generously make you a gift

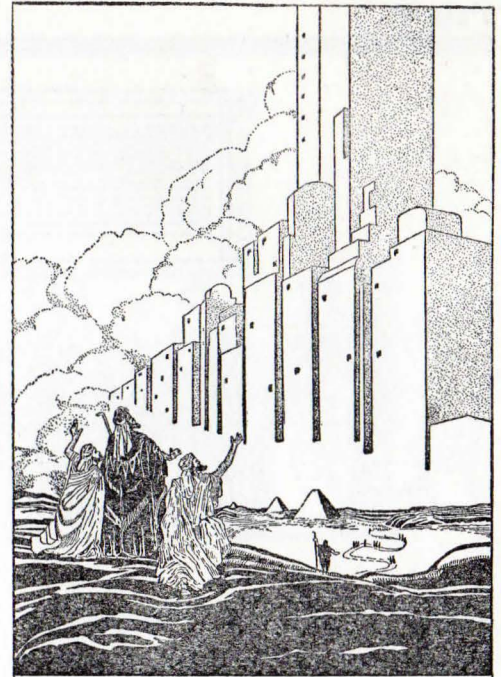
## *Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Applied Mysticism . .*

of these young men, and if you wish more, we can supply you to surfeit."

On the other hand, when you've made it your business to *know* the relations of this earth-world to the higher aspects of life-in-matter, you suddenly discover yourself coming rightside up mentally in respect to the very life-phenomenon itself.

In other words, you begin to discern, "What's it all about?" . .

IT'S a sad commentary on human intelligence that out of approximately two and one-half billions of persons alive in physical bodies at any given period, less than 3 percent of them in any countries on earth have the slightest suspicion of the startling and enlightening discoveries that have been made the last fifty years in *Psychical Research*. Ninety-seven percent of folk are as ignorant as babies that any facts about the real afterlife have reliably been secured, and even a sizable quota of those find the subject either terrifying or distasteful. "Haven't we got enough to distract us without adding details of what happens to us upon death?" they bemoan.



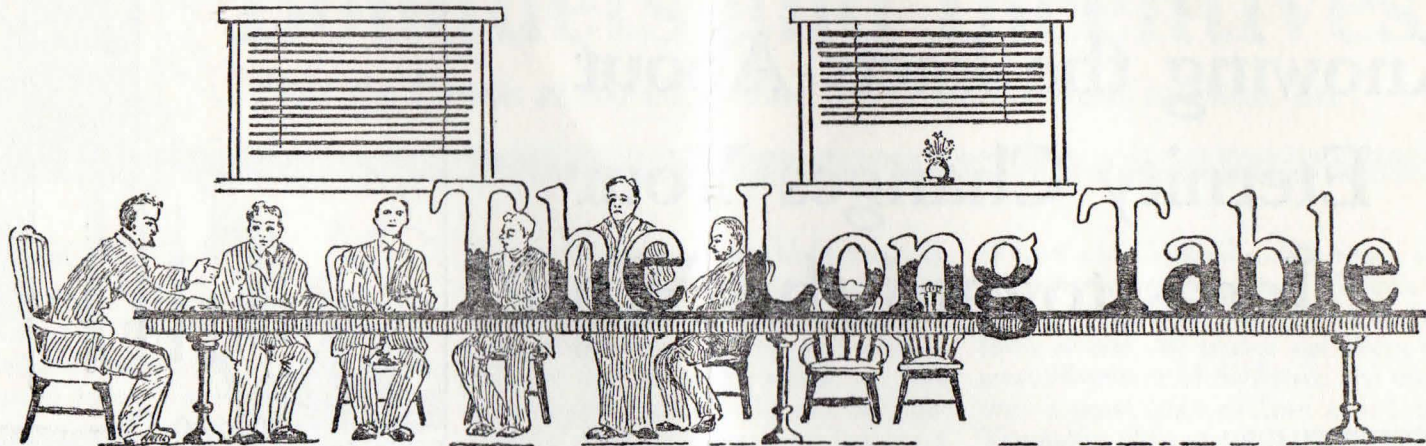
Such inhibited people, of course, are regarding such post-mortem knowledge as a sort of fanciful erudition of doubtful practical value, or their conventional religious reflexes lead them to feel they're profaning something sacred. You'll even meet some who tell you, "We're not *supposed* to know the actual details of the afterlife excepting what the Bible reveals to us. If it wanted us to know more, it would contain more." This falls in a class with an otherwise intelligent person declaring, "There's nothing in my Mother Goose about helicopters, so I refuse to credit that helicopters exist."

Knowledge is knowledge on any plane of being, and it continues to be of human consequence as mortals advance into capabilities of using it.

Instead of assuming that post-mortem facts are some freakish form of occult exploration, the truly high I Q views it that illumination about life on all the planes confers a practical significance upon our own . .

THE MOST revealing thing the normal layman can uncover in this regard is what the planes are, no less than *why* they are. Why we can't see them on this slow-motion plane of mortality and thus be readily aware of our own spirit's imperishable nature, really has less consequence than learning what the earth-plane is, practically, that it exhibits the distressing features it does.

The exceptional person possessed of a sweeping mystical education absorbs the  
(Continued on Page 11)



### EGO MUST BE SERVED

**N**EW 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 or 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?"

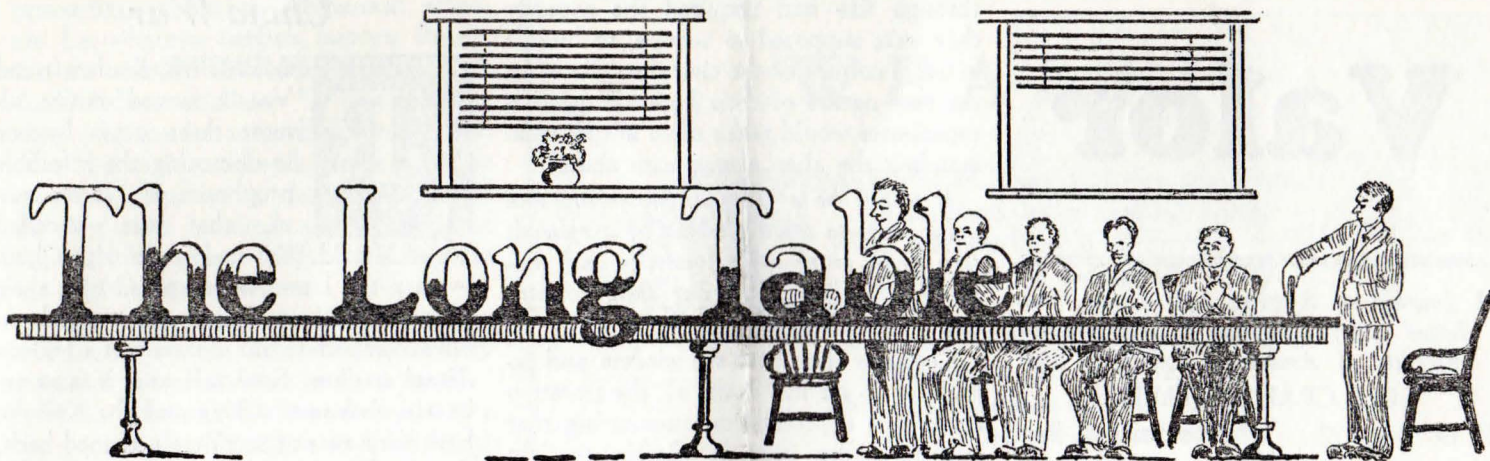
*Comment:* What the Long Table has to say about the foregoing is a continuation of its last week's comment. People aren't invited to sit in on the Headquarters phenomena either because of their financial affluence or personal curiosities to see the unusual. They're uniformly chosen, either from the length of time they may have been on the waiting list in exemplary patience, or because of their importance to the work in its ultimate accomplishment. High entities are not interested to manifest for the sake of gratifying someone's skepticism about their reality, but because it enables them to confer with those that may have important Soulcraft roles to play and personal contact establishes a working bond between the two worlds. As for your inability to "contact a capable medium from New Year's to Christmas" if anything of moment were to result from it, your colleagues on the Higher Side could steer you so it happened. But after it happened, then what? How far would you

exert yourself to see that others of the human race knew about it? Soulcraft officials, with thirty years experiences "among the dead", create and then abide by the conditions that make maximum attestation of psychical life possible. Witnessing post-mortem phenomena isn't as simple as paying admission to a tent to see a sparsely-clad carnival woman perform. It's actually establishing contact between two distinct gradations of life. That's a serious matter. You have to be willing to *work* at it to obtain positive and tangible results. The fact that New York admits that "his temper slips" or he cannot seem to get demonstrations of survival while Soulcraft does without effort, bespeaks the free release of the most devastating negative vibrations that, to use the colloquialism, "pi the whole works." Taking in a spiritist seance one week and then letting five to six weeks transpire before bestirring to attend another, isn't *working* at establishing the proofs of Survival demonstration, Soulcraft's whole essence is to *work* at this sort of thing and make a purposeful business of tabulating results. Incidentally, eight out of ten persons promiscuously selected, are by no means ready for demonstrations of Truth merely because they feel an impetuous curiosity to witness them. Some of the hardest-boiled skeptics and critics, suddenly shown the unquestionable validity of phenomena, flop completely around and open themselves wide to every debatable discarnate that may desire to gain expression through them. It isn't a question of being *convinced*, it's a question of preserving a detached and rational attitude, after completely informing oneself of the types of life and manners that

the seance room demonstrates. Nowhere is Ernest Hemingway's famous definition, "Courage is grace under pressure" more marked than in exploring psychical phenomena. When you "know all the ropes" you have a fine controlled courage to proceed into the most abstruse phases of discarnation. But the man who cries, as hundreds have done in Soulcraft hearing, "I've got no time to read a book—what I want is evidence that I can see, hear and touch," are displaying in advance their utter ineligibility for such contacts. The saying is an absolute truism, "When the pupil is ready the teacher appears." In psychics, "When the sitter is ready, the phenomenon produces." Ask yourself, "What truly is to be the effect on me and my spiritual composition when I have it demonstrated to all my senses that there is no such tragedy as Death?" Can you take it? You may say you can, but on what do you base your assertion? Tens of thousands have discovered they cannot—at any rate they do not. Think it over, New York . . . No hard feelings . . .

### CRIME DETECTION

**T**EXAS: "I dislike to trouble people as busy as you are with queries. However, you being in clairaudient touch with the spirits or souls of those who have passed the transition to continued life beyond, I am interested to request that you explain, if same can be done, why a murder victim's spirit cannot be contacted and gotten to divulge the name of its murderer. The above question has been prompted by the great Brinks robbery in Boston, that has never, as yet, been solved, even though two men have since been murdered



by those implicated. Of course this inquiry may have been made of you before, and answer to same may be contained in some of your very fine volumes that I have not as yet read. I am still intent and deeply absorbed in *Know Your Karma* and am moved to say that I like it very, very much, your exigesis of same."

*Comment:* You might be astounded, Texas, if you could know of the beautiful jams that psychical persons can get into with police over employment of ESP in any form to solve crimes, or, as you say, contact murdered spirits. Stories in the police journals are a dime a dozen where culprits were either contacted or perceived in commission of their crimes. But it seems to be standard police procedure to flatly deny that such gifts exist, or at the most investigate the medium to make certain he or she isn't secretly connected with the crime itself. The Recorder could tell an entrancing story of following through a certain spectacular police case in Washington, D. C. in 1932 for the attorney of an innocent defendant. Going to the woodland spot where the shooting had been consummated, obviously the spirit victim made contact and acted out the entire crime. When the name and identification of the true culprit was made, the attorney exclaimed, "You've confirmed one hundred percent what I've suspected from the first. But the man has too high connections with the political crowd for anyone to do anything about it." If they didn't insist in implicating you for knowing at all, most certainly they would spread the notoriety that such information could only be derived from mental unbalance. Remember first of all that policemen generally are of a religious faith

that frowns severest on any suggestion that the dead can be contacted excepting through emissary of the Devil. In another case in the West, a young woman voluntarily came through in materialized form to her father one night and made the startling announcement that her illness and death in a nearby city had not been natural, as the authorities had supposed and the family had accepted. Her husband, wearying of her, had done away with her in order to pursue his interest in another woman. But the father had nothing to base it on but the dead girl's word. Too much time had elapsed for a belated autopsy to show it. From the long period of terrible and hopeless distress that resulted, the conclusion was reached that it



would have been just as well if the daughter had kept her silence. In police work, merely naming the right offender isn't enough. There has to be proper support-

ing evidence. Geraldine Cummins, the London psychic, in her celebrated story of the Burglar's Glove, reconstructed not only a burglarizing crime but described the intruder at a friend's apartment so that Scotland Yard identified him and arrested him. But Scotland Yard police methods are far in advance of those of American detective bureaus. In theory your query is a sound one. The karmic aspects involved would be something else again. An article on this matter will appear in an early issue of VALOR . .

FLYING SAUCERS

OHIO: "Just a note to say the Flying Saucers *are* here even though some want to deny them. On my way to Findley from Sandusky the other day I most certainly saw one. Talked with two fellows in a local store who saw one in Sandusky. Two people whose names I can give you saw one near Huron, Ohio, I had mentioned them to one of my woman friends who saw one but she only laughed and said, "All I know is my job.' Nevertheless they have been proven to her, which makes me very happy. You may print this if you care to. Thanks for the *Golden Scripts*. As a book it's wonderful. The best of everything to yourself and staff for the good work that you're doing . . "

*Comment:* Lengthy letters continue to come in, mildly upbraiding VALOR for its criticism of Saucer strategy. What VALOR has sought to make clear is refutation of the claim put forth by some Saucer writers that the Space Men are omniscient and their selection of mortal contacts has occurred by forethought. This would seem  
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# Valor

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## Old Timers

**N**EITHER Soulcraft nor VALOR is seeking to "start anything" by the opening address in this periodical three pages back. But at the rate things are going, or being made to go, sooner or later a blow-up is coming in this nation. The question is *when*, and *among whom*? Certainly nothing can be done about the infamous Pelley Case until after February 4th. That is the date of termination of time for soliciting a rehearing in the Supreme Court. For the present, Soulcraft and VALOR merely call attention to the undiscovered country peopled by oldsters of this nation—Americans who were in their prime long before the coming of Roosevelt the Lesser. VALOR would say they have every license to raise the national roof because of the manner in which the household affairs of this Republic have been administered—to sixes and sevens under "patriotic liberalism", which has been merely oriental Communism gummed up with sticky humanitarianism. This Weekly merely tosses out OTL as a suggestion.

There's a certain class of old folk that feels it's too near the seven-foot aperture in the cemetery to steam itself up over the messes of the adolescent element—actually in this day anybody under fifty is adolescent, as proven by civic behaviors. However, the inquiry naturally intrudes itself, why have these elderly people gone

through life and acquired the sagacity they were supposed to acquire, to huddle in warm corners of the civic domicile when the very nature of their high-voltage life-experiences would make them adepts commanding the alien elements to abate?

*It might be a truly awe-inspiring and noble sight to see a phalanx of greyheads step forth from their domiciles and suddenly straighten their one time country out!*

Certainly they have the wisdom and experience to do it. Maybe all the situation requires is a prohibition announcing that nobody under fifty is eligible to join such patriotic regeneration.

But nothing can be more formidable than the Old Man who's truly and meritoriously gone on the warpath.

Give him a thought.

It might write a strange page in American history to see the Old Folks heave into the stratosphere the baskets and bed-quilts they're weaving and dare these brazen small fry to stop them at curing the monumental nonsense a lot of conniving orientals have persuaded this second generation to champion.



The Old Timers League—or Legion—well, mayhap Grandpop isn't the doddering old imbecile the grandchildren have considered him.

Keep it under your hat for the moment. It could mean the genesis of a new and impeccable political party.

What we truly need is the materialization of the soul of Roosevelt the Great to walk in and lay down the law to his old-time satellites.

Would they rise to it?

Wow!

## China War



**R**EMEMBER, Soulcraft and VALOR served notice almost three years bygone in discussing the infallible prophecies of Nostradamus, that the so-called Third World War had to do with China—when the laundrymen spilled over their Chinese Wall and began throwing themselves around to the discomfort of Occidental nations. Soulcraft and VALOR reiterate, that until China and the Kremlin have their ears appropriately pinned back, there is due to arrive no real peace on this planet.

Yes, we may find ourselves in that oriental stramash—suddenly—but *it's nothing to be afraid of*. Actually it's the mopping up. The prophetic elucidations behind the Soulcraft psychical material had it consistently from the first that the Russian Menace was due to be smothered by the Monguls. Nostradamus declared those Monguls were due to proceed nearly to France—westward across the Mediterranean—before they were turned back and passed from the arena of global importance.

Events in the Far East would indicate the program of prophecy comes true on the nail. As usual.

Stranger to relate, the true showdown is one between the United States and England. When the United States serves notice on England that the next British boat carrying a cargo of supplies to the free world's enemies will be sunk beneath the briny and no questions answered, we shall decisively see China fold. The trouble with Britain is, she's still fighting the Chinese opium wars. Imminent events may bring her up into the 20th Century. None of us have the right to blame the poor English citizenry for that, . . . they're our own blood cousins and we love them. But they've lost control of their Government, just as these juvenile delinquents in the American Scene have caused us to lose control of our own American government.

We can all of us await the denouement with the greater calm, because it merely moves up the time element on the Second Coming. The Recorder of Soulcraft had that disclosed to him as early as 1929.

Everything throughout the earth is



proceeding almost to mechanical schedule. Let whatever happen, *happen*. Really, it's the element that snap peevishly, "I don't *believe* this" or "I don't *believe* that" who are due to be disciplined. What have "beliefs" to do with lambent reality or events discerned up the perspectives of the last five hundred to one hundred years? Anyhow, adept Soulcrafters shouldn't be exercised.

The Soulcraft data hasn't defected on them once in the last 30 years. Why should it perversely start to do so *now*? . .

What difference can it make what time the guns in the China Sea start belching? They're on the cards to belch sooner or later . . and be drowned in the roar of Golden-Script Armageddon.

### Balderdash



HERE are two major canards perpetrated against mystical research that merely require to be voiced to get cohorts of skeptical laymen to believe. The first is, that no spiritist medium "gives out" anything in the way of transcendental information that hasn't been first lodged in her mortal mind. The second is, that mediums—allegedly all fraudulent and engaged in hoaxing the public—"exchange data" among themselves, involving persons who apply to them for sittings and thus transmitting seemingly irrefragable proofs of individual survival.

Those who "fall" for this sort of drivel advertise their own amateurish ignorance and limited experience. No dyed-in-the-wool observer or investigator subscribes to it. His own experiences and conclusions cause him to decide differently.

Remember, there are two kinds of gullibility—the gullibility of the eager soul who easily accredits whatever appears beyond his ken, and the gullibility of the materialistic observer who too often proceeds on the principle that "if something ain't wrong, 'taint right." One can fool himself quite as much as the other.

Soulcraft has had no small contact with the lives and personalities of several irrefragable mediums. Never in a single instance has anything remotely resembling "common information" been exchanged. Orange Beattie, widower of one of the finest-charactered gentlewomen who ever held a trance session—through whom the

## WEALTH



PACE PEOPLE say, and they speak true,  
That Earth leaves God till death,  
While they *live* God in all they do  
And know life through His breath.

They live God in their thoughts and acts  
Forswearing gun or knife,  
Thus Discord passes up their worlds  
While we're left to Earth's strife.

But they o'erlook the humble heart  
That grasps small things that matter,  
Like sunshine and fair winds and sky  
And little clouds that scatter;

Or kindred hearts that give back love  
Or offer help as needed,  
Or when the blight of grief is reached  
Heart solace they have speeded.

What planet is their residence  
Is not for smug discussion,  
The thing that matters is God's grace  
That comes in repercussion.

This soul is thankful for the tools  
Prepared for it with care,  
The needful things of Body, Soul,  
That I can nobly share.

All worlds know largess by His grace  
Though not in gold perchance  
But in the needful things of life  
Which fill each circumstance.

Worlds are but stages where we play  
Life Dramas as we merit,  
Can differing worlds change suffering hearts?  
Love's secrets high we ferret.

I do not need to live on Mars  
To be my brother's keeper,  
I *live* my God as I have light  
And scorn the tragic Reaper.

These blessings which I hold today  
Are free to all worlds holy,  
But light upon the Upward Path?  
That is *my* radiance solely!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

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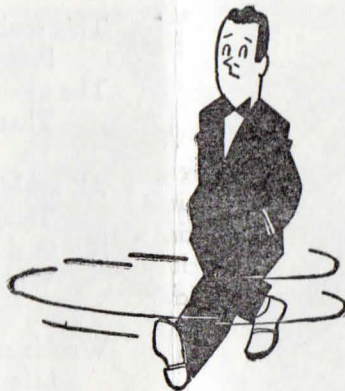
editor's daughter Harriet materialized a dozen times—happens to be foreman of the Soulcraft composing room. Orange laughs contemptuously at such canards spread by overly wise critics of phenomena.

"Mary never swapped one word of information about trance patrons," he declares, "in the entire twenty-three years that we were married. I supervised her seances for most of that time, and have practically been in the cabinet with her while entities from the loftier octaves of consciousness were 'building up' around us. I've seen as many as five distinct guides working to achieve such phenomena in the cabinet at one time."

Such is the personal and intimate testimony of an associate whose integrity is unquestionable.

But some brainstrapped tyro screeches, "*All subconscious mind, or prepared information!*" and without a wink of evidence to sustain it, the acceptance goes forth that "there is no voice or knowledge in the grave to which thou goest."

There's so much voice and knowledge that the truly deficient one is he or she who isn't aware of what's being accomplished.



VALOR or the Soulcraft books are not publishing fiction. It's the fact that no rationalizations hold the slightest water that baffles and checkmates the "scientific" critic. Thus he resorts to popular canards.

The frenzy with which he does it, discloses how desperate he is not to have the truth demonstrated.

He can't stand the truth. It would reveal to its core the extent of his illiteracy and that his skepticism is a mere pose mostly covering his consternation.

The facts about the Higher Life are known—but the bigoted can't "take it" . .

## Bouquets

(Continued from Page 4)

of Spirit was bosh. His enthusiasm interested me and I ordered VALOR. Since then have ordered more. My income derives from rentals and I cannot order many books at one time. Have been sharing all I have with friends and have tried to interest others. As you should know, I am almost an outcast as many of my friends are members of the Christian Science group and just cannot swallow the idea of Mary Baker Eddy materializing or dictating the *Beyond Grandeur* book. In Chesterfield I purchased a small book of her materializations and sent it to some dear friends. I have learned of their 'grief' over my being misled. *Anyhow, I feel I have more peace of mind* since reading Soulcraft books. I have two friends here in my South Dakota town who believe as I do. Their husbands were taught Spiritualism many years ago, having been raised in Indiana near Chesterfield. Both men had extensive libraries containing many books on various phases of Spiritualism. Both are now gone from the earthplane but we know they are by no means dead. We had planned to attend Chesterfield again but we are now much more interested in Soulcraft Chapels and we want to know HOW and WHEN we could possibly be included into your meetings? South Dakota doesn't seem much interested in spiritual material. Our closest place seems to be Denver, Colo. While Dr. McF--- was here several groups would get together and drive to Denver and I was thunderstruck to learn that Mr. L---- that early had a date to hear and see Mary Baker Eddy. My father and I have read *Science & Health* for many years. We still believed 'there was no death' . . We want to help spread Soulcraft work as we feel your plans for 1955 will be received *joyfully*, which is exactly what humanity needs. There has been too much 'Hush! Hush!' Now that I'm retired from business I feel free to acclaim my personal feelings regardless and not apologize . . Just tell us how we can attend some of your remarkable seance meetings. We are many miles northwest but we don't need to be convinced. We bless your good work and hope Soulcraft Enlightenment fills the hungry hearts of many millions in 1955."

## Afterlife

(Continued from Page 5)

fact that there are seven planes or worlds, each enshrouding the others, with the slow-motion earth-world in the core of them. Over and over again in his psychical disclosures he gets evidence piled on evidence expounding the differences of conscious life on each.

Obviously each planet is similar core of a separate celestial system, or seven other planes in turn, where the order of progression is more or less standardized. Some, however, have been in time-existence longer than others, therefore the consciousness of the units associated with them is older and hence more advanced.

The challenging fact is, that whether data come to light in a psychical lab in India, South Africa, Australia, London, or Miami, there are almost no variations in them. The hardest-core world is the planet of materialism, where imperishable and eternalized spirits—or units of self-consciousness—have to start their celestial educations by subjecting themselves to the disciplines of Matter. Matter controls or influences them, by controlling or influencing their organic vehicles. Thus by limitation the intelligence comes to understand the fullest nature and possibilities of delimitation, or limitlessness.

**V**ERY GOOD, figuring the planetary earth as the core of our specific etheric ensemble of enshrouding globes, the journey Upward is a comparatively simple one. From total reaction suffered at the dictates of matter, the soul proceeds up through global strata where Substance is more and more obedient to Thought. Ultimately it reaches a condition of etheric affairs where Thought is alone supreme and Matter reacts to, and obeys it, like a cloud of steam obeying the force of a strong autumnal wind. Only instead of being blown about listlessly or disintegrated, all substantial forms are permanently constructed from it.

Ordinarily this is the state of affairs in the Fourth or Fifth Planes. But figuring this material Earth-World as the lowest and most opaque of these planes, or spheres, the nearest globe of conscious life enshrouding it is the "Dark" or Purgatorial plane into which the gross, the ignorant, the brutal, or the spiritually illiterate are released at death of body. Being

nearest to conditions of earth, it is from such location that "familiar spirits" project their inane communications or carry on their activities influencing the aberrational or outright insane. People of reasonably refined and sensitive spiritual natures, who have loving relatives on the loftier octaves to mentor them or care for them, go through the confines of this Dark Plane as though personally conducted through a sort of tunnel. They come out upon what is known as the Plane of Illusion, well-nigh a prototype of Earth-life and Mortality, but where the realities are more or less of their own capricious Thought-manufacture.

Having made the agreeable discovery that they have "died" without losing either their pattern-bodies or personalities, these people gradually evolve upward through the Plane of Illusion to the Plane of Color—known as the *Fourth* Plane—from whence they proceed to the Plane of Flame or Cosmic Personality. Still above that is the Plane of *Light*—where, it appears, the Messiah has His location—and after the Plane of *Light*, the evolving soul moves still higher upward into a State labeled *Out Yonder*—or eternal timelessness—where the contact is ultimately made mystically with Holy Spirit. After the *Out Yonder* status, there can be, of course, no further contact with Earth-life . . .

**A**S YOU plunge deeper and deeper into psychical research, you come to have speaking acquaintance with residents of each of those loftier octaves, and begin to identify their spiritual accomplishments by the planes to which they have attained.

Apparently the truth of these localities was the thing substantiated by Jesus when He told his disciples, "*In my Father's house are many mansions.*"

That statement is something we'd better begin to take literally because it's being attested by the findings of the modern scientific seance-room.

Admittedly, what's being disclosed here at the moment bears a striking resemblance to the disclosures of modern Spiritualism. But what, after all, is Spiritualism? Spiritualism hasn't been something that a few people got away in a dark corner and thought up out of their imaginations. Spiritualists gradually battled through to a positive knowledge of what

(Continued on Page 14)



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# Cogitations

Pellea

**S**PRINGFIELD Massachusetts, in the days when I knew it back at the turn of the century, stood as near to being the Utopian American metropolis as any other city in our forty-eight States. And by no means do I write of it from boyhood nostalgia. It simply so happened that an exceptionally high caste aggregation of people got together and resided in Springfield—and what lovely residences they were—and ran their town after the manner of exceptionally high caste people anywhere. Located down in the southwestern corner of the State, near the Connecticut line, with the Connecticut River bordering its business section on the west, it held about 60,000 people when I first started attending its public schools. Today it's double that number, worse luck! Looking back on it now from my sunset years and an acquaintance with about every community of size between Miami and Vladivostok, I discern the advantage it is to civil life generally for the populace of a place not to be too heterogeneous. The people of Springfield, as I later came to know them intimately in their homes through the functions of my dad's parcel delivery, were nearly all of one breed and station in life. They were all upper middle class. The town had no foreign element—which meant it had no slums, no rowdy caste, no police problems. Men of wealth were not ashamed to run for, and hold, public office. The city advertised itself as the Home of Varied Industries. Looking back on it now from 1955, I marvel what kept it alive commercially. Holyoke to the north had its great papermills. Worcester to the east specialized in electrical products. Hartford to the south had its sizable carpet mills and

insurance companies. Springfield had only its federal Armory, where the famous Springfield rifle was manufactured for the government. The biggest manufactory back in 1901 was the Barney & Berry skate company. Up at the North End were the Wason Car Shops, that fabricated electric cars. Out in East Springfield during my high school days, the Stevens-Duryea automobile works vied with Knox Automobile Company at putting out early motorcars. As the city moved closer to the industrial metamorphosis attendant on World War I, the Hendee Manufacturing Company out at Winchester Park made the Indian Motor-



cycle. But the town depended on the fortunes of no one industry to provide its bread and butter. It was a city of Culture—and no vulgar noises invited from the gallery element. I was particularly lucky at having been raised in it, cultured as I presume myself! . . .

—o—  
**W**HEN the average resident of a community is a high type of person in his private life, and demands to

see his community measure up, you get an exceptionally high type of community. So Springfield people prided themselves on three things: their Park System, their School System, and their Fire System. Springfield was known as the City of Parks. But it likewise had the very latest and most efficient in educational equipment for the young, and if a fire broke out it was given attention by a coterie of fire-fighting experts, supplied with the latest and most efficient equipment. Every precinct had its corner engine-house, where groups of sturdy men lolled away the days caring for eager Percherons, anxious to do their stuff at the first blast of the fire siren, and when motorized equipment came in, your fire was put out by gas-driven vehicles that responded with vim, vigor, and alacrity. As for parks, the city's biggest was Forest Park, which chopped the metropolis off from Connecticut at the South End. Something like 1600 acres of woodland had been taken over as a public recreational ground, with ballfields, skating ponds, and elaborate menageries. You could spend the whole day in Forest Park and never backtrack on yourself once. Fact of the matter was, the common run of voters in Springfield never had the chance to recognize how lucky they were, living in such a place. It took the millions of ignorant and beastly from Europe, in the wake of World War I, to debase such clean, fine American communities. It seemed to be adulated under the head of Democracy to permit this to happen . . .

—o—  
**Y**OU were democratic, in other words, if you opened your private premises to the Great alien Unwashed or politically embittered, and allowed them to Mess your Place Up. For seven years I drove

a parcel-delivery team nightly over all of Springfield's perfectly-paved streets, and knew where everyone of importance was domiciled, and what emporiums they traded with, and what they bought. I never appreciated what an education it was giving me . . . In the first place, as I said, the monied men of Springfield tended to the civic business of their city and did it efficiently without encouraging any professional political class to do it for them in the slovenly and sticky-fingered manner. The Armory consisted of government-owned and supervised premises at the top of State Street Hill—what we called the Benton Park area. Down at the end of southeastern Walnut Street were the Watershops, more federal premises, where the rifles, being completed, were tested. Perhaps this federal revenue from gun-making stabilized the place more than I realized at the time. But the common man in Springfield at the turn of the century was well-employed, well-paid, and well-fed. He owned his own home. If he didn't he had not the slightest difficulty finding a three to six-room tenement that cost him no more than \$18 a month. People paid cash for what they bought. If they didn't have the cash, they didn't buy. Nobody was in debt. We lived on a pay-as-you-go basis and no one was ashamed of it. Federal taxes were, of course, unknown. Wealthier families on Maple, Central and State streets had their snazzy rigs, that clopped through Main Street or out St. James or Sumner Avenues when the afternoon was propitious. But the rank and file rode bicycles or aspired to rubber-tired piano-box buggies on Sunday or holiday afternoons. For recreation we had the Course-Payton Stock Company at Court Square Theatre, once a month, or the cheese-cake gals at the Gilmore burlesque house once a week. As periodically too some famous boxer or wrestler put on a spectacle at Graves Hall. We got along somehow, we got along . . .

—o—  
**W**HEN I think of the foreign bus-tards who, having befouled their own nests in their own countries, have flapped over to America as Displaced Persons to bring their benighted befoulement to our fine, clean American communities of a half-century ago, I discern it as difficult to keep my Christian fortitude. Let native-born Americans alone, let them

settle in their own communities and pursue their own culture, and life proves as sweet and fine as you can discover it anywhere on this planet. It prospers financially, academically, and civically. But have over a lot of sentimental drool about the Underprivileged, open wide your immigration doors and let it come in and run riot, and you find yourself living with humanity's dregs along with all the complications they promptly introduce. Small wonder they say the planes of heaven are pacific. In the After-life there's no intermingling of the educated with the besotted, or the ignorant with the cultured. You move upward automatically to the octave you're eligible to occupy, and slum characters stay in their slums and like it. Hence few clashes between castes of variated humanity simply from the fact that it is variated. It's this alien notion that there's something shameful about being refined, educated and genteel while your neighbor enjoys a set-to with his frau and blacks her eye every Thursday, that does the propaganda damage in our lives of the present. If we could only confine the people of our modern cities to their own castes, we should have little trouble. Come right down to it, what's so wrong about it anyway? . . .

—o—  
**W**E HAD two "headache" streets in the Springfield of my bohhood—Ferry Street and Sharon Street. The first was the concentration of the junk-cart element that worshiped at the synagogue before its progeny became our aristocrats. Sharon Street was a concentration of the shanty-Irish. I well remember Sharon Street. Those were the days of trading-stamps, when you got red, blue, or green stickers with all your purchases, saved them, and redeemed them for premiums. The premiums were anything from fancy rugs to nude Psyches in the statutory manner. I took note early that the tastes of the people in our other Springfield districts ran to practical furnishings for their homes as premiums for their trading stamps. But Ferry Street and Sharon Street went in wholesale for flamboyant vases, goldfish bowls and gilt mirrors with bubbles. Poor ignorant people, perhaps, aiming for the refinements of life without knowing how to measure them. But when I came to collect my 15¢ for delivering some of these gewgaws in the household outfitting line, the venter of



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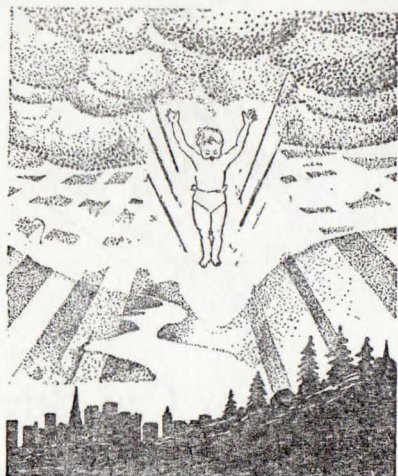
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culture came off electrically. How well do I recall one April afternoon when I'd delivered a gilt brocade chair to a Sharon Street tenement that didn't boast a toilet, and handed the malevolent Celtic lady a dime in return for a quarter. With a curse she declared it was only a nickel I'd given her. I knew my own change, having counted it so often. She whirled to a writing desk, opened it with a slam, reached into its depths and in another second I found myself looking into the muzzle of the only volatile revolver I've ever had pointed at my vitals in my life. It was a somewhat explosive gesture for her to make. I mean, the very sight of it hoisted me off the floor and my legs were in movement before I came down. I came down on the front stairs, with my legs still striding. I went down five steps at a time, lead slugs belching behind me. Poor old Peanuts, standing out front, couldn't understand why I desired such speed to get my wagon the heck out of there. But he did it. Drawing a gun on an earnest small boy because of a mistake in coins handled for change! That was typical of Sharon Street and the fate for all such American cities that was coming. 162,399 is the population the latest encyclopedia gives Springfield. An increase of 102,000 in fifty years. So today the city's shot through with labor troubles, police troubles, delinquency troubles. Its parks are for excursionists to decorate with pop-bottles. You pay \$80 a month for the same quarters you once rented for \$18. Everyone owns a car and a television set bought on installments. Isn't it about time we got over our megalomania for Bigness and went back to our one-time mania for Quality? Of course, not one citizen in a thousand will follow you, because he wouldn't know what on earth you were talking about . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

## Afterlife

(Continued from Page 11)

does happen to thousands of people after vacating their flesh, as brought to their knowledge by the testimonies of souls that have managed to communicate back their personal experiences and reactions. The afterlife hypothesis is what it is for Spiritualists because they had it described by persons who had gone through it. Soul-

craft is only interested in such phenomenon as it has sacred aspects. But ignore the vast agenda of evidence it cannot.

AFTER a time, however, delving into such data, the sheer proof of Survival loses its importance. Advanced sacred researchers concede the evidence of survival. What they wish to have disclosed to them are the tacit experiences of souls, matching up with similar experiences of other souls who succeed in communicating. As the program thus confirms itself, an odd reaction begins to occur in the ideology of the researcher. *Gradually he comes into a realization of the interdependence of these planetary spiritual zones and starts to consider them in a whole curriculum of Consciousness.*

As a curriculum for Consciousness, the strange anomalies of this material earth-world find their places in the great agenda of the experiences ahead for Consciousness on the loftier levels. Gradually it grows of no particular importance what the size of the federal debt may be, or that the United States has launched an atomic submarine, or what we're going to do about the U-N propagandists subverting American history and teaching our children balderdash in order to promote Internationalism.

One begins to view the arrangement of the worlds in their Cosmic importance. But underneath all of it an odd presentment begins to grow that this earth-world is of such transient consequence that it scarcely behooves anybody to get excited about Reds, or Pinks, or Blacks, or Blues, or Cerise Greens.

*Something vaster and more sacredly significant is behind all of it!* It is a blessed psychology to which to attain, because the relative importance of earthly affairs soon distinguishes itself.

Incidentally, it's been a detailed consideration of these changes from plane to plane, that the Editor sought to incorporate in *Undying Mind*, but so much preliminary scientific material had to be incorporated first into the text that the book checkmated itself and required a sugaring off in a companion volume, *Soul Eternal*.

All of us want to know what we are, and whither we are headed.

Okay, let's proceed to the business of learning it. Nothing's to stop us. Equipped with it, we can face any petty worldly circumstance, because it holds no

real bearing on the Ultimate Splendor that's ahead for us all.

Knowing the facts about all our succeeding After Lives, however, does alter our feelings toward the ups-and-downs of current mortality.

They end by seeming inexcusably petty.

## The Long Table

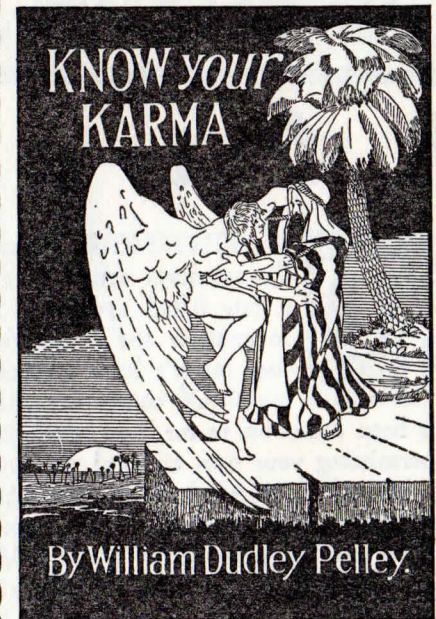
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by results to be just as incorrect as holding that all space voyagers are Buck Rogers conquerers about to take this planet by force. A race of space visitors that must 'feel their way along' in contacting this planet, merely advertise their lack of knowledge of what they're reconnoitering. To pass up coteries of professional publicists in order to make contact with excitable high-school boys wouldn't seem to VALOR to exhibit much omnipotence. However, VALOR isn't sounding off without having information at its command not permissible to make public generally. With all the wrong people in control of this planet, it would seem that celestially sagacious visitors would be taking more note of it. But no, they proceed on the assumption that we're all the same breed of animal and there's nothing to get excited about but our mass stupidity. Well, maybe we're not so stupid. VALOR knows of strategic maneuvers that could end this situation in a fortnight. Trouble is, these omnipotent friends from Space aren't that omnipotent to know it likewise. Okay, . . . let's see how Omnipotence works out . . .

### SUICIDE AGAIN

**ILLINOIS:** "What happens to a suicide? You say in Soulscripts, Vol. I, that suicide is unforgiveable. My very dear and brilliant brother suicided seven years ago. He was a truth-seeker and embraced Spiritualism. His letter to me before the act, was beautiful and full of hope. How do I pray for him? I felt he was pretty high until I read your article and it depressed me. Surely his kind and worthy deeds are not sent into oblivion and he along with them. I think many of us have toyed with the suicide thought when things seemed as dark. Best wishes for the New York and God Bless your work . . ."

*Comment:* The article in last week's VALOR may perchance have enlightened you somewhat as to the suicide's experiences. The fact does remain, however, that consciousness by no means suspends merely by heckled souls 'putting themselves permanently to sleep'—which is by no means a sleep when regarded objectively. All that you really do, apparently, is cut yourself off from more immediate contact with your kind. Souls come into life to obtain the benefits of its material complications, arrive at the conclusion that they're insolvable and remove themselves from the earth-scene, giving no thought to those who've come into life to help them work out real solutions. The soul left "waiting on the street corner" for an appointment that never matures, surely should have something to say about such defection in the colleague. The real trouble behind it all, is the dearth of information for the soul that contemplates 'the easiest way out.' Actually there IS no 'easiest way out.' What Divine Providence is striving to impress on the individual, apparently, is the fact that sometimes sheer endurance to the End contributes to the solution of earthly dilemmas. Popping in and out of organic life at one's caprices makes a farce of eternal Law and Order. Either you comply with the cosmic rules or you do not. By no means are one's 'kindly worldly deeds sent into oblivion and he along with them.' Don't you grasp that nobody has sent anyone into oblivion but the principal himself? He's indicated by his own voluntary act that he wants it. True, he might have done it mistakenly, but 'passing the buck' to some over-ruling authority isn't only erroneous but blasphemous. We human beings must get it through our heads that whatever happens to us is nobody's fault but our own strictly, and do some self-overhauling of our ideas. The judgment of the Long Table would be that if your brother were fully enlightened about the Eternal Verities before he made the transition, he won't be long rectifying what he did. Because there are ways to rectify it. One is coming back with minimum dispatch and delivering another time flawlessly on the mortal brevet. On the whole, don't worry about your brother. Such a temperament might have 'gotten permission' to terminate the mortal blunder and make a fresh and better start . . ."



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NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA**

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

**T**HE SENTIMENTS I've voiced in this week's COGITATIONS article may cause the sentimental a few lifted eyebrows. Is it Christian charity to criticize the underprivileged merely because they mayn't have enjoyed one's cultural advantages? Of course not—as criticism. But it's always been debatable to me, how much merit lurks in a practice of permitting your own cultural attainments to be adulterated and debauched, merely because there are human beings in life who haven't taken advantage of their constructive opportunities. This current deterioration of Springfield as a city is a case in point. Once it was a Utopian metropolis, if there ever was such a curiosity on this planet. But *hoi polloi* proceeded to take over, with prostituted ideas of what constituted "democracy." So the entire living standard has been watered. And what's the compensation? To me, it seems, the setting up of Quality as a living standard has been besmirched. Instead of lifting the lowest up the social ladder on a par with the highest, everything is being pulled down to a level with the grossest. Nothing do I read in Christian charity as tolerating that. Because it penalizes constructive effort as an aim and goal . . .

**I**F I read anything into the *Golden Scripts*, it's the stern adjuration that when you indulge the backward and the slothful, or humor the purblind or the benighted, you're doing them as positive an injury as though you thieved their purses or felled them with clubs. Human beings of a high, rare spiritual attainments owe first allegiance to Achievement in itself for the *sake* of achievement, else striving to achieve is a gesture and a pose. People do more wrong thinking in such items than any other subject engrossing their attention. The mawkishly sentimental declare it's the divine adjuration that we should be "kind" to the ill-favored and compassionate to the boisterous. But at just what point are the ill-favored or boisterous ever to begin to learn or have shown them they're meriting exactly the sort of lives they're leading because of their own perversities? As for being "kind to the wayward", my idea of kindness is taking them by the scruff of their unwashed necks and knocking their heads together if they invite it. They are wayward through being ignorant. If they can't learn voluntarily, compel them to take note of their own bestialities. People merit generally precisely what they're receiving in any life. Those who aspire to live on the upper crust can live on the upper crust. Those content to wallow in filth should glory in it and shut up. But if the Attained decide to do

something about them, such is their privilege. I say we've had altogether too much mawkish sniveling about the "under-dog." We've put a premium on nincompoopery till our whole civilization is heading crooked.

**A**NY MAN or woman can be whatever he elects to be in this life, in any country but Russia—but that's no reason why we Americans must see our United States turned into a Russian pigsty through sentimentality. The only real way to help a brother human is *aiding him to help himself*. If he can't and won't help himself, let him go ahead and suffer. We can hope it'll do him good. Men and women of real character owe first allegiance to their own principles of decency, order, and ethical responsibility. Thereby they preserve a cultural standard for the shiftless and brutal to aim at, when they elect to have done with their sloth and their beastliness. But knocking the cultural standard to bits because the beastly have the most votes or raise the loudest rumpus, makes a travesty of honor. It's swapping valorous stamina for vicious sentimentality. Besides, it works to get the sentimental strung up by their necks or stood before a firing-squad, at which all Quality perishes or at least arrives at stalemate . . . Once we knew a pleasurable and profitable civilization in this Land of the Free and Home of the Brave. It really *was* a Land of the Free and Home of the Brave. But we opened the floodgates to an overseas riffraff that's taken over, and what we have now is the land of the Spree and Home of the Knave. Yet whose fault is it but ours? We too, deserve exactly what we're getting. Our heritage taught us better. We merely haven't been true to it, so whatever happens is *our* pay-off strictly. I say, by all means help your brother, *but help him to help himself*. Never do one feint of a gesture for him that he can do for himself, for to just such degree you encourage him at being weak and vicious and vacillating. Maybe it's crochety I'm getting in my old age, but I don't see the slightest merit in going to the work of establishing a fine, sound civilization one generation and under a guise of subversive sentimentality letting a succeeding generation turn it into a travesty and a mockery because the average beneficiary is too contemptible to fend for himself. I say establish a worthwhile civilization and insist any beneficiary under it shall properly respect it and measure up, or hie himself down to the city dump and paw amid the rubbish. It may appear harsh but such principles do breed men. Okay let's stop yammering about it. First thing we know the improvident will be wroth with us! . . .

**THE OFFICE** of government is not to confer happiness but give men opportunity to work out happiness for themselves . . .