

Valor...

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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“Why Am I the Only One in My Family to Suffer from Ulcers?”

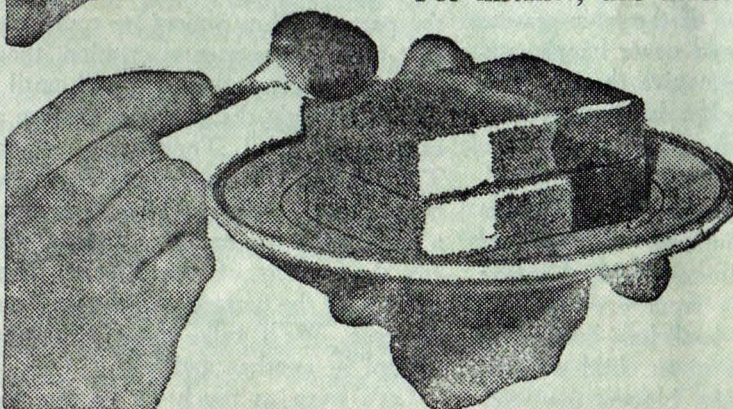
IT BECOMES truly amazing, when we stop to give it thought, how directly and continually the psychical principles of Soulcraft apply to the hour-to-hour dilemmas of our daily lives. Especially does the determination of this fact apply to us in the physical sense. Soulcraft is by no means a cure-all for the ills and maladjustments of the organic self, but a thorough understanding of the processes at work, making the physical what we find it, helps to clear up situation after situation that we may always have taken for granted.

For instance, this matter of bodily weaknesses afflicting large numbers with no particular inherited reasons why we should be called to suffer them.

A man living in Idaho propounded a poser to the esoteric principles of Soulcraft in a recent letter when he demanded—

“Please give me a twenty-word answer to this mystery: I was the last child born in a family of seven. Every one of my three brothers and sisters have enjoyed perfect health, barring the usual illnesses of childhood. So have my mother and father always been fine, rugged people physically, my father in particular who has done the work of a ranch ever since I can remember, and now is seventy-four. Yet from high school days onward I’ve been afflicted with stomcah ulcers. They’ll seem to heal up for months at a time, only

particular who has done the work of a ranch ever since I can remember, and now is seventy-four. Yet from high school days onward I’ve been afflicted with stomcah ulcers. They’ll seem to heal up for months at a time, only



to break out anew. Why was I, of all this rugged brood, born with this weakness? If you won't think it silly to ask, why in the world do I love ice cream so greatly, and yet suffer some of my worst attacks after eating it? Am I to attribute this sort of affliction to karma of any sort? Your advice would be appreciated . . ."



VALOR does not essay to prescribe medically for physical ills, but assuming the circumstances are as stated, decidedly what we might analyze as a psychosomatic principle is operating here. Psychosomatic, by the way, means pertaining to the functional interrelationship between mind and body, or disorders inducted by mental or emotional disturbances. That brings the matter stated within the realm of Metaphysics.

We know from our researches into spirit phenomena that mental, and consequently emotional reactions are almost one hundred percent linked up with the individual intellect that reposes and operates from within the Etheric Double. This Etheric Double is also meant when reference is made to the Soul Body or the Light Pattern Body that resides normally exactly inside the physical husk and causes it to present precisely the same appearance to earthly associates from decade to decade the well-known physiological fact that all the bodily cells die and are renewed every seven years.

This Etheric Double of the self begins to manifest itself at birth, may be and has been photographed again and again in its manifestations during bodily life, and departs the worn out or damaged physical organism at Death. It seems to be hitched to the physical husk by a twin life-cord, one branch of which is connected from solar plexus to solar plexus, and its twin from physical brain to soul-intellect. Death of body is little more than both Silver Cords severing and

the Etheric Double having nothing more to do with the physical vehicle. But during normal bodily life, almost every brain cell is connected by a silken-fine invisible "thread" with the Etheric Intellect that is the true storehouse of Memory and enables Soul-man to "think" after he has departed the bodily coil. The esoterically ignorant psychologist names it the Sub-conscious Mind. At any rate, it is a spirit-organism that survives death of body, and once the heart has halted moves out of the bodily frame and begins to perceive hyperdimensionally—or we can call it that. It sees and senses, in other words, at a higher frequency of atomic vibration, and is usually the "ghost" or phantasm of a person so often glimpsed in odd illumination after the Passing has been made. During sleep it gently disengages from the physical self and can be photographed through a quartz lens, floating six to eight inches above the prostrate slumbering form. Some esoterists are convinced that such withdrawal of the Etheric Double is sleep and naught else. Psychical persons present at death-beds have actually seen discarnate relatives break the minute brain-cell "threads" one by one, that the Eternal Double may be free to travel onto higher levels or planes of consciousness. When the cerebral part of the Silver Cord breaks but the solar plexus branch does not, the psychologist gives it out that "the person's mind has gone." On rare occasions, the heart may stop and the solar plexus connection sever, but the cerebrum connection still hold. That is the unenviable state in which Soul-man "dies", or is regarded as dead, and yet is conscious of what is happening to the clay husk to which it is still attached. This is one of the main reasons why Cremation should never happen until the fourth day—to give the cerebrum cord the chance to get intellect free of the cadaver . . .

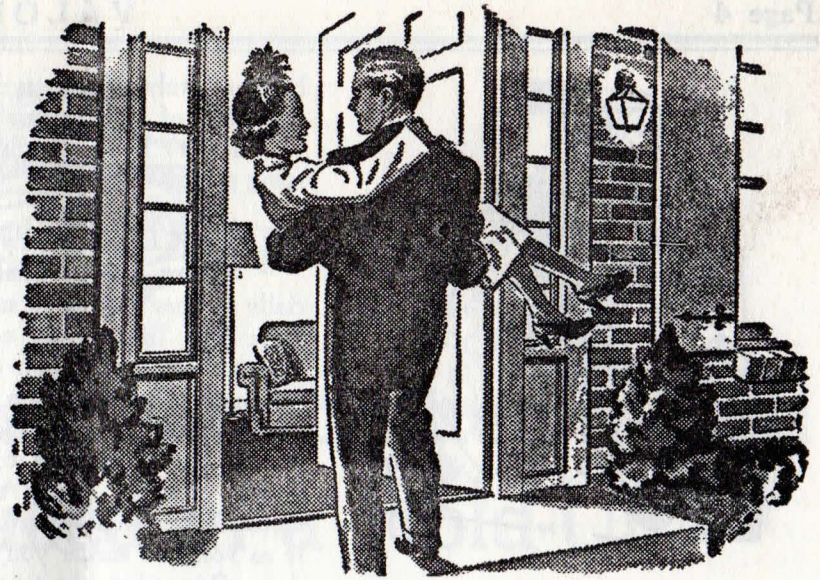
NOW it is only the physical or organic husk that "inherits" any parental traits, all other attributes are the left-over reflexes intellectually from previous lives that the conscious soul has lived. The genes may endow a given child with racial features or even bloodstream contaminations, but its emotional life is something it has brought through *from* and *in* and *by* its own personal spirit-character.

A highly strung person emotionally is usually a soul-man—and of course woman—who is abnormally apprehensive about being successful in executing the particular brevet that has brought him or her into the mortal coil. He is "jittery" as we term it, about making good in his current sojourn. He transmits this spirit-upset by way of reflexes to his most sensitive vital part organically, delivering neurotic repercussions to the etheric pattern that gives cells proper framework to follow. In the case of our Nevada friend, as in the case of thousands, the most vitally sensitive area was his stomach. Its constantly uncontrolled cells ran riot on their jobs because apprehension about spiritually making good in an incarnation was delivering an unrelenting pounding, hence the malformations known as Ulcers. It wasn't ice cream as ice cream that started distress anew in these disrupted areas but its paralyzing coldness chilling the blood that tries to feed the distressed cells and make them perform in the orderly manner.

An ulcer, physiologically, is a breach other than a wound, of either an external or internal surface, in the course of disease, accompanied by loss of tissue. It consists of a 'floor' or surface, usually depressed from the surrounding healthy surface, and an 'edge' where the healthy tissues end. The floor of an ulcer is composed of granulations, small masses of cells forming connecting tissue. It is when it is inflamed that it becomes painful, generally speaking. But something has caused those cells to depart the pattern of the Light Body. Mind control has suspended, psychosomatically, and almost we might phrase it, resulted in holes in the pattern. Thus almost we could put it that ulcers are a mental creation, though not always controllable at will until we picture strongly the fractured pattern and cause it to mend. They're not inherited. They're made by the personal temperament. Intense spiritual concentration on a given work, or excessive fatigue, weakens those parts of the Etheric Double containing the pattern and the cells make whoopie. We'll talk about etheric-body control in another article.

Let's learn as much as we can about the functions and misbehaviors of this etheric self of ours, in VALOR, as we go further into the summer of 1955 . . .

Some Fundamentals about Matrimony Explaining Why Men and Women Don't always Agree . .



“What in the World Ever Led Me to Marry the Woman I Did?”



AID a recent visitor to Soulcraft, “Whether a man or woman marries happily or unhappily has more to do with his or her success than any other factor entering into life.” This visitor was a prosperous appearing male in his middle forties and he was not accompanied to Headquarters by his wife.

The Recorder inquired, “What do you consider a happy marriage?”

He seemed annoyed at this. “Everybody knows what a happy marriage is. Why pin me down to technicalities?”

“You’re not being pinned down to technicalities. And everybody does *not* know what a happy marriage is. What’s a happy state of matrimony to one person would be insufferable boredom to another. Moreover, what seems to be a happy marriage at one stage of life won’t stack up as so happy at another stage of life. What do *you* consider a happy marriage?”

The prosperous visitor pouted but he did give it thought. “At least living with a woman,” he said finally, “without battling with her the clock around.”

“In other words, a marriage that holds no belliciosities?”

“Why not?”

“Pretty much of a generality, friend.

Now what’s the *real* thing troubling you?”

He finally got down to it.

“I suppose I really want to know why in the world I ever married Emma Jane!”

THIS worthy American had motored over three hundred miles to “go to bat” with the Recorder over sundry statements of a conjugal nature in *Adam Awakes*. When any male does such a thing it’s *prima facie* evidence he’s by no means wedded agreeably. Happily married men do *not* motor three hundred miles to detail the degree of their conubial bliss. But they decidedly may do so to get their own particular dilemma rationalized.

“Let’s hear about Emma Jane.”

“Well, first I’d like to tell you the circumstances under which I met her.”

“No, that’s got nothing to do with marital belliciosities, not basically. By the way, what was the date of your birth?”

“March the first, Nineteen-Ten. What has my birth date got to do with it?”

“You’re a Piscean on a Five Life-Path. What date was your wife born?”

“July thirtieth, Nineteen-Eight. What has that got to do with it?”

“A Leo on a One Life-Path—your lady.”

“What are you talking, Astrology? I don’t believe in Astrology.”

“Never mind what you believe in, please. You asked what in the world made you marry Emma Jane, as an indication of your unhappiness matrimonially.”

“I know she’s two years older than I. But—”

“Older or younger doesn’t affect it. What does affect it is, that you’re born under a Water Sign married to a woman born under a Fire-Sign. Furthermore, you’re on a Life-Path of Vicissitude and Change for their own sakes, while Emma Jane is on a Life-Path of Independence and Self-Reliance as a life-lesson in which to perfect herself. How do Fire and Water react when they meet?”

“Sizzle!”

“Not necessarily. Harnessed together they produce steam, don’t they—which potentially means power. Given too much of the Fire, the Water is due to evaporate. Given too much of the Water, it puts the Fire out.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” What I want to know is—?”

“You said you wanted to know *why* you married Emma Jane. Did you marry her, or did she marry you? Meaning, which was the aggressor in getting the union consummated? Ten to one it was Emma Jane.

“Ah, now you’re talking.” The visitor was sitting forward on the extreme front



edge of his chair. "As I started to say, I met that woman—"

"We're wasting time discussing *how* you met her. The thing is, you did meet her and your union by no means turned out compatible. You can't throw a bucket of water on a blaze and expect you're going to get sweetness and harmony and the songs of birdlets. Marital Happiness in general has little to do with it. When you bring factors together that don't belong together, and won't go together, why raise a ruckus that trouble results?"

"I was thinking of the Karma involved, and what sort of deal I might have made with Emma before coming into life."

"No matter what sort of a deal you made with her to pay off Karma due to her, or have her pay it off to you, you're bound to live your lives according to the over-all purpose for which you entered mortality and the definite vibrations attending upon it."

"I don't believe in Astrology. I had an aunt—"

"Nobody's talking Astrology to you. And let's keep to Emma Jane. She's not only independent of temperament but takes for granted that whatever she decides should be the law of the roost. You're fluid and inclined to be reasonably patient and long-suffering. Moreover, you just can't avoid making changes every three or four years. But comes a time of, shall we say, too much bossing and you rise up and take steps . . ."

"Have you ever met my wife? How do you know so much about her? . . . because you're absolutely right."

"Emma Jane is a Leo—what you might call a Fire Goddess. You're a Piscean on a Five Life-Path, and the only time water

becomes truly dangerous is when there's too much of it or it damns up."

"But *isn't* karma involved in my marrying Emma Jane?"

"PEOPLE get entirely erroneous idea about karmic relationships, especially as they display in matrimony. You came into life to get certain spiritual profits from it that you can take along with you permanently up the cycles and planes. Emma Jane did the same. Whether you had obligations to work out together probably wasn't the dominating motivation in your incarnations, especially as you said earlier you've had no children. Remember, *the true essence of the life experience you came to mortal life to get is the one big thing that any man or woman obeys first*. Personal adjustments are usually incidental to it."

"What you're telling me then is, that I didn't necessarily marry Emma Jane because I might have done her wrong in a former life?"

"Perhaps. But it would have little to do with the truer causes for present incompatibility. Two people with antagonistic cosmic frequencies get hooked up together. A thousand and one motives might have been served in your proposing to her, perhaps nothing of more consequence than because you felt moody and the afternoon was rainy. But this thing is a fact, and more people should give attention to it . . . the overwhelming preponderance of compatible marriages are shown as happening when two people wed who were born under the same zodiacal *Sign* though not necessarily in the same zodiacal period. Thus you as a Piscean, born under the Sign of Water, should have married a Cancerian or a Scorpio, to get unflinching affability in your partner. If Emma Jane had wedded an Arian or Sagittarian she could be as bossy as the most determined backseat driver in the whole world of motorcars and the sparks would do nothing but fly. They wouldn't set much material afire."

"For pity's sake, if a man falls in love with a woman and finds her born under the wrong sign, is he supposed to call the romance off and have nothing more to do with her?"

"Not necessarily. But you wanted to know what was causing your main unhappiness with Emma Jane. If you had one radio playing a symphony in a room

and another turned up loudly on a congressman's raucous speech, would you hear much harmony in the place? Noise frequencies, utterly unlike, would be the main cause of the bedlam. Asking *how* you came to marry Emma Jane is as inconsequential as asking how a concert and a political speech happened to come into the one room on two radios at the same time. The fact remains that owning two radios and turning them on simultaneously—"

"But *why* should I have come into life under a Water Sign and Emma come in under a Fire Sign, assuming we were fated to meet and marry?"

"Maybe to effect steam power under a splendid and intelligent cooperation and get something done in life as a pair that's truly extraordinary. What seems to have happened is, that your Fire Goddess with her regal outlook on life seems to have damned up her Water-Power husband and something's got to give. Discussing general marital unhappiness settles nothing. The true cosmic student simply applies his knowledge to understand rationally what's operating in a given situation between the pair of them."

"Uh-huh, . . . then what does he do about it, the situation, I mean?"

"Ah, there's where the karmic factors may become of importance. If the karma's inexorable, one or the other tolerates it *intelligently*, not in blind animus at the mortal pact in general."

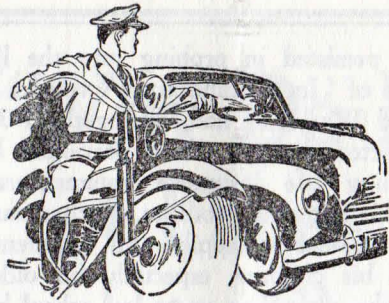
The visitor was thoughtful. "Umph! . . . there seems to be a lot more to life generally than appears on the surface, doesn't there?"

"Bring Emma Jane *with* you the next time you come to Soulcraft and let her in on it as well. One thing is certain, Leo people seldom lack intelligence though they may lack education."

"You're right in that. Emma Jane's *intelligent* enough, don't you worry?"

"Then so long as two partners to a contract are intelligent, the situation's not irremediable. The one problem between them is to fully understand the cosmic factors that are supervising them. Because such supervision is inexorable. That's one thing you can depend upon!"





“What Karma Was Being Settled When My Uncle Got Killed in a Hold-Up?”



HOUSANDS of people up and down the world have acquired totally mischievous notions about what constitutes Karma.

The average orthodox layman regards it as a paganistic oriental theory of mortal life paying back literally an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, with most of us being in flesh to discharge moral obligations owing to others who have been in contact with us in previous life spans. Since the publication of Soulcraft's book *Know Your Karma*, whole batteries of queries have come in, and are still coming in, asking informative particulars about its application in this or that social or domestic quandary. One of the most challenging of these was put to the Recorder on a recent evening in the recital of a major crime that had been committed in nearby Ohio wherein the uncle of the questioner had lost his life.

“Uncle Stanislaus was night-man at gas filling station,” had gone the story. “He'd always been an honest, hard-working man, with a wife and three children to support and educate, and was finishing up his payments on a home. About two months ago he was on the job one evening between eleven and twelve o'clock when a car pulled up between the pumps and three hoodlums spilled out. One proceeded to work a pump and fill up the car's tank for himself while the other two pushed Uncle Stan into the station at gun-point and told him to fork over the currency in the register. He no sooner got the drawer open than another car drove in from the street and Uncle Stan

Victim's Guides May Be Working Out a Plot Peculiar to the Private Life and Affairs . .

dropped a coin on the floor. The chief thug decided it was a stall till help came and proceeded to let Uncle Stan have it. He was blasted down while in that crouch-position. The second car saw a holdup in progress and beat it. The hoods cleaned out every penny in the place, got their own machine in movement and beat it, too. My uncle's helper came back from a midnight snack in a nearby beanery to call an ambulance but Uncle Stan died on his way to the hospital. Considering such a setup are we Soulcrafters to accept that in a previous life Uncle Stan had shot that identical holdup man and the earlier crime had brought its victim around to pay off, or was it a 'fix' with the angels upstairs that he should terminate his life and start anew, or could we call it just accident? Was Karma mixed up in it anyhow, and where does Aunt Josephine stand in the whole of it? Seems to me *she's* the one paying the real karmic bills.”

NINE out of ten people, investigating the rudiments of cosmic facts for themselves, fall into a slipshod habit of blaming on Karma whatever seems mystical and nonexplainable to them otherwise. They don't study thoroughly what acts and obligations enter into the commission

of bona fide karma. They accept the phlegmatic oriental view that every soul is seemingly chained to a karmic wheel, concluding that certain ordeals or tragedies must be unavoidable within their destinies and little or nothing can be done about it.

Again and again the Soulcraft Mentors strive to make it clear that Karma is nothing of the sort.

Real Karma is merely a convenient term applicable to the payoff for behavior that has been entered upon with malice aforethought, against some aspect of morals or equity. It is Reaction from Action, or putting it still more simply, Result from Cause. But would it comprise being blasted down by a hoodlum's gun when one had never set eyes on the hoodlum before in the current life? Would it cover one's life being ended suddenly and gorily from any particular cause, the hoodlum's bullet serving as aptly as any other?

Strange indeed that laymen whose minds work so, persistently overlook one factor so prominent that he doesn't see the forest for the trees—

There is always a point at which Karma begins in the original instance.

The Ohio incident described would seem to be a perfect illustration of it . .

FURTHER questioning brought out the fact that two nights later clever police work had brought the apprehension of the three hoodlums, and they were seized and identified. They were not what is known as “professional gunmen” and only one of them up to the uncle's murder had a police record. The one who



had done the shooting had been an insurance company accountant who was fearful of adjustors going over his books the coming week and discovering a sizable shortage. The shortage had been caused by his infatuation for a young married woman who had lacked the funds to get a divorce from her husband. One moral delinquency had thus led to another, terminating in cold-blooded though unpremeditated murder.

The greatest mistake that the layman can make is getting a smattering of doctrinal data on the Cosmic Law and then applying blanket conclusions to the specific case that challenges or puzzles. Always the individual circumstances must be looked into, and considered . . .

This insurance accountant had come from a reasonably respectable family. He had been decently educated and held a fairly remunerative position with his firm. From the standpoint of ethical decency he had little business mixing up with another man's wife to the extent of underwriting her in enforced divorce that his own gratifications might be served. But he dipped his fingers into his employer's till, had to cover up in prospect of exposure, and slightly fired by alcohol had resorted to the wild expedient of holding up a prominent filling station with two drinking companions, one of whom had several times gotten away successfully with that sort of depredation.

The whole account offered as graphic an instance of *new* karma being created as could be indicated. Still, that doesn't explain why Uncle Stanislaus had to be the overly tragic victim of it. If the assistant had been working that evening, would the Soulcraft's relative still be alive, raising his offspring and paying for his house?

What determines the identity of such karmic creditors?

A GAIN refusing to apply any blanket formula to such a situation when the Cosmic Law by no means does so, Soul-

craft persisted in probing into the life affairs of Uncle Stanislaus. A veteran of World War I, he had, during the 1930s contracted diabetes which prevented his obtaining life insurance commensurate with his domestic liabilities. He had married reasonably happily and apparently loved his children, especially his oldest boy who aspired to go to law school but was prevented from doing so by the parental need of part of his earnings to finish paying off the mortgage on the parental home. Then a most significant chunk of information was dropped by the informant.

"Funny thing, no later than last Christmas Uncle Stan confided to me that he was making a play for the oil-station job because the company carried a peculiar line of holdup insurance, giving his dependents the insurance protection he couldn't get in any other line because of his diabetes."

Soulcraft asked, "Then your Aunt Josie collected?"

"Yep. That was the only good thing coming out of the whole sad business. She got twelve thousand grand because Uncle Stan was shot dead and no disqualifications. But of course she'd rather have had Uncle Stan."

"And your Cousin Robert can now go ahead and complete his legal education?"

"He's gone already. Aunt Josie paid off the mortgage and has the place free and clear for the other two kids with seven or eight thousand to live on till she decides what she's going to do next."

"Was your uncle's diabetic condition serious?"

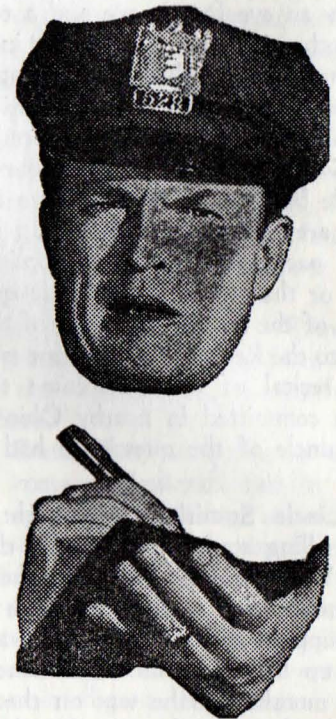
"Well, it wasn't doing him any good. Why?"

"The item of what his personal guides might have decided about the situation could have entered into it. It usually does—infallibly. They *could* have seen this particular death by violence building up in the astral in time to divert him elsewhere and avoid it. But apparently they didn't do it. We're left wondering therefore, in the case of this insurance accountant incurring new karma as payoff for his departing the straight-and-narrow, whether your uncle's guides might have decided that if your uncle was nearing the end of his earthly sojourn anyway from diabetes that letting mortal events take their courses made commendable provision for his dependents and permitted

Cousin Bob to get the legal training he aspired to get."

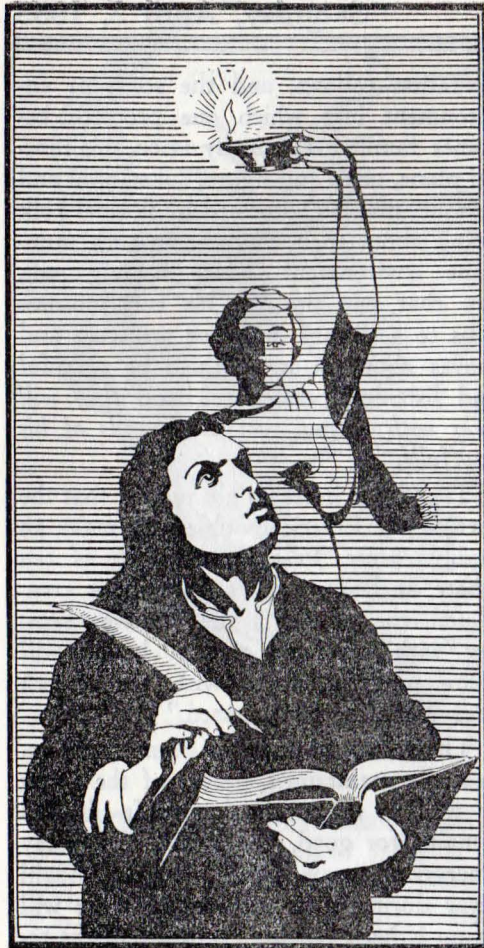
"Then you don't think it was Karma he paid off by having shot this accountant goon himself in a previous life?"

"It could be that, of course, but in this case it's questionable. The hoodlum accountant who loved the married woman more reasonably went forth and rolled up new karma which he will have to settle in some way before he's finished in your Uncle Stan's affairs. But at the same time, your Uncle's higher guides—probably seeing his physical end to hand anyway from his affliction—simply turned the whole unfortunate affair to some practicable benefit for your Aunt Josie and three cousins. *Remember, you never are safe, trying to apply a cosmic formula, as a formula, to a given earth situation.* Always there are the personal circumstances that alter cases. It's by studying those circumstances in every instance where we can get details, that we arrive at our knowledge of the higher laws and processes."



It is Soulcraft's understanding that the defaulting insurance man's homicide trial is yet to come up in the Ohio courts. As for Uncle Stanislaus, however, by his sudden transition onto a higher and freer plane he's truly been bettered, physically if not financially.

Read *Soul Eternal* and you will get this significance.



AN AVERAGE of one hundred percent of people are given to *some* psychical abilities, if a means existed for identifying those abilities for what they are.

Up to the present time they have merely been conceded under such names as "Sixth Sense", "Intuition" or "Hunches." What is a sixth sense, an intuition or even a hunch but intelligence operating our intellects from a source outside the organism?

Sooner or later mankind is going to face such attributes fearlessly and intelligently.

Up across many generations it has been reported that the Scots as a racial species are possessed of a hyperdimensional talent called Second Sight. It may take the form of phantoms seemingly visible in odd lighting, or out-and-out natural clairvoyance, seeing coming event depicted more or less graphically in what is called the "eye of the mind".

Cross over to Ireland and you discover almost a whole populace, otherwise extremely sane and not a little bellicose by

"Why Do I See a Parade of Faces Before Falling into Slumber at Night?"

Soulcraft's Weekly Page of Psychical Phenomena and Related Explanations

temperament, contending the ability to behold visually such fantastic tiny creatures as fairies or pixies. The rest of the world smiles tolerantly and dismisses it as a pretty bit of Celtic sentiment.

That certain forms of elementals *may* be apparent in diminutive forms under certain conditions, quite as realistic as any normal being ensouled in flesh, becomes merely a monstrous illusion to others of more average vision.

But nine out of ten people anywhere will concede strange influences that have operated in their affairs at the most unexpected times and places, warning them against boarding trains, ships or airplanes that later are known to have suffered tragic wreckage, or imparting to them "intuitively" what their conduct should be to their profit in commercial or domestic concerns.

Actually these are aspects of purely psychical faculties. Harriet in *Soul Eternal* tells about the strange effects of telepathy—or mental radio—observed from her side, dispatched toward an earth-person with whom the one on the loftier plane may be in tune, and noting its reception by the immediate concurrent behavior of the recipient in flesh.

What the average person doesn't know and has little means for finding out are the possibilities in the superlative vision, or the intuitions, or the "hunches", for deliberate cultivation, drawing on them with intent and deliberation for some specific end. Later on we shall have succeeding papers in *VALOR* about such cultivation but Extra-Sensory Perception by the eyes and ears is one thing and the exercise of the natural psychic talents in other phases of phenomena is quite another.

One of the outstanding cues to various forms of etheric practices is contained in what happens in the forebrain of the skull in the first half-hour after stretching prone on a bed for slumber at night . . .

THE NORMAL person with ordinary vision, physically exhausted with the fatigues of the day, upon pulling off his or her bedlamp will first witness a phantasmagora of shifting colors, mainly due to dying excitations of the retina of the eyeballs and the optical equipment generally. Clouds of yellow-greenish light will be inclined to drift back and forth, gradually dissolving to right and left. There is nothing exceptionally psychical about beholding these. It is not until the eyes "get accustomed to the dark" and the yellow-greenish clouds begin to change to blue and violet, that the faculties of the Etheric Double may be starting to operate. And it is the faculties of the Etheric Double, which incidentally contains the memorizing and reasoning intellect, with which most true psychical feats are forthwith performed.

What is too carelessly named the Eye of the Mind can be naught other than the true Etheric Double's vision operating independently of the organic eye ensemble. This Etheric Double, sometimes called the Light Body or the Pattern Body exactly occupies the physical interior of the fleshly vehicle during the waking and exercising hours. But as sleep approaches, the tiny threads inexorably holding it to the physical cells begin yielding their positive control until finally the whole Etheric Body voluntarily raises a few inches out of the physical self and remains throughout slumber poised and floating



just above the inert physical form, as though being sustained by invisible hands.

There is one school of thought that contends that this actual vacating of the physical self by the Double is slumber as a phenomenon, that the bodily cells mainly recuperate by no longer being impelled to obey the supervisory dictates of the Soul-body. That the latter is by no means hallucination is proven by the fact that scores and even hundreds of photographs of sleeping people, taken either through quartz lenses or by ultra-violet "dark light" portary this exact double thus floating above the fleshly body. Up to a recent day, photographs so secured by accident have been discarded as imperfect pictures, the supposition being that involuntary movement of the camera caused some sort of "double-take" . . . The amateur photographer assumed he had gotten twin pictures on one plate, not noting that naught but the bodily figure itself had been thus photographed out of focus. More about this in later articles . . .

THE POINT is, this Etheric Self so released from the flesh but connected with it by the silver life cord, can upon provocation transfer instantly to any given place, irrespective of worldly distance, and observe or participate in what may be occurring there. But there have been experimenters who induced such soul-levitation by paying particular attention to the figures that may start to form kaleidoscopically anywhere upon that canvas of shifting bluish-violet light.

At first these figures will seem faint and far away, usually small, like landscape scenes when viewed from the wrong end of binoculars. One Soulcraft visitor made personal report to VALOR that while these faint and distant scenes played tricks with his mental eyesight, he was frequently appalled by the sudden parade of human faces that came in close-up in the immediate foreground. He said they were faces equally divided as to men and women, but almost without exception the

countenances of utter strangers, not all of them pleasant of expression but uniformly hatless. Almost they resembled the conventional "spirit faces" commonly seen or photographed at mediumistic seances. Roughly he described them as seeming to be about the diameter of a silver dollar in size, each one. Some of them were looking directly at him, meeting his gaze, others seemed to be interested in scenes or objects to right or left.

"Why should they visit me so?" he demanded.

"Perhaps they weren't *visiting* you," the Recorder explained. "As you admit your Etheric Double was taking over because you seemed to get drowsier and drowsier, they were evidently the faces of etheric persons operating upon a higher frequency of atomic matter. You were, in a manner of speaking, adjusting your faculties to look upon *them*. This would seem to be confirmed by your statement that you never beheld a single one of them wearing a hat. Hats are one article of apparel never required on the planes above the mortal. A hat is customarily a protection for the head—meaning the face or scalp—and as, in the succeeding planes, there is naught from which the face or scalp need require protection, they become as archaic as helmets of the age of Chivalry would be upon our plane of the present."

"But what should I *do* about them?" the questioner persisted.

"Do? There's nothing to do. Suppose a window in a city house-wall on this plane had been placed at, say, a five foot level from the sidewalk. Along this sidewalk moved a procession of mortal persons only visible as to heads, necks and shoulders? Would you exclaim, 'What should I do about such pedestrians being visible through that window?' Simply stop looking through the aperture if you no longer fancy watching them."

THE VERY serious adventure that such phantasmagoria of bluish-violet scenes at a distance may lead to, is their turning suddenly and inexplicably three-dimensional and one *discovering himself moving out into them*.

This is conscious levitation of one of the highest types.

The amazing thing—proven time and again by the Soulcraft Recorder in his person—is the fact that if such conscious

levitation follows, and the scene or environment into which one proceeds becomes familiar assumedly upon this mortal plane, one's full figure, substantial and opaque, may be witnessed by normal folk going about their concerns in such mundane environment. More baffling still, say that one projects his consciousness thus to a distant house or structure and moves about in it, if there be wakeful and listening persons to hand *they will hear with normal ears the sounds of his footfalls*.

Thereby is it seemingly proven that the feet of the Etheric Double may make an audible noise. In nine cases out of ten where such projections have been completed, the people in the structure sensing with otherwise normal bodies will come tumbling forth with the screech that the place is "haunted."

There may be then, as Flammarion repeatedly maintained, ghosts of the living as well as those who have left physical remains for good. Of course, if for any emergency reason the Silver Cord should sever during such projections, there will be no Etheric-Double's return and the report will be made that the projector "died in his sleep" . . . disturbances of the physical body while such soul-body is apart from it, cause this repeatedly.



Yes, one hundred percent of normal people indulge in psychical exploits without being erudite enough to tell what they are. It is time they were informed. But really there's little or no necromancy involved in them.

Everything depends on how one performs through them.



What Happens to a Soul Like Stalin's on Higher Planes?

Concluded from
Last Week . .

THE wonderment arises in the minds of many, if the Victorian ideas about a literal Hell are without foundation—according to attestments of hundreds and even thousands who have made the death-passing—what sort of punishment awaits the soul of an international marplot like Josef Stalin on quitting the mortal coil? Last week VALOR offered a first article upon the problem. The matter is concluded this week with the following—

Stalin, on quitting his earth pattern, having few spiritual qualifications making him eligible for association on higher planes with people whose common attributes raise them to the Plane of Light, may spend the next one hundred to one thousand years in a gargantuan Darkness. Never having cultivated real spiritual compatriots he will discover himself severely and inhumanly *alone*. He may curse himself weak, demanding attendance befitting his late complexes as dictator. *He will be rewarded absolutely nothing that is not intrinsically within himself!* This sort of predicament, when you really pause to examine it, is the only real hell, not a region where demons prod hot pitchforks in helpless human bodies. The Etheric Double, which Consciousness resides in after graduation from flesh, could not feel the physical pain of heat or puncture, anyhow. Spirit on the

next higher levels could only be tortured by Spirit *in the spiritual manner*.

"But Josef does know punishment!" the neophyte in these matters must exclaim. And the mentor's answer is—

"No, he knows predicament which he himself prescribed for his soul while operating on earth's surface amid its materials. Come right down to it, the Lord God doesn't require to spend His celestial time judging human nature, good or bad. Because people are judging themselves by their own urges and tendencies and behaviors, every waking moment of their earthly lives. They are creating within their etheric selves a sort of specific gravity that identifies them for what they may arise to, spiritually. If they've developed no spiritual buoyances, they can't lift very high in celestial allocations. Stalin must reasonably 'live by himself' in a sort of unimaginable solitary isolation until he starts voluntarily meditating on his errors and inhibitions in earth-life. Then he may elect to make expiations."

"Expiations how?"

"Well, 'twas said of Nero, the Roman emperor, that his next incursion into life was that of a deaf-and-dumb peasant, helplessly crippled, that he might serve his time in all spiritual humilities and dependence upon others. Stalin may dwell for an interminable period on the Sheol-Purgatory Plane, introduced to the naked sterilities of his own soul, compelled to regard his career as a cosmic futility. Then, when he starts to think of things spiritual, he may behold a light glimmering at an ungodly distance—perhaps the soul of some celestial worker making its way towards him to counsel with him."

"But what of the souls of the thirty millions he caused to be prematurely projected into the death-state? You don't—you can't!—be saying that Stalin did them any favor, or supplied them any boon—causing them to be destroyed before their earthly times was come?"

"But no one can be destroyed before his earthly time has come. No one went into Russian life just after the turn of the century but knew the nature of event after two great wars had wrought their havoc. But let's keep to Stalin . . . Realizing the terrific price he paid for his callousness in spiritual matters, he may decide on expiations or he may seek contritely to be placed back upon an earth mission where he can rectify his errors. The point is, Holy Spirit is only interested in the individual soul's *development*, up out of benighted self-seeking to areas of altruistic service and magnified spiritual enlightenment."

"Then his disembodied self isn't wandering about the Kremlin, prodding this agent or that to further complicate international relationships to a purpose of evil?"

"It could happen . . . but who can say? The lesson we're transmitting to you holds only this thought—Holy Spirit is only concerned with seeing the big-brained soul of Josef Stalin become a vast and overwhelming influence for *good* among future mankind. Vengeances are out. A thousand years from your present, the soul of Josef Stalin may have made itself into one of the outstanding benefactors of the whole man-species on your planet—but it must go the route of self-immolation. *Hell exists only as the place of the inhabitant's spiritual sterilities.*"

Valor

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

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Six Months \$3.00

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Whoopee!

NONE thing seems to be notable when prelates and clergymen come to make the passing and then condescend to try communicating with former parishoners in flesh: The great chagrin and mental torment under which they labor, realizing the instruction they gave out from the pulpit about the exact nature of the Afterlife that they do not find borne out by the facts.

Uniformly they have preached Divine Judgment, the reward of Pearly Gates and jasmine streets for the pious and Hell and the Devil for the wicked. They find there is no Hell, no Devil, but conversely no Pearly Gates or such sanctified areas as portrayed by St. John in *Revelation*. There are merely higher and finer planes of consciousness to which the soul proceeds as it had made itself eligible by the nature of its life and works on earth. But creeds and dogma on the higher echelons are merely smiled at.

Some parsons, when particularly conscientious men, recalling the souls they "saved" by frightening worldly child-minds with threats of hell-fire know all the pangs of remorse "for making sales under false pretenses". Others take refuge in the consolation that "the end justified the means." Underlying all their utterances, however, runs a vein of moral disquiet that somebody started a description of what awaited the soul after death that had no foundation in fact and "nothing was done up whole centuries" to correct it. They feel, apparently, that no re-



TRUE NUCLEAR FISSION

By *Winchester MacDowell*



WITH the whirl and throb of each machine,
Thinner is growing the veil between
This visible earth and the worlds unseen.
To build a world that is clean and new
Where all shall possess, not just a few,
Where all shall observe with the God-like view
Such wondrous age of the earth I'd sing,
This age of battery, coil and spring,
Of power and ray and motored thing.

Oh, sorry the search of this world for gods,
Through Faith that slanders and Art that lauds,
While Reason sits on her throne and nods.
Though Faith *may* slander and Art seem dead,
And all that is uttered has long been said
While much that's written were best unread,
The Atom of God shall be used by man
To all-wise end in the Maker's plan
With angels to aid as His angels can.

Far greater the marvels this age shall find
Than in whole dispensations left behind,
When Faith was but wishing and Art was blind.
When hearts were of iron and rules were steel
And all that held value was mercantile;
And naught that was kingly would kings reveal.
The gold of God's mines shall not be pelf,
Nor Wisdom a book on a tycoon's shelf,
But the Soul be valued for Soul Itself.

Then out of this tension men shall know,
That the awful things of this earth must go,
And Faith based on knowledge must rise and glow.
When True Religion shall leisure bring
And Art shall be Beauty and Love shall sing,
And the jest of the statesman shall lose its sting.
Then man shall go back to the Days of Old
And find his refuge in God's own fold,
When the corpse of warfare is dead and cold
And nuclear fission's not ruled by gold!

sponsibility ever rested upon themselves to have done any investigating or acquiring of the facts. Jesus came to save the world from its sins and anything striving to qualify it was heresy. That heresy itself was a strictly man-made contrivance for subduing theologic opposition—or examination—only compounded the deceit. Yet here we have divines deploring that “nothing was done” about erroneous reports on the nature of the afterlife while they themselves were in countless cases most savage in persecuting those making the attempt at it.

Take theologic whoopee being made this winter by Evangelist Billy Graham in frigid Presbyterian Scotland. Read the stenographic report of one of his sermons in cold type and search it for information about events or environment following Soul-man’s demise from the body. What you read is Billy Sunday all over again in a movie-hero profile, supplemented by modern pressagentry. The awful agonies awaiting the soul condemned to hell are tuned to the animal magnetisms of crowds of stadium size.

But no information. Not at least factual data.

The result is, millions die without the slightest cues given them that they’ve made the Passing and are as dead as they ever will be. What they’ve thought of as heaven doesn’t materialize. They’re in a state of startling similarity to that of earth. What in the world has happened to them? Where are the angels, the cherubim, the golden streets? When they confront sainted mothers and godly fathers, they know they can’t be in hell because saintly mothers and godly fathers aren’t found in hell. But they want to know where Tom, Joe or Mabel may be, or Mabel’s husband Mose who drank himself to death after beating Mabel the clock around, and they learn these folk simply never did anything in flesh-life to merit a higher octave than they’re on. And that’s all there is to the Hereafter and being “saved by grace.”

Too many thousand accounts have now come back through bona fide psychical communications for any conspiracy of fraud regarding it to exist. Besides, there’s always the testimony of folk of the utmost integrity who make conscious advent into those Higher Realms without physical bodies dying. But will the dominies still living “look into it” to weigh the ac-

(Continued on Page 15)

STAR GUESTS

How Life Came to This Planet in the Beginning

THIS BOOK describes not only how the Soulcraft Recorder started his uncanny out-of-this-world transcripts but lays plausible background for the stupendous series of papers that came out of a higher dimension of time and space in 1930 reporting on the origin of earth-life as denizens of loftier octaves are aware of it.

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to know the Cosmic Facts
of Life! . .**

A staggering account of the evidence we have to hand that all human beings born into our current civilization have had previous existences on this earth-plane, accounting for what the psychologist calls "instincts."

Here are 320 pages of priceless information, gathered from 27 years' experience conversing with the Living Dead, detailing how the soul goes in and out of mortal flesh. To read all these Soulcraft volumes is to put yourself in possession of information that will alter the whole prospect of earthly life for you . .

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COGITATIONS



opened this great informative sequence. This book I was holding in my hands, *Soul Eternal*, closed it. In between stretched twenty-five years of explorative experiencing, with a book a year produced in result of it. Twenty-five major books in twenty-five years, counting the twelve volumes of *Soulscripts*. It wasn't the literary record that appalled me; any professional author worth his powder and shot might have done as well if not better. As I lowered this final volume, however, its last page reached on Thursday night, I was overwhelmed by the capstone effect of *Soul Eternal*. What had I produced and how had I produced it? . .

THE TEMPO of the presentation in this final text happened to be everything that I'd hoped it would be, and more. The professional artist in any department of endeavor knows in his heart when he's done good work or when his latest product has fallen under par. In the aftermath of reading and checking this final book on Soulcraft, I had the gratified feeling that *Soul Eternal* met my own standards if nothing else. I seemed to grasp with a slightly surprised feeling that henceforth in such time as remains to me, whatever I write in similar vein must be *about* Soulcraft and not *upon* it. Whatever curious vicissitudes I may have meted out to me now, political or otherwise, must hereafter be futile in deflecting my lifework. The books containing what I've wanted to say in the field of sacred polemics, have now all been physically manufactured and soon *Soul Eternal* will take its crowning place on a thousand bookshelves. They cannot now be "unprinted" and it would be most unlikely that as a series of religious writings they could all be totally destroyed or exterminated. *They are in the world's thought now!* It was in connection with such realization that the commendation of a recent Headquarters visitor reoccurred to me—

"ONE OF these days the country must awaken to the thing that hasn't quite dented its consciousness yet,



FIRST copies of *Soul Eternal* came back from the bindery this week. Following my custom I went into my private apartment at the plant around 3 p. m. and started to read from its first page to its last. A book appears different when it's folded, assembled, bound, and gold-titled than it's looked in manuscript or even in printed sections called "signatures" by which it's manufactured. You get the cumulative effect of its information when you begin with its first page and stay with it to its last. It was 11:30 that evening when I reached the closing statement. "—on the height of the Last Summit stands the Elder Brother with arms out to enfold us, and His voice to commend us: 'I'm proud of you, soldier! *You fought a valiant fight!*' And further deponent sayeth not." I'd found fourteen typographical errors in its 319 pages despite the most careful proof-reading, which of course will be corrected before second editions are run. But I wasn't overly concerned with typographical errors when I'd finished. It had struck me with a sort of shattering certainty that this book really closed my expositions of all I've wanted to say about Soulcraft. *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*, published in *The American* for March, 1929,

that nowhere in the libraries of the world since men began manufacturing and creating printed books, has anything precisely like Soulcraft been presented. *Here is a totally altered ideology for approach to godly worship.* Somewhere in the Soulcraft text can be found exposition to every quandary confronting the soul right here in mortality. Swedenborg, Blavatsky, Eddy, have propounded sections of it quite as inspirationally but here in Soulcraft is the whole job! . . . The whole job! My life was preserved through every type of ordeal to do the whole job, and if you don't think I'm grateful for that, you don't know your Soulcraft Recorder. And yet I scarcely feel like taking credit for what's in the books themselves, with the two exceptions perhaps of *Seven Minutes* and *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. In all the others I acted merely as supervising amanuensis. Maybe by midsummer I'll have a different sort of volume ready for readers. But that won't be on Soulcraft but upon the Great Teacher Himself as I've come to know Him. I've done what unwittingly I started out to do. I could say ta-ta to this Plane of Confusion tomorrow afternoon and move my typewriter up on a cloud, and a thousand colleagues could lock the plates on the presses and produce the books by the millions as humankind awakens to what's available in the century ensuing. And that's some satisfaction. Soulcraft books are selling by the thousands while I'm still alive, and of course that's considerable satisfaction as well. But it's the feeling that nothing can truly halt the spread of the Illumination now, that brings the true benediction on this quarter-century of hard work . . . Mary Eddy keeps lamenting that her work wasn't finished; if she could have gone on a few more years she might have carried her Christian Scientist across the Abyss of Demise and depicted the whole saga of spirit in celestial beauty. I've been privileged, I think, to complete the conspectus. I hope you agree with me when you've read *Soul Eternal* . . .



"Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!"

A UNCHALLENGEABLE account of 27 years' direct contact with intelligences of persons who affect to have made the Passing called Death and reported what happened to them and how they now regard the postulations of Theology and commercial cultism on sacred matters.

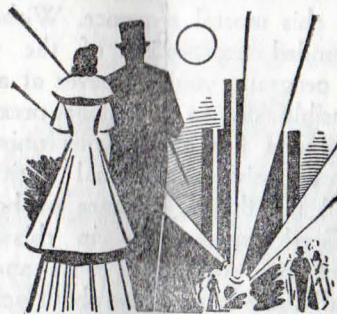
Mary Baker Eddy's Materialization at Soulcraft Headquarters

and what has developed from it since. If you have any doubt about the survival of the human soul, read this volume with its confirmed proofs. Regarding it as background, the ensuing disclosures of Soulcraft make the profoundest sense to you. 320 pages of as fascinating a story of contact with the supernatural as you have ever confronted.

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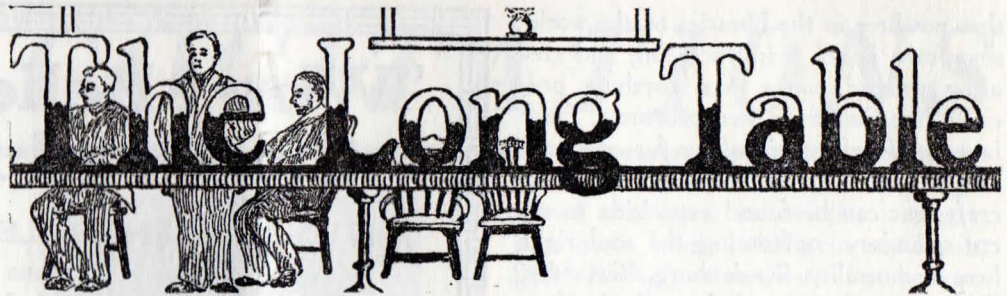
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OVERALL PERSPECTIVE

PENNSYLVANIA: I WISH I could impress upon you how little your average reader cares about where and how he spends eternity. In other words, speaking for myself, I'm interested in the problems and quandaries of this present life and how to solve them. I'm not interested in how my Aunt Samantha materializes at a seance, I never liked the old harridan in life anyhow, and care less for her now she's dead. How do I solve the troubles and headaches of this current life I've wished on myself? Tell me that and you'll have given me my money's worth."

Comment: Your attitude is at least rational. The chief trouble with it is, Soulcraft doesn't conclude from the evidence that you *can* live just the mortal life unto itself, ignoring those before or ahead. A thousand incidents and complications bob up every day that have their premise outside this mortal sequence. Without a well-rounded prospective of the whole cosmic program, you're forever at a loss. As sensibly say to a college prexy, "I don't give a flip about your university as a progressive educational institution, just tell me the significance of how to take Greek successfully in this third form of my sophomore year and I'll know all there is to know about academics and will consider I've gotten my money's worth." As for psychical phenomena, remember they say that millions on the Third and Fourth Planes are unconvinced there is any such state as Earth-Life. Serious debates occur as to whether men aren't figments of the imagination, and whether contacting them—granting it's possible—isn't unhallowed? For all your rationalism about earth-life, suppose you're killed in a motorcar crash tomorrow afternoon only to discover you don't know where you are or what to do about it? Can happen, you know. Don't play the willful four-year-old in heavy traffic so dangerously sure that it can take

care of itself. No hard feelings. Just fraternal counsel . .

THE TRUE NONRESISTANCE

CALIFORNIA: "To me it seems that the very substance of the Christian religion isn't the Vicarious Atonement so much as literal application of the policy of Non-Resistance. Yet how to carry it out practically? For instance, in national aspects, how could it be applied to a country like Russia, determined on world conquest and ready to make devastating war if it doesn't get its way? Are we, as adept Christians, to let the atom bombs fall, devastating us and killing millions of innocents and make no move toward retaliation? There is much in the Christ precepts, as I judge them, as contradictory as they are fatal in practical application . . "

Comment: It is Soulcraft's position that the doctrinal speakings of Jesus preserved to us in the New Testament, are fragmentary to say the least. Today's orthodox Christian takes the entirely unwarranted position that the New Testament data as Christ spoke it was taken down in short-hand or perchance transcribed from electronic recordings. There was, of course, no shorthand in Christ's day, much less microphones by which His words could be received and preserved. Had there been scribes present even to write down His words in long hand, accurate records would have been debatable in that He would have spoken them too fast for perfect transcript. In a day that knew neither pencils nor fountain-pens the very implements of transcription would have been further handicap. Most of the alleged speakings were therefore composed necessarily from memory of those hearing Him. Even this would not have been so bad, had early theologians refrained from their own interpretations of what Christ *meant* by this or that. Frequently whole episodes were insolently fabricated, as per the story containing

exact dialogue of the woman taken in adultery. Priscillian was evicted from the Church and excommunicated in the 4th Century for intruding this episode of his own admitted composition as part of authentic Holy Writ. In the *Golden Scripts*, the Non-Resistance doctrine is much the clearer delineated. We are supposed to conduct our earthly affairs with maximum diplomacy and tact, offering no aggressive belliciosities to those around us. But apropos of a national situation, as we confront one today in Russia's attitude, we are instructed specifically that wherever and whenever we condone wickedness or hurtful aggression in another or permit it to exercise, *we* are involved in the karma of the parties resulting. He who condones weakness or evil practices in another, or fears to stand out ruthlessly against injustice, is aiding and abetting the weakness of evil being perpetrated. Remember Christ didn't forbear to take even physical action against the money-changers in the Temple. Why didn't He merely bless them or toss them some pence to make their depredations the more successful? There seems to be a marked difference morally between mawkish pacifism and nonaggression. It is considered an act of nobility for the strong to protect the weak, for power to be applied on the side of the righteous. Read the *Golden Scripts* minutely and the more maudlin aspects of the Non-Resistance doctrine will dissolve . . .

Editorial

(Continued from Page 11)

curacy of the evidence for themselves? They will not. It's all concocted by Satan to seduce the Godly.

Actually it's a form of theologic whoopee that's made, to bring souls to acknowledge the helpful divinity of the Great Teacher. And that's what the dominies find out . . . to lament that it's too late to do anything about it.

What, in other words, do the Graham converts take away with them from the stadium that they can use twenty minutes after a fatal automobile accident?

So really it's not the Billy Grahams who are *truly* helping people. It's the semi-scientific reports and attestments taken through the agencies of the psychical research societies.

**Eight Times
Mary Baker Eddy
Has Materialized . .**



at Soulcraft Headquarters in central Indiana this past year of 1954 and claimed mentorship of the profound Soulcraft book on the Higher Life . .

"BEYOND GRANDEUR"

Persons who know her in life have witnessed some of these and Declared they entertain no doubts about her identity . .

The book "BEYOND GRANDEUR" is especially directed to Christian Scientists as containing their beloved leader's viewpoints on survival of the Soul, without altering one tenet she left behind for the merit of Psychosomatic Healing and Divine Mind . . It should not be read, however, until *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* is absorbed first, as it contains Mrs. Eddy's reasons for asking the Soulcraft Recorder to write this post-mortem volume for her world-wide communicants . .

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**"What Is This Woman's
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320 pages of priceless information about Love, Romance, Matrimony and Parenthood that no one can afford to be without.

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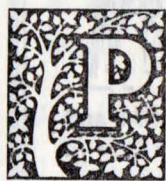
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Valor

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

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AFTERTHOUGHT



PUBLISHING a periodical is ever an explorative and experimental process. After determining your format, you start to fill it up with material. Unerringly you make the discovery that the feature or department that a heavy section of readers say is wonderful, an equally heavy section of readers pronounce as atrocious and write to ask what you're using as brain? After a time you fall into a state of mind where you decide to print what pleases you; if people don't like it, no one forces 'em to read it. The only trouble with such independent policy is, it doesn't always pay off successfully. And if you don't eventually pay off successfully, you don't continue to publish. Editorially, therefore, you find you can't win.

WITH the shelf of major Soulcraft books now practically completed, it's time to concentrate on VALOR and make it a weekly compilation of articles that no one wants to miss because he can't afford to miss them. There are five big departments of troubles bedeviling the human race in mortality. Physical troubles undoubtedly come first, since no one cares much about heavenly prospects if his left molar is practically tearing his jawbone from his head. Next in consequence come matrimonial—or at least domestic—problems, no one caring much either about the quandaries of society if his spouse is just climbing into a waiting motorcar out front with her valises and the fullerbrush-man, or the chief of police phoned thirty minutes ago to say that one's oldest offspring has been pinched for robbing Hammer & Sickles' Hardware, after the most recent midnight. If there's no toothache, no elopement or no juvenile delinquency, humanity's next troubles are ethical; should one love and bless the family moved in next door that has strange odors forever drifting across from its kitchen, whose oldest boy plays the tuba till 2 a. m. and breeds goats in the southeast bedroom? Psychological quandaries come fourth, running



The Soulcraft Book Completing the Whole!

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It Was Finished this Week and Shipments Are Now Starting

It runs to 319 pages of superlative text, bound in red Burgundy leatherette, with wide margins and pages for the purchaser to cut, thus obtaining an antique effect.

\$5

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS, Noblesville, Ind.

all the way from low moans in the attic of the new tenement after midnight to why Cousin Susie suddenly started working out her algebra in Egyptian when she should have been helping wash the supper dishes. Lastly, there's always the religious-spiritual angle to life and whether to help mob the congregation over the way that paint their faces green to worship God or give boa constrictors to little children to keep for pets.

THERAPY, Matrimony, Ethics, Psychics and Theology keep the human stew aboil from New Year's to Christmas, and VALOR proposes to get down to tacks on each and print comprehensive information on how to get through this Vale of Tears with fewer black eyes and

anatomy gouges, *a la* the Soulcraft Enlightenment. It will require a few issues to iron out all the bugs—or perhaps evict 'em en masse from the editorial department. But the very *essence* of Soulcraft is the practicabilities of its tenets to the bedlamic lives we all are living *now*. And that's scarcely buggy as editorial formula.

In other words, it seems a safe policy to treat with human beings in the quandaries and dilemmas they're confronting at the moment. Twenty-five book titles require disposing of, here at Soulcraft, and VALOR ought to be a better expository of what's in each that make 'em of import to acquire pronto and stoke up on.

We'll see if its circulation goes anywhere in consequence.