

Valor

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

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Number 2

Armistice Day Commemorates Ideals . .

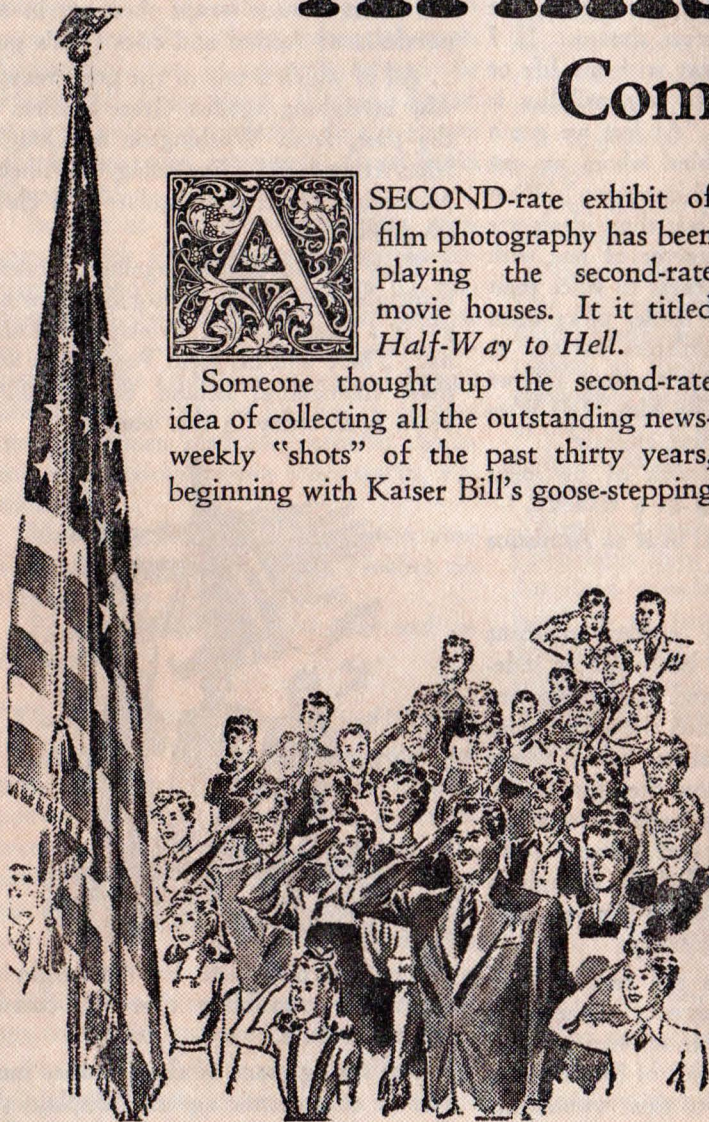


SECOND-rate exhibit of film photography has been playing the second-rate movie houses. It is titled *Half-Way to Hell*.

Someone thought up the second-rate idea of collecting all the outstanding news-weekly "shots" of the past thirty years, beginning with Kaiser Bill's goose-stepping

minions who goose-stepped out to the battles of World War I, up to the formation of United Nations in San Francisco and Russia's current emergence as the military bugaboo of the globe, pasting them together in a photographic diatribe against regimentation in all its branches. Brief flashes of the outstanding battles of both world wars, brief flashes of the coming—and the going—of Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin—not omitting Leon Bronstein Trotsky lying gory in his casket—brief flashes of a "flawless" military machine parading crack divisions through Red Square, Moscow, brief flashes of anything and everything that has called mankind together en masse in the past three decades, gave every promise of sugaring off as a masterpiece of propaganda for United Nations. Only it didn't.

It sugared off into a masterpiece of propaganda to prevent the common man from being such a fool as to let himself be regimented ever again, whether for Kaiser, Fuehrer or Kommissar, implying that every effort to make such mass gestures stick has been but a delusion, a snare and futility. From the reminiscent standpoint, the news-shot collection made one of the great opuses of the year. And it by no means glorified the United Nations, more than it glorified the Soviet para-



dise . . . What it glorified—in the Artfully Voiced Spiel at the end—was the dubious challenge: Why should human nature ever again permit itself to be regimented under mortal earthly leaders into platoons of robots, doing the bidding of the worldly ambitious and ending up a lifeless and ghastly Something in a murky ditch?

With Armistice Day in the offing, VALOR would reply to the Artful Voice whose "appeal" concluded *Half-Way to Hell* . . .



THE Film—undoubtedly against frantic Marxist Opposition—was permitted to be circulated to offset any ideas gaining root in America that it might require any second edition of Adolf Hitler to settle its troubles, economic or racial. That is beside the point.

The point is, human nature never *does* permit itself to be regimented under mortal earthly leaders because it consists of robots.

Human nature submits itself to the regimental pattern because in union there is strength, and human nature has long since recognized it. But more than that, human nature has acquiesced to such phalanx patterns since time immemorial because each and every leader throughout history has embodied in his person an Ideal.

It is ideals that cause mankind to submit their strengths and their individualities to mass efforts that have distinguished the peoples of Europe since the turn of the century!

Kaiser Wilhelm merely personalized the Teutonic Ideal of *Deutschland ueber Alles*.

Mussolini merely personalized the ideal of a Regenerated Roman State.

Hitler merely personalized the ideal of a Germany free of Hebraic domination.

Stalin merely personalized a Russia that at first bethought to work out a new and benevolent economic system.

Man is a spiritualized creature. Unless you supply him with an ideal around which to muster his humanized forces, he goes off to lunch and lets you hock and goose-step for the edification of your royal relatives till Kingdom Come.

It is particularly fitting to remember this as the 36th anniversary of the termination of World War I thrills anew the members and families of the American Legion . . .

LEADERS aren't persons with a sizable bump of ego who cry arbitrarily, "Get into a uniform!" or "Do this!" or "Do that!" Leaders are souls who represent in their persons and functions a set of principles to which great masses can adhere. Man of his individual self is an impotent creature, and recognizes it. The leader comes along and says to him—either personally or through propaganda—"I will undertake to pilot you to the realization of your secret dreams. If I fail, I shall probably pay with my life or a prison-term, but that responsibility is mine own." Men cry, "At last we got a pilot for our bark behind whom we can mass and no longer feel impotent." What they truly mean is, at last their ideals are personified in the character of one with the initiative and cleverness to voice their mass discontents. The leader picks them up impotent and administers potency to them as they integrate with their fellows of similar ideology. The film *Half-Way to Hell* missed this point entirely.

It was just a collection of pertinent news shots, terminating in a travesty.

But here is the moral in it as Armistice Day comes anew . . .

AMERICA at the current moment finds herself in a backwash of indecision. Ideals are obscured. Issues have not so detached and identified themselves that Americans as nationalists know where they want to go and how they propose to reach there. No real leader can stand out in America at present because there are no issues strong and sharp enough to find their personalization in a given individual's conduct or utterances.

When the followers are ready—made what they are by the exigency of the times—the leader appears. He appears because from the Higher Echelons of Supervision, no group is permitted to exist without its mentor.

Leaders are mentors. If they be not mentors they are mere demagogues whom the first breath of misfortune exterminates. They may be mentors who mentor wrongly or incorrectly—still, they are God-provided because only by identifying them wrongly or incorrectly can humankind adjudge rightly or correctly. It is in causing humankind to think and act in concert that the mentor-leader serves cosmic purpose.

Armistice Day commemorates a long-ago afternoon when the most tremendous news in the world flashed over the Atlantic cables from the continent. What Armistice Day should be recognized as commemorating is *ideals!*

Americans went into World War I, fresh and nonjaded, to end War as a butchery. The ending of War as a butchery was an ideal.

When ideals become powerful enough, the leader-mentor wraps them up in the portfolio of Action and cries "Let's go!"

. . . All of which is one of the great reasons why inveighing against Great Leaders of the past, from Washington to Douglas MacArthur—and including Wilhelm, Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin—is a childish foolishness.

They are inveighing against a cosmic principle that always personifies a principle in a human being. Principles are eternal. There will be great Personages who mass humankind behind them 100,000 years from today in this world.

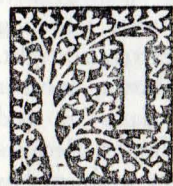
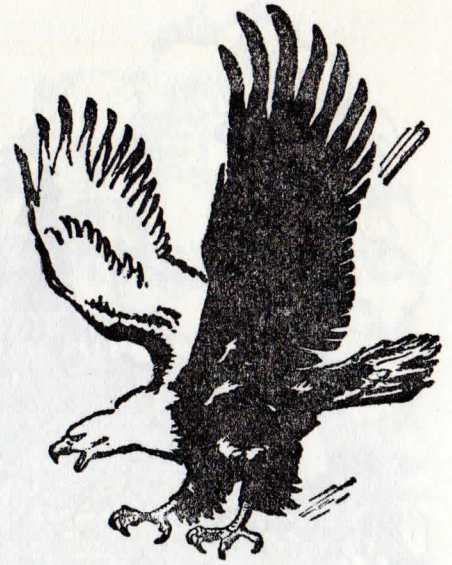


But God pity them for the weight of spiritual responsibility that will forever rest upon them.

The saving grace of them is, they must ever be of a cosmic age that displays the fibre and stamina to take it.

Indiana People Are Wondering What Became of Americanism?

Off-Year Congressional Campaign Notable for Its Silence about Defense of Nationalism



INDIANA as a State has been named the Cross-Roads of America. It happens to be the population center of the nation. Its Capital, Indianapolis, likewise is situated almost in the geographical center of the State itself. Strangely enough, it is one city in the American scene practically without foreign element. Indianapolis can be correctly termed the Heart of Grass-Roots United States. And post-election comment on the streets of Indianapolis represents Grass-Roots Comment.

Insofar as VALOR gathers from comment which the Indianapolis representatives of Soulcraft have heard to the moment, and despite the fact that Indiana as a State continued predominantly Republican, the GOP lost control of House and Senate nationally because its leaders and spokesmen studiously avoided the issue of Americanism—in other words, Patriotism.

Men in a free Republic do not vote for individuals to rule them. Neither do they vote for political parties.

They vote for Principles premised on Ideals.

THE Republican Party in the November 2nd elections propounded no principles premised on ideals. It propounded technical controversies, about an increased Social Security, about alterations in parities for farm produce, about no wars being waged currently throughout the earth—as though the Republicans were somehow responsible for that. But behind these minor issues loomed the spectre of an outraged nationalism.

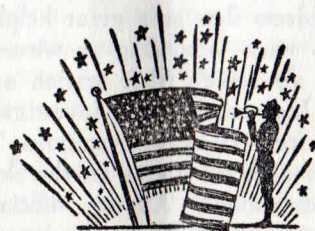
No candidate made an issue of the Administration's rebuke of Senator Joe McCarthy for striving to expose espionage

within our military establishment. No candidate voiced opinions about America's possible withdrawal from United Nations before its pagan majorities engulfed us politically in the global elections. No one said much about Republican responsibilities for the London Conference that brought Britain and West Germany together for the first time in modern history. No one singled out the American Destiny in the world scene and painted the GOP as the standard-bearer for aggressive and predominant Americanism.

This was by no means lost on native Indianans.

Nationalism, Patriotism, the Ideals of Free Government, the rooting out of Marxist subversives, these seemed to be treated as inconsequential issues. They symbolized Isolationism, and Isolationism in these days of the great Global Sell-Out is being made to appear as treason to Progress.

Press and pulpit kept silent about them. Candidates kept silent about them. The American people generally are so confused as to just what our government does stand for, and who actually represents it in Halls of State, that a cynical indifference marked this great day of vote-getting.



That this is part of a Master-Plan to emasculate America, producing precisely the results that the One-Worlders wanted produced, has become the settled con-

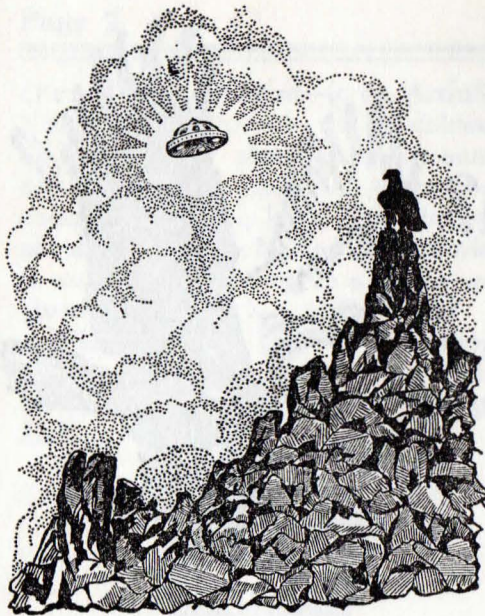
viction of those with some knowledge of what passes behind the scenes.

FROM a State bordering on Indiana, a prominent businessman wrote VALOR on the morning of November 3rd a letter containing a paragraph that summarizes this pernicious trend—

"This is the day after the great Republican Party debacle, which can be laid right at the door of Eisenhower and his stupid (?) advisers. As I think you know, my wife has been in charge of the Republican Citizens Finance Committee, the only agency officially authorized to raise Republican funds in this State. I have been working with her every minute of my spare time—which has meant every evening and Saturdays and Sundays—and it has been almost impossible to raise money. But gripes there have been plenty, most of them assailing Eisenhower and his Administration for the treatment accorded McCarthy. Coming events cast their shadows before and we well knew that what happened yesterday would happen."

This letter might have been written by any old-line Republican in any State in the Union. People will not become excited and contribute hard cash without the expected realization of ideals to spark them. President Eisenhower is giving the nation what he symbolizes as a "moderate" and middle-of-the-road administration, a second edition of Herbert Hoover of 1928. But added to his own le-

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SAUCER Sightings Now Common All Over Earth

By George Hunt Williamson



HERE is so much happening in the Saucer phenomena field that it is almost impossible to keep up with it all. Radio contact is constantly being maintained and the reception is radiotelephone or voice. International Morse Code, is seldom, if ever used any more. The Saucers claim they are not going to leave the Earth. They are here to stay!

The world can expect numerous sightings from now on. However, a new phase is now presenting itself as VALOR reported several weeks ago. No longer must we depend on this or that "light" or "fireball" making an appearance. Saucers are now being seen on the ground and their occupants are being observed by reliable witnesses.

Saucer intelligences say that "monster" sightings are not true. They claim that many individuals who report fantastic stories of seeing many-armed men or one-eyed men, are misinterpreting observable facts. Many witnesses of Saucer activity become alarmed and frightened and therefore are not sure just what they did see. Space visitors say that all space beings now coming to Earth are in the form that man on Earth possesses. They say that man is created in the image of God and that He would not send alien life forms to Earth during this period of world crisis.

The space brothers stress watchfulness . . . universal brotherhood of all men everywhere . . . and they say that *Deity* is of the uppermost importance. By "Dei-

ty" they mean Universal Law. They want the common man in the street to become aware of the fact that men from other worlds in Cosmos are here to help them at this time.

The Saucers are not hostile nor are they evil and invading "Frankensteins." Those who preach "doomsday," "gloom," "end of the world," "evil spirits," etc., are regarded as the receivers of false impressions by the space visitors.

A MAN in Parma, Ohio, was closing his garage doors when he looked up and saw an orange-coral glow a few houses away. He headed for the mysterious light and noticed it was coming from up above and was being cast on the houses below. Then he observed a cylinder-like craft poised above one of the houses. As he got closer it shot straight up and made a humming sound. A neighbor also heard the sound, and jet aircraft were all over the area before and after this sighting.

Cesar Ferriera, a landowner in the mountains of northeast Portugal, once said he didn't believe in Flying Saucers. But recently he told police he saw a "Flying Cup" complete with two eight-foot men clad in pocketless metallic suits.

Recently there were thousands of individual reports in Vienna, Austria, about a formation of luminous Saucers flying over the town of Riel, upper Austria. The objects flew at a great height from east to west—according to witnesses.

The air force's filter station at South Bend, Indiana, recently investigated numerous reports of a mysterious "ball of fire" that blazed a trail in the sky south of Indianapolis. Airport officials said there were no planes in the sky south of Indianapolis when the "ball" was reported seen.

Amateur astronomers reported to civil defense officials in Ionia, Michigan, that

they had tracked three glowing, unidentified objects, across the sky recently. The observers said the objects were traveling at tremendous speed at extreme height.

In Sands Springs, Oklahoma, another mysterious "ball of fire" darts up and down at the stroke of midnight. Because of its antics a serious traffic problem has been created. For three straight nights police found over one hundred fifty cars parked on the highway with their occupants gazing skyward. The patrolmen were told that a blue-green object with a glow appears in the east, "screams" westward with incredible speed and disappears through the nearby hollows. Police Chief Jack Daniels says many people have seen the object and have heard it give off strange sounds.

A LOS ANGELES man recently reported seeing a Flying Saucer land in MacArthur Park and said he saw a short man in a white suit get out. He says later a truck carried away the Saucer and its occupant. He is afraid to give his name because, "People will think I'm crazy."

The mayor of Chateau-Neuf-Du-Pape, France, has issued a decree forbidding Flying Saucers to land. He ordered the local constable to impound any Saucers which disobeyed. The mayor said the decree was necessary because such strange aircraft "would be of a nature to disturb public order and the tranquillity of the inhabitants."

In Pozzuoli, Italy, a Flying Saucer stopped in mid-air for fifteen seconds near a rubber factory. Employees reported that it rose vertically with a hissing sound. This was too much for a Pekingese dog and it yelped at the sight and fell dead. In the past few weeks and days, many reports of oval and cigar-shaped objects that excited Italians, have been coming out of Italy.



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

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

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK



HE process known in mortal life as Dying is merely the business of extracting the more tenuous bodies from the gross outer encasement, and continuing to go on living in them until the next outer covering is exhausted.

Thereupon the sentient spirit "dies" out of that one also, and lives for a span in the next.

Finally it arrives in the status of Pure Spirit—spirit utterly without a mechanism of any sort but its own capability for self-awareness—when it is ready to go the physical-body round all over again.

How do we know that this is so?

Because those more tenuous bodies can be seen under favorable conditions—even photographed!

They often make themselves known to mortals not yet arrived at physical demise of their outer coverings.

They discover methods for so exercising force in those more tenuous bodies that they open material doors, perform the phenomena of sounds upon material substances, cause people in their mortal encasements to feel "discarnate" touchings of their more tenuous finger-tips.

They carry on tacit conversations in those more tenuous bodies with those who have yet to arrive at them.

We can get so-called discarnate souls to recount the utmost privacies of their lives when they had outer-shell bodies—facts not known to others still living—and upon checking, the survivors or investiga-

tors will discover the reports to be absolutely correct.

In one instance such a Discarnate has been successful in imprinting his "spirit" fingertips in materialized forms in hot wax and the subsequent mold has checked perfectly with fingerprints left on toilet articles in life.

In short, they demonstrate by every material test that could be imposed upon a soul with its gross outer mechanism still alive, occupied, and functioning, that they are still in existence and performing in the Greater Universe.

Whereupon the ignoramus shrieks: "Spiritualism! Phantasmagoria! Demonism!" and asks for his Fundamentalist Expert to pray for the "salvation" of all those who accredit it.

IT HAS been observed in many psychical-research instances that the body of a pregnant woman is many times surrounded by necromantic pin-points of light—aspects of sheerly disembodied consciousness in units, each perfectly aware of himself, and "waiting to get in"

to the physical and infantile mechanism that is on its way toward ultimate delivery.

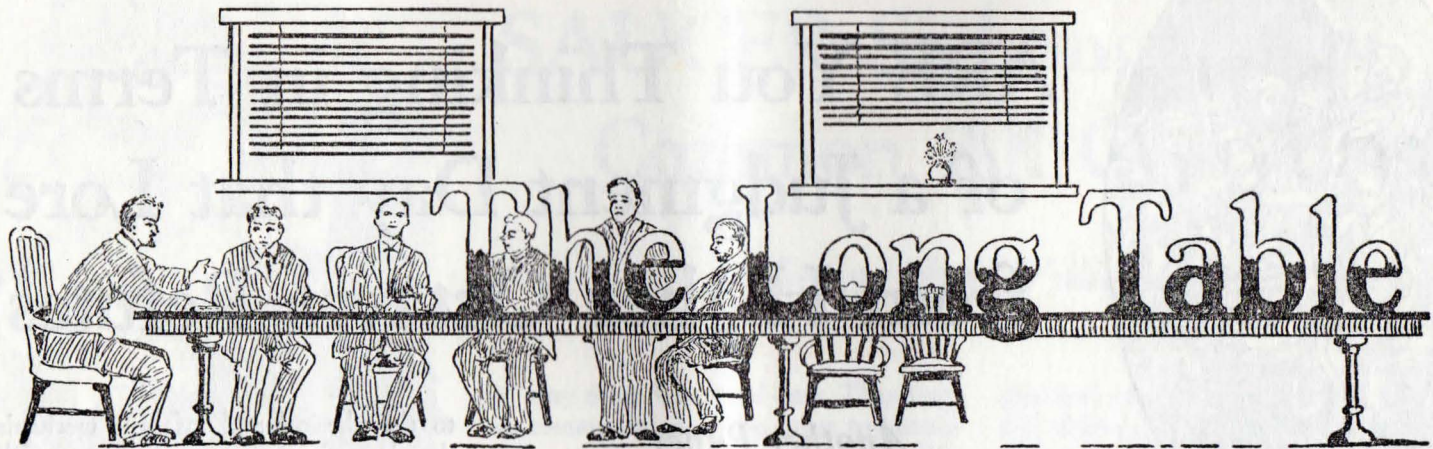
In one interesting case, a Boston woman was made aware of the tacit identity of one of these which announced its forthcoming occupancy of the maturing child within her womb, the soul that anticipated being born through her even going so far as to give her a set of symbols to preserve until it had become a resultant child of understanding intelligence in such matters, the symbols to become as aids in recalling its prenatal self and identity.

The author has on record the remarkable case of a celebrated woman obstetrician of Detroit who vouched for the fact that she never lost her prenatal memory during the business of acquiring her present mechanism. In her early years she utterly confounded her mother, her older relatives, and even the doctor assisting her mother's delivery, by reporting to the minutest degree all the incidents that happened preceding and following her mother's confinement and travail. As a child she still manifested the mental maturity of her prior existence, and was even able to produce with a pencil the lacy design on the nightgown worn by her mother in her delivery-bed, a garment that had long-since been discarded while the subject was still physically an infant.

That the fables of Fundamentalism—derived exclusively from Hebraic folklore—must ultimately give way to these modern and scientifically-attested evidences of the succeeding octaves of Consciousness, is inevitable.

There seems to be a definite Cycle of Incarnation which all mortal people follow in dying and being born again into higher and more expansive octaves of self-realism. Benevolent Nature—call it God if you will—seems to have provided

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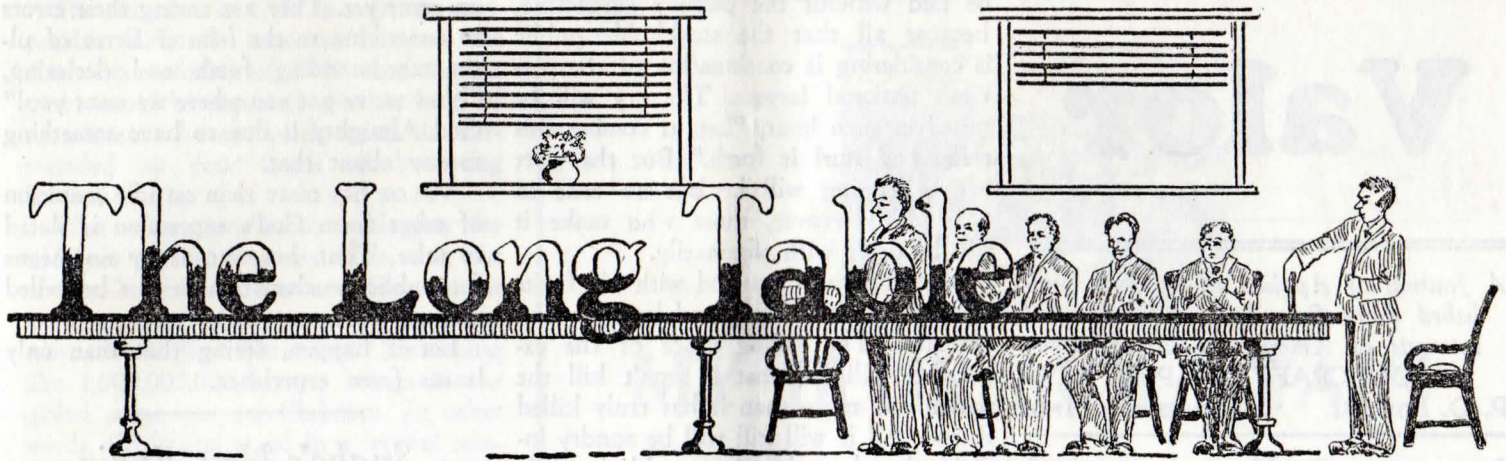


MELBOURNE, FLORIDA: I am very desirous of having personal opinion from Mr. Pelley about the Supreme Court decision on Segregation. Personally I do not believe in mixing the races. I would like the truth from the Mentors on this subject . . .

Illumination: One thing that shows up nowhere in all this pother over clashes between the whites and the blacks, is the recognition that the whites are unquestionably paying off karma from southern slavery. The black man did not ask to come to America. He stored away in the holds of no sailing ships clandestinely. He subsidized no immigration officials to get in by stealth. The whites of two or three generations ago sailed to his homeland, crept up on him in the dark—figuratively speaking—and kidnapped him. He was, in other words, abducted, brought to these shores, and sold as merchandise for gain. It so happened in God's grace that a great civil war was fought, which ended in such abducted black man's emancipation. But mere physical emancipation did not redress the wrong. He was turned loose to shift for himself in the strange new country to which he'd been brought. Had the wrong against him been righted by making it possible to return to his homeland and improve as he could his people there, the United States would now be undergoing no racial turmoils. Fulminate against such racial situation as one may, the fact remains that it was precipitated by the same racial strain that now affects to detest the Negro. What is being confronted is as clear and emphatic a case of karma as could be produced. But what to do about it? The southerner puts the onus on the northerner who intruded militarily and

ended the institution of human slavery, but that is because the old-line southerner refuses to acknowledge the karma of the dilemma. Now 90 years later such headache as school segregation comes up to bedevil the southerner afresh . . . The current correspondent comments that he does not believe in mixing the races. Neither does any other self-respecting human, white or black. The high-charactered and intellectual black man deplores racial mixture as much as any white. When a white woman weds a black man, or a black man weds a white woman, certain cosmic classifications are violated. Soul-spirits come into definite racial octaves to obtain the increments from such octaves, not to gain any particular increments from mongrelism. It is evidently because of such cosmic violations that mixed marriages between whites and blacks are regarded with so much aversion by the true specimens of both breeds. As for the higher mentors, the very Highest Mentor with whom we are in touch has expressed Himself on Page 44 of the *Golden Scripts*, Chapter 15, from Verse 8 onward . . . "I say unto you, beloved, each man hath his country inviolate to his race, the Father gave it to him; each man hath his privileges and benefits in his country, he goeth to and fro in it as a citizen knowing its customs and its laws" . . . Get out your *Golden Scripts* and read that chapter and the issues will be clarified immediately. The only real interrogation that might be involved in it, is the wonder as to whether it mightn't have been on the cards of Kismet for certain sections of the Negro race to commingle with whites and thus obtain the spiritual enhancements that may distinguish the white man's civilization. The

answer to that would seem to be affirmative, *but only in cases of individuals who may have incarnated in the black race to serve as guides and mentors to other Negroids.* For the race as a race to commingle with whites, is to introduce a situation where it is pertinent to maintain that grammar-school pupils have a "right" to commingle with juniors or seniors of a university. It is not a matter of "right", it is a matter of proper polarities or quality specifications culturally and intellectually. God has specified the races as qualifications of spiritual progress and indication of the individual soul's status on the earth-plane. To produce a race of hybrids befogs such distinction. Of course, what the truly sophisticate know is, that certain anti-Christian elements deliberately seek to emasculate the stamina and genealogical integrity of the white race by social and educational equality, as propinquity results in racial misalliances, thereby fetching the white race down to a status of mongrelization that conquest over the progeny may be easy. All such pure diabolism will be taken care of, in God's own time. It isn't going to work as the anti-Christians so fondly imagine, because they're proceeding against stipulations of Cosmos, which of course they scoff at. The Supreme Court decision on Segregation, or rather, abolition of it, is legally equitable, considering that America is a heterogeneous nation. But proceeding against laws of Cosmos made and provided, it won't work out. Western hemisphere Americans must expatiate the crime of Negroid abduction, which their forebears pursued so assiduously and profitably for over a hundred years. Whether they like it or not there is no escaping it . . .



PRENATAL MEMORY

HOUSTON, TEXAS: As we do not remember previous lives on the Higher Side, I have been wondering, do people in the other world remember their earth lives? Are they in any way born again into the Other Life when they pass out of this life? Must they die anew in the higher world before they are born again in this one?

Illumination: The new Soulcraft book, *Getting Born* was written and published expressly to clarify enigmas of this character. However, it can be stated unequivocally that the minutest memory of life in the earth-world is carried forward into the next. The VALOR editors have been astounded, when communicating with the "departed" at audible-voice sessions here at Headquarters, to reflect on the amount of memory-detail that comes into evidence. Incidents that had well-nigh disappeared from mortal memory have been recalled, even to spoken sentences of mortal communication. But there is no birth in the strict organic senses, in attaining to the octaves above earth. In other words, there is no getting back to an infancy of organism upon being introduced to conditions of discarnation. The whole Pattern-Body of the mortal and human personality, with the intellect intact, moves out of the physical husk, which is forthwith interred in a cemetery grave. Such people appear on the Higher Levels of Life precisely as they appeared at the time of their demise from physical life and with all their faculties preserved and functioning. Forthwith they assume places in Summerland society with their dear ones to whom they are rejoined. If they have "gone over" in infancy they

will proceed to "grow" in pattern-stature up to a norm of about 33 years old. If they have "gone over" in old age, they will proceed to lose their senilities until they return to a norm of 33 years. The figure 33 seems to indicate the extreme height and efficiency of organic adult powers. Daughter Harriet disclosed this specifically at a recent Headquarters' materialization. Of course the fact that the Christ "passed" physically by crucifixion at 33 years must have entailed similar significance. And at 33 years prime, people stay more or less in Higher Life until time comes for progression to higher planes, when it may well be said that Second Death occurs. The trouble about discussing it is, that the word "Death" is a misnomer. *There is no such thing.* There is merely the soul-spirit seeking other modes of conscious expression. Any return visit to mortality is only one of these modes. As for the specific process that occurs, getting hold of an infant embryo and being physically delivered into this three-dimensional world afresh, read *Getting Born*. The process is explained in that volume in detail . . .

THE WIDOWS MIGHT

DENVER, COLO: I am a woman of 31 who suffered the loss of a beloved husband last year. It seemed that the bottom of my world dropped out when they told me he had been killed in a traffic smashup. Well, I got over it. But along comes another estimable man, who paid court to me and now wishes to marry me. You may think me silly, but I certainly do not want to enter into any liaisons with another man that would in any manner shut me off from remaining Harry's

wife when I finish this life and find myself on the higher octaves of reality. Would I be doing that if I married this present romantic gentleman?

Illumination: Obviously you haven't yet read *Adams Awakes*, for in that particular Soulcraft volume all such problems are clarified. According to what information we've been able to gather from higher octaves, married people who had more than one matrimonial alliance in flesh, gravitate inextricably to those whom they have loved most in earth-life. If a woman has had an inimitable romance with a given man, she may marry a dozen after his passing. The liaisons, however will be regarded from the angle of the Higher Life as mere unions of convenience, what the world calls Accommodation Marriages. There are no particular moral inhibitions surrounding these subsequent unions. The moral standards on the higher planes evince no pruderies of any nature. The one cementing bond between two souls, male and female, is unabashed and enduring affection. One woman reported back in progress of an audible-voice session that she had worried half her adult life about being unable to join a beloved first husband because she had successfully married two other men, and declared that before her passing she frequently had all the reactions of a concubine. Finally, actually outliving all three men—which made her case so distinctive—she made the discovery when she graduated into the loftier life herself, that the second and third husbands were nowhere in evidence. She met her beloved first husband immediately. He informed her that her second and third

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Tapestry



HE Tapestry of international fanagling grows plainer in result of Tuesday's elections.

President Eisenhower inherited temporary management of a national corporation whose earlier directors had made a policy of giving away the capital assets of the company piecemeal to the stockholders instead of earned dividends. There had been no earned dividends for over twenty years. Stockholders of any company are never averse to having monetary grants made them, no matter where they originate.

Those who had been dissipating those assets for the aforesaid twenty years said among themselves, "This temporary shift in responsibility can only turn out a good thing for us. Let the new management see what it can do with the mess we have made of things. Any policy of retrenchment is bound to render it unpopular, since the stockholder-electorate is never economic-minded. When it becomes evident that the mess is too great to remedy, the stockholder-electorate will voraciously return to power those whose give-away tactics made the national largess so accessible. We may safely count upon it that we shall be returned to power with few thereafter to say us nay. Thereat we may do with the nation what we will."

Doing with the nation what they will, means in substance that the bastion-planks for real and permanent Communism can

be laid without the public's suspecting, because all that the stockholder-public is considering is continuation of the previous national largess. The cry will be raised in such hour, "Let us combat this thing and hurl it forth." But that sort of challenging will be but an echo in a wind. Moreover, those who make it will be dealt with summarily.

Mankind must proceed with his fruits of ignorance therefore, and learn by Experience. The saving grace of the experience will be, that it won't kill the nation any more than it has truly killed Russia. All it will kill will be sundry individuals who otherwise would, in their time allotment, leave this earth-plane anyway. Humanity always recovers from that.

None of which is saying that Communism as such is due to take over. Communism as such will run its day as Harmless and Constructive Socialism—till the Corporation of the United States is euchered out of all assets, then the "adjustments" will make economic remedies arbitrary. These can comprise what Communism sought to achieve openly in the first place. Out of it all will come ultimately a sincere Cooperativism, serving no racist ends or international skulduggeries.



THE real trick was contained in what was managed two years bygone. Let the Republican Party bury itself by demonstrating that it was impotent to remedy what the Democratic Party—so-called—had been twenty years at wrecking. The Republican Party might at the same time, or throughout the same period, be hamstrung from asserting true opposition to the Democrats. The combination of the two circumstances would place the Democrats ultimately back in power to maneuver the coming of "Harmless and Constructive Socialism."

It is all working out according to Hoyle.

The big international masterminds behind the whole of it have scarcely made

an error yet. They are saving their errors to contribute to the Master Error of ultimately standing forth and declaring, "Now we've got you where we want you!" God Almighty is due to have something to say about that.

VALOR has more than an idle suspicion of what form God's expression is slated to take. That, however, is by no means for public proclamation in this bedeviled present.

Let it happen, seeing that man only learns from experience.

Snake's Nest Again



SOULCRAFT is challenged on a dozen fronts for its unyielding attitude toward United Nations. The main body of the argument in the correspond-

ence is the seeming unanswerable contention: "Would not the Christ Forces subscribe every aid and encouragement toward international peace, no matter how emasculate such opening efforts may appear?"

Most assuredly they would—were United Nations an assembly sincerely established and supervised to aid and encourage international peace. But as Soulcraft views the prospect, United Nations was never envisioned for anything of the sort. That was merely the ideal advanced to cover its true objectives, against which VALOR inveighs.

United Nations took advantage of an international situation where the global hunger for peace was paramount, to propose a body where the Christian states and peoples of the earth would become gradually subservient to the non-Christian.

One thing always stands out glaringly in the pro-U-N correspondence. Its writers disclose that they assume benightedly that all other States of the world are on a par with America in culture and religious ethics. The situation between the nations is unfailingly compared to that between the American colonies in 1789. Massachusetts and Virginia in 1789 were as hostile and competitive as the Chinese Nationalists and Reds appear to be today. But time "healed all wounds of colonial ideology," therefore it is assumed that time will heal all wounds of intra-national differences.

The situation in U-N is no more comparable with the situation between the American colonies of 1789 than bovine peace could be expected when a herd of complacent Jersey milch cows is surrounded by four herds of bellowing Brahma bulls.

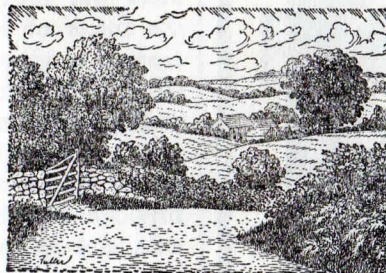
What these provincial apologists for U-N do not seem to realize is, that out of the 2½ billion human beings in the world at any given moment, there are only 600 million Christians. Something like 1,900,000,000 human beings in the global scene are non-Christian. In other words, Christians stand in a woeful minority in this world. And yet it is being proposed that they resign their national lives and destinies to the majority vote in United Nations that outnumbers them three to one. Moreover, the masterminds that thought up the U-N scheme in the beginning, with the idea of controlling it after it was actualized, are not only non-Christian—they are virulently anti-Christian, and want the very notion of Christ exterminated from all human philosophies.

This is the prospect to which Soulcraft's correspondents wish us to subscribe in the sacred name of International Peace.

Certainly there will be peace—when the cohorts of anti-Christ have unrestrained say and sway over all the more advanced countries of the earth, now in the minority respecting populations. It is by no means a prospect to be lightly dismissed.

In 1789 in the American colonies, the populace was predominantly Christian in ethics and religious beliefs, spake the same language, and had the same genealogical backgrounds. To furnish a glaring comparison of what is being argued, supposed both Massachusetts and Virginia of 1789 confronted a prospect of being dominated by the majority votes of the Negroid menials within their territories. In other words, *slaves*. Is anyone so naive as to argue that the inhabitants of Massachusetts and Virginia would have acquiesced to "time working things out" in the matter of voting influence on cultural policies?

Massachusetts and Virginia in 1789 were culturally of an identical stock, worshipping the same God and subscribing to the the same idealistic fundamentals found in the sermon on the Mount. Naturally in course of the years they would



MY BLUE MOUNTAIN



Y Kitchen is a chapel where I work with God each day,
It's here I serve my Maker in a humble housewife way,
As I strive to serve His purpose in love so fond and true
I look westward from my window at my glorious Mt. Blue.

I cast my eyes up to the hills, gain inspiration there
To watch the colors come and go upon my mountain fair;
To bless the day, to bless the night, with Love from high above,
In glancing toward the sunset, which fills my heart with love.

There is nothing like a sunset to lift ones heart in praise
To Him who gives all goodness, to Him who guides our ways.
I'm thankful gracious Maker for the humble tasks I do,
Then my heart flows full with gladness as I glance at Mountain Blue.

There is glory in the sunrise, the tasks of day begun,
There is glory too at noontime in heat of risen sun
But when the shadows creep around and tasks of day are through
I watch from chapel window my sunset on Mt. Blue.

And so I have my kitchen with its service there in Love
Which never ceases flowing from its source from high above
While I'm thankful to my Maker for the humble tasks I do
Also thankful for the sunsets, God spreads behind Mount Blue.

—WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

come together and bury political or economic differences. But in United Nations as proposed in its "reformed" charter, controls are surrendered to the black—or Red—elements in the global scene, fallaciously in the name of the Prince of Peace. To say that those who see this eventuality clearly are obstructing "the Christ and all His works" for international concord, is to make a travesty of perspicacity and common sense. *Better to have everlasting war for principle than surrender of ethical culture to cohorts of anti-Christian extermination!*

VALOR will continue to be anti-U-N so long as anti-Christians predominate.

Perspicacity



LET'S have one thing emphasized.

From all that Soulcraft can gather by direct intercourse, both clairaudient and vocal, with souls on higher octaves of perspicacious intelligence, absolute economic depression due to resource exhaustion doesn't become real in our hemisphere of the world for three to four years yet. They declare they by no means observe it "building up" as yet on their loftier level of life—which it must do, to manifest subsequently on the



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NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

earth-plane. Neither do they discern open atom war breaking out restrained, nor the forces of Russian Communism succeeding to vicious control here in America. They do see severe terrain alterations taking place, and storms quite the equal of the one that devastated Toronto recently, becoming reoccurrent. Likewise they see unhallowed elements of ignorance and spiritual nondevelopment continuing and increasing a powerful control over our political institutions. When the cracking-point is reached, odd interstellar influences—apparently—come in uncanny timing to work terrain changes that frustrate global plans of political conqerage. Soulcraft has to learn much of it by side-interpretations of factors affecting its own expansion program.

A concerted agenda seems being activated just now to realize a *Golden Center of Soulcraft*, in middle Indiana, the center of population for the entire United States. The whole project has been instigated and promoted by materialized entities from higher dimensions of Time and Space. They have materialized and maintained vocally and vociferously that it must be started without undue delay, that Higher Mentors may have an instrumentality on the Earth Side for carrying out supernal suggestions when the days of real penury set in. In such intimate sessions, it is, attended by a dozen or more Soulcraft principals all hearing the same things and seeing the same phenomena, that true cues are obtained on what is slated to happen to America and the world generally.

The true Christ People—in other words the Enlightened in sacred principles—have naught to fear from such alterations. It is the vicious and benighted who need watching out for their skins.

But the Republic as a whole is slated to survive the whole of it, and come out leading the non-Christian nations of the earth as a Knight in White Armor. And it is seen as the program of futurity that the Christ People—in other words the Enlightened in sacred principles—are to be those who fill such armor as to corporeal content.

Let the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing.

It is Higher Knowledge and credence of Knowledge that is to qualify the exempt from physical hurt.

Not in twenty-six years of such con-

tact with so-called Celestially has a single prophetic utterance failed to materialize.

Based on such record, Soulcraft is satisfied to rely on precautions yet unma- tured, the elections of Tuesday to the contrary notwithstanding . .

Americanism

(Continued from Page 3)

thargic idealism in the office, is the dismay of old-line Americans that he put himself in the way of defending the Fifth Amendmentists.

The Republic has not wanted a second edition of Herbert Hoover in the Chief Executive's chair in this period. It has wanted a second edition of Theodore Roosevelt.

Try to imagine Teddy Roosevelt rebuking Senator McCarthy for handling those Army termites without particular regard for their feelings.

Try to imagine what Teddy Roosevelt's role in last week's campaign would have been with the free Republic threatened to be captured by the propagandists for One-Worldism.

Try to imagine a lethargic electorate coming out to the polls with feet dragging, had Teddy's congressional support been an issue.

Teddy personified an American ideal. Americans are puzzled and confused to the moment as to just what Ike does personify. He seems to hover on a vague and indistinct borderline between aggressiveness and conservatism. He does nothing dramatic to individualize himself. He seems intent on pleasing all factions, and this is not a time when all factions must be placated—there is too great a pressure of emotionalism left over from the regimes of his predecessors. People want to take sides today, and take them with vim, vigor, and vitality. Ike seems to tell them, "Let's not anybody make a noise . . everybody quiet down, and maybe nothing will happen." This with fleets of enemies laden with atom bombs on the eastern horizon.

And the Great American Electorate is keyed to be up and at 'em.

WELL, the Republicans have lost control of House and Senate, so the remainder of Ike's administration must
(Continued on Page 14)

Judgment Day

(Continued from Page 5)

this symposium of integrating bodies that the shock of the transition from the carnate into the completely discarnate may not be too severe on the psyche.

This explains why children who have died in infancy appear to "grow up" in the Greater Universe. They really mature one of the more tenuous material-pattern bodies that emerge from the gross physical husk at what orthodox people term Death. But in time it seems to be true that they will "die" out of each of these also. They will slough off the finer and finer bodies till they can recognize and define themselves as Pure Spirit without any coverings whatsoever.

Whereupon the process begins all over again in a mortal visitation that is enhanced in its social aspects, and that gives them broader and finer lessons in ethical existence.

There is nothing complicated or monstrous about it.

Hell has no place in it.

God is released to go about His exquisite universe and forever supervise it, not confine Himself to a perpetual courtroom to hand out Plutonic sentences for poor humans who may never have "had a chance" . . .

The Bible refers constantly to the "mortal coil"—and the description is an apt one. The mortal encasement, an intra-contained nest of bodies, "coils" truly about the incarnating spirit-soul and holds it magnetically till each outer one has served its mundane purpose.

What could be simpler or more beneficent? But the dominie will disagree with you. If his exhortations couldn't go toward "saving" people, from hell or for heaven, what in the world would become of his job?

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 7)

mates were not of the spiritual or intellectual quality to subsist on the high plane to which their enduring love had lifted them, and it might be a considerable time before she even encountered them. They would be obligated to rise to their level before it occurred. She went

about her connubial business with her first mate and expressed herself as deliriously happy in result of it . . .

SEGREGATION PROBLEM AGAIN

BLUE RAPIDS: What about this Negro problem? Are all nations supposed to be of one blood? If so, why were the Negroes sent here in the beginning? I was one who thought they were black because of hot Africa. But if they have come to this earth from some place else to settle at first, why were they black? Is there a star for them, a Negro heaven? Why, when they were set free didn't they want to go back to their own race? Why just stay here in the White race country?

Illumination: Part of this letter has already been covered in an illumination earlier on this page. You should read *Star Guests*, Blue Rapids. Secondary racial distinctions are evidently determined by the high Cosmic Group that have been esoterically labeled the Prescribers of Creations. There is a definite spiritual lesson to be learned by habitation of each of the racial strains successively. See as well *Soulscripts* 81 to 88. These Scripts cover expoundings of the spiritual increments from each race. Soulcraft cannot interpret the adjuration literally that all nationalities are of one blood. Even physically they are not. Even the Negro's blood tests differently from the white man's. What the adjuration truly seems to mean is, that human beings having organic similarity, are of the same breed spiritually, as counterdistinguished from the animalistic departments of life. This would seem to be proven by the fact that Negroes may reincarnate as white persons and *vice versa*. But the determination to do so rests upon spiritual gradations and attainments. We can by no means compare the cultured American Negro, oriented to white attainments, with his biologic brother back in the African jungles. The latter appear to be about the lowest of spirit rankings, coming into the human form to learn physical manipulation and not much beside. This whole problem calls for some feature articles in VALOR and they shall be forthcoming. As for the emancipated Negroes not returning to Africa upon emancipation, pray how would the poor creatures have gotten there? Besides, thousands of them had long since been born in this country. America was the stronger home to them.

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Cogitations

BUZZIE'S obituary last week interrupted what I'd wanted to say about George Fisher. Now I can go back to it. I'd come in from a California trip in the summer of 1937 to find \$500 in banknotes awaiting me in the hands of our Asheville cashier. "A man from the Crowell Publishing Company left it for you," the cashier explained, "to buy a new car." This was nonexplainable. The Crowell Publishing Company and I had been on the "outs" ever since the printing of the Seven Minutes in *The American*. The success of the Seven Minutes story had proved too much for the Crowell Publishing Company to take. Several religious denominations—who felt they had a monopoly on details of what happened to you when you died—had jumped Crowell for printing such a narrative. The details of my hyperdimensional experience seemed to have given the lie to the orthodox claims of what happens when you relinquish your physical self, and the big ecclesiastical orders were mad about it. The idea of such a concoction of experience being given credence as the first article in a great national publication like *The American*, called for reprisals of some sort on the part of the cocksure religionists. So a certain official of the company—it had been reported to me—had approached officials of a powerful religious denomination in Manhattan and made them a proposal. If they would advance the cash, he would buy enough Crowell stock to make him chairman of the Board, and as chairman of the Board he would solemnly contract that never again would such an article find publication in Crowell columns of text. The moment that

he put the transaction through and ascended to the throne, everybody on the staff who had played any part in getting Seven Minutes published, felt the Rough Treatment. They seemed to be, in other words, *sacked*. I lost my standing with *The American*, and never contributed another article or story for its contents. Mary "mysteriously" discovered her services were no longer required. The Editor-in-Chief "took a walk"; the Managing Editor got "transferred" to Washington, D. C. Under the regime of their successors, *The American* became merely "another periodical" on the newsstands, their chief articles being adulations of outstanding New Deal personalities. It seemed that articles along the lines of Seven Minutes were exactly *what* the clientele wanted to read, but the orthodox monopolists said No! So I'd gone my way into doing my own publishing. And here was "a man from Crowell wanting to give me \$500 to buy a new car." I couldn't figure it. "He read in



one of your scripts," the auditor explained, "that you'd driven your present automobile something like 100,000 miles in your anti-Communist work. He said that was much too much to expect of any automobile and you must have a new one. You go buy any make of car you

want, pay down this \$500 cash payment, and send him a bill for the balance. He'll pay it—out of gratitude for what the Scripts have done for the peace of his soul."

o—o

I WENT posthaste up to Manhattan to interview this donor, and observe what the Scripts had done for the peace of his soul. The \$500 had been left in Asheville by one George B. Fisher, executive head of the *Woman's Home Companion* Service Department. I called this person from my hotel in Herald Square. Would he come over and commune with me, discussing many things that were good for the soul? He would be over directly. Around three in the afternoon I opened my door on the twelfth floor to a dark-eyed, dark-visaged little man in a knee-length coat, the afternoon being rainy. He was badly round-shouldered in stature, but what you remembered about him most were the two deep cheek slashes down either side his mouth. I shook his hand, drew him inside, and shut the door. How was I supposed to know that I'd just done these things to one of the most affluent and influential personages ever to enter my odd life? He'd come to New York from Toronto in his youth, he told me, where he'd perfected a ladies' new dress pattern. Selling it to the *Companion* for competition with *The Delineator* and Butterick, he'd rolled himself up half a million in royalties. He'd never married, living a lonely bachelor's existence in a solitaire residence up in Darien, Conn. At the beginning of his connection with Crowell he'd taken out many of his royalties in stock of the corporation and so owned a tidy chunk of it. Those were the days when Crowell wasn't printing articles about the wonders of the

New-Deal millennium and was making money in consequence. During World War I he'd enlisted in the army and gone to Paris as editor of the Tank Corps newspaper *Treat 'Em Rough*. But an uncanny clairvoyant sense had hounded him all through his war experiences. He'd known what was to happen in advance of its happening. He'd won so much money on the strength of accurately determining the day the war was to end that Europeans believed it had something to do with the franc falling to a point from which it never recovered. But coming back, and having certain of the *Golden Scripts* put into his hands, he'd realized there was something of graver consequence to life than making tissue-paper curves for milady's bustle. Would I come up to Darien over the weekend and discuss Soulcraft with him? . . . I went.

o—o

THE FRIENDSHIP that developed was one of those you read about but rarely discover, in a world of reality where human nature is what it is. "Whatever money you may need from time to time for promotion of this *Golden Script* work, you come to me first and give me the prerogative of refusing it," he'd said to me. Just to show you how it worked out, I subsequently wanted a few thousand dollars to buy a linotype, an automatic press, some type and composing-room equipment, and set up the rudiments of a plant to do our own publishing. I returned to New York and told Fisher about it. "Go over to the printing supply house and select what you want," he responded. "Bring me the invoice. If it's too much, I'll tell you." . . . I spent a whole afternoon down in Williams Street, buying a Model 5 Linotype, a Kluge automatic, some composing-room equipment and type racks. The invoice totaled \$6,700. Up to the *Companion's* service department on Lexington Avenue I returned and laid it on his blotter before him. He squeezed heavy tortoise-shell spectacles on his characterful nose, opened the invoice and gave a perturbing jolt. "Oh-oh!" I thought inwardly, "I've plunged too deeply too quickly." Still, that particular \$6,700 of machine equipment was all I'd wanted and it wasn't my disposition to ask for a kopeck more. George recovered his jolt, went to his tall Mosher safe in a corner,

opened a cash box and counted out seven long white envelopes, each holding contents a quarter-inch thick. He came back and slapped the seven down on the desktop before me. Each contained \$1,000 in \$20-bills. "Have you got a blank note I can fill out and sign?" "Note?" he scoffed. "Who said anything about a note? If ever you make enough money to pay it back, that's your privilege but that's all. Get these wonderful Soulcraft books and periodicals out to the nation." I said, when I recovered from it, I didn't have \$300 to make change for \$7,000. He commented on that, "You'll need that extra \$300 to get the equipment down to Asheville." Actually the reason he'd been shocked by the invoice was its smallness. He'd fully expected a roster of machinery for a publishing plant to run at least \$25,000 and had been prepared to supply it.

o—o

IT WAS George Fisher who made it possible for the Soulcraft Headquarters to be moved from North Carolina up into central Indiana. Never did I go to him with a financial request that he either refused me or hedged. He followed me through my various legal trials, putting up bonds for me, helping with lawyer's fees, making up deficits. I, on the other hand, never went to him for help unless I found myself in a strait that I knew not where to turn otherwise. He seemed to sense that I never once took advantage of such generosity. He resigned from Crowell in 1940 to devote all his time to various business enterprises, with Soulcraft in the forefront. Half of the time he lived with me in Indianapolis and the other half in Connecticut. We crossed the nation several times together on Silver Legion or Soulcraft business. Finally came the day in 1949 when Melford visited me at District of Columbia Jail—where the New Dealers had me locked up for being a Red-Baiter—and announced in saddened voice, "Sorry, Pop, we've lost George. He succumbed to a heart attack in Darien last night after being nearly struck by a speeding motorcar." . . . *George gone!* . . . A certain portion dropped out from the bottom of my world. I wasn't able to attend his funeral services. Twelve years of the most intimate association, with never a quarrel once in that time, . . . and he was **GONE!** . . . *Only he wasn't!* . . . I regained



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my physical freedom in 1950 and repaired almost at once to a psychical seance with Mary Beattie—now deceased herself—in Anderson, Indiana. Out before me came George. In his inimitable Canadian accent he greeted me, "Sorry, Chief, I had to go as I did, but the old Ticker gave out and I came over here to give it a rest. But I'll be helping from This Side as I tried to help formerly on yours." That was in 1950, I say. *Since that memorable first occasion I've stood face to face with a rematerialized George at least a dozen times and talked with him in conversations lasting from ten minutes to half an hour.*

o—o

YOU who say scathingly that "it's perfectly crazy" to think of the dead coming back and conversing audibly with us, answer this one: A "flesh-and-blood" George Fisher—at least to every perception of senses—stood in the Soulcraft studio of a recent evening, greeted every person whom he'd known in mortal life by first name and ended a twenty minute chat by reminding me of a long and vital conversation we'd had one rainy morning while driving in his car down Merritt Parkway between Darien and Manhattan. He described what I'd said and what he'd answered, and he'd said and what I'd answered. I'd well-nigh forgotten the converse, but as he repeated it, it came back. By what rationalizing of mediumistic aberrations can such an incident be explained? Never once did he miss in a single reminiscence. On another occasion he reminded me of a humorous incident that occurred in Utah while we were driving together to Spokane. On his last and most recent visit he spent thirty-five minutes discussing the pros and cons of the erection of a Bigger and Better Headquarters for Soulcraft. "I'd like it be known as My Monument," he cried wistfully. . . . George Fisher's Monument, verily! . . . I've told this background detail about him that VALOR readers may understand better some of his suggestions and pronouncements to me lately. He played his role and the most vital part in the early history of Soulcraft like unto no other person. But the blessed thing is, he's not gone away—he's *still around!* . . . By the way, I never did buy that new car. I asked him to let me use the \$500 for finishing *Behold Life* . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Americanism

(Continued on Page 10)

be a species of national dog-fight, and among mongrel dogs at that. The American people want flares fired at dawn in legislative halls and what they've got—thanks to "Republican" advisings that were obviously anything but Republican—is a sorry funk of smouldering cigarette butts, New-Deal brand. But these may set the papers afire in the congressional waste baskets and all sorts of pyrotechnics ensue.

VALOR would say that it's an excellent time for Senator McCarthy to declare himself, standing forth as the Knight in White Armor against a Red background. If he refuses to permit himself to be daunted by the worst that a so-called Republican Senate can hand out against him, *he can do with this country what he pleases.*

Someone must restore Republicanism to its original Lincolnesque virility, and if McCarthy discloses he has what it takes to browbeat his One-World critics, he can write his own ticket with the electorate. VALOR doesn't accredit for a moment that if McCarthy became Chief Executive on a platform of pure and undefiled Americanism, the Vatican would dictate federal legislation on this side of the Atlantic. But even if it should, it couldn't possibly be worse than the deal we've been getting from the Third Religious Quarter! . . . Draw what conclusion you will.

America wants a new Theodore Roosevelt to step into her position of command—not a mere robot of Wall Street banking houses.

Maybe the congressional elections of Tuesday going the way they did will spark the federal two-party system to a point that the Republican Party makes it a business to obtain a standard-bearer worthy of its traditions. Such a thing can happen. The Great Eisenhower Poultrice Administration has been repudiated by the electorate. The nation wants a fire-eater to reestablish its ideals.

Or can happen that Republican-Democratic mongrelism produce such a legislative mess that the electorate repudiates both.

Anyhow, it's a splendid time in which to be alive.

Never a dull moment.

The Payoff

THE BURGLARS made a quick job of the robbery and were gone before the cops arrived. The next day they picked up the papers to learn if the police were making any headway in solving the crime. The news featuring the affair was devastating.

"The robbers got \$12,000," ran the printed story, "but in the haste of getaway they overlooked another \$10,000 that was concealed in one of the books of account."



The chief of the band was furious. The blood left his face.

"Well, boss," queried an aid, "you think you dare risk going back and trying for that other ten grand?"

The head robber gave it thought. Finally shook his head.

"I gotta better idea," he said. "I'll just deduct it from my income tax."

A MAN driving along a country road beheld the roof of a farmhouse ablaze. He called wildly to the old lady he saw in the doorway.

"Hey! Hey! Your house is afire!"

She cupped her ear. "What say?" she called back.

"I say your house is afire!"

"I'm a little mite deaf. Mind tellin' me again?"

"I say your house is afire!"

"Is that all?"

"All I can think of right now," said the first. And he clucked to his mare to get moving.

HE WAS the only Scot patrolman on the force and thereby not so popular. In fact he'd had several run-ins with the Irishers and held a low idea of them in consequence.

One afternoon patrolling his uptown beat near an excavation for a new building, he came on a Celtic spectator who had stood a moment too long beneath a window ledge of a building to the left. Irish people in this building had left a generous platter of corned beef, cabbage and red cold beets on an upper ledge till

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a blast in the excavation loosed it and it fell squarely on the head of the loiterer, nearly braining him. The Scot copper came up to behold the victim plastered and dripping on head, neck and shoulders

with the platter's previous contents.

"Hoot, mon," he opined, "I kened you Irish was fond of corned beef and cabbage but ye are the fust Oi iver met to decorate himself with the stuff."

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

DREAM a dream big enough and sooner or later masses of men will dream it with you! . . . When you find yourself becoming oriented to the psychologies and ideologies of those in the Summerland of the After-life, you never cease to marvel at the numbers of earth-men who gather about you awestruck and tend to adulate you as godlike. There is truly little that is godlike about it. You are merely thinking on a Higher Octave. You see the whole panorama of human ordeal—with all due sympathy—and yet you perceive as readily its solution. The trouble with humanity is its benighted circumscription. It views Cosmos only from this grubby octave. But that is no particular reason for abusing it. You dream a dream with humanity in consequence—or so it seems to the benighted—and they cry, "That is precisely what we want!" Humanity is poignantly unaware that there exist persons with the cosmic perspicacities to know how all things are coming out. But they must put what they know in the form of dreams or humankind will have none of them . . .

THE BIGGEST thing that the perspicacious know is, *there is no such thing as Death!* . . . True, our beloved relatives and friends vacate their mortal clay and we are cast down. They are permanently removed from earthly haunts and companionships. But they have truly gone only higher in the structure of intellect, as upon a turret, where the vista of the future is as trustworthy as the vista of the past. They may see only wondrous developments lying in the future, and naught of the miseries that the demagogue depicts. No matter! Even dreams of good fortune must be presented as dreams or mankind considers it desire-wish fulfillment. Thus the phenomena of Dreams are but kindly enticements to mankind to trust its God more fully and resolutely. Because God decrees nothing for this world that is not for man's benefit. The Kindly Voice comes down, "Tell man not too great truths with suddenness lest he turn and rend you." Some might consider it a warning from those who are proficient in Man's bitterness. But the true Wiseman looks upon it or hears it as a reminder that Dreams have been provided to break Truth to man gently. Therefore the greatest and wisest leader must first be the greatest and wisest dreamer—because mankind demands it . . .

DREAM a dream big enough and sooner or later masses of men will dream it with you . . . Soulcraft can "dream" of a United States a thousand years old, ideals dominating all the races of the earth, Christ

an acknowledged civic character in the magnificent vista of it. In Soulcraft's "dream"—lest men turn and do rending—is commonalty of spiritual tenets of which men are convinced *en masse*. Life is eternal; we are living in Eternity *now*—and forever. Man enjoys a limited sojourn in flesh, goes out of flesh, rests himself to perfect himself still more proficiently to approach God. Heaven is a condition and not a place . . . Wars are but the product of spiritual ignorance and with the Coming of Universal Wisdom they will end. The man-race shall provide for itself in complete cooperativism. Earth-life shall be so beautiful that souls themselves will regret exchanging it even for celestialty. *The whole of it is the Coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth.* Men only "dream" it now, because they cannot credit realization in too graphic doses. But there it is—lying in the future. We have merely to live along to reach it and embrace it as we have the credulity to rationalize the Good as vehemently as we have come to rationalize the Evil. But you cannot tell mankind of this with conviction unless you have actually *seen* it from the loftier viewpoint or heard it emphasized by those who have climbed higher celestial mountain peaks where the view is better.

PSYCHICAL Research has done this for myself. I have now become so intimate of converse with those on life's Higher Side that turning down my thoughts to earth as it is, I find myself a stranger in a puzzling land. *Why* need men behave so stupidly? It comes to me that they behave stupidly only because they are undeveloped. And they develop through dreaming dreams, then making their dreams realities, thus gaining Experience. *I begin to realize that I have come to help men dream a dream of their own magnificent invincibilities.* I have been allotted the Higher Contact that I might interpret it and bestir them to dreamings in mortal slumbers . . . Yes, I think it can be done. The People Upstairs are unequivocally positive of it. Enlighten the Stupid and they become wisemen. Attaining to Wisdom they conduct themselves with acumen that actually brings in the Kingdom. It's as simple as that. Great

teachers have materialized to me audibly that I did not originate the label *Craft of the Soul* to describe this enlightenment. It was spoken and recommended from a Higher Octave. But far beyond the Craft of the Soul is the horizon on Dreaming. And three steps after that, such horizon erased introduces Reality . . . I think I can paint a Dream to mankind that it will dream with eagerness and relief. Dreaming is Reality not yet actualized . . .

THE DREAMERS of the day are dangerous men for they may act their dreams with open eyes, making them real