

VALOR

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VIII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, February 19, 1955

Number 17

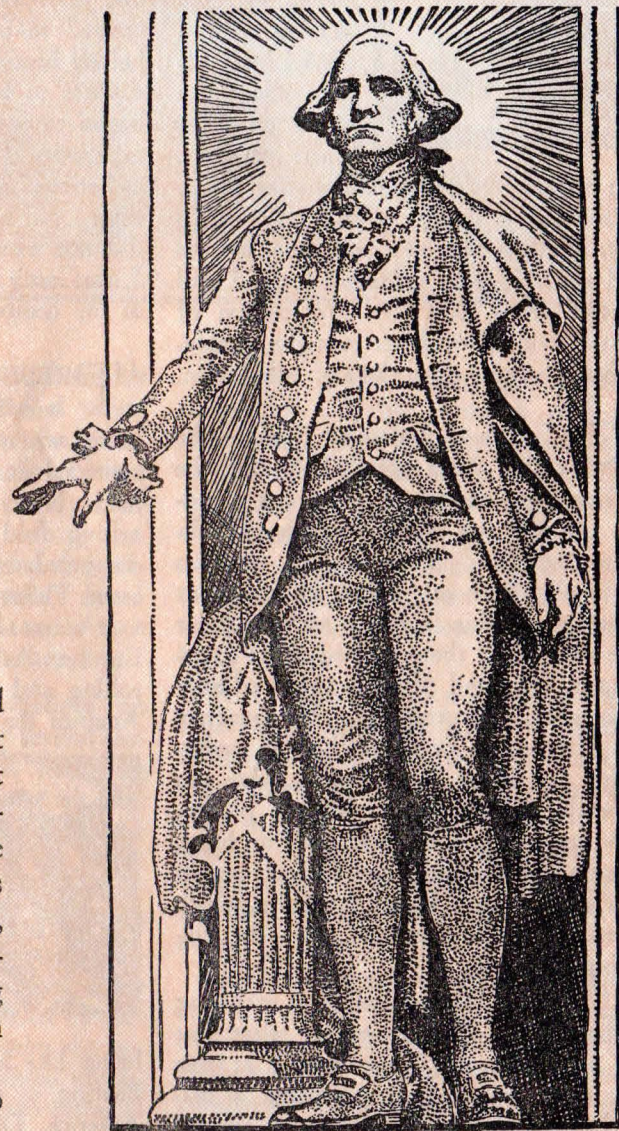
WASHINGTON'S PROPHETIC "VISION" ..

in the light of
today's situation

BACK in 1859, one Wesley Bradshaw, a reliable and respected American citizen, published a story that has since caused no small concernment throughout the Republic. It narrated an incident that had happened of a winter's afternoon in 1777, while the Revolutionary soldiers were bivouacked at Valley Forge. It seems that on the previous Independence Day, in Independence Square, Philadelphia, Bradshaw had confronted an aged man, one Anthony Sherman, who had been one of Washington's aides during the Valley Forge Encampment. Bradshaw had long known Sherman.

"Suppose we go into the Hall," Sherman had suggested, "so that I may tell you of an event in Washington's life that ought to be part of this country's history. I have kept silent about it long enough."

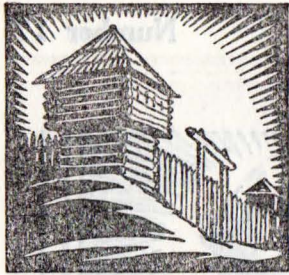
Sherman was nearing the century-mark and Bradshaw helped him up the steps and into Independence Hall. The two friends



The prophecy in the accompanying article has been told and retold, but perchance it is especially pertinent this particular year . . .

sat down on a friendly bench and Bradshaw was soon taking notes on what he was hearing—

"From the opening of the Revolution we experienced all phases of fortune," Sherman said, "now good and now ill; one time victorious and another conquered. The darkest period we had, I think, was when Washington after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah, I have often seen the tears coursing



You have doubtless heard the story about Washington's going to the thicket to pray. Well, it was not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from God the interposition of whose Divine Providence brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

"ONE day—I remember it well—the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly. Washington remained alone in his quarters nearly all afternoon. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning to his quarters just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly for the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation of about half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said the following:

"I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up I beheld standing opposite me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I—for I had given orders not to be disturbed—that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her

presence. A second, a third, a fourth time did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my visitor except a slight raising of the eyes. By this time I felt strange sensations spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the Being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless; I even thought it had become suddenly paralyzed. A new influence, patient, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarefy, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy and yet more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think; I did not reason; I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly at my companion.

"PRESENTLY I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn,' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance arising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in one vast plain all the countries of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic; and between Asia and America lay the Pacific.



being like an angel standing, or rather, floating in mid-air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand while with his left he cast some upon Europe. Immediately a dark cloud raised from these countries and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary

and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people. A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean as before, and sprinkled it on the land. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, in whose heaving billows it sank from view.

"A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, the end of the century cometh; look and learn.'" At this the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an illumined spectre approach our land. It floated slowly and heavily over every town and city of the latter, As I continued looking I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light on which was traced the word UNION, bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nation and said, "Remember, ye are brethren." Instantly the inhabitants, casting aside their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard.



"And again I heard the mysterious voice say, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'" At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew three distinct blasts; and taking water from the ocean, he sprinkled it upon Europe, Asia and Africa. Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene. From each of these countries arose thick, black clouds that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass there gleamed a dark red light by which I saw hordes of armed men, who moved with the cloud, marching by land and sailing by sea to America—which country was enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, burning the villages, towns and cities that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of the cannon, clashing of swords and shouts and cries of millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying, "Son of the Republic, look and

learn." When the voice ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth and blew a long and fearful blast.

"INSTANTLY a light as of a thousand suns shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same time the angel upon whose head still shone the word UNION, and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descended from heaven attended by legions of bright angels. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well-nigh overcome, but who immediately took courage again, closed up their broken ranks, and renewed the battle.

"Again amid the fearful noise of the conflict I heard the mysterious voice saying, "Son of the Republic, look and learn." As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious.

"Then once more I beheld villages, towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought into the midst of them, cried with a loud voice, "While the stars remain in the heavens, and the sky sends down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last." And taking from his brow the crown on which was blazoned the word UNION he placed it upon the standard while the people, kneeling down, said "Amen!"

"THE SCENE instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor I at first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who in the same voice, I had heard before said, "Son of the Republic, what you have seen is interpreted thus: Three great perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful will be the last, passing which the whole world united shall not prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land, and his Union." With these words the



vision vanished, and I started from my seat feeling that I had seen a vision wherein had been shown me the birth, progress and destiny of the United States.

* * *

"Such my friends," concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them."

SOULCRAFT holds reservations on this whole "prophecy" for several reasons. First, the circumstances attending the reporting of it; second, the occult phenomena through which it was received by Washington; third, the predictions which it makes.

Sherman was reputedly 99 years old when he recounted the episode to Bradshaw. This meant he had kept silent about it for 82 years, yet recalled its text vividly enough to quote verbatim the apparition's odd speech. The whole prophecy is only authenticated by one extremely aged man.

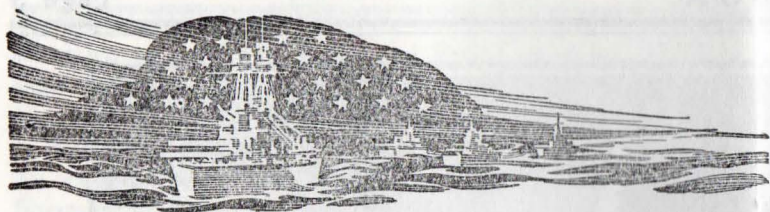
Next, in the light of modern psychics, it postulates the materialization of a transcendent being with only Washington present. From whence came its ectoplasmic resource to achieve such feat? It could happen, but would it?

Lastly, it predicts three great overseas onslaughts afflicting America, and only Britain and Spain have done such a thing to date. But the last and final onslaught was supposed to be most fearsome, but the Republic issuing triumphant with angelic or celestial help. It is easy to make doleful propaganda out of this sort of thing, which in almost no instance has basis in fact.

There is no country on earth, nor combination of countries, with the resources or unities to thus concentrate attack on the United States. America's true assailants are her Fifth-Column quotas ensconced within, able to use Russia and China merely as pressure elements to manipulate her statecraft to her own undoing.

However, the general gist of the prophecy, of America emerging victorious after three tremendous military crises, has been confirmed by transcendent informants consistently over a lengthy term of years. To that we can anchor our hopes and our destinies . . .

THE WASHINGTON Vision at Valley Forge has been widely quoted as a bona fide event without its somewhat
(Continued on Page 11)



*IT isn't War that we face so much
as the Expose of Global Plotters*

SHALL We Have War with Red China?



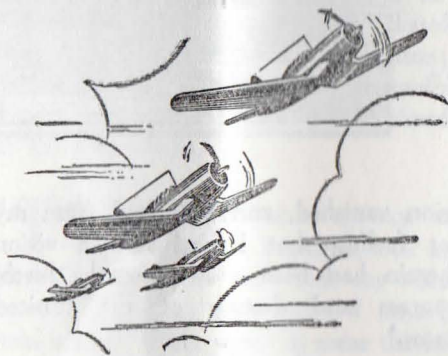
MILLIONS all over the nation are apprehensive of the American involvements in openly supporting Nationalist Chinese leader, Chiang Kai-shek, in the current Formosa situation. Letters pour into Soulcraft daily inviting information that may have been accorded Soulcraft leaders from higher echalons of observation via psychical communication. Do our Higher Friends see a Third World War growing out of the current Chinese deadlock?

An open-and-shut Yes or No cannot be expected in this dilemma. When on a recent evening VALOR's editor put the question bluntly to his materialized daughter Harriet as well as Silverleaf, he was answered significantly by both highly informed women by the request that someone of greater cosmic consequence than themselves make reply. To her father privately, Harriet slipped a response of this tenor—

"You *know* the answer, daddy. Not the War but the *Cleanup* is only too plainly on the cards. Explain it in terms of that Cleanup and you'll not be going far astray . . ."

EXPOSITIONS of this "clean-up" have by no means been lacking up the last score of years. Thus VALOR feels radically different about the international situation that maintained respecting America's opponents in December of 1941. In the first place we have a Chief Executive of radically altered temperament than the President who had the vital decisions to make at that time. VALOR felt that our 1941 executive arbitrarily wanted such conflict—although its Editor paid dearly for expressing his convictions. Mr. Eisenhower does not wish hostilities to come. VALOR is convinced of this from its own private sources. This of itself bodes little ill for the Republic.

¶ A PROBLEM that Appalls Those Scoff- ing at the Laws of Divine Retribution



Nevertheless, it seems preposterous to expect that no Far Eastern incident can now occur saving us from some kind of participation, although VALOR gathers that military devastations are not to visit our own shores or territory. It calls for fitting together of much cumulative data over a lengthy period to discern precisely what *will* take place.

Soulcraft has been apprised for 27 years that the enemies of Christianity, in their zeal to dominate the world, must eventually concoct circumstances where their machinations stand revealed. As the Recorder has interpreted it, they "fell themselves" by championing measures that react upon them and inflict more punishment than upon expected victims. This China Situation is an instance.

The Kremlin has apparently "converted" Cathay to Sovietism. It did so, originally, in the expectation of creating a massive ally with whom it could successfully intimidate the world. That the tail might wag the dog, and that thus be-stirring China might demonstrate to be

Joseph Stalin's outstanding blunder, has been strongly intimated from the first. Russia, in other words, may find herself overrun and brought low by more Chinese than occidentals. At any rate, as early as July, 1929, the Recorder was apprised that the final phase of the Armageddonic period, China would decide the issue. Inasmuch as not one item of prophecy in that epochal forecast has gone far astray from material happening, the general import of the Settlement of the 1914-1956 embroglio would seem to hinge upon that country. Moreover, Nostradamus seems to concur in his famous quatrain wherein he declared—

"The Oriental shall see France and
be driven back eastward with great
slaughter of men and resource . . ."

BUT the denouement would seem to be far greater than merely driving Cathay's millions "back eastward" . . . there is the whole War-Crimes-Trial period when "Satan shall be bound for a thousand years." This would appear to be more than allegory. Sooner or later the truth must come out regarding the identity of the "Satan" that has kept the world in turmoil up across a 42-year period. As Soulcraft has interpreted it, Marxism is *not* due to take suzerainty over the world—quite the contrary. Marxism and its espousers are at the gargantuan labor of pulling the temple of civilization down upon their own heads. Strange to observe, *France* is somehow tied up intimately with such denouement. Just how this is to happen has never been made clear. But even Harriet of a recent evening warned her hearers "to expect big trouble in France".

Thus far we are compelled to admit that no responsibility has ever been fixed *accurately* for the precipitation of World Wars I and II. Such responsibility goes deeper than castigating play-boy dictators who have strutted their little hour in

(Continued on Page 9)

COSMIC Ignorance Revealed by Merchants In Ascensions . .

PROBABLY one of the most pitiful of skulduggeries practiced by certain cultists, that if one supports them and pays over one's shekels, one will acquire the privilege of Ascension in the body at the end of mortal life, doesn't lie exclusively in the disillusion of nonperformance when the end of life comes to the convert. It lies in the display of abysmal ignorance about cosmic fundamentals that the said merchandizers display without being aware of it. Their esoteric studies have not carried them far enough to know that preserving the physical self for Ascension would precipitate a material organism into a plane where it would be utterly useless and a burden. It would, in fact, be an utter cosmic paradox.

The physical body is an ensemble of atoms vibrating at a given material rate on this plane. Speed up such atomic frequencies to the rates of the etheric planes and the physical husk would vanish or be a disgusting encumbrance. The self-conscious soul does not live in the physical husk, anyway. It lives in the Etheric Double. But the Ascension cultists know nothing about the Etheric Double, or get around the embarrassment of it by declaring they do not "believe" in it.

What difference does it make whether they believe in it or not? It exists and functions. It can constantly be photographed. But the commercial cultists do not know such facts.

They do not even know that Death is a mere speeding up of the personal vibrations so that eligibility to the performances of the higher octaves becomes actual. They rely on old orthodox notions of Heaven being a prototype of earth conditions only on more idealistic basis. Thus do they disclose what psychological ignoram-

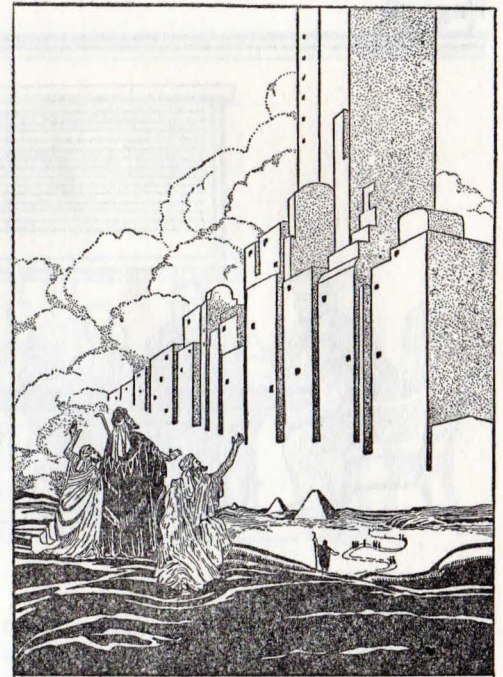
Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Applied Mysticism . .

usses they are. However, their communicants being even more ignorant, accept the proposals and think the whole proposal most wonderful, indeed . .

The proven circumstance that Hindu occultists constantly materialize or dematerialize their organic vehicles on this world-plane, has almost no connection with the hypothesis the commercial esoterist would sell to apprehensive elderly ladies with heavy bank accounts. The Ascension salesmen are not talking about dematerialization in the sense that the Hindu mystic practices it. They are talking about the convert continuing to live consciously into the next plane and taking the body of the mortal world along into it.

It is reasonable to allow that such substances, so materialized by Thought, can be—and might be!—dematerialized by some reversal of the process.

Take note of this, however: that such dematerializing only applies to such creations as have first been materialized through such hyperdimensional activity. . . There is no implication anywhere in



metaphysics that materials brought to being organically or by the conversion of chemical substances already upon or within the planes, can be similarly dematerialized—that is, by processes or by instrumentalities that did not first integrate them.

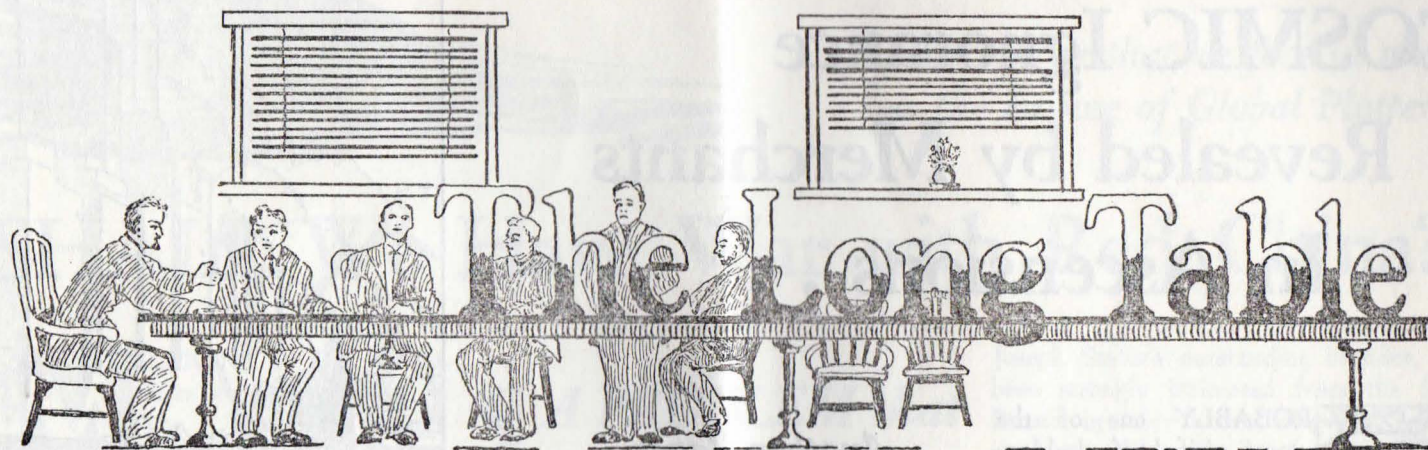
Thus a medium in a seance may integrate what is to all intents and purposes a book or a vase of flowers. So long as the "force" holds out, that book or vase continues in existence. When the "force" expends itself, the book or vase vanishes. That is by no means indicating that the said medium could make an ordinary book or vase brought into the seance room vanish—to stay vanished.

Not having created the ordinary book or vase, substantially the medium has no power over it.

By the same token, the spirit that has derived its organic body from its mortal mother cannot "think" that body into a higher existence—which in essence, is what the Ascensionists claim ability to do.

THE WHOLE Ascension hypothesis as propounded by modern cultism, has come into vogue in the Twentieth Century because of the alleged ascension of Jesus the Christ back in the First Century. What Christ did, in the matter of ascension, the accomplished and adept metaphysician should be able to do—is the argument advanced to "hook" the gullible.

What the Ascensionists do not publish
(Continued on Page 10)



MISSING PERSON

ILLINOIS: "Do you or the mediums at seances have any control over which relative materializes from the discarnate? Reason for asking: I had a cousin, a flyer in the second World War, who disappeared in the South Pacific and his mother has tried to make contact with the released spirit only to get the answer from several mediums that he is not on the Higher Side. We cannot comment on the quality or authenticity of the mediums but would like your viewpoint . . ."

Comment: Soulcraft would be highly suspicious of any medium that readily produced whomsoever was desired by spectators on the mortal side. True, when a gathering is held around a medium of prestige, usually the near relatives and loved ones will get telepathic word of it and endeavor to be present. But not all who are present in spirit can demonstrate mortally by any means. It takes considerable effort and concentration to effect a materialization. In 27 years psychical investigation your Recorder has never encountered an instance in better than 60 seances where spectators or medium had the slightest control over specific persons appearing, although capable guides may choose to exclude individuals whose behavior might cause disruption to the proceedings. In the case of the missing flyer, if several mediums, presumably unknown to each other, have received advices that he is not on the Higher Side, it might not be amiss to credit it. Because the cousin "disappeared in the South Pacific" by no means proves his death. He might have had reasons of his own for remaining missing, or his war experiences might have resulted in a case of

prolonged amnesia. However, bear in mind as well that truly reputable guides may refrain from disclosing where such missing persons might be, if still on the earthside, fearing to interfere with the karmas of such people. However, guides of the prestige and character of Silverleaf will generally indicate what the motive is for the prolonged nonappearance, ending at least the suspense of loved ones about the question of death. As a rule, people qualified to be guides are found to be fairly accurate about the survival of souls on the Higher Side. Soulcraft would be inclined to hope in this situation as you have described it . . .

COMPETITIVE OPINION

ILLINOIS: "I am listing below a number of well-known authors and authorities on metaphysical subjects. Would you mind giving me a brief comment on which of these books I can rely for accuracy of information, assuming that you are familiar with their contents? . . ."

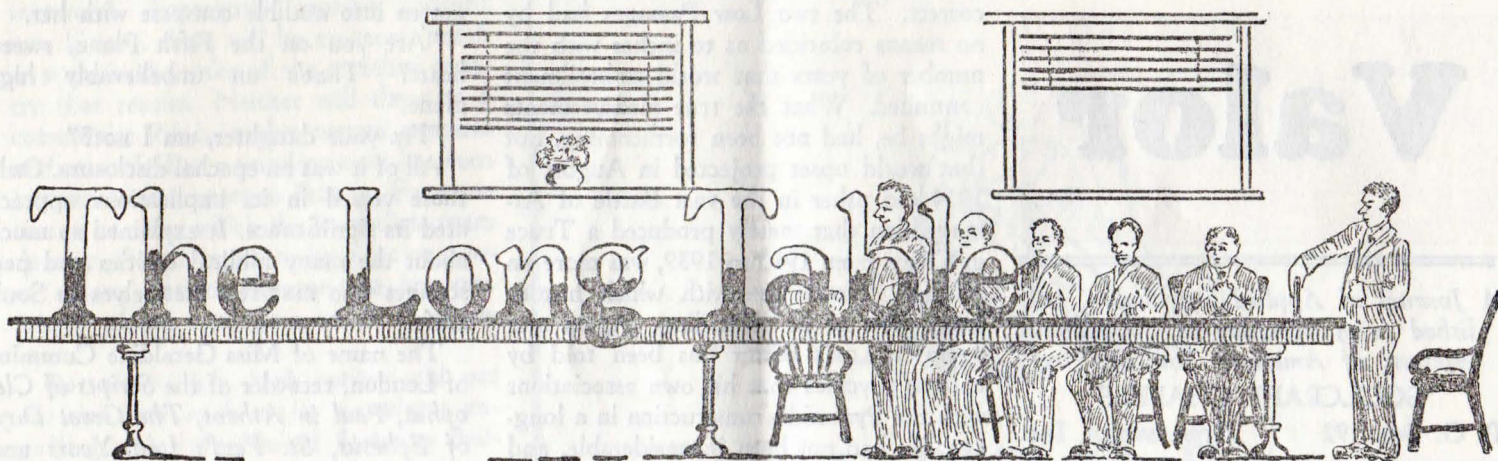
Comment: Soulcraft prefers to be excused from passing opinion on the works of contemporary metaphysical writers, with the sole exception of the books of Miss Geraldine Cummins of London. It is not interested in promoting metaphysics as a study but merely passing along to humankind a particular sequence of revelations that resulted from its own Sacred Psychical Research. The work of Miss Cummins is made an exception because in many instances the London lady and the Soulcraft Recorder are known to have the same transcendent Mentors. Issuing comments upon this author's book or that author's manuscript would forever be calling up Soulcraft comparisons

and the prospect would become as controversial as it might be fatiguing. Sorry.

NO CAUSE FOR SLIGHT

MISSOURI: "I simply cannot understand why, as good Soulcrafters over a considerable period of time, we cannot have the Headquarters psychical sessions transferred along to us for our electronic replaying from wires or tapes? Aren't you presuming a bit, to set yourself up as censor over what we shall be allowed to hear, and what not?"

Comment: You forget, Missouri, that these psychical sessions at Headquarters are by no means institutional affairs. They are held for the edification and confirmation of those making the Soulcraft book list possible to authenticate what has been communicated and transcribed in those books. Censorship does not enter into the situation. On the other hand, censorship mightn't come amiss if some Mentor unexpectedly materialized and started talking of matters of a personal nature which would by no means be the business of the Soulcraft electronic audience at large. The greater reason why the electronic programs are not pushed with more zest, however, has to do with the labor and expense involved. The Recorder would be obliged to give two days out of an extremely busy week to preparing the electronic feature, besides obtaining a staff of experts to make the reels as an industry. Experience has proven there is forever a deficit at the end of the year, due mostly to those playing the reels not being assiduous in returning them. During the run of the Soulcraft broadcasting in 1952 and 1953, something like \$3,000 worth of tapes or wire spools were



acquired. Headquarters has less than a hundred of each on hand in 1955. Furthermore, improvements and innovations in electronic broadcasting come too fast to make heavy investment in reproducing equipment practical. If Soulcraft could contact an electronic expert with a sustained interest in making hundreds of reels and reprints, a happier program might be worked out. But to the moment this branch of publicity has held too much grief to warrant pushing it under current conditions. When Soulcraft starts installing its own chain of Study Centers and Book Salesrooms across the nation in leading cities, these units may be able to carry a steady electronic program which local Soulcrafters may attend. Just at present the Soulcraft books are selling so tremendously that they merit prime attention until the whole Soulcraft Doctrine is thus completed and obtainable. It is a headachy matter to work out. Still, in time it may be solved . . .

EDDY MATTER AGAIN

NEW JERSEY: "May I speak frankly, Mr. Pelley, about your obvious enthusiasm for Mary Baker Eddy which is by no means shared by many of your most loyal supporters? Does it not occur to you that Christian Science long antedated Soulcraft, and had we not discovered more in Soulcraft that satisfied our hearts and intellects, we would long since have remained loyal to the Christian Science tenets and organization? It may seem unusually marvelous to you, that Mrs. Eddy makes herself known to you so graphically, but what did she do for society particularly that you are not doing, and to my personal way of thinking, do-

ing it better? True, she established a psychosomatic religious therapy for ailing bodies. I might remark that you seem to be giving us an equally laudable psychosomatic therapy for ailing intellects. You will admit, I hope, that there is healing of the body and healing of the mind along with it. To my way of thinking, healing of the mind automatically reacts in healing of the body. The real truth of it, it seems to me, lies in the fact that Christian Science commands a prodigious financial revenue that Soulcraft has not as yet begun to equal. If you would get as tough with those you benefit as Mrs. Eddy got with those whom her practitioners benefitted, you mightn't be under this financial inhibition. It's all right, of course, for you to hold her as a friend, and I for one am convinced her representations to you are quite bona fide, for I personally have beheld her in other seances elsewhere, but I regret to see you taking the position that she is doing you and Soulcraft some sort of honor by contacting you. Please don't take this amiss. I for one, however, am so constituted that if I were to speak my mind upon the matter, I would declare that it is yourself that is doing Mrs. Eddy the greater favor and not the reverse. In other words, what's she got that you haven't? . . ."

Comment: You miss the point, New Jersey. It has come about most phenomenally that your Soulcraft Recorder has become more intimately acquainted with the real Mary Baker Eddy than the members of her own official Church Board. Both she and your Recorder had the same sort of jobs to do on the earthside but at different periods. But Mary made a tragic error, which she now freely and

nobly admits, that she denied something which she knew in her heart of hearts to be true, namely, the authenticity of higher mentorship as the origin of her doctrines. Now she has the sterling character to come out and acknowledge it publicly and seek to make what amends she can. That commands the most assiduous professional sympathy and camaraderie, aiding a gracious and distressed lady in an intolerable spiritual predicament. Really there is a sort of spiritual chivalry involved, if we care to face the facts. The point that she founded a theologic organization whose revenues now mount into the millions, cuts no figure whatsoever. Forty-four years from today the Soulcraft organization and Soulcraft revenues may even surpass those of today's Christian Science. Your Soulcraft Recorder would extend an equal chivalry to the most inconsequential housewife or schoolteacher in a similar predicament, anywhere in this nation, striving as earnestly truly to aid humanity. Mary Baker Eddy lived an earth-life of unexampled heroism. That worldly success crowned her efforts really means very little in her temperament as Soulcraft contacts it at the moment. She evinces herself quite as contrite as she is big. You can't help lifting your hat to a lady of that calibre. Soulcraft regards her feelingly as "a sister in the faith" and that says everything. And she asks nothing of Soulcraft but the chance to be heard and place herself in an honest light before posterity. Would that all the interchange of ethical ideas clairaudiently could be recorded for posterity as well. Anyhow, New Jersey, a hundred years hence come around to a gathering on the
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Valor

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

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

VOL. VIII FEBRUARY 19, 1955 No. 17

The Dark Year

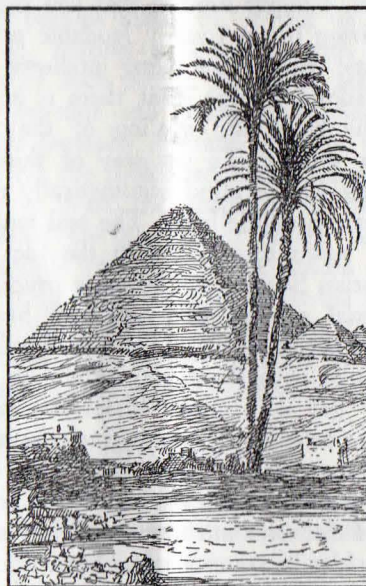
THE END of the global military embroilment that began in August of 1914 comes to complete close between the China Wall and the eastern Mediterranean in July of 1956—such was the specific information conveyed by word of mouth for the first time at the latest major materialization session at Soulcraft Headquarters on Saturday evening, February 5th.

"A host of ten thousand angels," declared a transcendent speaker, "works in the Orient this week and night to mitigate the effects of any untoward happening that would cause humanity more suffering. Join your prayers to their efforts that the last phases of the vast world-wide Armageddon may be brought to close and true peace come at last upon the earth-planet."

A half-hour later, the editor's daughter Harriet stood before her father and spoke equally fateful words. "Nineteen Fifty-five, daddy, will go down in history as the earth's last Dark Year. We on this Higher Side see true peace arriving on your planet at last with the coming of July, in Nineteen-Fifty-six. *Humanity then is into the King's Chamber at last!*"

What could she have meant by that? Soulcraft had long contended that the Great Pyramid's measurement of time as offered by Dr. D. Davidson, Brown Landon, and other authorities, had not been

correct. The two Low Passages had by no means coincided as to inches with the number of years that world embroilment continued. What the true measurements might be, had not been forthcoming, but that world upset projected in August of 1914 did usher in the vast Battle of Armageddon that merely produced a Truce in Chaos from 1918 to 1939, was more an intuitive knowledge—with which history seems now to be coinciding. Again and again VALOR's editor has been told by various psychics that his own associations with the Pyramid's construction in a long-ago life had not been inconsiderable, and corroborations had come from time to time from ancient materialized entities. Perhaps therefore, it was not intuition so much as subconscious knowledge on his



part. But the disruption of China bringing the termination of the Red Russian Menace throughout Christendom had been specifically spoken in July of 1929. Hence three persons substantialized Saturday week and pronounced epilogue on the whole of it. The Recorder was brought up short when he asked his daughter the origin of her information as to dates.

"Nostradamus told us," she stated.

"Nostradamus!" her father exclaimed. "Are you in touch with Nostradamus?"

"I most certainly am, daddy."

"Hasn't he reincarnated since 1559?"

"I can't say about his incarnations. But I know he's certainly on my plane at present."

"What plane is that, honey?"

"I'm on the Fifth Plane," she disclosed—for the first time since her father had

gotten into audible converse with her.

"Are you on the Fifth Plane, sweetheart? That's an unbelievably high plane."

"I'm your daughter, am I not?"

All of it was an epochal disclosure. Only those versed in its implications appreciated its significance. It explained so much about the many biblical entities and personages who manifest themselves to Soulcraft.

The name of Miss Geraldine Cummins of London, recorder of the *Scripts of Cleophas, Paul in Athens, The Great Days of Ephesus, St. Paul's Last Years and After Pentacost* came into the converse. Here had been recorded almost daily happenings in the lives of the patriarchs of the early Christian Church. All of them tied into the *Golden Scripts* with micrometer precision. How had that happened, in two places so far apart as New York and London? Were we not aware that time and space were as naught when a stupendous enlightenment was slated for the English-speaking peoples of the world? Well, were the *Scripts of Cleophas* truly recorded by the personage named in the New Testament who had been with the disciples when the Resurrected Christ appeared to them on the Road to Emmaus? They most certainly were. More than that, St. Paul himself had been a major contributor autobiographically to some of their most startling and intimate passages. All of this had not come through Harriet, by any means. A major biblical character had been standing before us, addressing us.

It offered VALOR's editor the chance to inquire why so many of the Apostle's writings, available to us today, contained so much that was at variance with afterlife conditions now known about the higher planes.

"They were changed shamelessly by the scribes," the explanation came, "to make Christianity coincidental with Judaism. But that was not the worst of it. Literally scores of priceless delineations had been lost to religious history by a pagan superstition rampant at that time, that if a passing breeze chanced to waft a page of manuscript to the floor *it had thereby been contaminated of the world and must forthwith be ignored and destroyed.*" But to get back to China . . .

At the propitious time, the movement of her ragged and routed armies will be

westward. Apparently, looking forward into history, there will be no more Israeli as such, in the wake of the scorched country that results. Neither will there be a communist Russia under current auspices and control. But a puzzling note has been interjected in respect to France. For some reason or other which the immediate years develop, France ceases to be a major power among nations because she has permitted global strategists to so dominate her.

But these high, high entities did not envision any such major cataclysm engulfing either the United States or Britain. The United States was to persevere and stand as the model on which future governments of the earth, conceived in freedom, would be patterned.

Soulcraft principals listened to a vast and staggering panorama of history in reverse.

Obviously, before many weeks, Soulcraft conjectures that the specific soul of Nostradamus himself will be communicating in the earthly scene. We shall see.

Publishing Geraldine Cummins' sacred historical books, however, may well be the next big venture sponsored by Soulcraft. Soulcrafters all over the occident would learn much from them. Why not? They are the truest corollaries to the *Golden Scripts* existing in manuscript on the earth-plane at the moment.

The whole Christian Saga is evidently coming back, its pages spread resplendent to the intellects of all men.

War with China?

(Continued from Page 4)

the past. As attested by even Great Pyramid markings and calculations, however erroneously deciphered, the "Great Time of Trouble" that came upon the earth "in the Last Days" has really been but one trouble, marked by various truces that at the most were smothered war. Responsibility for it must be settled as a Period, not as impromptu national measures growing one upon another out of earlier inequities of peace settlements.

Apparently we are about to enter upon the closing phases of the volcanic eruption that shook the world in 1914, the whole resulting in a situation where even the Man in the Street is commonly aware of the identifications of "the breeders of



ERROR



RROR is but Truth inverted

In this transient mortal life,
What ye search for, lo ye find it,
Be it peace or be it strife.
So the Mastermind hath told us,
What we look for, we shall see,

Be it Truth or be it Discord,
Both are here for you and me.

We can make a god of Error,
We can bow down to The Calf,
Choice is open, we the choosers,
Take Life's wheat or take its chaff.
But when time of trial and test comes,
Be result for good or ill,
Masters whom we bow to, serving,
They will rule our minds and will.

Mankind's blindness is colossal
Here upon this lowest Earth,
What a folly that he worship
Gods and faiths that have no worth.
Unseen planets fill blue heavens
Roll with us about bright sun,
Who shall say they are but phantoms
Just because our sight's outdone?

Planets recognize no error,
Space is order by decree,
Only man insists that Nature
Ends where eyesight cannot see.
There are greater spheres beyond him,
World law waits till man shall know,
This one fiat here concerns him—
Ye shall reap whate'er ye sow!

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mischief against the Christ and all His works."

Even the most tolerant and sentimental appeaser and apologist cannot get around what has been written in the books of prophecy from Patmos onward . .

TRULY enlightened souls and intellects will therefore regard what ensues this next year and a half in the Orient as the Great Expose of the workers of iniquity, both foreign and domestic. No matter what the military entanglements that result temporarily, whether the Formosan dilemma trigger them or not, the closing phase of the 42-year period of upset in all truth is not reckless and ruthless carnage repeated a third time, but a Police Action in very fact. Only it is not police action in the accepted military sense. It is Police Action in the overall Cosmic Sense.

Two great world riots were fomented 21 years apart, without the world citizenry discerning clearly that they were riots precipitated for ends of minority loot. Now the machinations of instigators, carried a last reckless step, presently identify them. They "didn't know when to quit" and thought such rioting could be promoted to their own power-elevation indefinitely till control of the world was theirs.

Who should shed tears that they be brought to book?

It was this which Harriet meant Saturday week when she uttered, "You know the answers, daddy." She might as concisely have phrased it, "No, it's not War Three that erupts from Red China's ultimatums, it's the colossal start of penal action on the part of free society to erase megalomaniacal dreamers, that the earth-world know true peace for the rest of the century."

Admittedly a travesty on the same climactic recourse was fed to the western world in 1917, when America was persuaded to embark on foreign entanglements in "a war to end war." But today's situation is not the same, and the China impasse would by no means be a third spasm of conflict to terminate conflict. *It would be Retribution coming in*, settling its penalties squarely on the Disturbers of Humanity. Because out of the excesses of the China repercussions comes clear vision at last to the earth's badgered free peoples as to what true and basic

controversies have been at stake from the first in the whole of it. There will be injustices and inequities in such accounting because of its scope. There will be martyrs. There will be personal ruin in many phases. But out of it all a Higher Justice emerges. The earth comes forth cleansed of its minority putrefactions. And the United States emerges the one dominant international factor and nationalist guardian of Christ Principles in free government.

Peculiar to state, theological religion alters concurrently with such Great Accounting. Higher psychical counsel comes into its own.

WE SHOULD let the Formosan Situation proceed naturally and normally to whatsoever fruition awaits it. The current alterations in Kremlin personnel are more significant than "observers" for the press associations realize. Significant as well are these recurrent political crises in the government of the French. But one thing is growing clearer and clearer with each political denouement: Daily and hourly the citizen of the free world is coming closer and sharper to the end of his patience with Purposeful Skulduggeries in the name of civic and economic "progress" . .

The true dictator and arbiter of it all isn't to be a man.

It's to be an aroused, awakened, and enlightened *Conscience* in the intellect of the free world's citizenry. It may have many mouthpieces but never again shall bloc megalomania be permitted to run its course unchecked or uncurbed. Let Soulcrafters generally regard the China denouement as the precipitation of the Great Washup.

It won't be War in the accepted sense. It will be the start of Global Retribution.

"Nineteen Fifty-Five, daddy," Harriet declared, "will be looked upon as the Dark Year. The enduring Light starts coming upon humanity in July of 1956."

This is positive language from a dweller on the Fifth Plane.

Fifth-Plane people have facilities of observation surpassing anything now vocal upon the earth! . .



Ascension

(Continued from Page 5)

cize is the fact that the Ascension of Christ took place after his very horrible physical death by crucifixion on Calvary!

In other words, He died naturally first. Then, after His natural death, His released spirit found ways of making His Light Body visible and touchable.

It was this semi-materialized Light Body which Christian literature attests as having done the miracle of Ascension.

But the cultists shortcut.

Evidently they purport to come to the student and tell him, "You can ascend without bothering with the annoyance of physically dying—by crucifixion or any other method. Just walk out in the yard on a given date arranged for you by the Great Masters, and *ascend!*"

It's evidently as simple as that.

One wonders, in the face of all of it, why Christ bothered at all with going through physical crucifixion.

He could have saved Himself a lot of personal distress, had He followed the cultist method and winged Himself upward from the Roman courtroom where His trial was in progress!

CONSIDERED in sound common sense, is all this commotion about Ascensions anything but poesy for financial profit? The answer should be apparent in this challenge: If one case of Ascension—just one!—has occurred, outside of the sacred disappearance of the Light Body of Christ, would it not have been talked about from continent to continent?

Thousands of innocent believers, hungry to know the Truth, have been promised Ascensions. Yet how does it happen that not one promise has been kept?

There is something poignant, and not a little monstrous, in the manner in which a day is designated for the Ascension. The pupil prepares himself and waits for the miracle.

But nothing happens!

How could it possibly happen, when the student doesn't know enough about the fundamentals of metaphysics and the true powers of mind—over Matter or over anything—even to discern that the cultist is hoaxing him?

The idea of terminating one's earthly

career by "being caught upward into the heavens," is a pretty poesy. But heaven isn't *Up!* Heaven is *Within!*

Being caught up into the upper air, lifting from earth's surface like an autumn leaf in wind, and having one's familiar 150-pound body disintegrate at the same time like the carbon of coal-smoke finding its affinity with atmosphere, might be a bit of a thrill while it lasted. But after a few minutes of it—as has been found by tens of thousands of "dead" people—even the sensation of being a discarnate human bird grows monotonous.

Not being ready as yet to alter the essence of the Consciousness and have done with the objectivity of Earth, the discovery is soon made that there is nowhere to go but "down."

Thus the Ascension ultimately declines into an ignominious Descension; and, in the fourth dimension of a more tenuous world of objective Thought-Concepts, the Ascendant-Descendant awaits his turn in the reincarnational cycle again. . .

That is, if Ascension happened!

Actually, the whole idea originated in a time before the atomic structure—as well as the indestructibility—of Matter was known, and when discarnate Light-Patterns of former fleshly bodies were generally mistaken for sublimated Beings from celestial realms.

Now, despite the enlightenment of the present age, selling Ascensions—or the notion of Ascensions—for ten dollars a flight, collecting the money, and letting the victim ascend or not ascend as his adeptship dictates, seems to be a good business for those brazen and conscienceless enough to pursue it.

Honest metaphysicians, knowing something of the real powers and operations of Thought, are liable to view the traffic with their tongues in their cheeks.

Washington's Vision

(Continued from Page 3)

slender basis being known. Looking at the manifestation from the viewpoint of the accomplished esoterist, such manifestation of a resplendent "female" could have been anyone, providing the ectoplasmic force and stuffs were available. Under such circumstances, it would appear that the "force" came from the aura of

(Continued on Page 15)



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Cogitations

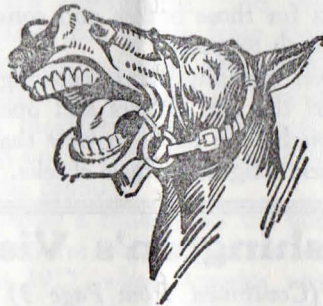
Pelle

IT'S a queer thing when I pause to give it thought, but the older I become, the sharper my memory-pictures seem to get. Sometimes they're so graphic as to startle me. They tell us on the Higher Side that this is a true sign of age. It has something to do with our capabilities of evaluating the experiences of our earth-careers for their spiritual increments. I wouldn't know. Seems to me that most of us, regardless of years, are doing that thing most of the time—in one phase or another. I do know that when I place myself in a given memory-scene back in boyhood, even very young childhood, and figuratively speaking look this way or that, I'm astounded at the features of the environment that appear. The psychologist would say, I suppose, that the vividness of the items is merely a matter of releasing them from the subconscious. But so long as he can't tell me what the subconscious really is, I discount that. Howard Candler gave us a long lecture the other night on the peculiarities of impressions made, not upon the mind but upon the *soul*. He spoke in delineation of odd lapses of memory displayed by those now living on higher octaves. When they can't always remember given names or occurrences in life, they're dubbed humbug insofar as they're actually the survived personalities of those whom they claim to be. They're not humbug, according to Howard, and after we ourselves have speeded up our vibrations to enter the higher planes we'll probably disappoint just as many earthly survivors as our friends of the present. The experiences of a situation must make a lasting impression on our souls or we'll gradually forget earth-life with quite as much

asperity as most two-legged folk have forgotten the experiences of their last earthly careers. If I want to use his yardstick on most of the early experiences of my current life, the answer would be that I remember so well because of the indelible impression they left on my spirit . . .

o—o

READERS of former *Cogitations* may perchance recall the house up in central Massachusetts where Dad brought Jenny the mare into the kitchen, to see which would be the more astonished, the mare or his womenfolk. Turned out to be neither. It was father himself, when the mare took a dislike to grandmother and began kicking her cook stove apart. Dad seemed to be permanently disconcerted that a small female equine could perform so much wreckage with one pair of heels in so brief and decisive an episode—not to mention the damp dish-towel that grandmother meant for the mare but



which father got instead, squarely across the face. But I started to talk about Memory, not father's temporary loss of vision from the domestic *faux pas*. Behind that house ran a backroad, with a white rail-fence marking off the terminus of our property. Atop this rail-fence I had a favorite sitting place to which I resorted when life at four palled on me. I climbed that rail-fence this evening in

memory and viewed the landscape. I was astonished myself at the structures and scenery that swept back into view as by the waving of a wand. Old man Specker's lone farm for instance. I hadn't given a fleck of thought to Hiram's personality for years. He was a burly man, without womenfolk, and spring, summer, fall, and winter he moved about the community in red flannel shirts. God only knew how he made his living, for his farm was too small and unfertile to give him crops. Perhaps he drew a Civil War pension—most of the elderly males of my very early boyhood did. But Hiram had other eccentricities beside red flannel shirts. Whenever he got liquored on squirrel whiskey he would confide to you the tragedy of his life. Squirrel whiskey, for the benefit of the unsophisticated, was not whiskey—as the stuff is known in the distilling industry. You took a keg of home-brewed hard cider and buried it in the ground until frost. Freezing it imparted decidedly boisterous qualities to the liquid. It bore the reputation of causing the highest and mightiest jag which the human male could acquire on any potion of wet goods. How many jugs of squirrel whiskey Hiram kept buried on his farm-land waiting for frost was conjectural; he certainly grew the apples for the cider. Still, that is not my point. The tragedy of his life is rather my point. It seems he had vague reasons for suspecting that he had been born to some tycoon family "down Boston way" but there had been a switching of infants, whereby nobodies had replaced him with their own progeny that the last on reaching maturity might come into shekels. Hiram, the townspeople gathered, had been tossed in the trashcan. But he had kicked the tin cover off the trashcan, announced his raw deal

to the world, been taken in charge by the "authorities" and eventually raised by people named Speaker. However, Hiram had his moments when he was vociferous that "truth crushed to earth would rise again" and he was Truth and by some hook or crook before he died the place to which he was due to rise would be his rightful estates. He was positive, in other words, that Right was going to triumph in the end and he would be able to buy and sell the community, pension or no pension.

o—o

THE SPEEKERS were not local people and no particular kin could verify such traffic in infants. So every late fall, wagers ran high throughout the county as to whether Truth, crushed to earth in diapers, would ever rise in the form of genealogical moneybags. He was



one of those odd sticks who may be pointed out in any rural community even to the present. Was the whole fixation the result of delusion or did he have memories in his head that gave him basis for his grievance? Dad was positive it was all squirrel whiskey but my childish ears overheard Dr. Johnson, our family physician, relating some of the remarks that Hiram shouted during one of his jags, and I was puzzled. However, we moved from the place to Gardner and later Springfield and I had no further cause for debating his complex. On and off up the years as I met with other eccentric folk, I often asked myself if that type of obsession wasn't self-manufactured alibi for not making the most of their opportunities, thereby permitting Failure to overtake them. The world is filled with people altogether too eager to believe that their everlasting hard luck, in-

stead of being due to their improvidence or indolence, *must* be traceable to a figurative switching of occupants of cradles. Something outside themselves, in other words, must be blameable for their lack of social or commercial success. Their own lack of assiduity in industry or finance couldn't be responsible. It had to be two other fellows. Long before I broke into Esoterics I had formed my own complex against characters forever griping at family penury or lack of opportunity when they failed to get ahead. If a man was a failure in life, why shouldn't he face the fact that not a soul in Cosmos was to blame but himself? *After* I broke into Esoterics, I had plenty of doctrine preached at me to the causes for such unwillingness to face life's disciplines. "The failure itself," a Mentor said to me on one occasion, "is merely relative. What such people are really trying to avoid is personal responsibility for neglecting or refusing to absorb the increments from experience, so that on a second—or a third or a fourth or a twentieth—round their careers in failure will come to an end. To fail is nothing. To give hospitality to a failure complex is one of the commonest self-crimes that can be perpetrated." But what if some people had things on their consciences they lacked the courage to face? That too bothered me.

o—o

THE SUMMER of 1929 I had business up in New England and being near the Templetons bethought me to swing through younger boyhood scenes and take some 16-millimeter movie shots. I "shot" the small white house where father had led the mare into the kitchen, . . . and how *very* small it looked to me then! I "shot" the white rail-fence that divided rear dooryard from backroad. Not till I really gave thought to it did I realize that the Speaker domicile over behind the western apple trees was not in my "sights" when I filmed the backroad. Probably long since burned down, I thought, so many such houses on isolated backroads did. I shot the fine old elm and maple trees that bowered the Common. I shot what had been Blodgett's General Store, and the Inn, and the old brick grammar school. Motoring "down the Hill" toward Gardner, I took aboard a young farmhand who thumbed me for a lift. "Live 'round here?" I asked, making conversation. "Sure do," he answered. I



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went on, "Related to anybody I might happen to know? What might your name be?" He said "McGinnis." I remarked that there had been no Irish families in the district when I was a lad. "I know," he agreed, "my old man was a Boston cop who got stuck on my mother when he come up here on a case and got killed in a fire." I said that was too bad, and what had such killing been about? "Old coot named Specker over on the back-road did it during the fire and got hung for it." I exclaimed, "Was his first name Hiram?" "Yeah, I guess 'twas," the passenger said, "Yeah, Hiram, that's it." I said, "I don't get it. Your father was a cop and met a local girl and married her and they had you? Why should old Hiram kill him?" The lad explained, "Maw says Paw had been sitting on his trail for quite a spell. Studyin' his habits, sort of." I slowed the car to take a fresh movie of a house ahead. "Why was your dad, a Boston cop, spying on old Hiram?" The boy spoke a whole esoteric lesson then. He said, "Old Speck didn't have a brain-kink, he had a racket. Figgered the world owed him a livin', I guess. Used to be janitor in a Boston maternity hospital. That gave him the names of a lotta dames who'd lost babies at birth. Don't always pay to think, when someone has a brainstorm, it's due to bein' balmy. Better keep your head screwed on tight and make sure they ain't coverin' up." What was the young rustic driving at? When I asked him, he went on, "This old stick made big bets he'd be due to have heavy sugar 'fore he passed out. What he was doin' was watching for orphans or kids of unmarried mothers, then palmin' 'em off on them dames as their live kids that had been switched in cradles. But one dame got suspicious and put Paw on the job. He traced Speck up here. That's why he was here long enough to get stuck on Maw, and marry her, and have a kid himself." . . . I said, "Well, well, now it makes sense what Dr. Johnson was talking about. I remember old Specker vaguely, although I was fairly young at the time. So, after all, he *was* a failure." My companion cried, "The heck he was! Had almost a dozen wealthy dames he'd trimmed." I slowed my car. "But you claimed he got hung, that couldn't be called success." My informant returned, "Oh, that! Just meant that all his dough couldn't save him when he went for dad



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and kicked over the lamp. Dad had found his list o' them Boston dames." Had I heard right? "All his dough!" I gasped. "Hi," said McGinnis, "could buy and sell this community, for a spell. One dame had give him almost fifty grand for restoring her kid. Speak had seen the real switch happen on the job one night and knew who took the baby and what for. That's where he got the idea for his racket." I pondered it a moment. "Racket!" I gasped. McGinnis shrugged. "Some folks," said he, "can't stop when they hit a jackpot. Speak had wanted to alibi this heavy dough o' his as an inheritance. Funny thing, the kid he fetched back the first time really had been the dame's own child."

Washington's Vision

(Continued from Page 11)

Washington himself, but that again is puzzling, inasmuch as the subtraction of such force for materializing use usually drops the subject into slumber or light trance. Washington, according to Sherman, mentioned nothing about napping. Furthermore there is the additional point that what he chose to impart wasn't anything that Washington could particularly use in the trials and tribulations as active commander that then beset him.

Viewed as a whole, the episode comprises a necromantic and colorful incident. But it does project worries in the minds of the uninformed, that America only awaits some sort of foreign attack to pass through the darkest period in her history. Here she stands, the most powerfully equipped nation in the world to ward off such attack, confronted by no known enemies that are capable of launching it. Neither Russia nor China have the armament nor the goods or transportation potentials to work such havoc on her in this particular 1955.

Actually, we have to look to the fact that America never has been invaded, excepting by the British armies in the War of 1812, and could only be attacked now by air. That the Russian Air Force might try it, even on limited resources, is always a possibility, but it would only be the green light for American flyers stationed abroad to close in and annihilate the Kremlin for all time.

That may be on the cards.



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The Long Table

(Continued from Page 7)

Higher Side and listen to Mary and your Recorder on the platform together. We both promise you will not be *bored* by what you take away intellectually. It's a unique situation, unparalleled in all religious history, and before the saga is

run, the collaboration may seem to perform many spiritual miracles. One thing to date, neither one of us seems to have bored the other. The only tragedy in the situation right now is the ten million scientists who ought to be in on what's happening, right here on the earthside, but orthodox organization prohibits them, more's the pity . . . Maybe, sooner or later, under Mary's maneuverings, that situation will clear up . . .

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

AS I sought to make clear in my Afterthought last week, it's a strange intellectual discipline you're obliged to undergo, reaching that point in after-life exploration that you live in the ideologies of two planes at once. When you know how the earth-plane appears from the etheric planes, while recognizing only too well how the etheric planes appear from the earth-plane, you find yourself thinking from a strange neutral viewpoint. Matters which appear from the worldly standpoint as of the hottest importance assume only second-rate significance whereas matters that truly *are* of the prime importance make you exasperated at human stupidities till you wonder why the Lord has any patience left with the mortal species as it performs. It leaves you with the sensation of standing on a bridge between worlds . . .

ONE of the odd bits of information that came to my attention from the higher spheres of late was somewhat extended comment on the so-called "scientific" type of mind. I mean the intellect that must have everything proven materialistically and beneath microscopes before accredited as fact. "It may surprise you to know," declared my informant, "that when this type quits the body and takes up residence on the higher realms, it is loudest in its insistence that no earth-world exists, and that its peoples and institutions are all phantasy and illusion. Reality to the materialistic scientist consists in proving up natural processes strictly on the octave of etheric vibration on which he is operating at the moment. Thus does he hypnotize himself into believing that other octaves of etheric vibration do not exist. We have as much trouble with this type of inhibited intelligence Out Here as you do on your rate of etheric integration. The truly wise man is he who accepts the various planes for what they are and seeks to extract all the wisdom from them that offers. But never be fooled yourself. Try and preserve the abstract attitude toward the entire celestial ensembles, and by accrediting them arrive at the supreme detachments philosophically of Holy Spirit Itself." Wise words, these. The deeper one probes into psychical conditions and stipulations, the faster the seeming discrepancies fill up. Too many people assume that activities of the various planes must all be alike, and that the employment of ESP faculties or mediumistic services is more or less like aid in opening doors between rooms of a house where the furnishings are pretty much alike, only that the furnishings of one room are of finer quality materials than the furnishings of another room. Try to get

the average mind to understand that the change called Death is not so much a shift in locales as it is an acceleration in etheric vibrations—in other words, entering a set of altered *conditions*—and it will regard you stupidly. It doesn't grasp what is being talked about. The Bible has taught for centuries that those who escaped hell in the afterlife, gained to a paradisaical "heaven" . . . of golden streets and jasmine walls where approved souls followed no other avocations but adulating celestial royalty. Sacred Psychical Research discloses that the faculties of the Etheric Double are quickened and broadened to operate in a different *kind* of a world, particularly to see below the infra-red and above the ultra-violet as to vision, thereby to bring whole worlds of previously invisible features into view. However, at the same time we might put it that the ideologies of the various planes alter as well. To complain, therefore, that all the features and conditions of the Higher Worlds do not always prove up by the features and conditions of this hard-core materialistic world, is to miss the significance of the many worlds entirely . . . The real wonder is, that so many features and conditions do coincide, so that intelligence can be transmitted from one to the other. Actually when we probe the wonders of Extra-Sensory Perception we are exploring in a wholly unaccustomed media. It is the mark of the amateur and neophyte to jump to hasty conclusions that such and such phenomena are fakes and fabrications to deceive those on this octave, merely because they do not always meet the stipulations of reality *on* this octave.

WHAT Soulcraft really is doing, in exploring the higher etheric worlds so assiduously is going *beyond* Spiritualism. Up to the coming of Soulcraft, it had scarcely occurred to earthly intellects that going *beyond* Spiritualism might be either possible or practicable. Spiritualism, by and large, was a contented certainty that survival of the human consciousness was a fact, attested by reasonably logical evidence. Souls went into an idealized Summerland where they lived up through interminable degrees of Spirit performance yet able upon occasion to manifest back upon this earth-plane and give counsel and consolation. There the whole "belief" ended—for the rank and file of communicants. That knowledge might be gained of three, four, five worlds, outside of earth—or that great numbers of souls could elect to make a great many return visitations to earth if they had not correctly absorbed past spiritual disciplines—is looked upon as anathema by those who want their Summerland a mere elongation of mortality. Anyhow, Soulcraft does make the attempt at exploring it.

¶ THE Consciousness of being wiser than anybody else is the only reward we are likely to get from it . . .