

Valor

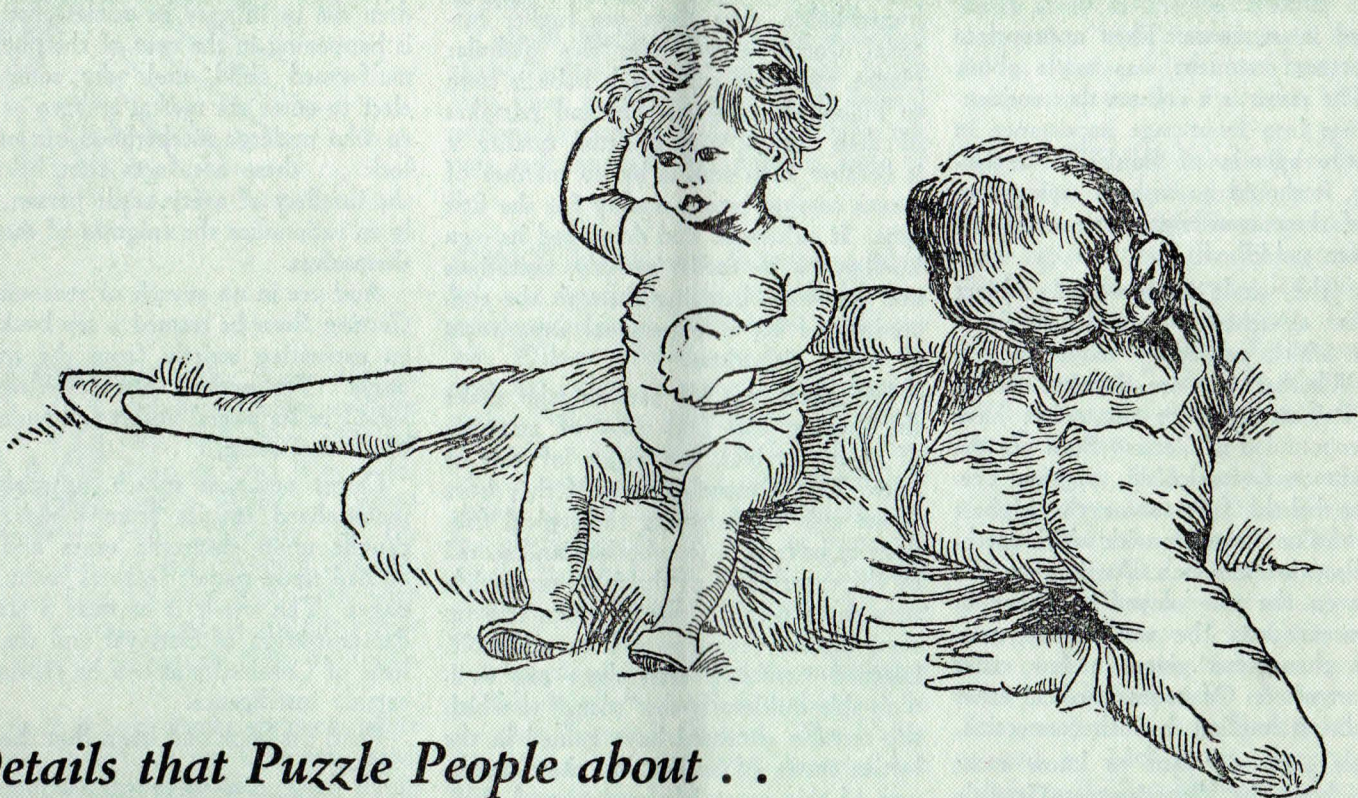
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VIII

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Number 1



Details that Puzzle People about . .

GETTING BORN



SOULCRAFT has scored a hit.

From the flood of orders responding to its latest book, *Getting Born*, people wish to know—above all other cosmic enigmas—how they got down here into mortality and what purposes they are supposed to be serving by having entered flesh at all.

The universal interest being stirred up by this book warrants a front-page article concerning it in VALOR.

SOULCRAFT started this book as explanation of the method—which millions have embraced millions of times—by which the incarnating spirit got possession of its physical equipment in each case. To the Recorder's astonishment, the average layman reader appeared to be more interested in how he got into flesh than what's due to happen to him after he gets out of it. So a clean sweep was made of the Mentor transcripts concerning Birth that had been preserved since 1929. They were



arranged in sequence. Then appropriate introductory comment was made about each. The result is a volume that suddenly springs into front-page importance in the entire agenda of Soulcraft Revelations . . . It should go without saying that most of these transcripts have never before been published.

At last the whole controversial subject of repeat existence is treated here in a manner which orthodoxy dares not explore. Whether you are disposed to accredit Reincarnation or not, what have been propounded in *Getting Born* are the circumstances occasioning physical re-birth as beheld from some the highest planes of Consciousness with which earthly intellects are in touch. As instance, the chapter on the role played by Ether in the descent onto the world-plane, propounds phenomena given in few other books anywhere. Of course medical ether is not being implied in such connection.

People seem to want to know most eagerly how the Consciousness-Granule that is the humanized soul-spirit actually gets possession of the biologic embryo, to retain possession of it for years after maternal delivery. This book faces the enigma without equivocation.

IT SHOULD stand to reason that if anyone would know what occurs at both Death and Birth it would be those who have experienced the lethal "Passing" themselves and then beheld what occurs when a return sojourn on earth is necessary. Of course millions of earth persons are still in that benighted state where they are unaware—to positive conviction—that souls of people who have quitted their bodies are still in conscious

state and able under extraordinary conditions to communicate their findings back upon the plane of mortality. This, of course, is stigmatized as Spiritualism and somehow hooked up with fraud and the devil. Leaders of orthodox religious thought are the chief promoters of such castigations because they have no scientific answers to such philosophical competition.

But night after night, in the seance rooms of five leading countries, phenomena are occurring—all of the one pattern and imparting almost identical grist of intelligence—attesting and confirming how consciousness demonstrates that it is imperishable, that there are higher material worlds enwrapping this globular planet, and that when each babe is born to highly cultured parents and partakes of their mental and spiritual quality it is because such soul is by no manner of means coming into mortality for the first time. It cultivated and developed its own intelligence in earlier earthly visitations and is merely bringing through the concretions of its own personal experiences in earlier visitations.

Of course not all persons who make the Passing and find ways of attesting of their survival, are aware of this at once. This is especially true if they have "gone over" with strong theological fixations or have been too abraised and scored by the experiences of the most recent life to wish to accredit that a return trip up some distant year may well be advisable. Learned psychical researchers are well-nigh able to identify the "plane" to which the recently deceased have gained in the loftier states of society, by their awareness of this great life-fundamental. Millions recently deceased, orienting themselves to the "next life", must be tutored in it afresh and have it demonstrated to them before they will accept it. This requires as much as a hundred years of time in certain instances. But the old teacher-spirits not only vouch for it but explain in considerable detail just what the phases of gradual realization of it, can be. And in the main it is *their* transcendent testimony that makes the bulk of this book's text . . .

IT SEEMS an odd thing to contemplate, that scarcely anyone is in earth-life who has not gone the repeat-existence cycle himself scores and perchance hundreds

of times and yet has to be tutored in the truth of it, each time of his or her return to the Thought Planes of self-awareness. Probably the greatest stumbling-block to such recollection is the "forgetting" of the prior-life experiences—making it appear that each earthly sojourn is a "life" unto itself. Almost for the first time anywhere, the Supernal Teachers describe what happens that blocks out such memories, how the functions of the new physical brain and its sense registrations become an active obstruction to recollections. How and why still-births occur, how and why some wives are permanently childless, how and why so many children die in infancy or adolescence, what is happening in the case of the physically malformed child, and why some souls elect to enter the mortal embryo of women who undergo motherhood out of wedlock . . . these are facts that belong in the intellect of every adult person, merely to rationalize the enigmas of mortality themselves.

And yet in no stretch of reasoning can *Getting Born* be termed a sex book. It is an exposition strictly from the spiritual angle. Yet without the knowledge released in its pages, nothing about mortal life makes sense.

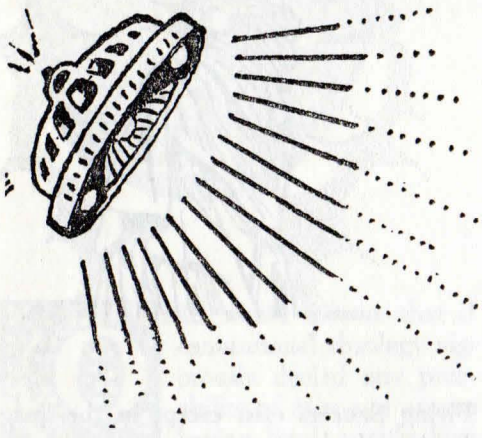
Direct verbatim speech, as spoken by materialized entities from higher levels, caught upon electronic tapes and transcribed upon paper, features many of its pages. The whole is as near a scientific demonstration of Survival and the problems of Continuity as can be captured by earthly intelligence.

Read the book and learn that this is so!



It Has Now Begun to Fall on Northern Indiana

WHAT IS THIS FLYING SAUCER WEB-STUFF FROM THE SKIES?



WHAT are these strange high-flying white cocoons that have been drifting down on Fort Wayne for over a week? . . . asked Peg O'Connor in the *News-Sentinel* of Fort Wayne Indiana, on Wednesday, October 20th. They were much in evidence again on the city's west side Tuesday, coming in from the northwest.

If the thick, white webs are the product of flying spiders, as has been suggested, then said spiders must have been flying at about a thousand-foot altitude Tuesday afternoon.

Those who are weary of "flying saucers" stories may have here a novel mystery to dispel their boredom. Those who cling to the saucer theories can now expand upon their speculations.

The reason: The mysterious floating webs that vanish at the touch of a hand have been reported seen and felt elsewhere in the world—in California, in France and possibly in New Guinea. And—brace yourself—witnesses claim the shining white cobwebs were emitted by flying saucers right before their eyes.

Writing in the November issue of Pageant magazine, Lt. Col. James C. Mc-

Namara, USAR, describes in an article entitled "Angel's Hair" a substance found in several locales on the West Coast that seems to be what is dropping on Fort Wayne.

Colonel McNamara, who is identified as the former press adviser to Gen. James Van Fleet in Korea, interviewed several persons in Southern California who not only saw the stuff but captured some of it.

SINCE the substance disintegrates when you touch it with your hand, one man, according to McNamara, called the Mt. Wilson Observatory for advice on how to gather up some of the strange stuff. Following instructions, he picked it up on a black cloth with a stick and kept it as evidence in a clean jar tightly sealed. Later, he had it photographed, but the substance still just as instantaneously vanished on contact. Chemical analysis has not yet been made, for this reason.

A couple of weeks later, the webs began to fall in the author's neighborhood in the San Fernando Valley. The *Valley Times*, on Feb. 15, 1954, reported the phenomenon as:

"A fluffy blanket, dead white, almost ephemeral in its delicacy and apparently electrically charged, may be the San Fernando Valley's first physical contact with visitors from outer space. It is reported to have streamed like a lacy ribbon from a mysterious craft that sped over the Valley."

Earlier, on Feb. 1, people in the Valley had reported seeing "a stream of white lazy substance" flowing from a mysterious "ball" racing through the sky. They were watching a jet airplane when suddenly they spotted a big ball apparently traveling faster than the jet. They described it to McNamara as "about three times the size of a full moon . . . plain dead white,

but didn't glisten." After the "ball" let loose the web stream, it went straight up and disappeared.

The same day at the same time, 30 miles away in Puente, another observer reported a "cigar-shaped object surrounded by a halo of light and hovering over the area of the San Fernando Valley."

WHATEVER this stuff is that looks like "angel's hair" you put on Christmas trees, McNamara states that it was reported by the *London Evening News* as seen by nearly 100 persons in Gaillac, France, in October, 1952, and that it was seen being discharged by 16 "flying saucers." And it was found in 1953 and several times this year in Southern California.

In August, 1953, a civilian aviation official at Port Moreby, New Guinea, filed a report with the Australian Air Ministry on a "saucer-like object leaving a clear vapor trail" which he watched climb sharply. The "report" he filed was a motion picture of the "flying saucer" taken with a telephoto lens. According to a Reuters dispatch from Sydney, Australia, quoted by McNamara, Australian Air Minister William McMahon kept the incident and film secret until last March 14.

Take it or leave it, these reports of "angel's hair" in California and France
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FAMOUS Scientist Says Flying Saucers Do Come from Distant Planets . .



PROF. Hermann Oberth, eminent scientist and internationally known authority on guided missiles and the conquest of space says he believes Flying

Saucers are real and that they are space ships from another solar system.

Andrew G. Haley, President of the American Rocket Society says Oberth's technical works were of vital importance in the development of the Germans' famous V-2 rocket. Oberth is recognized as a daring theorist and his present speculations on interstellar travel are in some respects in agreement with the calculations of other eminent men of science.

Oberth says: "I think Flying Saucers are manned by intelligent observers who are members of a race that may have been investigating our earth for centuries. I think that they possibly have been sent out to conduct systematic, long-range investigations, first of men, animals and vegetation, and more recently of atomic centers, armaments and centers of armament production. *They obviously have not come as invaders*, but I believe their present mission may be one of scientific investigation."

DR. OBERTH continues: "After all the official inquiries into the mystery of Flying Saucers, the fact remains that many of the observed effects still are formerly described by the United States Air Force as 'Unidentified Flying Objects.' Many theories, therefore, are being suggested as an explanation of why the Saucers cannot be real.

"Some of those who have seen Saucers are said to have been self-hypnotized. Others are said to have been victims of optical illusion, light aberrations or mass hallucination.

Prof. H. Oberth Believes Space Voyagers Actual

"I have seen no proof from any satisfactory source to substantiate these suggestions. Russian papers even have claimed that the United States Air Force purposely started the big 'Saucer bluff' to obtain more funds for space research and armament. No proof of this, either, has ever been offered.

"The radar screen often has confirmed the fact that observed phenomena were not light aberrations. Any experienced pilot ought to be able to distinguish the difference between optical illusions and real flying objects. Attempts to explain the phenomena as 'fireballs' or meteors do not meet scientific standards.

"Speculations that the Saucers are secret American or Russian missiles have been supported by no facts. Any man-made object flying faster than sound would cause a tremendous noise when breaking the supersonic speed barrier, while most eye witnesses report that the Saucers they have observed, unlike jets, fly silently.

"Far too many observations of Saucers have been made between 1946 and 1954 for their presence to be dismissed merely by the statement that the observers have been the subjects of mass hallucination."

ON OCTOBER 9th, the Air Force said that after seven years of exhaustive investigation by its air technical intelligence center at Dayton, Ohio, it has failed to uncover any proof that



Flying Saucers exist except in the *imagination of observers*.

This came after Lt. Col. John J. O'Mara had made the statement a few days earlier at Dayton, Ohio that Flying Saucers really exist and are of three classifications. What is the reason for this "official double-talk" and contradiction?

If it is *imagination*, then thousands of Army and civilian pilots and other reliable people have lost their minds. This is not likely.

Dr. Oberth continues: "I have examined all of the arguments supporting the existence of Flying Saucers and denying it, and it is my conclusion that the 'Unidentified Flying Objects' *do exist, are very real and are visitors from outer space.*"

Dr. Oberth does not believe that spacemen will look like Earth Men because of atmospheric conditions on other worlds. However, the good doctor is evidently not familiar with the *true* nature of worlds in our own solar system. He goes on—

"While believing that the Saucers are a reality, I do not conclude, as some investigators have, that they come from one of the other planets in our own solar system. It is my theory that they are directed by living beings from another solar system, or more than one other solar system, and I call this race of visitors 'Uranides.' I have taken the liberty of
(Continued from Page 10)



ARE You Thinking in Terms of a Judgment Day that Lore from Higher Octaves Refutes?

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

ONE would assume that if conventional theology vigorously denied any probability of men and women having lived earthly lives antedating these of the present, it would be equally sure of its premise as to what occurs to bring the life-unit unto the gestating body for the first time in any current birth.

The orthodox religionist, the supporter of conventional theological principles, the Fundamentalist if you please, declares arbitrarily that intelligent existence before the present life is sacrilegious absurdity.

It is East Indian paganism, he says. But is it? The Fundamentalist believes—

The soul of a man or woman "starts" in this mortal world when any woman has a baby that is born "alive" . .

This soul, having been born alive as a normal infant, proceeds to live the agenda of its childhood, its youth, its maturity, and its senility. Finally, tired out with years, there comes a morning when the physical heart ceases to beat. There is a certain display of sorrow on the part of surviving relatives, the mortician prepares and directs the funeral, the worn-out body is buried in the ground, and the person who was once a very vital and influential unit in society is as vanished as though his parents had been childless. The sentient spirit has not perished, of course. By some process or other, the sentient spirit has quitted the body—to find itself in a dubious custody as orthodoxy would have it.

Celestial sheriffs obviously have it in charge, and it is no longer free to go and come until it has appeared in the divine courtroom and been judged.

Just how the celestial sheriffs put handcuffs upon a disembodied spirit that has no physical wrists is something that theological experts fail to inform us. Perhaps they are not necessary. Perhaps the disembodied soul is so terrified at finding itself under arrest and about to be "judged" that it goes along with the celestial bailiff peaceably. One might assume that the souls of persons who have been lawless in earth-life would obey their reflexes and make an attempt to bolt, whether the cosmic officers are celestial or not. If such bolting ever has been resorted to, however, the doctrinal writ has never recorded it.

The disembodied soul goes along with the celestial officer straight to the heavenly police court. And there on the Bench sits God, waiting to pass judgment on its eternal status.

It is the Moment Terrible, on which divines most lavishly expatiate.

IT SEEMS to be the general acknowledgment that ever since the Garden of Eden the Almighty has done very little else but occupy the celestial Supreme Court Bench and hand out sentences for weal or woe. Week after week, year after year, aeon after aeon, He is fated to sit up there on that hard Bench—or maybe it is well-cushioned bench, so that Jehovah's anatomy may not become over fatigued—and hear all the details of each personal life rehearsed before Him. And He has just two sentences to pass out: "Eternity in heaven!" or "Eternity in hell!" There is, of course, no such thing as appeal from His decision. It is final, irrevocable, quite as inexorable as the decisions of the ancient Sanhedrin from which the whole notion was filched.

Having received his sentence, the lucky or hapless soul is dragged out to make way for the Next Case.

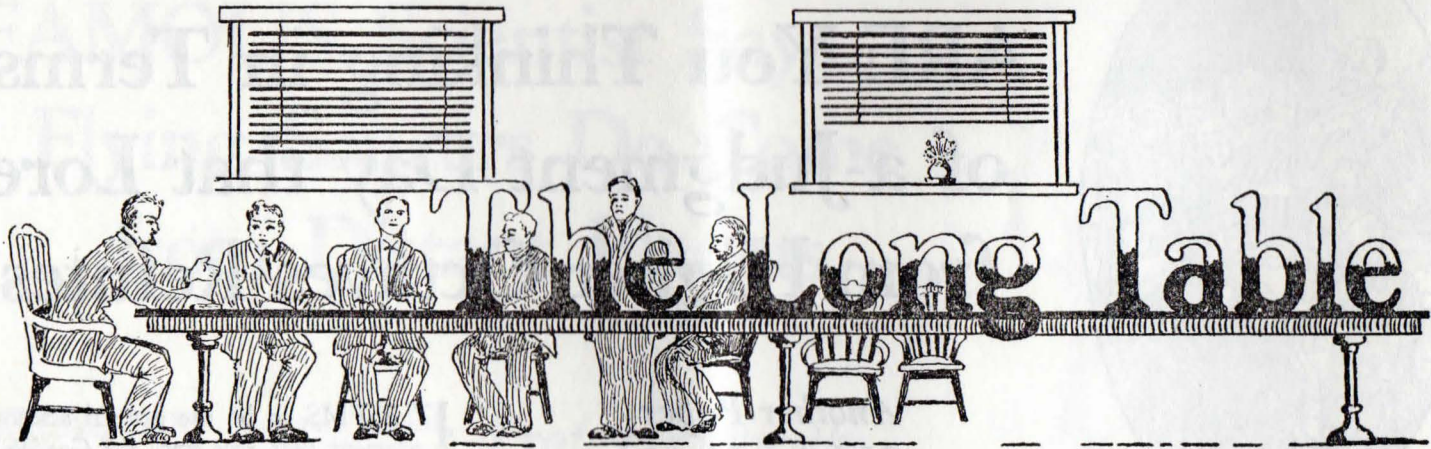
About 65,000 persons shuffle off this mortal coil every twenty-four hours in the United States alone, the century around. This would seem to have it that the Almighty hears 65,000 courtroom cases in eight hours every day in the year, Sabbaths included, that accrue from America—letting alone similar numbers of cases that arise from the fifty-eight other nations of the earth.

Only a few seconds could be devoted to each case, at this rate.

In a matter of seconds all the good and bad deeds must be marshaled and presented, the evidence weighed, and so awesome a thing as a sentence for a soul that covers all eternity must be passed out.

Moreover, this is the eternal grind of jurisprudence to which the Almighty has committed Himself, world without end, so long as mortal men and women come together down in the earth-state and

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HARD-HEARTED HENRY

ST. LOUIS: I have a father-in-law who is so dogmatic in his opinions that it is no longer any pleasure for my wife and self to even visit him. For some strange reason he is particularly vitriolic against any sort of psychical phenomena. He is by no means a religious man so his attitude doesn't come from excessive faith in orthodox convictions. He simply forbids any mention of psychics to be made in his home or within his hearing. What makes a person react that way, and is there anything I can do to aid him toward a better enlightenment?

Illumination: When the subconscious mind of such a temperament is opened, it is uniformly discovered that his karmic obligations, uniformly acquired before entering the present life, are so heavy and formidable that the very soul is frightened at the prospect of ever getting them paid off. Such a one substitutes psychical phenomena for the acknowledgment of the realms where such problems and decisions were prenatally faced. He is, in other words, just plain scared at what they represent in his consciousness. People of this nature have been coaxed out of their huff at their own cosmic records by getting them scientifically interested in controversy of Reincarnation itself. Instead of overly interesting them in the possibility of an Hereafter, they have been piqued into an interest in an Heretofore. Forget psychical phenomena, which is merely material evidence of Behind-Life Operatings. Try to sketch the entire picture of the Upward Cosmic Spiral and let Hard-Hearted Father-in-Law fit phenomena into the canvas as he may . . .

THE IDIOTIC CHILD

LOS ANGELES: My wife and I were extremely happy as the parents of two perfectly formed children, twin girls. Then our boy was born, and it didn't take us long to realize much that was wrong with his reflexes. By the time he was four we had to make up our minds, at no little anguish to us, that he was not quite bright. He is now seven and we have to face the fact that he is more than a backward child; he may develop complete idiocy. There is no congenital disease on either side of our family that I've ever heard about. Would you call it some sort of karma that Lucille and I are paying off, to be afflicted with such a cross?

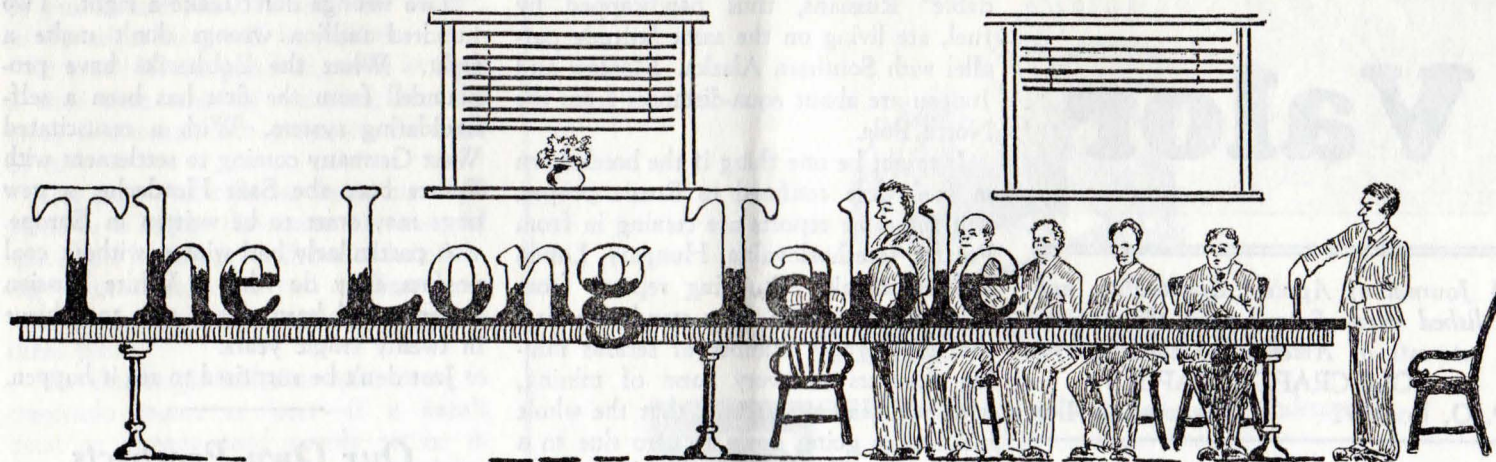
Illumination: It could be, but don't be too certain of it. We are instructed from higher octaves that unless the brain itself is malformed and thus unable to function in result of venereal disease, the so-called idiot in nine cases out of ten is a soul that knew the necessity for its coming into life at a given time and yet resented the fact that the obligation was outstanding. So it made the advent but promptly started soldiering on the job. In other words, it is, cosmically considered, playing a role and not a particularly honorable one at that. The "idiot" uniformly resents, not the earth-life itself so much as the obligation that forced him to undertake it. He is, to a degree, subconsciously shaming. There is little you can do about it at seven, but as the child gets along into adolescence, there are applications of hypnotherapy at the hands of an expert that might begin helping him to mend his own condition. In other words, there have been successful cases where the role of earthly irre-

sponsibility has been shamed out of the patient. Get Soulcraft's book on *Getting Born*. It handles this subject at considerable length . . .

THE AILING WOMAN

PARK RIDGE: I read an answer in your Long Table column that the invalid wife of one of your readers could *heal herself* if she so desired, but there was some reason of her own why she suffered the experience of illness. I cannot believe this line of thinking to be true. It seems to me that since we were originally created by a perfect Creator who maintains and upholds his creations, it is for this reason that we strive to *be* that perfection, and when we are not, either physically or mentally whole, we are miserable, unhappy and unsatisfied, because we are not expressing that which we were created to express. Hence we constantly strive to get rid of sickness, or ugliness, or lack. No one could *desire* to be in a condition of that sort because it is entirely contrary to the laws of his being . . .

Illumination: This is approximately the same theorem that VALOR's editor contested from March to May with Mrs. Eddy's clairaudient intellect. As an idealism, it seems to stand self-evident. As a practicality, that isn't what we find when we behold the soul-spirits of men and women as viewed from the Higher Octave. It would appear to be starting from an unproven premise to say that because God is perfect, and created the souls of human folk, therefore He created them perfect. The teaching we seem to get from the Higher Level of life is, it is an incorrect premise from which to start to say that man *was* created perfect, because



we don't know the real meaning of perfection. Perfection as Soulcraft sees it is not a condition, it is an attainment judged according to a standard of imperfection. What may seem perfection to a creature of a lower intellect may not be perfection according to the advanced standards of a higher. From which intellect then, shall we judge human folk? My dog's behavior indicates he considers I am perfect, and probably am, according to dog standards. My fellow critic sees me as far from perfect, and says so in blistering language. Both may be right according to their personalized standards of judgment. Why not regard it thus: God "made" the soul of man as an earthly father is said to have "made" a son—merely a procreational function, what we might call spiritual biology. But to be divine I must at all times command my own individuality. The "falling short" which is being discussed in the matter of bodily indisposition, is all a part of the curriculum of educating experience. By experiencing illness, one learns what it truly means to be well and stay well. Without the illness experience, one would not be able to comprehend wellness. Soulcraft mental therapy discovers that when people become violently dissatisfied with their earthly lot, they can take their disgruntlement out on their physical selves. It is merely an error of experiencing. The physical self is not the entity that should be held accountable for the unhappy personal situation. Mary Eddy saw the point ultimately and concurred in it. God, being Wholly Spirit and not anthropomorphic, merely gives the Gift of Consciousness or Self-Awareness. We mature that Self-Awareness and become eventually god-

like by discriminations received in result of various physical, mental and spiritual ordeals. Pray are there any other ways or means by which experience and hence character-discriminations can register? If subconscious rancors, usually at a dissatisfactory domestic situation, are not responsible for most feminine maladjustments, how comes it you meet constantly women in deep love with their conubial partners who are never ill an hour in their lives? And they're not giving a thought to God and Spirit the clock around. No hard feelings. To say we are ill from causes external to the subconscious mind is to admit there are situations where one's soul is not in command of organism. Soul is one-hundred percent in command of organism every second of the clock, else loss of control would mean quick physical demise. Physical invalidism is the product of subconscious conflict. Come again, Park Ridge. Again, no hard feelings.

FLYING SAUCER MATES

SAN FRANCISCO: One thing that puzzles me, is how discarnate beings from another planet could mate with earth women that were physical. In other words, how can a being that is spiritual and without a physical body mate with a being that is flesh and blood? Maybe I did not read the book right and the matter will be cleared up in another book.

Illumination: Obviously you don't grasp clearly that physicality is a matter of atomic vibration or "frequency" of materials composing it. Almost it might be stated that any bodily vehicle in which the soul operates on any plane is "physical" to that plane. Lower the atomic vi-

brations of the materials that we too commonly label "spiritual" merely because they are above the grasp of our corporeal senses, and you get the physical body adaptable or indigenous to this plane. The higher we go in the vibratory rates of Matter or even fleshly materials the more responsive Matter is to the supervision of Thought, which is the reason that beings on the higher elevations can well-nigh shape their own bodies by taking thought. Persons who have materialized from their planes to become real on our plane have informed us that in the item of some of the Space Men, they can draw resonant magnetic power from some of the monstrous Mother-Ships overhead, to slow the rates of their bodily vibrations, which when done, gives them bodies similar to ours in every respect but permanence. Soulcraft doesn't advance it as part of its own doctrine but merely passes along what seems to be a rational explanation. The seeming miracle of "disappearance" or what seems disintegration to us, may not be such at all. The "body" is still in existence but in higher frequency of atomic structure. On their own higher planes these bodies continue as real as our bodies continue real at the earth-vibration of Matter. We are in borderline territory of physics between the planes in all of this. Let's not take it too seriously until we learn more about it.

KARMA AGAIN

MAQUOKETA, IA: Cures are sometimes effected by post-hypnotic suggestion. If I request such a cure for myself, what happens to the karma that pro-

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Changes Ahead

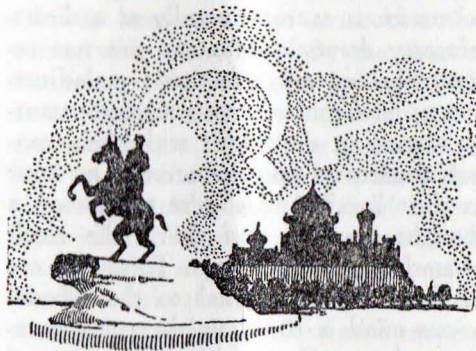
DO NOT be surprised if Russia now cracks up sooner than we imagined. And do not be surprised if the crack-up of Russia brings alterations to the world, and particularly to our own economy, that we average citizens may not have reckoned, either. It won't be internal revolution that does the business. Neither may it be international war. Better to wager it will be the utter collapse of the whole Soviet "paradise" . . .

How would you like to live in a Russian city this winter, not only with food shortages but completely unbalanced diet due to lack of meats and fats? But that's only half of it, as *Baxter's Economic Research Reports* for October have been informing us—and there aren't any better issued anywhere in the world. Not only do the Russians and their satellites face a shortage of food but an equally serious lack of coal for both heating and power. The whole Russian coal-mining industry has been going from bad to worse during 1954 until now it faces a complete collapse. If you were one of a family of six people living in a single room in any Russian city, if you didn't fall ill of malnutrition you'd stand an equally good chance of getting the flu or pneumonia due to lack of fuel.

Yet this is the country, you are told in the papers, that is so strong and likely to defeat any nation in war. Remember that about sixty percent of these "formi-

dable" Russians, thus handicapped by fuel, are living on the same latitude parallel with Southern Alaska. Moscow and Juneau are about equa-distances from the North Pole.

It might be one thing if the breakdown in fuel were confined to Russia proper. But the same reports are coming in from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Latvia and Roumania. Studying reports from these countries, two facts stand out: first the unbelievable number of serious mining disasters in every form of mining, with coal leading; second, that the whole industry is going down to zero due to a dearth of trained personnel. You can't shoot the intelligentsia of any country and have it, too. A country's intelligentsia may bother you politically, but they are the same brains that are required—in fact a grim necessity—to make your eco-



omic wheels go 'round. The moronistic and satanic policy of standing all citizens with brains up against a brick wall at sunrise, blindfolded, and eliminating them with bullets, leaves your basic industries to be run by robots. A Roumanian paper declares that during the last eight years there have only been 16 new mining engineers—who truly know the business of mining—for all Russia's holdings in that country.

Applied to all lines of production as well, thus Communism carries within itself the seeds—or germs—of its own defeat.

A country of freezing, sick people is nothing to rule of consequence.

With the brains exterminated for political reasons, it's only a question of time before widespread distress among the whole Russian populace leaves her a wide-open prey for the indefatigable Chinese—who in turn are headed in a similar direction.

Two wrongs don't make a right. Two hundred million wrongs don't make a right. What the Bolsheviks have propounded from the first has been a self-liquidating system. With a resuscitated West Germany coming to settlement with France over the Saar Headache, a new page may start to be written in Europe.

A particularly bad winter, without coal or fats, may do what a White Russian underground hasn't been able to achieve in twenty tragic years.

Just don't be surprised to see it happen.

Our Own Prospects

THE COLLAPSE of Russia economically, and the more than fifty-fifty chance that Chiang Kai Chek regains his power—hand ultimately over China, means an odd repercussion then threatening America. It will mean that America has no more foes to fear anywhere on the planet, hence the criminal uselessness of a swollen military force. That means a well-nigh disastrous cut-back of arms goods—which American industry will be unable to take.

Today when business gets poor and depression threatens, Washington gives the economy an intravenous injection of another whopping big war-goods order, taxing all industry commonly to pay for it. The Christian economist knows that this is merely a military ruse for redistribution of wealth. For instance, Washington recently allotted some of the bigger motorcar makers a \$164-million-dollar order for army tanks which will never be used, for the simple reason that the models will be obsolete before they're required. This could have but one significance.

The country is so badly over-produced, and possesses such a plethora of everything, that making guns—or tanks that are guns in the motor form—is a mere economic resort to check economic collapse. So long as Russia rants, roars, and vetoes, the populace can find no fault with it. But when industries begin shutting down because the taxation to maintain such a specious setup is beyond industry's capability to stand, public opinion may shift.

Of course nobody is going to approve lowering of wages or pelf bartered from the political powers in the various forms

of public and social security or "relief", so the adjustment will be realistic.

It won't be the party in power at such a time that must be watched, but the party that comes into power on the heels of it.

The sage Ari tells us from his viewpoint in a higher dimension of time and space that he sees no evidence of its reaching an acute stage for two to three years yet. And much can happen in two to three years.

But this tragic inflation must come to crescendo sooner or later—if it hasn't done so already—and people return to economic sanity. It's VALOR's opinion that it's to be a form of honest and down-to-earth Cooperativism that's due to succeed this temporary era of federal spend-thrift. But the public must have a reasonable time to orient itself.

The element to be feared is the Commie Opportunist, preaching a philosophy that appears to be a fresh New Deal when it's really a collapsed and bankrupt Marxism under the surface—at least in expedients.

The one big element that points to salvation is that the average American isn't a Russian kulak. He has brains of a sort in his own right. It will take a long time to liquidate him down to the last man. And Americans as Americans have an aversion to being liquidated.

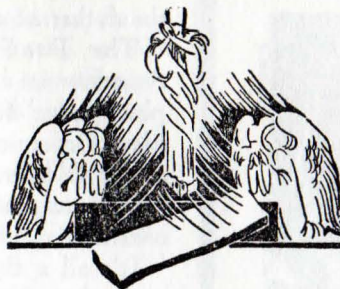
America is still due to lead the world—but maybe not in precisely the pattern assumed by the Man in the Street at the current moment.

What this Country Needs

WHAT this country needs isn't a good five-cent cigar—or even a motorcar of less chromium and more mileage to the gallon.

What this nation needs is a group of its *real* Intelligenzia—United States brand—capable of getting off somewhere in reasonable solitude and *thinking out* exactly where America desires to go, and what it wants to accomplish upon getting there.

Any fool can sit down to a secondhand typewriter and knock off a stencil for an equally dilapidated mimeograph "exposing" this or that, or pointing out how many racketeers nick the average man's pay-check before he gets it cashed for his



THE WORD



HERE'S the word to be carried, I now understand,
The Word of the Elder Brother;
The birthright of some, not given to all,
Its mission to teach one another.
Is it starting too late in this world of alarms?
What is Time but a mortal conception?
In Cosmic Law endless, twin brother to Space,
Our mortal span naught but deception.

Man thinks he is smart, his ego a lord,
His powers of Thought nature-given,
He considers his greatness evolved by himself
When in truth it is largess from Heaven.
This troubled world knew all its shadows and toil
When the Master its dusty roads trod,
In flesh that grew weary like ours of today
When we long for the stride of a god.

His preachment and precept were not understood,
And a price without value we pay;
His parables spoken were mocked in their truth
As that mocking still sounds in today.
But His mission was clear, if we will but seek,
And the light of His teaching shines bright,
And shadows of suffering, of fear, even death,
Are consumed in that God-given *Light!*

—WILLIAM WHITE

family, or composing a flaming tocsin that sums up to little more than Turn the Rascals Out. It takes real grey-matter plus—to say nothing of sound imagination—to deduce the future step by step, erect an ideal of sound economic sense for the Republic to strive for, and point out to the properly powerful persons how it is to their best interests to espouse it.

There is no such Over-All Planning Board—*sans* secret political or racist ends to serve—sitting anywhere in the American Scene at present.

The men who might compose it will be *real* statesmen.

Incidentally, they many be the founders of the True Republic that clairvoyance sees enduring up a thousand years.

Today's difficulty in getting such a group assembled is the fact that the men who might compose it are too gainfully employed holding an economic or political structure together that can crack at the seams. As VALOR said last week, the Constructive Element in this nation should be sheltered in an institution as prolific of works of an idealistic order as Princeton Institute has been productive of works of a—well, controversial order.

In time it will come, because Necessity



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It's all a thought thrown out for you to catch and mull over.

However, none of it contradicts the fact that the nation does need a good five-cent cigar and motorcars with less chromium and more mileage per gallon.

Space Ships

(Continued from Page 4)

making up the word from the Greek word for heaven, 'ouranos.'

"We know too much about conditions on our neighboring planets in our own solar system for us to argue successfully that the Saucers can come from one of them. The only one that seems to be fostering life, even in the form of plant growth, is Mars, and its surface is not habitable by any creature that we can imagine as having a brain more highly developed than our own, or a culture immensely broader than ours.

"With the planets of our own sun system ruled out, I suggest that the home base of the Saucers may be a planet, or planets, revolving around another sun, or suns. Probably this other sun, or star, is one of those nearest to our own sun, which of course is a star. Despite the immense distance between our own solar system (including the earth) and the nearest other solar system, a journey from one system to another is theoretically possible, once an unlimited source of power is developed.

"I DO not, however, believe reports that some Saucers are manned by beings resembling men, although *we can not prove this untrue*. I do not believe the visitors resemble any living beings known to us. Even if they came from a carbonate acid atmosphere and, in our eyes, might be the strangest creatures ever imagined, they still could, theoretically, think logically and develop a highly superior civilization."

Dr. Oberth believes we are fortunate

because if the Saucer occupants were able to live in our atmosphere they might want to settle here. He is in for quite a shock, because the space visitors are exactly the same in appearance, etc., as the Earth inhabitants and they don't need inverted 'fish-bowls' on their heads in order to walk our streets! All the planets in our solar system and others, are inhabited. Science will learn that the spectroscope has been most inaccurate. They know practically *nothing* about the conditions of our nearest planetary neighbors.

Oberth believes that space visitors have been examining Earth for centuries. He has found many references in historical documents to back up this idea. He asks: "Why, then, if space creatures have been coming to us for a long time, have they not communicated with us?"

The eminent scientist suggests as a starter, we try to communicate with the Saucers by radio signal. That was done in August, 1952 in northern Arizona, and the experience appears in *The Saucers Speak*. Oberth says that in order to travel the immense distances, the visitors must travel near the speed of light. He is correct, they can even exceed the so-called 'speed of light.' He says in summation—

"If we can make the Saucer occupants understand some kind of message, we should welcome them. We should try by every scientific means that seems feasible to get into contact with them. Perhaps they can disclose to us secrets that otherwise we might not lay bare in a hundred thousand years."

Although Dr. Oberth still holds to outmoded theories of astronomical science, it is nevertheless significant that a world-renowned scientist admits that Saucers must come from outer space.

—George Hunt Williamson

Judgment Day

(Continued from Page 5)

manufacture this perpetual Niagara of new infants.

Of course the Catholics believe that the Almighty's Belover Son conveniently speels the August Parent on the Bench and the split-second pleading for each soul, and the defending, are done by a Most Gracious Lady. This probably allows God time off to create new worlds somewhere in Cosmos, or attend to the

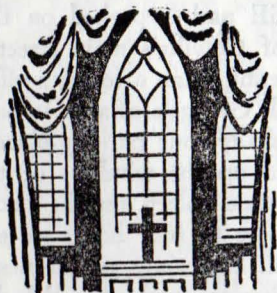
running of the cosmic matchinery. But Protestants are more particular. They want the Supreme Justice Himself, or the courtroom scene is "out" . .

EXACTLY where the Elysian Field is, to which the fortunate prisoners are delivered by the celestial bailiffs, or where the regions of eternal pyrotechnics are located to which the hapless are consigned, is beyond all orthodox assumption. Astronomers have never located either, anywhere in Space.

One part of the Doctrine has it that the fortunate are merely taken out and equipped with comfortable white garments and a harp, whereupon they turn right around and come back to aid God hold court. They take their seats on the benches in an ever-compounding audience and just twang away in praises of the whole legal system.

Just how God decides the cases with the billions of harps twanging, what pieces the fortunate souls play on their harps and who designates them, what fun it would be to twang on a harp in praises after about the thirty-seventh year of it, also are ignored in Fundamentalist explanation.

Another part of the Doctrine says that the unfortunate are tossed off into the Outer Darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. Another part says they are dropped into fiery regions where they sizzle like beefsteaks till the termination of Time. Just how there could be Outer Darkness and Plutonic Fires of Hell both in the same locality, is another trifling contradiction that is conveniently ignored. It must be that the Fires of Hell do not radiate incandescence as do fires of earth. Fiercely they burn and roast the recalcitrant yet never giving off a single spurt of light.



THEREFORE we have this proposition advanced as the basis for our Conventional Religion: The earth's population is set at two-and-a-half billions,

evenly divided as between males and females; these billion and a quarter males and billion and a quarter females are all at work the century around manufacturing culprits for the Celestial Judge to pass upon as to their ultimate fate; and that fate is rigorously and arbitrarily defined, each prisoner becomes a celestial chorister or a perpetual sizzling beefsteak.

It's all that cut-and-dried!

The human soul starts in its earthly cradle and it ends in heaven or hell!

Of course this same Doctrine ignores all this in another part and says that after all nothing of the sort happens: All the deceased are "Asleep in Jesus" and will not awake to enact the Courtroom Scene till one great Day of Doom. Whereupon the Almighty is going to do His judging in one compounded sequence.

That, considering the numbers of humans who have expired since the Year One, piles up a bit of work that will be harder for the Almighty to get through with than as if He had done His judging at the rate of sixty-five thousand times forty-eight per day. But this bothers the prevailing theologian not at all. He merely dismisses that matter by declaring that "all things are possible with God" and lets it go at that.

That contributing to, not to mention hearing harp music over uncountable thousands of years, might offer a worse hell to the principals than going down to the Furnace Room and beginning the agony on an honest and courageous basis at once, is another little point that gets no rationalization.

There is the Celestial System set up, and you can take it or leave it. But if you leave it, God help you in that Courtroom Sequence! And after the deacons have passed the collection-plate, the audience will please stand and sing "Pull for the Shore!"

To all of which the sanely-thinking mortal asks: "Can you prove that any of it happens?"

The dominie has the intestinal vigor to respond: "I don't have to prove it, but God help you if you don't believe it!"

"But it doesn't make sense from any angle!" protests the sanely-thinking mortal.

"It doesn't make sense," is the argument returned, "in that you're a Sinner!"

"Maybe," says the S. T. M., "yet all
(Continued on Page 14)

Behold Life!



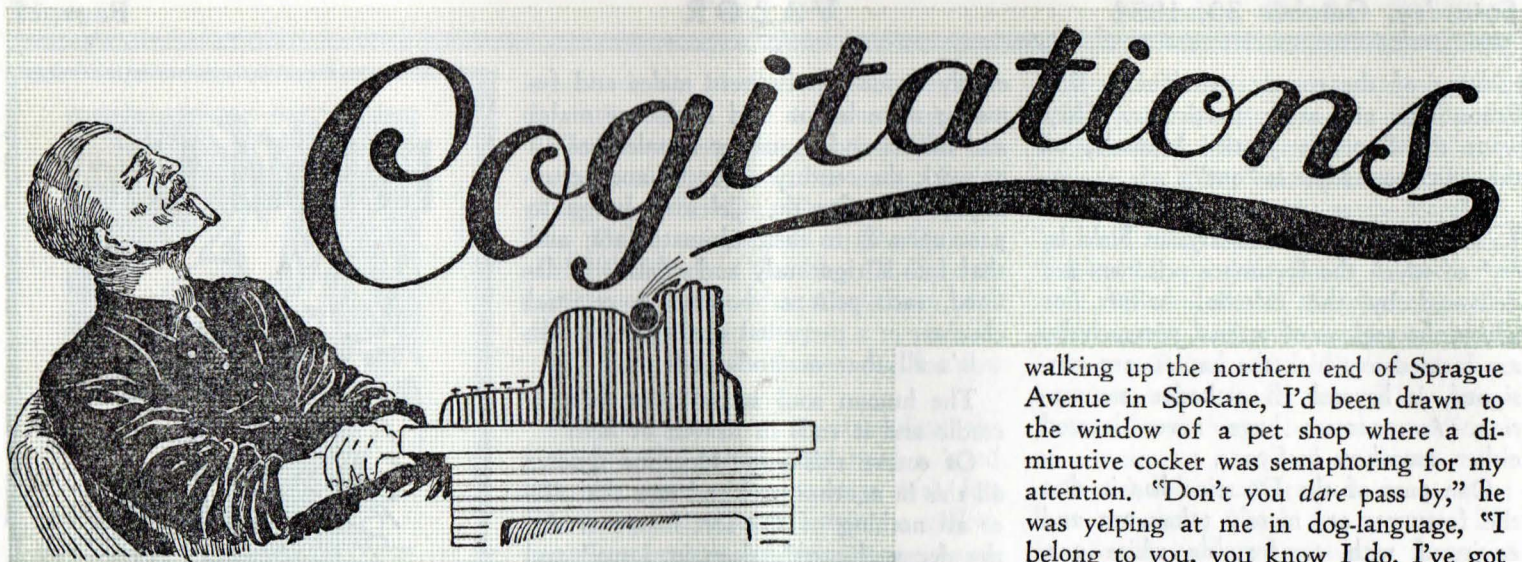
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Soulcraft Chapels
Noblesville, Indiana



I HAD meant to write a lengthy reminiscence about George Fisher this week, but under the circumstances I don't imagine George will feel slighted.

We had something happen here Thursday the 21st, throwing a pall of solemnity over the fortnight's proceedings. About 2:30 in the afternoon, AMH came across the composing room. "We've lost Buzzie," was the announcement she made me. "Lost him!" I exclaimed. At first thought she meant the cocker spaniel pooch had wandered to the woodlands along the river. "He's lying out in the street," she continued brokenly, "a truck's struck him!" That sent me out front. Buzzie was lying on his left side, head in a northerly direction, already at death's door. Bartley from the accounting office was bending over him. The driver whose vehicle had snuffed out the little dog's life—advertently, of course—had whiter face than Bart. "He must have been sniffing around under my truck," he apologized, "when I started up. I felt the left hind wheel raise as though I'd hit a brick." At any rate the lad was no hit-and-run villain . . . Obviously Buzzie had scarcely known what happened. When I picked him up, after rolling him in a little white shroud, I knew from the limpness that his end had come quickly and quietly. He was relaxed and relieved. The local veterinary had been phoned for, and was on his way over. But when he ultimately drove up, Buzzie's valiant little heart had beaten its last throb. And it had throbbled continuously for fourteen years and five months. The Soulcraft Inner Circle had suffered a major fatality . . .

IT HAD been a lazy golden day at Soulcraft, scarcely a cloud in the autumnal sky since morning. When I'd awakened at 5:30 I'd fed Buzzie his *Pard*, along with Butch, Emma and Fritz, and he'd gobbled it voraciously—as was his wont. He'd slept or frolicked about the place till noon, plainly unaware that it was his last day in his tawny-haired dog-flesh. Between one and two he'd barked to go out front. Funny thing, it wasn't a day when the street was overly crowded with vehicles. The truck that finished

Rest In Peace



Buzzie

him had come to make a special delivery to Soulcraft . . . As I stood looking down upon Buz, knowing I should never open another door to let him either in or out, my mind couldn't help going back to that Sunday twilight in June of 1940 when

walking up the northern end of Sprague Avenue in Spokane, I'd been drawn to the window of a pet shop where a diminutive cocker was semaphoring for my attention. "Don't you *dare* pass by," he was yelping at me in dog-language, "I belong to you, you know I do, I've got a whole lifetime of karma to play out with you, don't you *dare* pass by." I turned into the shop where an old German and his wife were feeding their animals for the night. "How much for that cocker?" I inquired. The German waxed eloquent. "For that dawg, mit papers, ten dollars iss," he enthused. I cried, "Papers! What do you mean, papers?" . . . "In the Club Kennels registered he iss. Mister, a thoroughbred dawg about you're esking." I said, "Lift him out." The German unhooked the cage-catch and I got Buzzie in my arms for the first time. He was precisely eleven inches from the tip of his retrousse snout to the stub of tail that wasn't there. But he snuggled into my shoulder with a finality that said, "Good work now let's get out of here!" I was on my way with George Fisher up to northeast of Colville, but not leaving till next morning. I paid the ten dollars, promising to pick up the pooch in our car at eight. I had bought the biggest purchase of affection and loyalty that could go in a dog. And yet as quickly as that, at one o'clock next day I almost lost him . . .

o—o

GEORGE and I parked on the east side of Colville's main street to attend a meeting in an attorney's office connected with George's affairs. It had been cool and shady, our parking-place, when we cranked up the windows of the car, leaving Buzzie asleep on the back seat. But for three to four hours we engaged in the legal explorings of business problems and it was nearly one o'clock when we descended for our lunch. The sun meanwhile had canceled out the shadowed coolness of those eastern buildings and been beating directly down mercilessly on

the machine's metal top. I glanced into the car's rear and did some gasping myself. My new Cocker was a mass of foam from his retrouse snout to the tail that wasn't there. Don't tell me a dog can't perspire. How long he'd been unconscious from suffocation and temperature I had no means of knowing. But we got him into handy drugstore, demanding cracked ice. Buzzie's real date with The Reaper wasn't to mature for fourteen years, however. He rallied, groaned, opened one eye at me and said in dog lingo, "Much obliged for the rescue. Now let's get back to Indiana so I can commence my career." It was well-nigh thirty days before we arrived, however . . .

o—o

FOR the next two years Buzzie was cocker-of-the-walk in domestic affairs in Indiana. No other dog flesh challenged his supremacy until a linotype operator at the plant made Adelaide a present of Peanut, a Manchester Terrier. But Buzzie accepted this party in due course and became palsy-walsy with him. Larry Brown, one of the *Roll Call* editors, found pleasure in taking both pooches around the block o' late evening. Buzzie being the more impulsive of the two, was restrained on a leash. Peanut ran free—too free. He ran so free one evening in early 1942 that his freedom took him into the pathway of a speeding motorcar. I chanced to be reading late in bed on the second floor when I overheard my son, Bill, say *sotto* voice from the landing, "Don't tell Dad tonight. Wait till morning when he and Adelaide mayn't take it so hard." I lowered my book. Emphatically not in *sotto* voice I demanded, "What shouldn't I be told tonight?" . . . Bill came into my bedroom. "Sorry, Dad, we've lost Peanut. A motorcar smacked him." . . . I asked, "Where is he?" . . . Bill said, "Larry brought what was left of him home in his arms. The body is down on the front veranda, what you might call very quiet." Buzzie came in, running between Bill's legs, leaped on the bed. Pushing his nose tightly into my left shoulder, he lay trembling in every muscle. *He knew what had happened.* Or was it, perhaps, that he sensed his own manner of departing earth some twelve years come Michaelmas? . . .

o—o

WELL, after my return from being lengthily entertained by Uncle

Sam—for not particularly relishing the Alger Hisses and other snakish noises that were sounding out of our Washington administration—Buzzie was brought out to the Noblesville plant and introduced to Butch, Emma and Fritz. He was an American Kennel Club pooch—with papers—while they were mutts, who'd wandered into the precincts because they'd sniffed food. If there were any particular sniffing of food to be done on Soulcraft premises, Buzzie felt adequately capable of doing it. He was ten to eleven years old by dog standards, and seventy-seven years old by human standards. During the time of my incarceration he'd "looked after" the family—which meant that he barked at all doorbell rings, guarded the house at the risk of his life, and made periodic demands two times daily for nourishment. In fact, nourishment became his religion and his petard. He first lost his hearing, then he lost his teeth—on the left-hand side his jaw. But he never lost his appetite. He could smell food two miles away and raise audible voice if any obstruction offered. He grew a rough place on his neck this past summer, spending a week in the Dog Hospital. We thought we'd lost him then. But he rallied. I sometimes looked at him and wondered if we were to have a canine prodigy for excessive age on our hands. He would linger within the vicinity of the tin food-plates throughout the whole day—till I realized he'd gone a little bit "touched" on the subject of viands. The only thing that would distract him was a peal of thunder. Let a thunderstorm gather from the south or west and Buzzie behaved as one haunted by prenatal memory. Frantically he sought to get close to me, "inside the protection of my aura." He caused me to wonder if perchance he might have perished in an earlier life from a lightning-bolt and recalled it subconsciously. Let no one hoodwink himself that anything once endowed with life does not undergo repeat visitations on this earth-plane and learn character-development from experiences . . .

o—o

WELL, when the veterinary arrived and, figuratively speaking, issued the death certificate, I had David bring the Soulcraft truck around. I found a shrouding sheet in which I wrapped Buzzie's limp little body tenderly. He was



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placed in a special box and transferred to the rear of the plant, beneath the Great Chinese Elm at the southern end of the patio. There during the next hour a suitable resting place was dug for him. At twilight that afternoon—valiant little life ended—we chanced to go forth upon the patio and to our amazement beheld Old Fritz lying upon the mound with muzzle between his jaws. One of his eyes appeared suspiciously moist, in fact a tear glistened but it might have been the cold from which Fritz has suffered recently . . . Was Fritz more conscious than ourselves of the liberated doggie, freed at last from his insatiable reflexes concerning nourishment? . . . Anyhow, Buzzie's gone—and the premises are eerily silent despite his three survivors. Of course I shall meet him again, in due season. I'm willing to wager any amount of money that the first morning after I get into the Rose-Room of Rest I'm due to hear a *wow!-wow!-wow* outside the north door of the heavenly bower and with a sleepless sigh I'll be thrusting bare shanks from under the roses and get up to admit Buzzie—not particularly there to greet me but to convey to me in thought-speech, "Thank God *you're* here! . . . now I can get something to eat around this place." . . . What would eternity be, without Buzzie to feed? . . . I forgot to mention that the vehicle that finished him was the bakery wagon. He went out of this Vale of Tears by the route of a *doughnut* truck . . . He would!

—THE INTERPRETER

Judgment Day

(Continued from Page 11)

the same, it's preposterous. You've contradicted yourself in your own Doctrine in a dozen places. You've ignored all the laws of Nature and Nature's processes. Most preposterous of all, you're truly maintaining that any besotted man or woman in existence has the celestial capability to create a Human Soul. In fact, you're advancing the argument that a billion pairs of parents, good, bad, or indifferent, are in a position to manufacture courtroom work for God till the crack o' doom, and there's no getting out of the tedium of it for God—thereby making a billion pairs of parents God's perpetual employers!"

"Employers!" the dominie will echo, aghast.

"Whoever furnishes labor for another is his employer, is he not?"

"I suppose you think you have a better explanation for it all?" the theological expert may superciliously suggest.

"I have, at least, an hypothesis I can prove!"

"What do you mean, prove?"

"I can prove that parents do not create the spiritual souls occupying their children's bodies, by demonstrating that all sentient men and women occupying those bodies have had prior mortal existences."

"How can you demonstrate it?"

"By the testimony of the people concerned, themselves, when they are reduced to a mental condition where their present sense-equipments no longer register distracting stimuli in any way upon them!"

NOW the Hypothesis of Seried Existences, and progression through octave upon octave of more transcendent consciousness, makes no parents—besotted or otherwise—God's employers; it entails no courtroom application on the part of the Resplendent Originator of the Universe; it does not circumscribe the arenas of activity in which the soul shall spend eternity. It says simply and rationally that faint units of Thought-Energy evolve out of the great ocean of Universal Spirit, and life by life, aeon by aeon, encounter pleasure-pain experiences in various patterns of sentient bodies, until finally self-awareness is developed that goes on and on into fecundities of celestial performance so stupendous that souls in the current mortal status have no equipment for grasping their potentialities.

Each pair of parents starts biological processes to work that offer temporary enhousement for such unit of Thought-Energy. That temporary enhousement is called the Mortal Span.

The temporary enhousement supplied biologically by the parents is composed of more materials and attributes than commonly meet the eye. It really is a series of bodies, each of finer and finer integration of materials, each confined inside the other, the final outer shell or covering being the gross fatty overcoat that at physical demise is conveniently buried in a grave for decomposition and return to its elements.

(Continued Next Week)

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 10)

duced the condition in the first place? . . . Perhaps this is the whole question of Forgiveness, but how can it be reconciled with the inexorable law of Karma? Perhaps after we "repent" and ask for forgiveness, the present debt is forgiven by freeing one to repay the debt in a more constructive way?

Illumination: The fact that people don't correctly comprehend Karma but have accepted purblindly the Brahman's construction of it, is one of the chief reasons for the next major Soulcraft textbook, *Know Your Karma*. Whoever said with any authority in his subject that physical illness which would respond to hypnotherapy was karmic in the first place? True, if a man over-indulged in spiritous liquors till he undermined his health, he might be said to have suffered a karma of his own manufacture to himself. But that is not exactly cosmic karma. Karma is a disturbed equilibrium, intentionally performed toward another, so that another is retarded physically, mentally, socially, financially or spiritually. For that willful wrong, one must pay in kind, and an earthly situation seems eventually to mature where such payment becomes possible. Ninety-five percent of man's physical ills come from subconscious conflict or resentment at a condition one imagines he cannot alter, so he takes it out on himself as an organism. Hypnotherapy should reveal the cause of the conflict and thus lead to its removal or an understanding intelligently of its nature. "Forgiveness" doesn't enter into it, unless it be self-forgiveness. *Know Your Karma* will make this whole problem clear to you. Concerning no other field, excepting perhaps that of Reincarnation, has Soulcraft received a greater quantity of both inquiry and enlightenment.

Flying Saucer Web

(Continued from Page 3)

are all accompanied by tales of flying saucers, seen not by just one pair of eyes but many.

The odd webs of "cotton candy" were called to the attention of The News-Sentinel Tuesday by an informant who also

claims to have seen a "flying saucer".

This newspaper reporter and a photographer can verify the presence of the white stuff (although the strands that floated down close enough were too small to show up effectively in a picture), but

"flying saucers" we leave to others to confirm. They haven't yet crossed our myopic vision.

This all sounds too much like a Saturday morning television show, but there it is.

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some reincarnational question, why souls come back onto the mortal plane, how they manage to capture control of the embryos developing in maternal bodies. It is the enlightenment you have been waiting for, to make infallible common sense of the earthly tenure.

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

NEVER complete a new book—and I've written and finished something like 102 of them in my time, fiction and all—that I don't feel a let-down. I can appreciate how a woman feels, having a baby. She carries its embryo under her heart for a given number of months and finally comes delivery. In the case of a book, you carry it as embryo in your head. But neither woman nor author can help but wonder what its career is to be, whether it is to conquer in the tussle of life or go down to nonentity. I don't suppose the mother-woman has ever lived either who did not wonder whether, if she had it to do over again, she couldn't do it better but it certainly happens in book procreation . . . I saw the breath of life spanked into the new literary organism of *Getting Born* on Sunday, October 24th, and Monday the 26th it started for the bindery to be fitted for earthly raiment. The first samples of the finished product came back on the 29th. I am rudderless and at a loss . . .

THIS PAST week as well saw the reprints of *Behold Life* and *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* come out of the printeries, and they're going forward to purchasers as fast as they can be wrapped. They're in the new limp-covered and round-cornered format—as all the Soulcraft books are due to be as necessity for reprinting now arises. And coming along in the same outside printeries are new editions of *Star Guests*, *Thinking Alive*, and *Thresholds of Tomorrow*. But reprints are similar to taking little Horace or Lillian down to the clothier's or costumer's and having them completely outfitted for school or other sojourns away from the parental roof. It's the fresh addition to the family, with all its eccentricities and foibles, meaning its eccentricities of character and temperament, that makes the birth of the new volume notable. The weight of the new literary organism has gone out of my Jovian cranium and I'm left feeling, I say, like one of those weather balloons that the meteorologists send up to be mistaken for Flying Saucers. I saw a few being released, *a la* Adelaide's television the other evening, and the announcer declared some of them went up to 40,000 feet before they exploded. The analogy with book production has to stop there because I'm positive that having gone up to 40,000 feet, I'd have nothing remaining of me, of consequence to go boom.

IT LOOKS easy, perhaps to write a book. The layman has the vague idea that you merely insert twin sheets of paper in your typewriter—

with carbon between—starting with Page One clearly marked and continuing to insert twin sheets of paper—with carbon between—marking the next Page Two and so along till you've clearly marked 320. Then you stop, correct wrong punctuation, and say to the linotyper, "Here it is! . . . You can start setting it whenever you feel agreeable." But something flows out of you onto every page of such work, and keeps on flowing out. You feel yourself shrinking and wondering how much of you is going to be human and how much printing, before you're finished. Somebody saunters in, picks up a page in the center of the context, remarks, "This is terrific!" or "This is terrible!" but you're compelled to go right along having your book-baby, whichever the comment may be. And you might as well like it. President Elliot of Harvard once courted notoriety by contriving to put together a five-foot shelf of books of somebody else's writings. I've contrived to put together nearly four times as many books as President Elliot—and of my own writings. And the end is not yet . . .

I'VE got four books more to do before I exceed 40,000 feet, *a la* the weather balloons, and go boom. I'll have to anchor myself to earth again presently by starting *Know Your Karma*, a volume that tackles one of the most controversial problems of life—the nature of our individual responsibilities toward others and toward society—and *Undying Mind*, which is a 600-page recapitulation of so-called metaphysics in all its phases. Then there are two more volumes of the *Soulscripts* to finish. After these, I'm going to make the attempt to ascertain if I can keep quiet for a little while and let somebody else do the talking. But even so, past publishings will be but beginning. I want to see the forty-eight *Blue Lectures* on long-perished civilizations brought out between covers in four volumes. Then I'd be secretly pleased to behold four to eight years of *Cogitations* made available for lighter reading after the whole of it. Possibly if I ever reach the position or situation where time drags heavily on my hands, I'll get around to fumigating and otherwise expurgating *Door to Revelation*, along with its sequel,

Garden of Prophecy. But that will mean over 80,000 feet in altitude and it's just possible that by that time you won't be able to find the shattered fragments of me . . . No, satisfaction doesn't enter into it, excepting as gratification entered into Buzzie's ensemble from vocal noises at closed doors. *The noises opened the doors*. I'm hoping against hope I can say the same myself, though where the doors lead can be a philosopher's delirium . . .

¶ A GOOD book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life . . .