

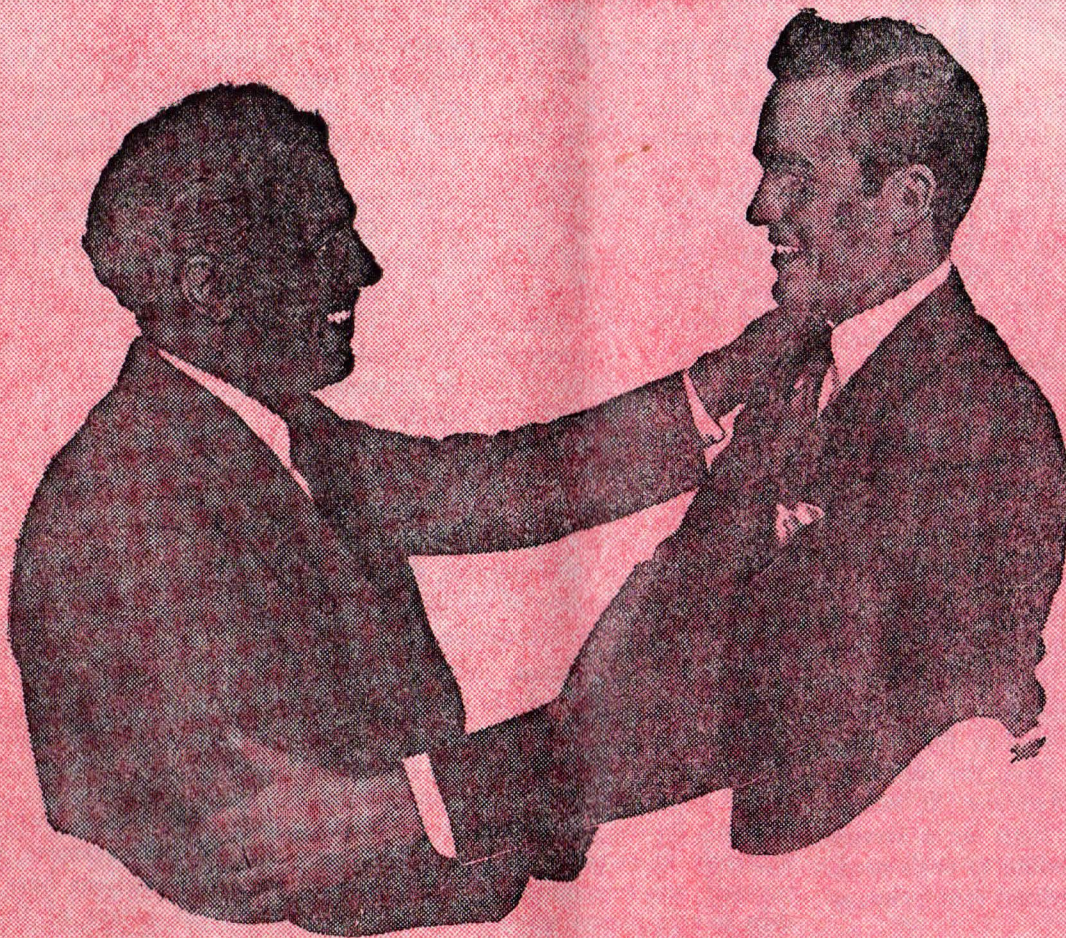
Valor

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

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What People Most Appreciate



FEW years ago an author named Dale Carnegie made a fortune out of a book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.

Carnegie's book sold, admittedly, to persons addicted to inferiority com-

plexes of some sort, people who weren't so sure of the persuasive powers of their personalities to get them their ways with others. The truly Big Man or Big Woman never is thus handicapped. It never occurs to him or her the clock around to question whether he's winning friends or influencing people. He merely goes

ahead and carries out his projects. If the next man doesn't like the way he parts his hair, or ties his necktie, or sits down in a chair, or gets up with the chair sticking to him, that other man can go find a sizable lake and do the appropriate thing in respect to himself. The truly Big Ma or Big Woman isn't thinking in terms of people, in other words. They are thinking in terms of *Ideas*.



There's such a thing as being so engrossed in your ideas that you scarcely take note of what sort of estimate the world makes of you. But that's not exactly the pith of this article.

The man or woman doesn't live who's not carrying around either in bosom or memory a feeling of warmth for some other person or persons who at sometime or other in life did something for him or her that has kept faith staunch in human nature and made mortality something more than an arena filled with animals.

This feeling of warmth is tagged with the label: *Appreciation*.

Now appreciation is something more than capricious gratitude for what some other person may have done for you to your profit. It comes from the root that gives us the word *Appraise*. It means strictly, appraising a tenet or a service at its true value according to one's need. And yet from the spiritual standpoint, it means more.

When we talk about appreciating a gift or a service, we're implying that someone exerted themselves in our behalf more or less at their own volition. In consequence of it, we're inferring a sense of debt that's been created. The gift or the service was of such a nature, or delivered under such circumstances that it's generally impossible to make repayment in kind. Not, however, that it was expected by such donor.

When we remark, "I certainly appre-

ciate what so-and-so did for me," we're conveying the admission that someone has made themselves a creditor of ours on a basis that forever inhibits us from compensating such person excepting by the acknowledgment that debt stands permanently, the interest upon it being kindly thoughts and an emotional contriteness forever exerted toward that party.

When such a relationship exists between two or more people we name it by blanket term of *Good-Will*.

It might not hurt us in the slightest to analyze Good Will and see what it is, and where it comes from.

TOO MANY people attach a maudlin sentiment to Good Will and use it without analyzing its real character or its origin. They talk about Good Will between nations. What they mean is an absence of active animosity. Actually one nation cannot possess good will toward another nation, not as a nation. Good Will is an attitude of *consciousness* toward another, and a nation as a nation does not possess consciousness. There can occur a commonality of thinking among certain sections of its citizenry, and it may be friendly or hostile in nature toward other nationalized groups. Always Good Will and Appreciation is a personal matter, the first being the child of the second. Correctly defined for what they are in their essences, they seem to be acknowledgment of obligations, not so much unpaid as unpayable.

Clinically considered, when another party makes you a gift of an article or service that you instantly recognize you can't repay in kind, you fill up the vacuum of compensation with a quota of benevolent feeling and let it lie there permanently in escrow. You are saying to yourself subconsciously, "I'm in moral debt to this person who's befriended me, and if I can ever render him or her any sort of similar service, I certainly shall do so." So this benevolent feeling toward such creditor stays in escrow. The world labels it Good Will. We say we "feel" a great appreciation. That is but conceding the existence of the nonpayable debt.

Granting the argument of it for the moment, what can we identify as the thing that people most appreciate, creating such Good Will derived from Appreciation? . . .

IT IS Soulcraft's contention that the thing people most appreciate is the gift or service rendered them when they are beyond capability of providing such gift or service for themselves, by any means or set of circumstances that could possibly be open to them. To illustrate, no loan of money in an emergency is ever so much appreciated as that which occurs when a party in desperate circumstances has exhausted every resource at his knowledge or command for raising funds and in a forlorn gesture makes appeal to someone who had been least suspected of having it and being willing to loan it.

No one feels particularly appreciative toward a bank or a finance company that may have made a loan of currency upon adequate security. That's in the nature of commercial business, we say. It's where someone has gone outside the securities of commercial business to provide resources in an emergency, who commands our eternal gratitude. But what truly has happened in such an event?

Isn't it a fact that the securities for such a loan have been transferred from the field of concrete and collectable values to the field of what we might describe as Character Integrity? A bank might make such a loan and if it were not repaid, foreclose on the security and liquidate it to provide the payment. The friend who comes to our aid in need, waives all such sure recourse and puts repayment up strictly to the debtor's sense of honor. In other words, he transfers the arena of operation from the commercial to the spiritual.

And Good Will enters in as by repercussion.

GOOD WILL then, is that condition of temperament which is created when transactions have been transferred from the octave of the material to the spiritual. Which translated means—

People most appreciate those gifts or kindnesses that are lifted out of the octave of the commercial—though not necessarily mercantile—and placed within the octave of the spirit for execution or repayment. And behind it lurks a great and altogether poignant secret.

People generally are wracked and famished to be recognized for that which they are spiritually instead of that which they

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Do Disgustingly Healthy People Annoy You?



LET'S not blink it, . . . the average layman is unerringly irked by the fellow human who "never has anything the matter with him" the year around and contrives to keep it advertised. In fact, a state of aggressive good health on the part of certain individuals is a cause of no little annoyance to others who bow to the slings and arrows of outrageous physical fortune as philosophically as they can.

It isn't envy so much as exasperation afflicting the latter, that some human beings don't seem susceptible to the catastrophes of well-being. The analytical student is prone to ask: if average humankind accepts that a certain percentage of physical misfortunes is due to come his way, why is it resentful that Nature apparently plays favorites in this matter of Health?

Suppose, to get a key to it, we consider what Health itself may be, as regarded from the Higher Cosmic Viewpoint. Go to the dictionary and look up the term Health—

"A state of being hale and sound in body, mind, or soul, especially free from physical disease or pain."

Nine-tenths of the race considers that this describes Health, true enough. Webster, of course, is trying to say "normal" in body, mind, or soul. In other words, of or in a state common to every other humanized creature on the planet. If every baby born into modern civilization were afflicted with tuberculosis, from which suffering commenced with birth, it would occur only to a few that affliction with tuberculosis wasn't a natural condition of the species. Tuberculosis would be regarded by press and pulpit as a biologic condition of vehicle occupancy. So the question of Health generally resolves itself to a gauge of standards. The standards are determined by what manifests itself in a maximum number of human

What Causes Resentment at the Super-Energetic Person Who Never Allows You Opportunity to Forget It? . . .

beings displaying their physical attributes It's conceivable in thought that the possession of ears could be regarded as a disease by a race of conscious beings who never communicated by sound but by thought.

The average mortal comes into flesh only to learn that given numbers of physical abnormalities can accrue to the human creature. So he discounts their importance in his accepted scheme of things. He's settled on such concession or admission and is prepared to enter upon sequences when they manifest to his detriment. It's a standard pattern of thinking.

Suddenly he discerns that three or four beings like himself out of every hundred "never have anything happen to them" from New Year's to Christmas. Being willing to charge it up to coincidence in the earthly tenure, that there should occur such exceptions from thought-patterns he has approved subconsciously, he develops a state of indignation at the exceptional party who proves that such acceptances are wrong. And to the exact degree that such exceptional party besports himself with a supernormal exuberance, the orthodox layman begins displaying resentment.

Somebody seems to have taken advantage of him.

He doesn't like it.

WE GO back to Webster's definition of Health and ask if he's truly accurate in his definition? Soulcraft de-

fines it that Health is . . . "The faculties of the body as prescribed by God operating at maximum efficiency to give spirit maximum spiritual experience while encased in the earthly vehicle."

This would indicate, of course, that the organic mechanism functioned to capacity in all aspects. But earthly factors intrude, dictating that it shall not.

It's not enough to say that the ultra-healthy individual annoys his harassed and perplexed brother because he reminds that brother of the latter's contrasting handicaps. Something deeper is exercising.

Couldn't we define it that the super-healthy man or woman is in one hundred percent control of his or her organism from the spiritual standpoint? The man or woman who is not in such control, takes umbrage at the fact that he or she has by no means acquired such suzerainty. This is ever a point of chagrin when considered from the celestial angle.

A most vital message on this point received from a Soulcraft Mentor on September 12, 1930 declared flatly—

"Ill-health is Mind and Body getting out from proper jurisdiction of spirit-ego and going on a rampage at the behest of Circumstance unmindful of spirit. When this happens, Spirit is left without a vehicle temporarily for the proper expression of itself, while Mind and Body are left without a commander. Whereupon comes disorganization which you know as *malady* in the physical vehicle, or insanity, or at least vicious inhibition in the mental vehicle, both of which are



equally disastrous to the individual's well-being or "ease—in the sense in which "dis-ease" is employed commonly . . ."

PEOPLE "disgustingly healthy" are people merely in complete command of the cells of their bodies, although such control may be subconsciously exercised. Their "etheric doubles" sit easily and move readily in and out of their physical selves—meaning that spirit-intellect functions over cellular life in complete supervision. Inasmuch as bodily vitality is fed to such cellular life by this etheric or pattern-self without slip or falter, all organs of the body exercise in facile alignment.

This "disgustingly healthy state" is truly the normal state of the human body according to Higher advices. But man is generally so ignorant of its activities and functions that he endures living conditions which obstruct and handicap it at every turn. The average person knows subconsciously how defective he has permitted his control over his cellular body to become and his annoyance arises from his spirit's subservience to gross organic clay. This seems to be particularly so if spirit is back in that clay for karmic settlements which constitute first lien upon it. The fact that the whole earth sojourn was a necessity in the first place is truly at the root of its deeper distemper. More people are going around suffering psychosomatic ailments from this basic cause than the medical profession dreams. The person who's temperamentally happy at being back in the physical state works out few subconscious grudges on his physical self.

Taking bodily indisposition as a matter of course can be indication of the

temperament that is neutral or dispassionate toward his plight, accepting it as penalty paid for spiritual experiencing at all. The response of body to spirit is therefore moribund. Along comes soul-man who is getting a great lark out of a fresh experience in flesh, who's resenting or fighting nothing, whose clay is obeying every impulse of etheric body that the maximum increment may result from the adventure, and his buoyant energy and spiritual expression raises a sort of sullen anger in those to whom fleshly imprisonment is ordeal and the entire life tenure taken as sufferance. The person etherically defective must wrestle with the desire to take out his homicidal resentments on the happy, boisterous, energetic one and cause him to slow his pace down to the activities of those who are letting ensoulment kill them by inches.

All psychosomatic repercussions, it would seem, originate in the dilemma of being held in flesh against the will of sojourning spirit. Once having obtained a body, at expense of great care and detail, the impulse is not to treat with it carelessly else the incarnation will end. But that is by no means assurance that the earthly career has been undertaken willingly. The etheric pattern-body is the first to feel repercussions of resentment from indwelling spirit, and formative thought becomes as slipshod in attending to the design of that pattern body as some bereaved or worldly distraught people are slipshod about the condition of their bodily attire.

Always try to remember, when you feel sudden annoyance at the excessive exuberance of the super-healthy that you may be playing the role of the shoddy person resentful of the meticulously clad.

Appreciation

(Continued from Page 2)

may be materialistically. If the spiritual hunger were not the most insistent, then Good Will could not be identified.

You do any sort of favor to a man that says to him in substance, "I realize your spiritual self is the most important factor in your personality or character-ensemble," and he starts a rush of emotion in your direction. In fact, acknowledgment of the paramountcy of spirit over all circumstantial factors IS emotion.

People, in other words, seem to hunger and thirst after acknowledgment of the integrity of Spirit on this plane, as though being true to the First Principle of their beings.

Ignore or disregard Spirit, and they are miserable and cynical.

You make your plans to do those things for your fellowmen that particularly distinguish spirit from fleshly materialism and you earn their undying gratitude. Here's a secret of psychology that beats Dale Carnegie and his data for winning friends and influencing people.

You roll up a whole scroll of spiritual obligations owed you, from an individual or group—or even a nation—of individuals and you've got a bank balance in celestial institutions that you can never exhaust. And there's not one line or item of sentimentality in it.

Do kindly acts toward the *spirit* of man, not to his personality as a worldly social item, and such a balance of Appreciation builds up that he's lost in eternity without you as his banker.

People most appreciate those attitudes from others that concede their essential spiritualities. Put them in your debt *spiritually* and they become almost materialistic assets automatically. Go out to your fellowmen and ask in each instance, "What can I do to help this spirit as a spirit," and you find your bread thrown upon the waters coming back to you a hundredfold.

It's an excellent experiment to try.

You might be astounded at the results. But it does take analytical brains to figure out when his need has gone beyond the materialistic and become strictly spiritual . . .

What can you lose?

Have You One Special Fault That Annoys Your Married Partner?



WESTERN newspaper announced recently to its readers that a woman had sought and obtained a divorce after fourteen years of married life because she had reached the end of her endurance, sitting across from her spouse three times a day at table and listening to him *chew*. It classified with a divorce a man got in Oklahoma for enduring cruel and abusive treatment from his frau in that she never started cleaning up her premises until she got word that company was arriving. Then she turned the whole house upside down in a cleaning frenzy, changed around all the furniture and he had come home and tried to go to sleep on the bureau instead of upon their conjugal bed. Other weeks in the year their home looked like a rummage sale without the purchasers yet admitted.

"Every time I came home, Your Honor," he complained to the Judge, "and found one of those cleaning sprees in progress, I was cut to the quick. *I didn't seem to mean enough in her life, when no company was expected, for her to keep our premises in decency for me.*"

He got his decree.

Incidents are endless, shaping up as oddities, why men and women come to the partings of the domestic ways because one or the other develop idiosyncrasies that "get on each other's nerves." Looked at from the angle of higher observation, can it be said that factors of spirit are involved? Furthermore, is it probable that personal habits or annoying behaviors—of seeming inconsequence—carry over from life to life, so that if incompatibility has separated people for cause in one life it can be avoided in another?

A MAN in Michigan got a divorce because his wife's dental plate had

IT'S NOT the Big Things of Life that Mar Marital Happiness, but Small Aggravations Made by Personal Mannerisms . .

never fitted and he had never been able to persuade her to patronize a dentist who could make a plate that did. A woman in Ohio got a divorce because she could never persuade her husband to wear neckties; he claimed they were foppish. In Pasadena a man divorced his wife for not making her beds from week's end to week's end, while in Boston a wife was freed from her husband because he developed an unbearable habit of throwing himself down half clad atop the coverlets instead of sleeping between the sheets. Such causes for permanent separations would seem trivial excepting that they denote a completely lost affection of one partner for the other and a magnification of idiosyncrasies into justifiable causes for permanent breaks.

It is, of course, true that as the matrimonial years mount and the parties grow older, their habits change according to given reactions to the life experience. In nine cases out of ten while something disagreeable in those habits is maturing, so also is affection wrought of ordeals and crises endured in company, and one offsets the other. Yet some revealing things come out if the suggestion be followed—as a New York columnist advised—of one party approaching the oth-

er with the query as to what mannerism or personal habit might be annoying the partner, demanding a frank answer and getting it. A Manhattan magistrate interrogated a divorce applicant as to what he considered cruel and abusive treatment.

"Well, Your Honor," the husband said, "she wanted to know what little personal habits she had that got on my nerves. *She'd come to me with it, I hadn't gone to her.*"

"Yes, yes, and did you tell her?"

"Yes, sir."

"What happened?"

"I lost my job."

"What did your job have to do with it?"

"I was laid up so long with a fractured nose that the company hired a man in my place."

SOULCRAFT chanced to ask a recent visitor why he didn't go to his wife and patch matters up by asking how she'd like him to change so as to be more agreeable and romantic? He answered glumly—

"No husband needs to do that. Put that question to ten thousand married women and nine thousand, nine hundred



and ninety-nine will give him the one reply: Give up smoking.

There is, of course, the typical situation symbolized by the tired-looking little Hoosier who sat in an Indianapolis divorce court recently.

"So you want a divorce from your wife?" the Judge pondered. "What's the matter? Aren't your relations pleasant?"

"Mine aren't so bad," the husband answered. "But, Judge, hers are terrible."

Any attorney will acquaint you with the fact that more divorces are granted on the interference of relatives from one side or the other, than any personal weakness. "How can he stand her?" and "What did she see in him?" brings up the wonder as to whether subsequent family relationships are arranged for prenatally, as well as eventual unions between principals—and if so, why? Yet legion are the cases where some characteristic little trait or personal mannerism will, over a period of time, wear the partner's nerves raw. So eventually the proverbial teacup is broken and Incompatibility is pleaded—one wants a divorce and the other doesn't.

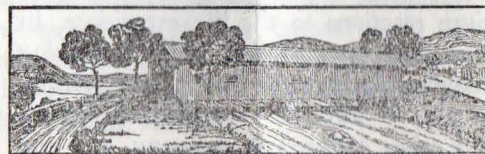
The smart husband, or the clever wife, doesn't put the annoyance into words. He or she merely begins taking note of what it is that calls up the most frequent criticism or comment from the other. "Harry, how many times have I told you etc., etc. . . ." or "For pity's sake, Geraldine, what are you going to do if one of these days etc. . . ?" and eliminating the cause of it quietly.

Constantly reiterated statements can be indicative of a major disgruntlement that may be growing, finally causing decisive rupture. But does this last mean, from the viewpoint of prenatal arrangements, that if such rupture hadn't come from one cause it would have come from another? In other words, are there marriages fated to end in divorce before ever being entered, before the parties in fact may physically have come together?

The Ageless Wisdom tells us it *can* and *does* happen. A man may have serious karmic debts to pay off to more than one woman going into life for the same sequence as himself, so the opportunity is seized upon to accomplish such adjustments. *But nobody is capable of passing judgment upon it without being fully acquainted with the entire soul histories of all parties involved.*

FEWER marriages are entered "for light and transient causes" than any layman suspects. By the same token, if a woman has undertaken only one specific duty toward a man, or a man is supposed to meet and marry one woman merely to correct some injustice inflicted on her in a prior life-span, we find the *real* adjustments made between all the parties involved, on the higher planes, during nocturnal slumber. Thousands of soul-people get out of their physical bodies to visit and confer on loftier planes of consciousness every night in the year. "I'm not able to accomplish with my wife (or husband) what I expected to accomplish when we married," will be the legitimate complaint. So drastically altered relationships will be arranged. In one exceptional case it was discovered that a woman had come into mortality to get the spiritual increments from what might be described as a career of promiscuity, having half a dozen husbands, merely to break up certain habits of prudery and soul isolation she had acquired up her last half-dozen earth-lives.

In another case it was obvious that a man had married three wives—at separate periods—because he was due to have children from each, to or from which he owed or was owing karmic debts. One must know the entire cosmic history of the souls of both man and woman, to pronounce authoritatively whether right or wrong has been consummated by climactic divorce action. And in nine cases out of ten, such complete history is unobtainable by disinterested third parties. It is strictly the property of the souls involved, and no others. There seems to be no way available for one soul or group of souls to acquire knowledge of the soul-history of another—which, of course, was the premise of the admonition, "Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what measure ye judge, ye shall be judged." In other words, in the passing of judgment on another, one discloses his own spiritual standards or lack of them.



THOUSANDS of conscientious men and women arrive at the divorce catastrophe every year who carry about the

purblind fright that somehow or other the Anthropomorphic Potentate will estimate their sins or sinlessness according as they have been true to their marriage vows. And the psychological effects are pitiful. But they get on the Higher Side only to discover that constancy *to their own cosmic half* was the thing that really mattered, and that alliances with the cosmic halves of others were pretty much regarded as educating experiences with almost no after effects of a permanent character. Arriving on the loftier levels, they are astounded to discern that all they ever had in common with certain soul-halves of the opposite sex with whom they contracted intimate relationships was the brief paying-off of fairly transient debts. These debts settled, nothing else figured. On the other hand, millions have dramatically discerned, on making the transition, that their true soul-halves actually reposed in the physical organism of a beloved father, brother, or cousin with whom their earthly relationships had always been utterly platonic.

The question of Morals, therefore, reposes in higher standards or at least *different* standards than earth-folk had ever dreamed of.

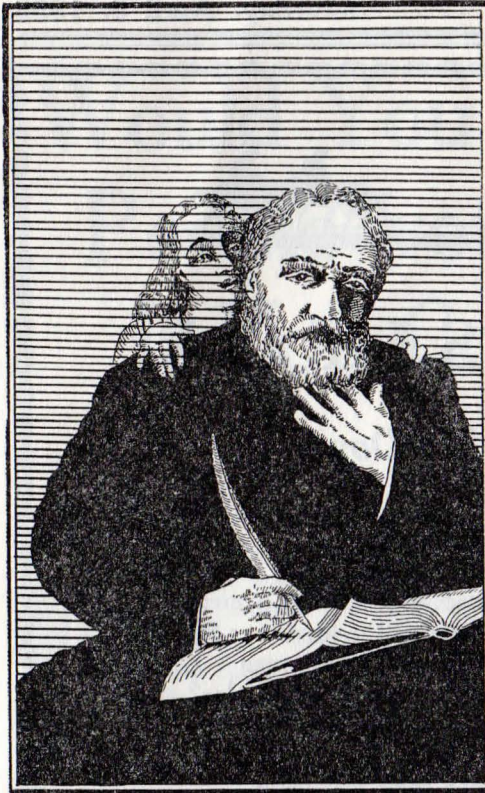
WHEN procreative organisms of flesh are no longer of consequence, sex of course ceases to be much factor in the man-woman relationship. So-called "earth proprieties" therefore no longer maintain. And yet, by no means is the moral law totally circumvented. It merely alters in character.

Whatever advances spiritual expansion is moral, seems to be the higher law of the process. Read the Soulcraft book *Adam Awakes*. Contrariwise, whatever retards or degrades spirit in its development is immoral—the only immorality that seems to be recognized upon the higher spiritual levels. Man-made ceremonials or customs do not enter into it.

No, divorce—simply because it is divorce—is by no means regarded so dolefully in loftier areas of consciousness as it is on this First Plane of material experience.

A Los Angeles newspaper reported that a man's speech had been restored by the kick of a mule.

A divorce would have been less painful and gotten the the same results.



What Are Your Feelings Due to Be As a Ghost?

EXPERIENCES Awaiting You in the Ensuing Life May Overturn Your Notions of Survival . .

It is because they are denizens of a plane operating on a different frequency of atomic vibration that they wear the spectral form when seen on this earth-plane . .

throughout his earthly days. In addition to housing the consciousness that survives after physical demise, it acts as the pattern to which cells adhere during the mortal span. It is a recognized physiological fact that every cell in the human body dies and is renewed every seven years. But new cells would grow without pattern and quickly produce monstrosities and malformations unless some controlling design existed, thus permitting the outward aspects of a person to present the same continuing appearance from decade to decade.



WHAT is a ghost?

Civilized man has been asking that question for the past ten thousand years, but only lately—through scientific investigation by the great international psychical research societies—has intelligent data respecting it begun to be obtained. The person who scoffs that “there are no such things as ‘ghosts’” is merely disclosing his cosmic ignorance. The odd circumstance about it seems to be, that what appears to be a ghost on one plane is truly of the utmost substantiality on another.

In other words, a ghost is never a ghost on the same plane as the phantom itself.

A ghost, concisely speaking, is a quasi-organic body enhousing a unit of consciousness that we commonly term a soul, demonstrating the actuality of itself from one plane to another. You can get the entire technical explanation of it in the Soulcraft book, *Soul Eternal*.

Ghosts on this earth-plane assume the aspects of phantoms. That is to say, there is enough form and outline displayed to distinguish them by the naked physical eye, and yet they appear to lack opaqueness due to substance. Uniformly they move noiselessly, although not altogether so.

TO PUT it concisely, it has long been known in the fields of occultism and eastern Mysticism, that every normal man and woman really possesses two bodies: the outer fleshly husk that the world observes and contacts when he or she is proceeding about customary earthly business, and an inner Light Body, sometimes described as the Pattern or Etheric body, that fits exactly and precisely inside the physical husk and is attached to it by the Silver Cord, or Life Cord.

Individual intelligence, which includes the field of all varieties of Memory, resides in the cranium of the Etheric Body, with every cell of the human brain attached to every cell in the Etheric Intellect by superfine threads, more gossamer than the lightest threads of a spider's web. It has happened that photographs of a dying person taken by ultra-violet light through a quartz lens, have shown relatives of the person in Transition standing over the moribund body and purposefully breaking those brain-cell connections by upward pull of the invisible forefinger, so that the imprisoned soul-mind can be freed of the physical. Persons of sufficient psychical abilities can perceive this thing happening. But cameras frequently confirm it.

Soul-man resides truly within this Etheric Double of the organic self

IT IS this Etheric Double of the self that vacates the physical husk at common death, and goes on existing in Survival of Personality. The Silver Life-Cord severs, from solar plexus of the husk to solar plexus of the Double, and the brain-cell threads break between the two craniums. Thereupon the Soul is free to depart the “dead” corporeal self. It does so depart, discovering itself enhousing in a body of which it is fully conscious, that looks and feels precisely like the body it has always worn, but which is suddenly necromantically weightless and can be transported or propelled strictly by the galvanism of Thought.

Soul-man will continue to abide in such body upon the higher planes of Consciousness until it enters upon another earthly incarnation.

Where has such pattern or etheric body come from originally?

It “grew” within the physical body as the physical body grew, the first formations of it having developed within the mother's womb. It has become fairly strong and supervisory over the physical cells by the time of delivery and has continued to toughen and make positive demonstrations of itself up through the years of childhood and into adolescence. *Soul Eternal* tells you all about those details.

The point is, its “physical” composi-

tion is effected from etheric stuffs unknown to science on this plane as yet, but generally described as following atomic patterns although vibrating at an incalculably faster pace.

To all beings similarly exercising, it will appear quite as substantial and opaque as fleshly bodies appear to persons of fleshly senses on this earth-plane. In other words, operate on the same frequency of atomic speeds and you get every aspect of "reality" . . . that, forsooth, is reality. But take a strictly etheric body and transfer it to the slower-motion plane of material earth, and the slow-motion senses of earth beings will apprehend it as phantom-like. It will be, to all intents and purposes, a *ghost*.

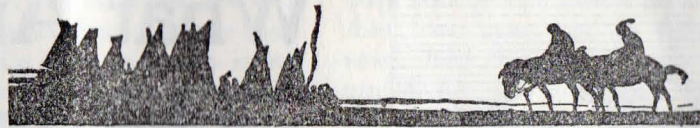
ALL of which adds to the curious circumstance that when *you* yourself have betaken yourself out of your physical vehicle in etheric-double form, you will appear as a ghost to others who manage to behold you on this slow-motion atomic plane of mortality and mortality's materials.

One hundred percent of persons have such experience coming to them, that the day and hour awaits them on ahead when their earthly survivors will behold them—assuming they beheld them at all—as an apparent phantom or ghost. As atoms speed faster and faster in their nuclear frequencies, they tend to become invisible—or the substances which they compose tend to become invisible. That, however, is merely an optical illusion. To themselves or to other beings operating in similar vehicles they will appear as solid and substantial as they ever did to one another in mortality.

But here is the odd part—

When they have gained to such higher, weightless, etheric state, it is frequently the corporeal people of earth who will appear as ghostly monstrosities. Positions will largely be reversed. Are there such things as mortal people? Tens of thousands will doubt it or feel terror of them, because they rarely appear of the same consistency as those all uniformly in the etheric state.

You may be called upon again and again to *prove* that you exist in the bodily form, or else your earthly survivors are being hoaxed about you, and orthodox church people will shun you as unhallowed and of the kingdom of Satan.



THE VISITOR

By *Winchester MacDowell*



INTO my room a Stranger came,
Coarse and rough and a one to hate,
And I, half frightened, inquired his name;
Said he with a laugh, "I'm known as Fate."
"Oh," I answered, "then you're the man
Who blocks full many a well-laid plan? . . ."

You made a loafer of one I knew,
At least he said that the fault was yours,
You made a thief of another, who
Now spends his life behind prison doors.
There's many a pitiful thing of shame
Who sits and sighs and reviles your name."

"Yes, I get blamed for a lot of things,"
Fate said, with a twinkle in his eye,
When men must hear what their folly brings
I'm the handiest sort of an alibi.
Harsh things of me do the failures think,
But, I never have coaxed a man to drink . . ."

I never have asked a man to lie,
I've spoiled his dreams and I've spoiled his plan,
You see, it's my business on earth to try
The moral courage of every man.
I'm a troublesome sort of chap to meet
But I've never suggested a man should cheat . . ."

I've hit men hard and I've hurt at times,
I cause them trouble, I will agree,
But the fellows who put their hands to crimes
Don't get any sort of a start from me.
Men say I'm the cause of a lot of shame
But they can't hold me; I'm not to blame.

For men are put upon earth, you see,
To earn their ways, above moral quirks,
No matter how much they would blame me,
I'm just one fellow who never shirks.
*I straighten them out if they'd only try
To grasp my role and my reasons why!"*

Would You Raise People from the Dead If You Could? . .



FROM time immemorial a certain reprehensible flavor has lingered about the "miracle" of anyone being "raised from the dead." Humanity's reaction is totally embodied in the answer to the question, "Would you raise a person from the dead if you could?" put to one Rastus Jones, gentleman of color. "Nozar, boss," Rastus affirmed, "when dey's not kicking any longer, Ah doan want no mo' to do wiv 'em positively!"

Few persons in life, with the exception of professional morticians and embalmers, feel much besides a morbid panic over "havin' mo' to do wiv 'em" when they've stopped kicking." The philosopher can puzzle over this till his brow resembles a corrugated roof. But there it is. Calling a person back from the dead, even a beloved person to this earth-plane, breeds a peculiar reaction of nameless horror in the otherwise normal layman. As for anyone with the transcendent ability to move about, returning "dead" persons to life promiscuously—that is, restoring them "as they were" to the living status before demise occurred—the effect is too morbid sanely to consider.

Strangely enough, there is none of this morbidity attendant on the phenomena of persons passed from the body rematerializing themselves in the bona fide psychical or mediumistic seance room. In other words, there is nothing of the carnal about such seance. But to regard a cadaver from which the immortal spirit is departed, bodily heat cooled, and all the aspects of lethal finality exhibited, reintroduced to animation by the spirit being called back into it, brings an odor of cemeterial decay into spiritual loveliness and somehow or other makes the proceedings detestable.

Christ upon one notable occasion is reported as "raising" Lazarus from such a state. This has been accorded the prestige of miracle.

"Lazarus, come forth!" it is reported that He ordered. And Lazarus, "stinking three days" arose and came forth unto them, clad in his grave garb.

Like many other incidents in Holy Writ transcending natural law, how Lazarus "came forth upon them" garbed in his grave-clothes, transcends all logic, because had Lazarus been truly clad in his grave clothes he would scarcely have been able to stir a muscle, much less walk out "unto them." They wrapped cadavers in those days with windings and spicings that made them one stiffish piece. His grave-clothes would have made it impossible for him to move more than one great-toe. However, overlooking this fact of oriental embalming, as we're asked to do merely to prove that Jesus did a miracle, there is further the very odd silence on Lazarus' part about what his experiences had been in the meantime.

One would imagine that if Lazarus had truly quitted his body and proceeded through the Hades-Plane or even up to the Summerland Plane, then been called back into his cadaver to go on physically living for a few more years, he would have been so loaded with information about the whole transcendent experience that he'd have talked about nothing else for a year and a day. But no! Not a word of narrative from Lazarus. He just *died* and by the third day, when Jesus entered the scene, had commenced to smell to high heaven. Jesus reversed the whole thing, summoned his spirit back

into his body, and condemned him to go on with his torturous experiences on this earth.

Of course, Jesus did nothing of the sort! The whole thing is another giveaway of those man-made complexes about Death registering in so-called Holy Writ and being accepted as divine truth simply because no one of wisdom has challenged them . .

THE accomplished psychical researcher or adept occultist perceives well enough what must have transpired. It was one of those cases involving the performance of the Etheric Double.

The main Silver Cord connecting the soul of Lazarus with his physical husk had broken as regards solar plexus connections but not as to cerebral connections. The Silver Cord seems to have a duality of structure, one part connecting the solar plexus of the physical husk with the solar plexus of the Etheric Double, and the other connecting the cerebrum cortex of the physical brain cells with the cerebrum cortex of the Light Body. With the cessation of Lazarus' heartbeat the solar plexus connections had broken, but the cerebrum cortex connections not yet severed. Lazarus, in other words, was not spiritually freed of his physical vehicle. The ignorant medicos that had been attending Lazarus, observing the heart had stopped beating, pronounced him *dead*. But Lazarus' soul-intellect was not yet freed, regardless of the fact that they had gone ahead with their primitive embalming and stored the strictly physical remains in some sort of vault. The experience of the Dr. McDonald told about

in *Soul Eternal* was similar as to his predicament.

Into that scene walked Jesus and with His superior psychic gifts saw that Lazarus' Etheric Double hadn't yet freed itself of physical remains. By commanding Lazarus' heart to resume its beating—the equivalent of mending the solar-plexus Silver Cord—Lazarus returned to a state of apparent normality. Thereafter he had nothing to tell because he hadn't really been anywhere or seen anything worth making of record.

Hence his eloquent silence.

NONE OF this is discounting Christ's supernatural power to restore the "Departed" to mortal vicissitude. It is merely opening the door to embarrassing interrogatories.

The whole episode remains of record in the New Testament as something most desirable and supernatural to have happen, that Lazarus should be "returned" physically and humanly to this plane of toil and trouble. The erudite student of the progressions of the Six Planes above earth identifies it as an entirely dubious thing to do to Lazarus—granting it happened as the New Testament makes it out. Lazarus had finally departed this lugubrious sub-hades planes of materialism and stood on the threshold of the freedoms and spiritual progressions of the Third and Fourth Planes. The ignorant folk of those times regarded it as something particularly desirable and miraculous that he should hold indefinitely to physical life, to go on with his career as he had earlier pursued it. This was equal to saying to Lazarus, "Come on back into the material hell and suffer some more of it. How dare you connive to make your escape from it for another twenty to thirty years yet?"

It was capitalizing on the abysmal ignorance of such earth people who were privy to the whole of it. It showed they lacked the faintest concept of what it meant to move out of the physical confinement and enter life on the Higher Planes of Largess and Radiance. Still, this doesn't do much in expounding the mystery as to whether or not *you* would raise people from the dead if you only had the power . . .

IN THE first place you don't "raise" people from the dead, or anywhere else

on this plane. You lower them from the higher planes of spiritual freedom and subject them to physical imprisonment to maintain the disciplines of materials. "Raising" them from death is merely a colossal giveaway that those telling about it have not the slightest conception what correctly happens. It's not the slightest boon of any nature to be "raised" from the dead. It's a similarity to saying to the federal prisoner, "Come back into the penitentiary and serve another ten years on your sentence!"

We customarily shrink from the fact of graduated souls returning into physical husks and carrying on longer earth-life because the whole prospect is an "unnaturalism." We're doing such soul-men the gravest of ill-favors and ill-fortunes to ask them to reverse themselves so and come back for more mortality. Mortality has nothing to offer but ordeal, sorrow, disillusion and discipline. People who



rave about the "beauties" of mortal life are similar to people in the basement of a skyscraper screeching about the wonders of their lives below street levels, as contrasted with other people who may be up on the roof beneath summer stars, enjoying the affluences of penthouse living. The Miracle-Worker comes along and says, "I will 'raise' you back into the basement. Should I not be commended?"

Christ 'raised' Lazarus, it would appear, that is, restored the solar plexus Silver Cord so that it functioned normally again, merely to assuage the grief of his inhibited womenfolk. And Lazarus "come forth and ministered unto them."

As if that were something to grow estatic about.

No, you probably wouldn't "raise people from the dead" if you had the power and were a good Soulcrafter, because it would be no more service to them than as if denizens of the cellar got up to the penthouse party and you stalked in and cried, "All you Basement People get back down in the cellar where you belong!"

And we would have plenty of inhibitions about returning the finally liberated spirit into its clammy mortal clay because we would arbitrarily be assuming jurisdiction over souls that is never our prerogative. Incident after incident shows up in the New Testament that only plays down to mass human ignorance as to what the significance of the ensuing planes is all about. Should we adulate such abysmal vacuity respecting Truth?

A "dead" body is merely the abandoned organic raiment which a soul has soiled, passing through the disciplinary experiences of this earth-scene. We feel a horror toward it, because coming back into it from transcendent planes is a soul-making instance for Cosmic Disgust. As well advise an orchid's blossom to do a nose-dive back into sod and bury its loveliness, that its roots may be exhibited in all *their* "beauty" of raggedness.

The cadaver from which the living soul-essence has departed is the epitome of all in this lowest hell-state that has produced it. Asking the soul to come down and get back into it is like asking it—or commanding it—to retrograde into a beastly hell-state as something especially desirable.

The souls knows otherwise—particularly if it has caught a full vision of the glories of what awaits mankind higher up! . . .

When we carry in our minds the wholly altered idea of death, that it is emancipation into areas of higher freedom and loveliness, the real tragedy of any death would be the possibility that it might be recalled to the beastliness of mortal occupancy.

Really what Jesus seems to have done, in the case of a man like Lazarus, was to mend the solar-plexus cord so that Lazarus might properly complete his mortal span.

But only an adept psychic master would be capable of determining it.

Valor

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Robert McCormick



HO Mark Gross of Indianapolis may be, VALOR has no means of knowing. But he wrote a tribute to the late Col. Robert McCormick of *The Chicago Tribune*, published in the April 4th issue of the *Indianapolis Star*, with which VALOR concurs so feelingly that it asks the courtesy of relaying his eulogy to the nation at large. Here is Mr. Gross' letter, featured on the editorial page—

MERE death itself, whether of Col. Robert R. McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* or of anyone else, is not enough to constitute "tragedy." All of us must pass.

But there is a very real tragedy, one of the greatest in the world's history, with which the name of Col. McCormick will be forever associated: the tragedy of our republic's all-but-official abandonment which Col. McCormick consistently opposed with intelligent and admirable fervor.

That tragedy has been compounded by the fact that Col. McCormick's sharpest critics have included so many who lack even the slightest comprehension of the philosophy which they have presumed so smugly and un-humbly to criticize.

These are the persons who, in either dispositional or circumstantial ignorance, still seem to believe that the Pearl Harbor attack really was a "surprise," that "Lend-Lease" really was motivated by a desire to stay at peace, that the 1940 Willkie nomination really did result from "pop-

ular demand," that Taft really did "steal" Southern delegates in 1952, that U.N. really was intended primarily as a "peace-keeping" medium!

For 34 months, I have kept a little tally of comments to me, pro and con, on *Chicago Tribune* editorial policies. Of the 117 who parroted the usual anti-*Chicago Tribune* cliches, 133 readily acknowledged that they had not read its editorial page more than "once or twice." Of the 26 who have said that they do read its editorial page with at least fair frequency, 22 said they agreed with most of its expressions.

It is not my purpose to criticize anyone who offers intelligent criticism of any newspaper or any person. But it is my purpose, on the occasion of the passing of a man whom I believe to have rendered immense services to his nation, to point out the undeniable fact that most of the criticisms directed at the editorial policies of his newspaper have come from persons who are separated from even the most fragmentary familiarity with those policies by great, wide chasms of ignorance.

Millions of Americans, deeply discouraged by the passing of such devoted public spokesmen as Senator Taft, will now hope that the passing of Col. McCormick will not mean that *Chicago Tribune* will express "the voice of the Middle West" with any less than the great courage and scholarship which has manifested in the past.

MARK GROSS

SO MUCH for Mr. Gross's tribute.

VALOR and VALOR's editor had unfortunate relations with the *Tribune* at the time of the controversial Lindbergh speech in Des Moines in 1942 in the days of the America First Committee. But they never disrupted the Soulcraft regard for *The Tribune* as a newspaper agitating the highest ideals of Christian citizenship and free government. Today, the nation has suffered a major loss in the Passing of its stalwart fighting editor and proprietor.

The thing that had particularly rankled in VALOR's editor had been the historical circumstance that in the closing days of 1918 and World War I, he had been a G2 operative and consular courier who had risked his life for 26 days bringing \$750,000 of the funds of the Mc-

(Continued on Page 15)



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Cogitations
Pelley



SOMETIMES, after an out-of-this-world happening here at Soulcraft Headquarters, I need to shake myself to grasp that I'm living in a world of modern reality. For instance, . . last week, two outstanding newspaper moguls gave up the flesh, one in St. Louis and one in Chicago. Just prior to the Passing of one of these I had written him a letter disclosing at long last some facts harking back to World War I. They were facts that I had never essayed to capitalize upon, inasmuch as I had been a soldier in Uncle Sam's forces in eastern Siberia at the time. But no reply had ever been vouchsafed me. I had shrugged and put it down as "one of those things" . . Sunday night, here at Soulcraft Headquarters we had enjoyed our monthly party, honoring Bertie Lilly Candler who called for the evening on her way out to California for the spring. A materializing session had not been under way ten minutes before a husky masculine voice came from the direction of the velour drapes and there stood the fully formed figure of the editor in question, plainly seen by some twenty guests present. The electronic microphones were open and every word he uttered was caught permanently on tapes. "I got your letter, Mr. Pelley," the husky voice offered. "Almost in the instant of my Passing, I had been thinking about it. So I've been brought down here by a mutual friend and allowed to address you so, that I may tell you I regret we had any misunderstandings while I was in mortal life. Already I've learned Out Here about your identity and real work, something I never fully understood in my flesh. I want you to know I'm grateful for what you did for me, and for the nation. A newspaper editor has to rely on his reporters for the truth or falsity of current events as they

are reported. I didn't understand what you were trying to do. Now I'm having it disclosed to me by the People Up Here, even while my body lies in state for earthly burial tomorrow." For almost twenty minutes this outstanding editor talked on. . .

o—o

HE WAS cleaning up karma with me while he still had my ear on this earth-plane. There he was in front of me, unmistakably. Persons who had known him in life were present and witnessing. I said, "I want you to know there are no hard feelings on my part, and that I'm ready at any time to transfer your literal wishes back to your great editorial staff." We heard him chuckle grimly. "They wouldn't believe it," he cautioned me. "I myself wouldn't have believed it, so I can't blame them. You'd only make trouble for yourself by printing my name. Let me get myself oriented to this New Condition of Consciousness and I'll be returning and conversing with you at greater length. This is so wonderful that it's a completely new revelation to me—that any such contact after leaving the physical flesh is actual. But after I get strong and better adjusted, I'll be coming back and contacting you." And he dissolved before our eyes. I have to shake myself at times, I say, that such episodes are factual. I had not asked for him to appear. Nobody knew of our correspondence outside myself. He was the last person on earth I had ever expected to make himself known to me. In fact, had I considered him in any such event at all, I would have assumed his rancor as expressed editorially would have continued along with him onto the Summerland plane. But no! All of a sudden, in a blaze of illumination following his mortal demise he had discovered how Soulcraft is regarded by denizens of the After-life and he had the stamina of character to present himself and practically apologize to me for the things he'd done on the

earth-plane in ignorance. I have twenty witnesses and auditors to prove it, and two infallible electronic tapes registering his literal voice . . . Then Mary Baker Eddy reappeared for the ninth time at Soulcraft . . .

—o—

MARY stayed before us for another twenty minutes. We discussed how to get the actuality of her return to this earth-plane before her thousands of church followers. It's a very real tragedy with her that she ever wrote Chapter Four in *Science & Health*. But the real pay-off of the epochal session was a somewhat bizarre occurrence. Who should appear and stand before us but the inimitable Queen Nefertiti, consort of Ikhnaton, the one-time potentate of Egypt in the XVIII Dynasty, and aunt of King Tut. Wearing the royal headdress of Egypt, she conversed with us in broken English and corrected some facts about Ikhnaton and Tut which were at variance in the history books. What she did of extraordinary value was to furnish us with facts about her five daughters, supplying us with their names. She confirmed that she hadn't reincarnated in the past 3,300 years. Read your *Road into Sunrise* for details of this royal lady. Occasionally she would lapse into royal Egyptian of the period of 1375 B.C. Earlier in the evening, one of the greatest of the Biblical patriarchs had materialized and presented a valuable ruby to one of Soulcraft's patrons—a ring encrusted with diamonds. . . . These things are happening at Soulcraft and there is no fabrication about them. America, perchance, may wake up sooner or later to the true significance of the whole Soulcraft program. A great editor gets on the Higher Side and has the truth blasted into him. Funny circumstance. He has to wait until he gets beyond the grave to learn facts he might have had given him for taking six months ago. But no, the obvious and immediate has no credence. It was a great party, nonetheless, Saturday night. And it's all down on electronic tapes. *That's* the evidence that can't be refuted. When you hear recreated voices of these people—supposed to be peacefully "sleeping in the grave"—telling you of their phenomenal discoveries and that it's positive error being taught by the churches, what are you going to think? . . . Have I got plenty to cogitate about this week? . . . Don't ask me! . . .

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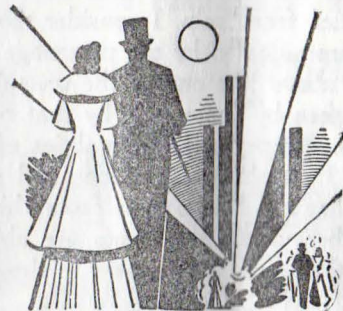
Mary Baker Eddy's Materialization at Soulcraft Headquarters

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The Long Table

DOESN'T LIKE MARY

CALIFORNIA: "Several months ago I received my first advertisement of your books that I had ever received. I have been almost desperate over the loss of a precious daughter, an angel to me, the very core of my heart. I ordered the book advertised, knowing that if it gave me any comfort that I would order more. When I unwrapped it, the first thing my eye fell upon was its dedication to Mary Baker Eddy. I went no further but completely destroyed the volume, resolved never to purchase another book from you. My resolution still holds because I knew my darling was ill but did not suspect the cause of her illness. I pleaded with her to consult a physician but she steadfastly and with annoyance refused. I did not know at the time that she had placed herself in the hands of a practitioner of the Eddy cult. It was only when she was in extremities that she begged for relief from pain. I consider the doctrine promulgated by the personage mentioned above just one of the several avenues taken by those who, by that means, hope to escape from the realities of life. What I sought was evidence and assurance that those who pass from this life remember, and many times are able, to make their presences known to those left behind . . "

Comment: Soulcraft has discovered there are two Mary Baker Eddys—the author of *Science & Health* and the lady of the Soulcraft appearances and discourses. The real Mary is an earnest, lovable, conscientious woman who has sought by psychosomatic teachings to lift humankind above its moribund flesh-complexes. That she "went in" for religion, back in 1880 and established a series of churches happened to be her resort of the period to transmit to humankind such psychical truths as had been transferred to her. Now she is appalled by the manner in which the child-minds among her

converts seek to deify her. She is likewise appalled by the conduct of the directing heads of her Church, seeking to close the minds of communicants to all but Christian Science. She wishes to undo the errors that have clustered around and become approved practice within the organization she left. Soulcraft would help her. When an entirely human person regrets a line of conduct that has resulted in a certain thing, he deserves all the assistance that understanding persons can offer. She has told Soulcraft, duly preserved upon electronic tapes, that she wrote voluminously on the subject of communication between the worlds, but that promptly with her death most of these writings were destroyed by burning. There is nothing wrong with Christian Science excepting certain types of people who let themselves be hypnotized into a sort of universal spiritual pacifism. Mary herself is anything but a theoretical pacifist. So we have the ironical circumstance of the head and founder of a great Church, brilliantly successful from the revenue standpoint, being forced to communicate through a non-Scientist organization. Saturday night, April 2nd, she promised to prepare and deliver an address to all her followers throughout the world, in her own voice, telling them unequivocally of her reactions to survival as she has discovered it. The question arises, How much longer can Truth be suppressed? Soulcraft's most earnest condolences to you, California, but don't charge your beloved daughter's demise to Science. No one ever "goes over" whose life program has not expired. You are falling between two stools in all this wisdom and illumination. There was nothing wrong with Mary Eddy excepting the inadequate understanding of those to whom she tried to address herself. Soulcraft continues to have every sympathy in the world toward her. Remember it was said of Christ that "He could do no good works in Nazareth because of their un-

belief." Mary sought to do good works, of that Soulcraft is overwhelmingly persuaded. Give her a reasonable hand for what she did accomplish. But institutionalizing all of it is something else again. Soulcraft has kept away from institutionalizing of any kind and for this it is criticized. Truth doesn't call for institutionalizing. Something is coming out of the Science-Soulcraft liaison, of that Soulcraft is persuaded. But Soulcraft doesn't preach 'escape from the realities of life.' Soulcraft preaches *valor*—standing up square to complication and ordeal and whipping it to spiritual profit. All the same, that's no reason for not giving fifteen million Scientists Mary Baker Eddy's version of survival since she's been in the Higher and Happier Land. The two 'beliefs' have a common karma. We shall see how they work out . . .

Robert McCormick

(Continued from Page 11)

Cormick family in cash out to the diplomatic pouches at Harbin for transfer to Chicago, funds representing the liquidating of Harvester Company assets in Moscow and European Russia. That wartime chore accomplished, he had come home—only to find the *Tribune* aligned against him in his defense of Colonel Lindbergh after the Des Moines affair. Some of its editorials were hard to take, although Col. Lindbergh indicated his appreciation of the efforts of VALOR's editor to defend him by voluntarily flying down to Indianapolis in 1942 to testify in your editor's defense.

One thing your editor knows for a certainty, that it never had been Col. McCormick who authorized the *Tribune's* editorial blistering.

Robert McCormick wasn't that type of ingrate.

The *Tribune* which he has left, is not only a great newspaper—it still is America's *greatest* newspaper.

May it publish long and prosper. VALOR's editor is still for it, even though it castigated him mistakenly for his motives back in 1942.

Here is a case where Soulcrafters should offer up sincere prayers for the repose of this worthy publisher's soul. He needs their moral strength to make a successful career of the Higher Life.

**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 . .

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Persons who knew 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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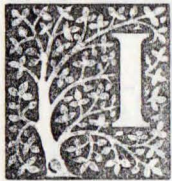
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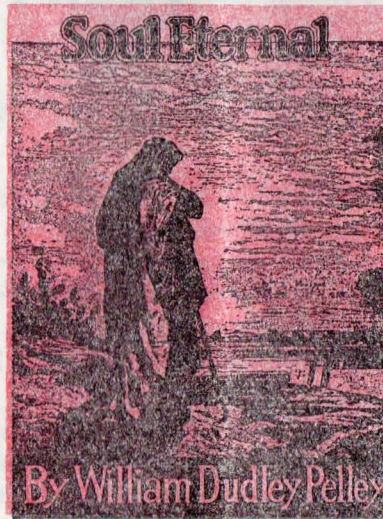
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AFTERTHOUGHT



LCAN'T help wondering what the effect might have been, could every Soulcrafters in America have been present in the Headquarters studio last Saturday evening and seen and heard what was displayed to an odd score of carefully selected guests. It was Celebrity-Evening with a vengeance. Twenty to thirty soul-folk re-created themselves physically and demonstrated their continuities of personality in ways that left nothing to be challenged for authenticity. Think of confronting and listening—in a single evening—to such great souls as that nationally famous newspaper publisher who died last week, to Queen Nefertiti—aunt of King Tutankhamen—to one of the outstanding personages of the New Testament in long beard and beautiful Biblical robes who materialized an exquisite and valuable ruby ring encrusted with diamonds and put it with his own hands on the finger of one of the Soulcraft personnel (not myself) in acknowledgment of his services to the early Christian Church in a bygone life; lastly but by no means all of the notables appearing on the occasion, Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the Church of Christ Scientist. Skeptical persons who claim that such phenomena are all maneuvered by the medium would have monstrous difficulty explaining how mediums produce and give away valuable ruby rings encrusted with diamonds which remain materialized after the donor has dissolved back to spirit. They might also have trouble explaining how a mature lady medium, portly and in her fifties, “impersonates” a 7-year-old child only three-feet six inches in height who moves freely before the guests and certainly has not been upon the premises when the sitting opened. Here are wonders out of this world.

QUEEN Nefertiti bore startling likeness to her famous statuary bust, in her high green headdress, speaking with Levantine accent, intermixing her



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English with early Egyptian, and coming back instantly with answers to questions about early royal genealogy, leaving small room for doubt of her identity. She declared she had been the mother of five daughters and gave their Egyptian names as fast as she could speak them. It seemed she had been drawn into the proceedings because another of the lady guests present was the reborn soul of one of those princesses, and the Queen Mother fondled her child affectionately, explaining why the latter had incarnated here in the New World for this particular period. . . My own daughter, Harriet, never appeared more beautiful in her voluminous white gown, jewel-encrusted. Some odd-dozen relatives of those present called up their particular loved ones and conversed with them intimately on

family matters. But it was the gift of the extraordinary ruby ring that made the bona fide character of the occasion irrefutable when the lights had come on. And my own quite adequate compensation for the occasion was to have the figure of the great editor-publisher stand in materialized form three feet from me and express his regrets and chagrin for the way in which his powerful newspaper had treated me in life. He had scarcely been out of his late physical self a matter of hours, he stated, before he had been apprised of the historical significance of this whole Soulcraft Movement and the identity of its sponsors cosmically. Moreover, he stated that he intended to return for other contacts when he got his strength and become fully oriented to his new environment.