

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly...*

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

Volume VIII

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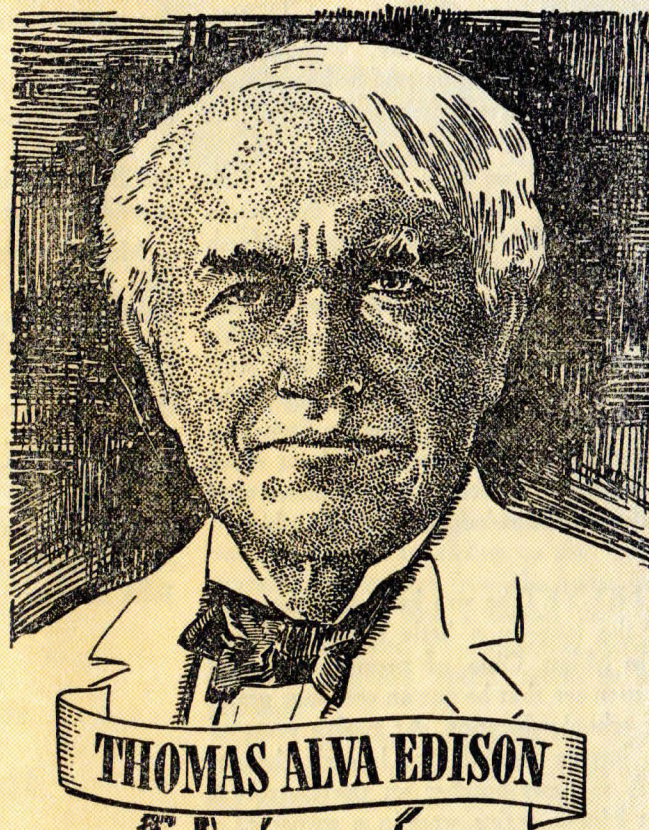
## Let's Remember, Ours Is an . . . **Edison** **CIVILIZATION**



WHILE we give ourselves over to celebrating February birthdays of notables, let's not forget that one day before Lincoln's natal day falls the anniversary of an American's advent into earth whom some adjudge as even a greater progenitor of today's civilization than Washington. He was Thomas Alva Edison and he was born in a little Ohio town south of Sandusky on February 11, 1847.

Actually we would be living as a nation back in the culture of the late Nineties had this man not made his advent when he did and invented in the practical manner the great and basic features of our modern life that we take for granted with such complacency.

Twilight falls on a dark afternoon and we think nothing of turning a button that switches on one incandescent light-bulb—or ten thousand. Our business streets would still be illumined by sputtering carbon



arc-lamps and our homes by kerosene lamp-wicks, had Edison not given us the incandescent electric bulb.

YOU eat dinner by the glow of these lamps falling upon your porcelain dishes and silver cutlery, then suggest to the family you will take them to the movies. But neither would you do that, had Edison not lived and invented. He was the first to connive the camera that took seried pictures of objects in movement on a reel of film and a projector to throw them on an illumined screen through an interfering shutter. No Edison, no movies. Or maybe mother is too tired to

hie herself to a theatre several blocks away and prefers to stay at home and watch television. Edison again! Remember, there could have been no television without the "Edison Effect" or flow of electrons from a hot filament, which is the basis of electronic broadcasting. Oh well, nevermind the television. How about playing the new musical records that Sister Marjorie bought down at the music store this afternoon, on the victrola?

Edison again. Without his invention of the earliest phonograph, there could be no victrola. Indeed, you couldn't pick up the telephone in the living room and call Aunt Jane to learn how Uncle George in Baltimore got through his hospital operation yesterday, without the Edison telephonic disc of hard rubber to take the electrical impressions on the sound-tympan.

Everywhere we look or turn, it's Edison, Edison, Edison. Even the stock-market couldn't act up and report a fresh Crash in Wall Street, without its ticker to transmit the volume of sales in this morning's market and their prices. We say we're living in the Electrical Age. Better we term it that we're living in the Edisonic Age. We're existing in a civilization where we can scarcely make a move in the fields of socialty or commerce that we don't acknowledge our debt to him.

**A**ND YET he was born the lowest of the low—in a little one-story house up in Milan, Ohio, of people who could not even see that he got an ordinary grammar school education. At twelve years of age, having to shift for himself, he got a job as news butcher on the Detroit & Port Huron trains, and in a corner of a baggage-car fixed up a tiny laboratory to experiment for himself with the possibilities in electric batteries.

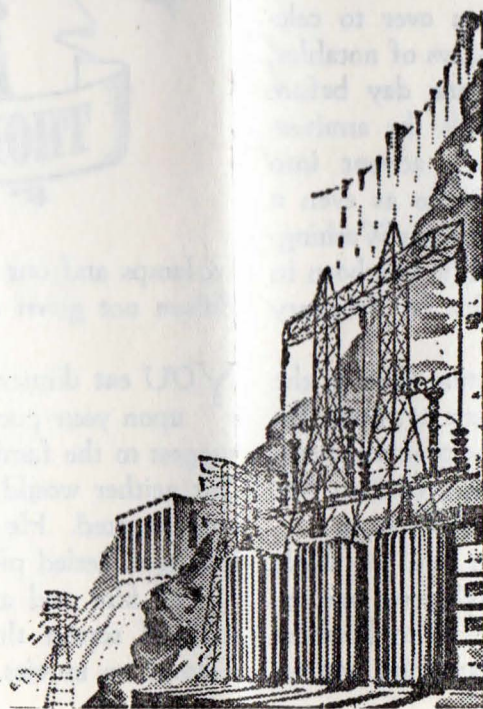
Time and time again the stupid trainmen threw out his experimental equipment. They couldn't stand for "such nonsense" in a train-boy, cluttering up rolling-stock with new-fangled wires and coils. Edison put an end to it by evolving an electric stock-ticker that he began to market—crude though it was—that laid the basis for his early fortune and greater experiments. Moving to Newark, N. J. he went in for perfecting phonographic speech mechanically. At the turn of the century the Edison graph-

ophone was proving as profitable and popular as today's radio or television. The incandescent light bulb had preceded this by only a handful of years. It was in his private laboratory at Menlo Park, outside of West Orange, that he developed "the Edison effect"—the aforesaid flow of electrons from the hot lamp-filament which made possible the modern electronic tube used in today's radio broadcasting, long distance telephony, sound pictures, the X-ray and other electrical wonders.

Combining a phenomenal mind with tremendous physical energy, he never ceased to experiment. Shortly before his death in 1931 he had patented a process for obtaining rubber from golden rod.

That, as he grew older, his hearing began failing him until he was practically stone deaf, was well-known. It was not so well-known that he had a phenomenal attribute of being able to get along on no more than four to five hours sleep a night.

Mutual friends of Edison's and VALOR's editor have reported on his intense interest in psychical research, and the story will not down that he had succeeded in making an electrical contrivance something akin to a mechanical ouiji-board, so that persons in the discarnate could communicate to their survivors without employment of a human medium. Millions are still alive who recall his much-publicized camping trips with Henry Ford and John Burroughs in the Catskills.



**B**UT here was an illustration of how one man's stupendous personality and ingenuity could alter the civilization of his time by letting nothing deter him from the mission for which he had entered life. Born in 1847, as aforesaid, he was a fourteen-year-old boy when the Confederates fired on Fort Sumpter, producing the War between the States. But his interest remained centered in exploring the practical applications of electricity and electronics. Never was he heard to complain about "the poor boy never having a chance" or that "the world owed him a living." He forged relentlessly ahead and made the world take note of him and pay him homage. Which it did richly. For over a generation he was practically America's Number One Citizen.

One of the interesting anecdotes told of his inventing concerned the fact that he would never embark upon a new line of achievement with new inventings in mind until he had read and mastered all that earlier experimenters had achieved in similar fields. He never went to the trouble or expense of duplicating any predecessor's failures.

Today we have a changed and improved America, because the poverty-stricken Milan, O. boy worked and delved. Born on February 11, 1847 as aforesaid, his Numerology indicated a "Six" life-path, the life-path of confronting and withstanding the certain rewards of career-success. The Numerology of his name indicates that he was a "Seven" in spiritual explorations, ever searching for new pathways for the explorations of soul. Even so, he lived to the ripe old age of eighty-four.

One of his rewards was seeing the better-illuminated America that he had been instrumental in shaping, come into ripe glory. He lived as near an ideal life as it was possible for an American to achieve—and never had to complain that his countrymen were lacking in appreciation or compensation.

Well might we exploit Edison as a living argument against Communism.

All in all, he did as much for his beloved United States—if not more—than Washington or Lincoln. And the nation might well make his birthday as much of a holiday as it keeps on February 12th or 22nd . . .

# "IT'S Beautiful Over There!" Cried Dying Thomas A. Edison . .



STORY of Thomas A. Edison's dying moments went the rounds of the nation's press in 1931 from the *Brooklyn Eagle* over the signature of one John J. O'Neill. That Edison caught sight of what the stepped-up state of consciousness was, constitutes a common enough experience in parapsychology, the great Flammarion writing of several hundred attested cases in his book *Phantasms of the Living*. Psychologists in general are content to describe the phenomenon to mental aberrations of the dying which does not alter the fact that psychical researchers have long cause for accepting otherwise.

It does no harm, on this particular anniversary of the great inventor's birth, to revive the story for the benefit of those who did not read it at the time of his Passing, with all due acknowledgment to Mr. O'Neill and the *Eagle* . .

## WHAT John J. O'Neill Wrote in Brooklyn Eagle at Time of Great Inventor's Passing . .

"IT IS beautiful over there!" These words were whispered by Thomas A. Edison to his physician when he returned to consciousness after coming out of what appeared to be a coma during the last week of illness.

It is regrettable that Edison's condition was not such that a more detailed report could have been secured from him of the experience which caused him to make this remark.

The remark itself, however, indicates the nature of the experience. He experi-

enced what is known to psychical researchers as an Astral Flight. A great many people have had such experiences as a preview of heaven.

The experiences occur much more frequently than generally supposed. People who have had them for some strange reason are afraid to relate them, fearful that they will not be believed or, if believed, that their friends will think them abnormal, queer or even insane.

Such experiences are usually of a very intimate nature and what occurs during these experiences is usually of such a startling nature that words are found hopelessly inadequate for describing the strange adventure.

As a rule they are pleasant and belong to another world. So brilliant is the new world which these people glimpse and so astounding the conditions that they are unable to describe the place, or its condition as other than heaven.

THE PERSON who goes on an astral flight "leaves the body." That is the invariable description of the start of the experience. For convenience of description the usual term will be used. It is the "mind-spirit" that leaves the body.

Several people have described their experiences in astral flights to me, but in every case in strictest confidence, so while I can describe the events I am unable to give names. In every case they are business or professional men and women and not one is in any way queer.



The spirit leaves the body and floats upward in a horizontal position for several feet and then takes the vertical position. It then floats away "following a star," or, more specifically, a rather close small blue ball of light.

A web, apparently of the same material of which the "spirit" is composed, joins it to the body when the flight starts. This web grows smaller in diameter and becomes a cable or ribbon as the "spirit" increases its distance from the body, finally becoming so fine a thread that it is imperceptible and all connection between the body and the "spirit" seems to have vanished.

All consciousness goes with the "spirit." The body remains inert but carries on all the normal functions of the body as are required for the sleeping state.

After the "spirit" is out of the body for an undetermined time, or travels an undetermined distance, the "star" or ball of light gives way to a great panorama of "the other world."

"People" are seen. Some of them recognized. All are friendly, helpful, companionable. Communication is had with them, but the spoken word is not used. None can describe just how they communicated with those whom they saw.

QUITE frequently the "people" are described as of human form from the head down to the middle of the body  
(Continued on Page 10)



# “The People I Work for:”

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

## CALIFORNIA . .

“UPON receipt of each Soulcraft book I have thought, ‘here is the greatest’, but the next one would seem more deserving of that impellation. But for pure spiritual enlightenment, the last one, *Beyond Grandeur*, is by far the greatest. One must read it and study it over and over in order that finite mind grasp its stupendous revelations. I have been through it the second time and had the feeling of walking hand in hand with you, Chief, through the Majestic Corridors of Divine Consciousness, looking at creation in its very source. For the first time I felt I stood face to face with my Creator and was looking at a magnification of myself . . .”

## VIRGINIA . .

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

## OREGON . .

“PLEASE consider this a substitute order for the book, *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, instead of *Star Guests* . . Yes, Mr. Pelley, I read your transforming article in *The American* 26 years ago with electrifying results. It came at a time when it was much needed. The comfort you have supplied cannot be estimated. God bless you! . . .”

## WASHINGTON . .

“MY 47-year-old son passed away New Year’s Day and what a comfort Soulcraft knowledge is to me. How I wish everyone could understand what Death is. Thank God his wife understands. He was a wonderful son and is greatly missed, but it is so comforting to be informed where he is. God bless the Recorder and his helpers in getting this helpful knowledge and comfort to the ones who are looking for the truth . . .”

## PENNSYLVANIA—

“THE BOOKS you sent me were gratefully received. I must say you are one white man to be so thoughtful as to give me a copy of *Know Your Karma* as a gift and to allow me to pay for the other two as I can. You have been always fair to me and through you I have been able to keep faith in my fellowman. God speed the day when we have many more like you at the head of our national affairs. I am nearly fully recovered from my past illness and coming out on a firmer foundation of spiritual insight on myself and life in general . . . which should make my next life-span on earth a bit smoother and pleasanter. Thanks to you for all of this and God bless and keep you ever in His service . . .”

## NEW YORK—

“IT TOUCHED me deeply when on December 6th notice arrived that the *Golden Scripts* were coming to me as a gift. Saturday’s great pleasure was finding them in the mail-box. Returning to the house I held it close as something very precious. A warmth and peace filled my being . . . Heartfelt thanks for the book and your inspiring recording. Somehow the Soulscripts make the Elder Brother seem so much closer and that He is more personally interesting than in the Biblical texts. Thanks also to the friend behind the giving. Rest assured the book will be treated with utmost love and reverence and will be diligently studied along with my other Soulscript books . . .”

## CALIFORNIA—

“THANK you for the autographed copy of *Getting Born*. Insofar as I have gotten into it, I cannot leave it alone. *Getting Born* is a wonderful book and believe me, I’m mighty proud to add it to all the other books written by our beloved Chief, for as I tell everyone, Soulcraft teachings have given me a spir-

itual, mental and physical education worthy of a hundred incarnations into the earthlife. And I believe the day will arrive when Soulcraft shall be the college of the earth-world’s people, don’t you? Thank you, and God bless you always.”

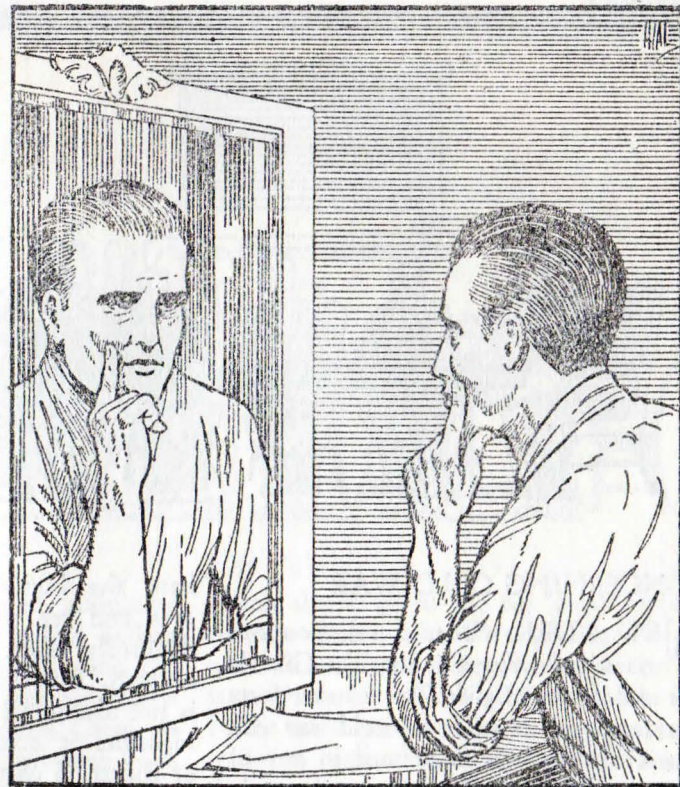
## MICHIGAN—

“THANK you for your very kind offer of allowing me to pay for *Behold Life* as I can. I think the book is a very great one. I have devoured it literally. If the preachers would preach that philosophy I believe our churches would have an injection of new life. On the other hand, I wonder how many would hold their hands up in holy horror. And I’m wondering now why that type of person ever bothers to go to church? This book contains the most helpful, constructive, life-giving material that I can ever hope to read. No, I must say that the other books are equally nourishing as to the spirit . . . Sometime I shall purchase another copy for my son. I doubt if he is ready yet. Again I thank you for your kindness and courtesy. My good wishes for the spread of these thoughts . . . I am cutting out pages from *Bright Horizons* to send to my son and his wife in Philadelphia. If I can feed him small doses of this wonderful doctrine—if it can be called that—I believe I can get enough of it across to send him *Behold Life* later. I introduced him long ago to the idea of Reincarnation and that life here is just a school of experience. I have preached it—although I’m not a preacher but a teacher—to anyone who would listen to me. Also to such pupils as I’ve had. But I’m so happy to read it from Soulcraft books. *Mr. Pelley is a spiritual giant!* Thanks again. Very very sincerely . . .”

## ILLINOIS—

“YOU ask if we have access to a tape recorder. It so happens that we do. You mentioned that you might send us along some recordings of Mary  
(Continued on Page 10)

# Can You Grasp the Difference Between Mind and Brain?



**T**HE AVERAGE person accepts that he possesses a soul, for two reasons: first, Religion has made a great pother about it ever since he has been able to remember; second, there is a self-recognizing Something inside the physical encasement that is supposed to have an identity apart from it and which he expects will quit that physical encasement and reside elsewhere after the experience known as Death. He acknowledges the separateness of the soul from the vehicle of flesh every time that he refers to "my body" in the course of its daily care or preservation, or cries "Bless my soul!" in the most common conversation. Subconsciously he is talking about two different things.

The average person, however, while acknowledging that mortality is more or less the performance of his soul within the overcoat of his body, rarely entertains the thought that the said soul may have separate and distinct attributes and functions with which his body is not at all concerned, just as his body may have attributes and functions with which his soul is not concerned.

To put it in still more positive fashion, the average person supposes that the only attribute or function of his soul is to occupy and direct the hourly and momentary performances of his body, and when that has been done, or is being done, that is the end and aim of its abilities.

We commonly put it that the average person "lives physically" or materially and beyond that type of living, is not especially concerned.

There is another type of person, on the contrary, who does not pay so much attention to body-occupancy as the major concernment of mortal life. We label such a person "spiritual." But we are making unfair designations of both—or

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

rather, incorrect identification of both.

The material-minded person is truly the person who is content to take whatever short-profit out of life he can wring from it at any given moment. The spiritual-minded person is the one who is the more interested in taking the long-increment from the mortal experience—the things that he can "carry away with him" when the earthly tenure has come to its close.

**T**HE average person who "lives physically" is doing something other than merely taking short and immediate profit out of existence. In fact, millions may "live physically" and take almost no prof-

its from existence at all. He is actually "living ignorantly," or functioning year after year with almost no suspicion that his enoused soul can do many things besides activate his body. He lives physically because it fails to dawn upon him that he can possibly live otherwise.

He thinks the purpose of his soul is to make his body stay alive and that when his body fails to stay alive, his soul has come to the end of its career.

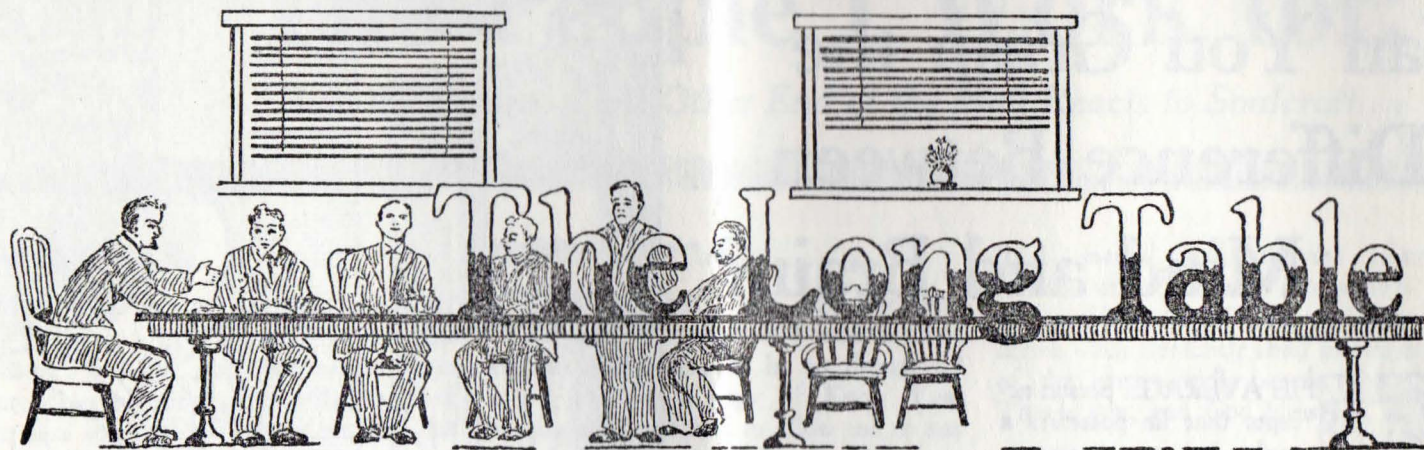
People who claim that "death ends everything" fall in this class. They say that death ends everything because they are more or less unwilling to do a little exploring whether they be right or wrong.

When they do start such exploring or experimenting and discover they have been wrong, and change their ideas, we say they start living spiritually. Actually, they do nothing of the sort. When we come down to hard cases, there is no such thing as "living spiritually" any more than there is such a thing as living physically, *per se*.

Even while living physically, our enoused souls are living spiritually. And they continue living spiritually whether they be encased in a bodily vehicle or not.

**H**OWEVER, we do not require to split hairs in the matter of words to arrive at this proposition—

*(Continued on Page 11)*



### CONCERNING COLD WAR

**N**EW YORK: "May I ask you one question? Why is it that the Guardians of Life on Higher Planes never seem to refer to our crises in the cold war with Russia? It never is mentioned in any of their communications, or our great problem with Communism. Thanking you in advance for your answer . . ."

*Comment:* The question has been discussed again and again by our Higher Mentors but you must never have connected with the specific work. Russia has fallen under the suzerainty of the cohorts of anti-Christ, who regard our beloved Elder Brother as "The Great Malefactor." So have many of the adjoining nations of Europe. Their underlying idea is to destroy the Christ and all His works. Great phalanxes of righteous and constructive spirits on both sides of the Veil are enrolled in this Armageddon battle. So complete have the Satanists made their control of earthly agencies that to stand out and openly fulminate against them lands you in prison for Sedition. And the hoodwinked and deceived public applaud. The *Golden Scripts* in particular refer again and again to the Man of Evil, who as the enemy of the Christ "felleth himself." Actually there are no crises in this cold war with Russia, China, Czechoslovakia, excepting those created for propaganda purposes, that the Iron Curtain countries may obtain by intrigue what they cannot by force of arms. What we as enlightened citizens of today should recognize is that Communism is only a means to an end, or an excuse for the annihilation of Christianity as a religious and spiritual faith. Eventually the Christian peoples of the world are going to

have the blinders stripped from their eyes and see this clearly. That is undoubtedly when the real trouble is due to start. But being a spiritual battle, it is not always labeled so that the layman identifies it accurately. Such deception, of course, is part of the offensive. When the real Red Fifth Column in America is identified, that is going to be the first real crisis that the cohorts of anti-Christ face. Prophecy declares they are going to be driven from the country. We shall see.

### SEGREGATION PAY-OFF

**I**LLINOIS: "I think this anti-segregation thing is disgraceful and it bothered me no end, but I took comfort in your words that it simply wouldn't work. And when I get so angry looking at the way the "little men" control everything I know you too are right and it *won't* work, because they don't take into consideration the laws of the universe. Then I feel better about it all. But it has made my blood boil plenty from the first, although your assurances make the solution all the better."

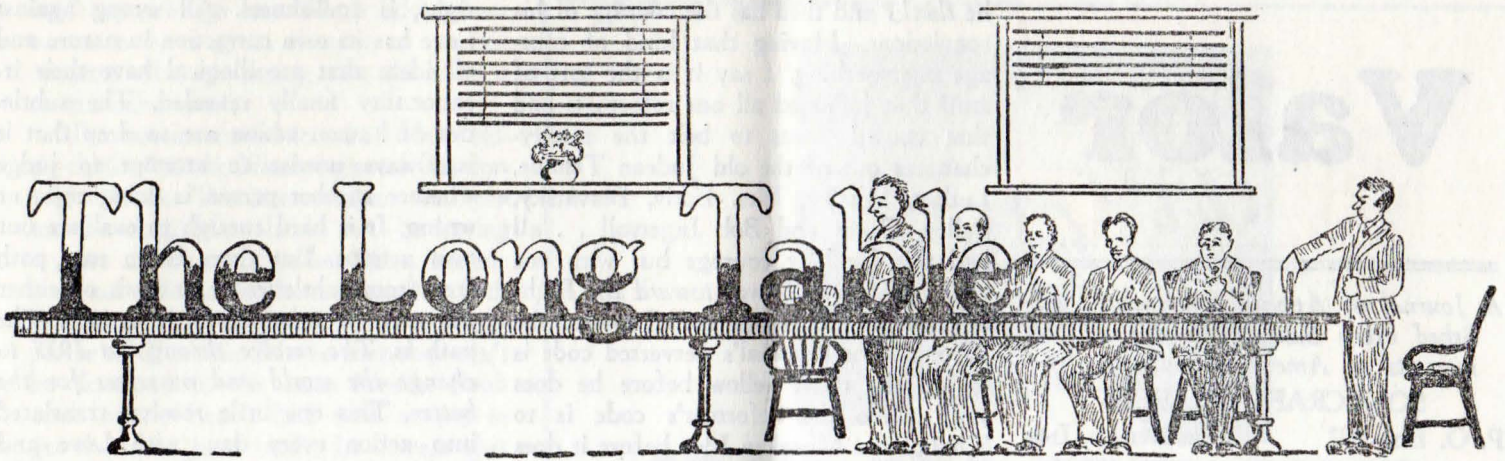
*Comment:* The irony of Segregation—or rather, anti-Segregation—is due to be that the very people agitating it at present for political purposes are going to be among the first to feel its annoyances and aggravations. Already this has started in many places. The very elements that agitated for anti-Segregation the loudest, suddenly discover Negroes demanding to move into their established and cherished neighborhoods, and they are chewing their knuckles in rage at what they manipulated, bethinking to get colored votes on their side. The real poison in the sit-

uation lies in the motives prompting it. In the North, when a respectable colored family buys property, keeps it up, lives respectably, adds to the economic prosperity of the community, and indulges in no particular mannerisms distinctively of race, there is no segregation problem. So long as the situation remains individualistic, there are rarely repercussions. But plant an offensive negroid colony in high-caste white residential districts and the tone of community deportment lowers. Today it is being done to bestir racial animosities that they may be capitalized upon for Red objectives. VALOR holds that it is altogether a temporary situation. When negroid ethics and Red ethics run similar, the regeneration is the usual against-Nature strategy. The law of Nature is due to take over. Just give it time . . .

### FOOL QUESTION

**W**ISCONSIN: "I have been reading VALOR and the other Soulcraft publications ever since they began. But I take a good look around this old world and want to have explained to me why, with all the wisdom that appears to be available on other subjects from the higher world, we're obliged to go blundering and stumbling along, repeating decade after decade on all our old mistakes, and seemingly getting nowhere. Why don't the higher Mentors tell us in so many words how to get *out* of this awful slough we're continually wading through? It's the only thing that throws an element of doubt—in my mind—as to their reality."

*Comment:* Why blame the Mentors? Well enough they know what would halt all the diableries of earth at present. But



apparently they realize as well that they are not in command of earthly purse-strings. Whenever you want to do something of tangible accomplishment on earth, you must first get it financed. And somehow spiritual people, so-called, entertain a complex about that. It's quite all right for the malicious and the ambitious to get together and see that their activities are adequately underwritten, but for the spiritually-minded to do it is anathema. There's not a lick of reason why Christian humanity needs to proceed through the miasma of intrigue and uncertainty that now afflicts it, if it could be as adequately sponsored as the cohorts of evil. Given the access to resource, Soulcraft knows that the suicide trend of this nation's tendencies, at present, could be halted in a month. But Christians have yet to learn the law of Resource Cooperation—that's probably the reason for their sufferings, to teach it to them ultimately. The cohorts of intrigue and evil in this world make up a ten million dollar fund to achieve a certain design, and stacked up against it is a paltry contribution of \$97.81 made by earnest and tearful-eyed enthusiasts who've clipped it from their luncheon moneys. So the cohorts of evil make their progress. What folly to blame the "Mentors" for such purely human avarice? Soulcraft today, adequately backed, could set forces in motion that would alter the course of human history right now, by idealisms unleashed on the body politic. But the God of Circumstance says, "No! . . . You must pay the awards of penury and Small Thinkings. The hard dollar in the hand must be conserved. To give it into an exchequer to fight the common enemy would only mean

financing the prominence of ambitious Personalities. So the ten million dollars of the enemy forces get results. And the \$97.81 of the dissenters disappears down the drain of innocuous expenses. Okay, so be it. That's the way the Christians want it, so let it happen. They're by no means willing to finance their own salvations, so by what right do they assume salvations are their due? This mess must go right along until the forces of righteousness come to their senses. Maybe that's why the whole program is being permitted—to fetch them to their senses. Who can say. . .

#### ENERGETIC WORKOUT

UTAH: "Think you are too big to be really hurt by petty criticism, but I do suspect you will go on defending your straight-from-the-shoulder, man-the-street language, 'small town insurance agent, Fuller Brushman' epithets, just as you defended the fact that jokes on the last page of VALOR were in the interests of humor in general. We all have 'blind spots' and there is no use of my pretending that you yourself do not have them. Somerset Maugham has recently declared that he would much prefer to be shut off on a desert island with a veterinary surgeon than with a Prime Minister. If I'm the philosopher I think I am, I shall not take Maugham too seriously for he says, 'The great man is too often all of a piece; it is the little man that is a bundle of contradictory elements . . . This is not a subtle attempt to say that you are not a truly great man; it is an attempt to warn that there is an inornate amount of *Pelley the Man* in VALOR. I'm not surprised in being told that the Saucer

People should go to you for 'inside dope' on just what is behind the present world mess. There is no mess, anyway, if there is a divine plan . . . Try to be more of Pelley the Recorder—who is, I believe, inspired to come up with that piece of wisdom, and you, Mr. Pelley, will not resent it when you give up quantity as a criterion of excellence . . . VALOR, while not the price of an issue of BRIGHT HORIZONS, is a place for as much pure gold (Pelley the Recorder) as possible . . . I believe fully that Mrs. Eddy has materialized at Mrs. Candler's seances. I've had enough experiences of a personal nature to make me into the kind of an individual who would rather believe too much than too little. However, I don't think future reports of what Mrs. Eddy says will enhance the profound truth of *Beyond Grandeur*. I feel you are addressing yourself too much to the Christian Scientists of this particular moment in time. There is no *rush!* Let the 'blind spot' Christian Science mentalities reincarnate a few times and they will soon enough perhaps read Pelley the Recorder. There are always people who love and glorify *method*. The Christian Scientists are so full of the idea that Norman Vincent Peale is merely copying Mrs. Eddy's ideas that they put in their fantastic glassy eye and chant, 'Rah! Rah! for Alma Mater—our Mrs. Eddy discovered it all first!' You are terribly naive if you think that you are going to enlighten any Christian Scientist, truly destined this time for the limitations of Christian Science. If you do, you are denying the overall premise of Karma and its inexorability despite notions of free will to the contrary. . . If

(Continued on Page 10)

# Valor

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## Logic and Loyalty

**F**ROM Florida comes a communication deserving more than a private mimeograph audience, although the main analogy it makes is dubious. W. H. Perrins, not unknown to Soulcraft cohorts, is the author. Mr. Perrins, by the way, lost his beloved wife this past month, but sustained by the Soulcraft philosophy he is carrying on without his grief being inconsolable. This is what Perrins writes, offering food for much thought for the spiritual intelligentsia—

"Criminals have a *logic* of their own, by which they convince themselves that their actions are justified—but it is a perverted logic. Logic then, can be wrong or it can be right, according to the quality or amount of wisdom a person possesses. But right or wrong, a course of action without the guidance of some sort of logic is bordering on the animal or the unbalanced. The outstanding mark of a human being is, that he is able to *think*, and right thinking or wrong thinking is still *thinking* and a mark of the divine kinship he has within his soul.

"It seems to me that criminals are, in a sense, smarter than other people, brainier and more courageous. Why, I would no more have the courage, the spirit, or the originality to defy God, or the law, or thumb my nose at ideals of proven goodness, than our cat would. The criminal then, is 'good' in these respects: that

he *thinks* and then has the courage of his convictions. Having that kind of courage is something. I say it is the sort of stuff that inflamed all our reformers and that caused Jesus to belt the money-changers out of the old Judean Temple. Luther, Wesley, Mrs. Eddy, Blavatsky, Pelley, Cayce and Bob Ingersoll . . . all had this kind of courage but with one vital difference: It was *toward* the Right in principle and not perverted toward the Wrong. The criminal's perverted code is to 'do the other fellow before he does you', while the reformer's code is to 'Change the Mistaken Idea before it does more and more harm to society at large.'

"In other words, the criminal's code is basically *hate*, while the reformer's code is *love*, . . . at least it usually starts out that way before becoming entangled in intolerance and cruelty such as was displayed by the Spanish Inquisition. But it gives us a cue as to what our key words—or ideas—for success in life must unerringly be: '*Love, Logic, and Loyalty.*'

"**H**OWEVER, I have come to the conclusion so far: that any sort of thinking is better than having no capacity to think at all. And I might as well add this too: that criminals are not the only ones who have the habit of *wrong* thinking, for, to a certain extent, it permeates the entire human mind because of our limited knowledge, experience and



education. We are all liable to have wrong or mistaken ideas *but* we may be sure of this: so long as we are Love-inspired and are cultivating Logic or right thinking, we can't go far wrong permanently. In fact, paradoxical as it may appear, whatever we are doing, right or wrong or in whatsoever way our ideas may be mistaken, if we are Love-inspired we are in a sense Right, *simply because we are learning.*

"The conclusion that everyone who seems to be doing wrong should be despised by those who seem to be doing

right, is foolishness. All wrong against Love has its own correction in nature and all ideas that are illogical have their irrationality finally revealed. The subtleties of human action are so deep that it is always unwise to attempt to judge whether another person is doing right or wrong. It is hard enough to evaluate our own actions. But there is an easy path free from subtleties or analysis of either our own or other people's actions. The path is, *The resolve throughout 1955 to change the world and ourselves for the better.* This one little resolve, translated into action every day, with Love and Logic as motivations, will put us securely in the right groove for progress and happiness.

"Love can be expressed first by petting the cat or scratching the dog, but not killing anything just for fun. It can be expressed in a kinder tone of voice and a thoughtfulness around the house, then, if you go outside the home, nearly every friend and neighbor has a problem you can help with, if only with sympathy or ideas. Without pressing this too far and attempting to live people's lives for them, they will feel a benign influence from you and gradually respond to it. Everyone, in the last analysis, has to make his own decisions and live his own life. But there is nothing against *your* love pervading the life of another—like the perfume of a rose . . ."

All of which is top-prime esoterics. The only trouble with it is, that logic or courage may not be so potent a factor in trying to divert people from error, as prenatal commission.

Some of us are *dispatched* into life to do a definite job in rejuvenating men's thinkings. To take personal credit for any such commission is sailing under false colors.

## Preferences



**A**PARENTLY the Christian Science Church need run no temperatures about the announced liaison of Mary Baker Eddy with the Recorder of the Soulcraft illuminations. Since the appearances of the dear lady at Soulcraft Headquarters, letters have been coming in from all parts of the United States to a strange effect. Instead of the Recorder "borrow-



ing" any prestige from Mary Eddy, there seems to be a great element of esoteric students who are saying that the shoe is on the other foot.

"I'm not interested in what Mary Eddy thinks," is the blanket gist of this correspondence. "I'm interested in what you are thinking. Mary Eddy may be having a great church carry on her ideas, but my personal opinion is—having studied both doctrines—that Soulcraft is so far superior to Christian Science that they can't be discussed in the same breath. Soulcraft simply hasn't had time as yet to get the same sand under its drivers that the Christian Science Church has done since 1910." One woman wrote, "Perhaps after you're forty years dead, you may find Soulcraft sweeping two or three continents instead of a little group of sealed minds in and around Boston."

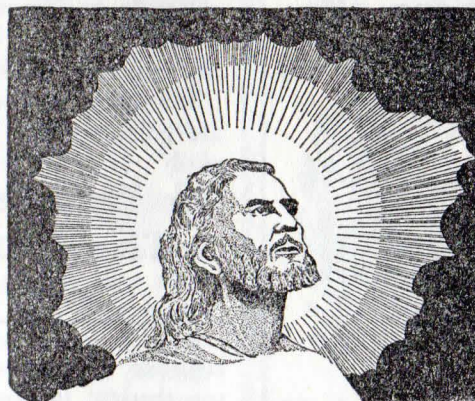
This reaction comes as a revelation.

There seems to be a great host of quite intelligent people who don't endorse Christian Science and by no means subscribe to Mary's feminine divinity. The current wealth of her Church is no criterion of the accuracy of its celestial perceptions.

Soulcraft's attitude is largely one of dispassion. The Recorder has had cause to cultivate a deep and appreciative camaraderie for Mary Eddy. She is a far greater character than even the outstanding lights of her own denomination grasp. She imparts the knowledge to the Recorder of Soulcraft by word of mouth that Chapter IV of *Science & Health* does not, and never did, express her personal and private views. She declares that the policy of "anti-Spiritualism" or at least anti-communication from the higher worlds, was determined upon by her church executives. Having personal and vocal liaison with the Lady, Soulcraft can pursue its own way independent of official positions of Mother Church directors. They are proceeding upon a blind assumption whereas Soulcraft is not.

There need arise no animus between the two, because if there should, the Christian Scientists as an official body are bound to get the worst of it. Their leader's sympathies are with Soulcraft. What an odd situation.

Mary obviously wishes her millions of communicants to know that personality survives physical demise. She never emphasized this fact in life. Now she would



## SEAT FOR THE KING



WHAT global parley on earth today  
Can hold its sessions or hope to stay  
Unless there's placed at the table's head  
A chair for the One who raised the dead . . . ?

The presence literal of this chair  
Decreed by the men who gather there  
Would dispel all friction, calm distress,  
And open all lands to helpfulness.

Good men have sought, down the ages past,  
To build true Peace and a State to last,  
So conclaves gather and men still meet  
Without at their head the Mercy Seat.

All men meeting thus, should at once resign  
The will of man to the Will Divine,  
"Thy Word be done" is Our Lord's great prayer,  
Yet the knaves but smirk who assemble there.

We may not behold Him with our eyes—  
These eyes of earth which discern but lies—  
But He will be present, nonetheless,  
To heal, to build, and with love to bless.

So tell all men who in bodies meet  
To put at their head this Mercy Seat,  
No matter when, and for far less where,  
That He may sit and direct that Chair.

My thought holds truth, it's no idle dream,  
For what councils of state are all they seem?  
In Love He can sit and judge men's claims  
And absolve the nations from wrongful blames.

For men held down to their thoughts of earth  
Can grasp small lore of the Spirit's birth,  
But when they look with celestial eyes  
Behold that chair Jesus occupies!

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do it belatedly. But her successors would obviously seal the minds of communicants to this truth. And that throws them into the ranks of Soulcrafters.

Interesting prospect. Tens of thousands are going to view the denouement with relish . .

## The Long Table

(Continued from Page 7)

someone in your office puts this in the wastebasket, it's probably Karma, but I *am* trying to be helpful although I feel that my advice lacks the backing of a twenty to thirty thousand dollar a year income. Very disrespectful piece of 'subtlety'. It either hits you or it doesn't? Isn't this business of trying to separate the Gold from the Dross, that we all amaze ourselves with, Karma too? . . "

*Comment:* You're so right, Utah, that I hate to go all over it again. But what are you going to do when you have several thousand customers who want to buy You as You Are, and not the Hypothetical Recorder? Give 'em sarsaparilla when they want chocolate sundaes? Matter of fact, people buy reading matter to learn something. As for the Christian Scientists, you'd be surprised at the reaction. It's not what you assume it to be at all. Try answering this Soulcraft mail for a month. At the end of the thirty days you just get the general idea that you're really succeeding at helping people get to heaven. Okay, I'll coast on that realization. As for Somerset Maugham and the Prime Minister, he'd doubtless bore the Prime Minister where he wouldn't the veterinary. And get the reaction quickly enough. All I'm trying to do is not bore either one. At least, that's one thing I've not been accused of doing, but you never can tell. Give me time . . As for there being no mess in this world, may be there isn't in Utah, but try Indiana. No hard feelings Utah, . . you say so much that thousands feel but perhaps don't *write*.



## People I Work For

(Continued from Page 4)

Baker Eddy's voice. Actually, I would rather hear some of yours. Although I have a lot of respect for her and send the children to the Christian Science Church—more to escape the doctors as well as to provide the best foundation for them—I don't feel toward her as most of her followers do. I believe every word you write about materializations and I have told my friends that if I ever lost faith in you then I just wouldn't believe in anything. I always thought it was odd that we had to go way into the past to find Truth and Great People. Surely there must be *some* among the living. Then we found you . . "

## Edison's Death Bed

(Continued from Page 3)

and there the body seems to taper off into nothingness. The upper part of the body while not clothed is covered with a brilliance that gives form and makes clothes superfluous.

Architectural forms of great beauty and of grand dimensions are described, but the material of construction remains unidentified. One man brought back the statement that in this "other world" in order to have anything desired it is only necessary to create it in thought and it comes into existence.

Soon the panorama recedes and the "spirit" comes back toward the body. In coming back it sees its own body and becomes conscious of the ribbon and the expanding web of spirit-stuff that again links the two entities.

There is usually wonder as to how the spirit can get back into the body; sometimes a lack of desire to return to the body occurs or perhaps a fear that return to the body will not be possible.

The "spirit," however, takes the horizontal position as the body is approached, places itself in juxtaposition with the body and soon there is consciousness of again occupying the body.

The body now snaps into full wakefulness and usually becomes quite excited over what has taken place, responding with all the physiological reactions that

(Continued on Page 15)

## Mind and Brain

(Continued from Page 5)

Each and every person's soul is his "unit of decided consciousness," that has been aware of its identity since it emerged from the great ocean of Universal Consciousness, aeons back in earthly time, but the experiences it undergoes in each bodily occupancy increase or sharpen the degree of the self-awareness and the cleverness of the decisions which it makes life upon life and century after century, till it reaches a condition of self-awareness and cleverness where nothing it could encounter in further earth-life would profit it.

We are taught, of course, that when that degree of wisdom is attained, the said soul graduates along into higher octaves of thinking and behaving, above the educating dictates of three-dimensional Matter. What we are concerned with at the moment are the attributes and functions of the Soul characteristic of itself and in nowise depending upon the body for recognition.

The first of these is the ability both to recognize and reason without the possession of a physical brain to do the business. Naturally, such a proposal stacks up as fantastic to the man or woman who has become all mixed up by the tenets of orthodoxy and esoteric ignorance. Think without a brain? The idea is absurd.

And yet exactly that is the colossal discovery—and almost the first discovery—that the average person gasps at, when he agrees to abandon his living physically, or thinking that his soul has no abilities beyond running his body, and begins to probe into mysteries of life above the strictly mortal.

The soul is the thing that does the thinking, and for purposes of understanding this fact we can go a step further and almost put it that its "spiritual brain" is Mind.

Mind is perpetual, everlasting, and undamageable. The brain is the physical equipment in the head which Mind employs while the soul is encased in the body, to make that body perform as the enshrouded spirit dictates, or that conversely receives the body's impressions via the physical nerve system and transmits them to Mind, thus sharpening—life upon life—the thing called Intelligence.

This is another way of saying Mind extracted from Brain knows or receives no sensations, and physically speaking that is true. Not physical sensation, certainly. Sensations after vacating the body are always and forever mental. Because of this, specious metaphysicians too often declare that after quitting the body, the soul exists "in a world of Thought." It does and it doesn't. The more accurate way of putting it would be, that after vacating the body the soul lives in an octave where the strictly physical sensations, or reactions from physical stimuli, have ceased to be of moment. There is a world of difference.

**T**HE FACT that Mind exists and functions apart from Brain at times, but only employs Brain to transmit or receive physical sensations, is responsible for the great array of phenomena that we give such names as Trance, Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Bi-location, Psychometry and Thought-form Projection. Brain has nothing to do with these. They are Soul-Mind productions.

So the soul-mind faculties can function independent of the physical brain, but on the other hand brain of itself cannot function without motivation and direction by Soul-Mind. If it could, we should have the brain thinking, acting or motivating of itself, and there could not be any such thing as death so long as the physical brain remained in existence.

Everybody knows that the physical brain of a dead person is still in existence as the corpse lies in its casket. Yet it has absolutely ceased to function. It has ceased to function because Soul-Mind has withdrawn its direction and has started to operate elsewhere in an arena not physical.

The strange part of it is, that we do discover Soul-Mind operating elsewhere upon occasion without its having permanently divorced itself from physical brain. The body "stays alive" in other words while Soul-Mind temporarily employs itself at nonphysical pursuits.

The materialist denies all this, of course, and says that without the brain, Mind cannot function. He offers to prove this by operating freakishly on the brain itself and exhibiting Mind's freakish performance in consequence. He thinks thereby that he is proving the brain's control of Mind.



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# Cogitations

*Pella*

**M**ELFORD came out with some good critical comment the other night, after he'd finished linotyping that first article I had in last week's VALOR, *Why Not Americanism of Forty Years Ago?* You remember that I spread myself on the thought of the Old Timers of the nation getting so worked up over the hijinks that a younger set of so-called liberals were playing with the Republic that they started throwing themselves around for a change, instead of hugging warm chimney-corners and merely griping. "Granting it's a type of America that I never knew," said Melford, "how are you going to bring it back when it's vanished and ceased to exist? Take the industrial situation, for instance. You say men once raised families on \$15 to \$18 a week . . . because prices were correspondingly down on all the items entering into living standards. But on the face of it those were the days when the nation wasn't so over-populated that a man couldn't get some kind of a job to support his dependents. You mentioned Springfield having 60,000 population when you first knew it, and being a model town in consequence. Now with 162,000 people it's falling apart at the seams. Where did the 102,000 overplus come from? Certainly it wasn't natural human increase. The census shows that something like 16 millions have come here from Europe since the close of World War I, and all had a shake at the jobs available in order to live in turn. Granting such jobs could be found, what about this condition of unrestrained invention that's come in, and the fabrication of machines that do the work of a

hundred men just by one girl throwing a switch? I saw a piece in the paper the other morning that one auto firm in Detroit had found a way to make engine blocks automatically, one machine poured the steel by a new process and by the time the block came off the belt-line it was ready to be fitted into the car. The auto firm had turned off something like eight thousand toolmakers in consequence. Supposing each one had three dependents, that's 24,000 people just in Detroit without means of livelihood. I say it's the equivalent of twenty-four thousand people being admitted through Ellis Island to become more economic burden on us. Your Old-Time America didn't face any such wholesale condition as that. Nor did it face a national defense problem of perfecting atom bomb equipment running into billions, just to stay alive and not be bombed out of our beds by some foreign power. Unrestrained production,



plus the diabolical inventing we're forced to keep up in order to assure our very national existence, has produced an America with which patriotic sentiment has little to do. My generation wants to know how to keep on living and eating. We're just as patriotic as your generation but the conditions we're forced to

cope with, compel us to live to different standards . . ."

o—o

**W**ELL, no denying that the lad had something. I remembered a time back in 1931 when 30,000 New York phone-girls were summarily dismissed after the invention and installation of the dial system for calling numbers. Presumably every one of them faced the alternative of checking out, paying subway fare up to George Washington Bridge and leaping off into the oblivion-waters of the Hudson. The chief reason they didn't do it was because the George Washington Bridge hadn't then been built. The trouble with Melford was, he took for granted that my never having experienced anything—back over my 65 years in competitive industry—resembling today's spree of science and invention, put Old Timers like myself totally at a loss to provide answers for what he faced as a young benedict in the present. I say, the real merit with some of us Old Timers is the fact that our long practical experience has taught us to distinguish between true economics and propaganda with an axe to grind behind it. Surely the Republic has almost doubled in population up the last half-century. But we Old Timers know that such doubling of population has likewise doubled human consumption of every kind of goods. Our wants and demands have doubled. But instead of legitimately using our resources and ingenuities to supply those wants and demands, we've flown off at crazy tangents to use the confusions in such increase to dissipate those resources in fields that have no bearing whatsoever on Americanism. \$100,000,000 for locomotives for India, for instance. People

envious of America and wanting to grasp control of its stupendous productive power, have introduced alien *isms* that have led us down disastrously expensive bypaths. Then when the nation runs out of money, the Detroit belt-line that lays 8,000 toolmakers out of work is dragged up as the cause for our financial distempers. Or the headache caused by letting sixteen millions of Displaced Persons come pell-mell into our industrial scene—where they have no business to be and where Theodore Roosevelt wouldn't countenance them for two minutes—is compared to inventions that economize the phone service by payrolls for 30,000 hello-girls. We do love to screech about one evil and then alibi it by introducing another . . . that has no more direct bearing on the first than ice cream has a bearing on the price of rubber boots in the Argentine. I still say this is a challenge to men and women who came up through the era of 15¢ restaurant meals and \$750 horseless carriages . . .

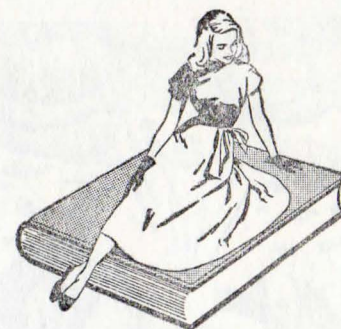
o—o

I HAD an interesting discussion with the manager of a motorcar sales agency the other noontime. He brought in a bill for \$30 repairs to the Soulcraft truck. In my day, our own plant mechanic could have pulled the offending truck apart and mended it for \$3.60. But not today. The very mechanism of the modern auto, truck or passenger car, has become so complicated that nobody can adjust a defect but a high-priced mechanic. I asked him why? Frankly he confessed, "We don't want the car-owner monkeying with his own machine. Look at the money lost through it by our Maintenance Departments." I said, "I see. You make cars complicated so that you'll swell your own revenues?" He looked surprised and exclaimed, "But what's wrong with that?" I expressed an opinion that the thing wrong with it was making the upkeep of a car too high for the ordinary man to maintain one. "But he's got to have one," the agent argued, "or he can't get about in today's age of motor transportation." I said, "Quite right. So he goes deeper and deeper into debt. Which means he's got to strike to get higher wages to live. Which tilts the cost of living all around. Why don't you automobile chaps be smart and put out at least one car that can be bought—overall—for around \$1,000. Don't you realize

you'd sell four to five million out of hand?" . . . "Sure," he agreed, "and absolutely slaughter the market for our high-priced buggies." . . . I said, "But what kind of a market is it when the high-priced buggy runs to more than the average wage-earner can afford?" The man had the effrontery to sit before me and declare, "If he hasn't got the money to cover his needs, let him strike and shake down his employer for it. All the employer has to do is pass along the increase of his labor to the cost of his goods. It's as simple as that."

o—o

IT'S that sort of cockeyed "reasoning"—if you want to call it such—that the hard-headed Old Timer could tear to shreds and throw out the window. The hard-headed Old Timer recognizes that the mass public can only buy what it has the money to buy. And it gets its money from wages paid for labor. The sum-total of the buying power of this nation is the sum-total of what its wage-earners and salaried employes receive for their labors every Friday night. When there's a deficiency that has to be made up by some sort of State or Federal "relief", that's just passing the buck to the Federal debt, which is a mortgage on the earnings of our grandchildren. Surely we can go along indefinitely enlarging that mortgage, but what is it settling? We could have done the same thing forty years ago. Only we didn't because we were too canny. The current generation doesn't know the meaning of the word "canny" . . . Money to make up deficiencies can always be secured from the federal government, so why worry? Remind such a nitwit that the federal government is only the people at large and the day of reckoning is ahead, and he'll tell you, "I should worry, I won't be around to see it." And he spins himself off into dizzier and dizzier heights of effervescent irresponsibility and calls it "financing" . . . These are the things that sober Old-Timer's sense would restrain . . . But so long as there's a lot of Commie propaganda spraved around, that such hard-headed Yankee sense is "horse-and-buggy thinking" the country plunges closer and closer to the chasm of catastrophic prostration. The Old Timer of forty years ago paid serious attention to the law of Supply and Demand. The Wreck-America-at-Any-Price crowd encourages the wastral to be-



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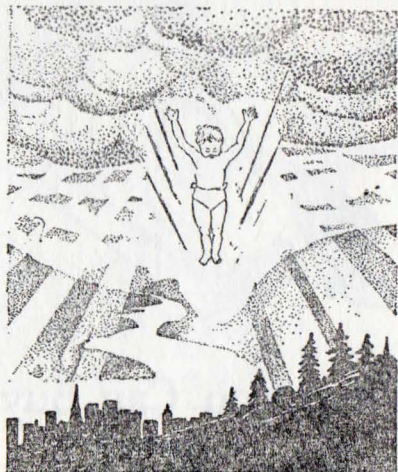
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lieve the Law of Supply-and-Demand is as dead as the dodo. “Just make the Government stand and deliver. When it can’t, *overthrow* it!” This, of course, has been the artful motivation behind the whole embecilic business from the beginning. But the Roosevelt-Youth don’t see that. The Government is bounteously a source of easy money. Make it stand and deliver or defeat it at the polls . .

IT’S GROWING upon me more and more that a great cordon of hard-headed Old-Timers, who’ve previously been wised up by the money panics of 1893, 1907, 1920 and 1929 might barnstorm into this cockeyed ideology of 1955 and make cheese-straws and confetti out of it. In the first place, the productive facilities of this Republic are hysterically over-extended. That too, has been a diabolical ruse of the Wreck-America with Prosperity element. But a crowd of lads born in Warsaw, inducted into this lush American scene under New Dealism, aren’t slated to be the ultimate arbiters. Sure Melford and his generation have got headaches, but neither he nor his contemporaries will solve them by flaunting economic principles that have been around since Noah paid off his workmen for shingling the Ark. The truly grim fact of the matter is, that the Old Timers know the answers to these complicating constrictions but up to the present they’ve largely said among themselves, “Let the crazy young squids go ahead and find out that all their new-fangled notions don’t work. You can’t spend your dollar and have it, too.” But the tragedy they overlook is contained in the denouement that when the “young squids” discover their new-fangled notions don’t work, they have nothing to put in their places but insurrection and revolution. The Old Timers see that too, quite plainly. But taken by and large, most of the latter are too near the End of the Trail themselves to care a rap. If the younger generations want to stake out a Battle of the Bulge (intellectual) for themselves, let them go ahead and fight it. They’ve got to be the ones to suffer the casualties. But there’s a very frail chance that the Old Timers can be dissuaded from such callousness. Why bring offspring into the world only to toss them to alien economic debacles, and as they’re devoured say it’s good enough for them? . . There are



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enough elderly persons in this country to rescue it from perdition that oriental plotters would make of nonsophistication. Suppose you and I and the next man with some grey in his hair, give a little thought to it. The thing merely dawned on me from caprice. But maybe it wasn't so capricious as I first supposed. The real point is, commandeering and using *Experience*. What's to be gained by ignoring or disdaining it? You tell me . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

## Edison's Death Bed

(Continued from Page 11)

should come from a strange, fearful pleasure.

Such flights usually take place when a person has been asleep or is just on the verge of sleep. When in a sleep the preliminary stages bring a degree of wakefulness which makes the person conscious of what is taking place, and fearful because of inability to stop that strange event.

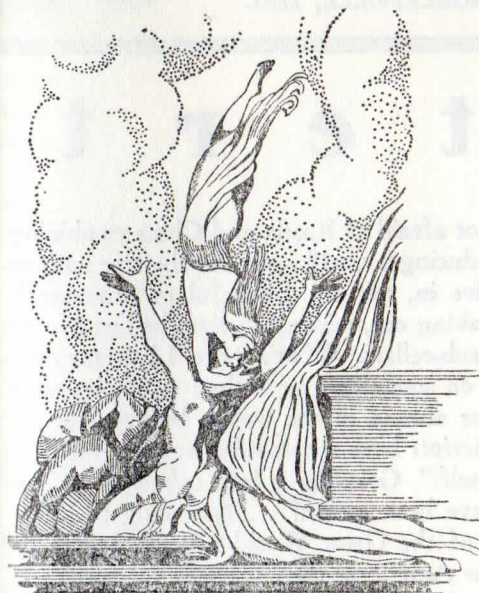
IT IS SUCH a flight as this that undoubtedly caused Edison to remark, "It is beautiful over there!"

Edison's religious views were always in a state of flux, or rather development. In earlier years he seemed to have caught the contagion of agnosticism that spread through the intellectual world as an extreme flareback from radical evolutionists when Darwin struck a popular note.

Young men entering upon their intellectual life take this attitude very easily. Interviews with Edison in later years indicated an increased willingness on his part to see behind the veil of matter and desire to know something of the nature of the vital processes that produced life in matter.

Science today has abolished Matter, in its old sense, and finds itself in a mystifying universe in which intangible structures of space, time and energy, not any more material than the thoughts that picture them, are the real material universe.

Edison was in touch with these developments of the past decade and knew their significance, and they undoubtedly greatly influenced the development of his religious thoughts in his later years.



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Noblesville, Indiana

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



O, I'm not afraid of Russia and China combining and producing a world unfit for the free nations to survive in, nor am I fearful of atom-bomb war breaking out, making us live the rest of our days in sub-cellars. What's more, I base my convictions on something more than an adolescent's knowledge of the forces abroad in the world, bidding for its mastery. The *Golden Scripts* have reiterated over and over that "the enemy felleth himself." Granting it isn't subconscious hypothesis, what could have been meant? . . . Assuming to know the location and cause of the Great World Cancer, I dare to suggest this: Give a few Americans the chance to conduct their own State Department, then let them maneuver—as suggested in this week's opening article in VALOR—to make it easy for Red China to overrun Red Russia. You might see Bolshevism "fold" so quickly that a man with only one lung could play a hornpipe to it . . . I remember back in my movie days a story that Will Hays told at the banquet introducing him to the movie industry. It concerned a small dog that had a weakness for breaking out of its owner's yard and chasing the Empire State Express every morning when that mighty train came thundering down the Hudson. A brace of neighbors wanted the dog corralled. "No," disagreed a wise old Timer, called into the parley about that dog's behavior, "I'm tellin' you folks there's only one thing that'll stop that dawg to stay stopped. He wants that train! Just let him have it! . . . Let him have it! . . ."

LET Red China have Russia—lock, stock, and barrel—as the worst punishment the rest of the free world could inflict on Bolshevia, and see how she likes it. Russia seduced Cathay to Marxism. Fair enough! Let Red China have full access to eastern Siberia. Let Red China, in fact, outnumbering the Russians two to one, have as much of the ill-fated Czar's domains as it can seize. Only let nobody go to Russia when she screeches hysterically for help. Just let 'em have the Empire State train of Celestial Bolshevism and see what happens. Something of the sort is on the cards. Over here in United States, it's probably due to take the form of a suzerainty of United Nations replacing our free electoral system, to arouse the American people to the shenanigans that have been pulled throughout this western hemisphere, and rise up, and tell United Nations where to get off. Sometimes success is the worst penalty that can be inflicted for that sort of plotting. America is too big to be placed under martial law from Brownsville, Texas, to Sedro Woolley, Washington, without people noting

the racial exhibits that are in charge. Then, at last, it will come home to the Opposition that the reasonably enlightened forty-eight States are by no means the Socialist-Soviet Republics of Russia in 1917. Too much publicity has gone out over this land in the past twenty years to keep the average Christian layman permanently in the dark. The average Christian layman can *read*—which was something the kulak masses couldn't—and he has done so. Somewhere some bright lad is going to cry, "Come on, boys, let's houseclean 'em!" And the cleaning will be what the *Golden Scripts* calls, "—the enemy felling himself." The enemy asked for such dilemma by reason of inviting it. It's the United States after the cleaning-out has been consummated, that VALOR happens to be looking at . . .

THE ENEMY felleth himself! Small, vindictive, inhibited men are the only types who conceive the prospect of seizing a great free country like America in a night and working their wills on a hundred and sixty million reasonably intelligent citizens. And their very limitations, making the megalomania plausible, unmask and undo them. But they'll never be satisfied until they try it—till they learn what a crowd of numbskulls they were. Trying to halt it a man at a time might be done. But let fifty million adult American males suddenly arouse to the fact that the professional patrioteers weren't so screwball as the propagandists made them out, and there may come a time for the overseas conspirators to start praying for a convenient freight to remove them summarily *elsewhere*. Sometimes success verily can be the very undoing of those who bethink it's all a matter of blueprints accurately executed . . .

NO, I'M not at all fearful of what's due to mature in this American Scene, just as I'm not fearful of what Red Russia is asking for in Asia. The deep zeal which our legislators are sensing among their constituents for a honest-to-goodness anti-Commie War, betokens much more than demonstrates as yet on the surface. You can browbeat and push around the average American just so long, then it's best to be certain you have an exit that doesn't fail you. There are elements in our current American life due to remember a whole lot of past occurrences with an unhallowed disapprobation. Just a word of wisdom to the wise—all this. The *Golden Scripts* apprised me as long distant as 1929 that the date of the Great Payoff was coming. Okav, what's detaining it? No one can "go over" in such crisis who isn't slated from the first. Relax and watch the law of Reaction operate . . .

¶ JUSTICE is something so unknown to man that when it hits him, he concludes it to be catastrophe--and it is