

Valor

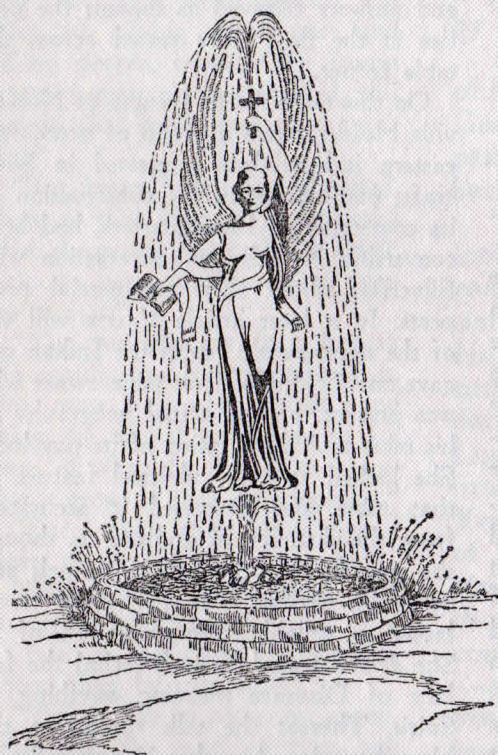
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VIII

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Number 3



Silverleaf's Prayer . . .

WE CAN well afford, in the course of year-around publishings, to give prime thought to matters strictly spiritual. The subject called to special attention at the moment is *Prayer* . . .

Obviously there is much more to be said concerning Prayer that lifts it out of any category of sanctimony and puts it on Page one. For by no manner of means is it the namby-pamby topic that a world of spiritually tired or heart-hungry mortals too frequently classify it. Soulcraft has had an exemplification of *Prayer* on a re-

cent date at Headquarters that moved hearers to tears. It came audibly from the Higher Side of life.

Bertie Lilly Candler, America's outstanding materializing medium, was making one of her many contacts with Headquarters on her way out to California for the winter from Miami, Florida. She came in more or less abruptly, as is her wont. A group assembled around the Long Table in the council room for an audible voice seance that was to continue for hours. And during the evening's proceedings, Silverleaf, Mrs. Candler's Cherokee Indian-girl guide, was called to expatiate on the true efficacy of praying.

A word first about Silverleaf—

SOME thirty years bygone she was abandoned in the wake of an Indian camp on the Cherokee, Oklahoma "Strip"—the soul of an Indian child that had perished of some infantile complaint. The question forces itself upon our attention, *who was Silverleaf in the great roster of cosmic affairs?* Because today she





stands as one of the great spiritual instructors of our times. It is proper to ponder from whence came her great spiritual erudition that services mortal folk well-nigh above the temper of their mortality to hear . . .

As Silverleaf herself told her story audibly to a dozen persons on an earlier night, Howard Candler—the medium's brother—had Gone Over at the age of twenty-three of sudden lung-congestion. Arrived on the higher Thought Planes he had been asked what assignment he wished to accept, aiding the Christ Forces of the world to bring in the Kingdom to earth the quicker. He had replied that he coveted an assignment back upon the earth-plane where he could perform in liaison with his sister Bertie, convincing purblind mortals of the fact of their soul-survival after the transition known as Death. So a group had been begun on the loftier echelons of life, made up of persons of similar spiritual vibrations with the medium.

Silverleaf's aura colors had been observed as of exact duplication to that of Bertie Lilly. She had been solicited therefore, to help compose the group. That she must have been an old soul in earlier incarnations goes without saying and why she had incarnated in an Oklahoma Indian tribe, to live but a few weeks, was known to herself alone. But she agreed

to the brevet and made herself known to Bertie. Unique to relate, Bertie had been able to "see" her but was not receptive to any intimacy with a child of Indian descent. But Silverleaf persisted. In time she worked herself into Bertie's mediumistic affairs to the extent that she spelled Brother Howard as "guide" . . .

The editor of VALOR first encountered her in materialized form at a session in Manhattan in the late 1930s. Silverleaf appeared then as a maiden of around twenty years, garbed in typical Indian costume of beaded blouse, deerskin skirt, and moccasins, with two heavy black braids falling down her shoulders. But she was vivacious and mentally alert. Of her reality there could be no question. VALOR's editor often relates the episode of walking away from a conference with her before she had finished her converse, and being grasped by her with a grip on his arm that spun his 164 pounds about as though he were a child. As time ran along, she began to undertake the office of replying to all spiritual interrogations put to her by critics or skeptics in the Candler audiences . . .

THIS was the personable young woman who has on many recent occasions had her literal voice recorded on electronic tapes at Headquarters for permanent preservation, containing one exposi-

tion of higher-life data after another, although of late years she seems to have discarded her Indian costume for flowing white robes liberally besparkled with gems.

But it wasn't a materializing seance that brought out her most recent symposium on *Prayer*. An audible-voice seance means that the Invisible personage merely speaks through a synthetic ectoplasmic larynx that has been fabricated in front of the medium. The stresses and strains of holding the materialized pattern are missing, and the converse can go along uninterrupted for hours—questions being put in ordinary conversational tone and answers received as though the parties in the flesh were seated across the table corner.

On this most recent evening at Noblesville Headquarters a group of prominent eastern industrialists interested in Soulcraft, particularly in the construction of its contemplated Headquarters, had been conversing in ordinary conversation with Silverleaf about their commercial prospects. In a later article VALOR will tell of the necromantic report the Indian girl gave one Colorado silver mine owner who was present, on the actual geography of his mine and the location of its pay lode. She looked at every physical feature of that mine and described it accurately from the distance of Indiana as though she were moving through its tunnels and bores in person. Yet her voice never lapsed a syllable throughout all of it. She *demonstrated* by such recital the fallacy of Distance meaning anything to Spirit. Thereat the talk turned to the New Aquarian Age that VALOR talks so much about, as being in prospect.

"Heaven," Silverleaf had declared, in normal sustained voice heard by a dozen people, "is a condition. *It is not a place!* And you establish that heaven right within your own being, here and now. The New Age is being ushered in, the New Time is *coming!* It is working out of the Divine Love, in perfection."

VALOR's editor asked, "Is it going to come that way. Silverleaf, through people agreeing on the higher principles?"

"Agreeing on principles, certainly," the girl returned, "and man striving, and his soul reaching out, after spiritual things. He finds more happiness in spiritual things. They accumulate for him and greater things are accomplished because

he finds the New Life. He finds a *New Awakening.*"

"But what are we going to do about those people who haven't the intellect to grasp such matters, Silverleaf?"

"You must remember you'll always have them with you. But when they're ready, a teacher will always appear for them. Not all can be ready at the same period. You're coming into the New Age, I say. The old age is passing away. The New Age is the age of mental awakening of the spiritual powers of God through man. A new world is to be established. The time will come when nobody will think of talking about wars and killing people, because the lowest savage person, not yet evolved, will feel the God-Power working through him."

"But, honey," the editor persisted, "how is that ever to be achieved when the people we're talking about, lack the basic intelligence to comprehend it?"

"You mustn't say they haven't the intelligence to comprehend it. You must look within them, and bring the mental picture forth for them of what the Age is to be, so that it grows in their consciousness."

"But I don't mean knowledge. I mean *quality* of Consciousness."

"We're going to develop that quality of consciousness."

"But can that come to them otherwise than by experience?"

"Yes, it has to come by experience, but the mind of man will evolve and grow spiritually to help him through experience to find the New Life. That's what I'm trying to do with your people right now! . . . don't you know that?" (laughter) . . .

A Nebraska physician who was present exclaimed, "Perhaps we should take drums and go upon the street corners and preach this New Life—"

"No!" the Indian girl returned. "You can't do that. But every day some new soul comes marching in. Remember you were all in a sort of backwoods once yourselves."

"It's a good place to learn, however, Silverleaf, . . . direct from Nature."

"If you mean from God—yes!" Her voice became tender. "Have you never gone out and looked at all the beautiful things in Nature . . . the rocks and the stones even? . . . they vibrate . . . they have

and into God! It has a rest-period, doesn't it? Well, all men upon your earth-plane should take a lesson from Nature or God and go into such rest-periods. Not merely to go to *sleep*, understand . . . go into the Silence and close the doors of their mortal minds and have a few minutes of prayer and solitude, not only for themselves but for those less fortunate than they, and let their prayers expand out, embracing all nations. You should let your prayers go out in a great fan-circle, as the sun shines on the just and the unjust and the rain rains on the just and the unjust. The rays of your prayers should go out like the sunshine that warms Mother Earth. And as you send your prayers out, as when you are in great sorrow or have come up the Hard Way, they help someone else far out in other lands. You don't realize how much this can be so. Your prayers go out on the Wings of Love and they find their lodging with the Great Power of the Spirit of the Christ-God, and they come back to you bountifully enfolded."

"Right!" murmured VALOR's editor.

"Of course I'm right. Because you haven't prayed haphazard. You take people who pray haphazard and try to make a picture of the light from their minds. I can tell you such prayers as they think to pray just hover right around their heads . . . just little white vapors that cling around their ears or their necks like fragments of cloud or tiny fog . . . That's actually their prayers, which we on this higher side can see with our eyes. But when you're praying with real sincerity, do you know what happens? There is a powerful stream of light flares right out of the tops of your heads and fans out and expands out . . . and it goes out unto all corners of your world, yes it does, it does that literally . . . and you can visualize it happening. *That's the true prayer that is answered!* Because you have

sent it out with sincere desire. You have *believed* through your soul. You feel and know that you are a Power Within Yourself. You are actually and literally one

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How Heaven's People Pray for War Zone Children

"MY GOD! . . . for the children of the war zones my loving prayer goes out . . . As I reach down to you, children of earthly strife, my God is your God. His love, that I have found by living in the True Spirit, is your spirit . . . And I breathe the essence of the Spirit of Power from my soul to your souls, that God has raised you up, and my light has penetrated your being so that you have become, each one of you, a Perfect Child.

"I speak to the Inner Soul in you and I look beyond the physical because I see each one of you as my brother or my sister. And my God is a God of love, and He has lifted you out of all darkness, because where there is Love there can be no darkness. And you have found the great Light and Truth and awakening of your inner beings, and you have Plenty . . . You have Plenty of God, you have Plenty of Love, and your nation in which you strive and the chaos you have gone through in the great wars, you have overcome all of these, and you see a new life—of The Christ. It will come to guide your nation and your people, that you know the true world in which to live.

"Through the divine Light of Truth you have been blessed. And I have blessed you with my prayer through the Living Christ and His love, through God our Father. And I thank Thee, Father-God, Father of all Creation, that Thou hast heard me, that Thou hast at this moment blessed and supplied these people with our love and with abundance. I thank Thee, Father! . . .

"It . . . is . . . done!"

God in them . . . then the little leaves of the trees and the plants . . . they live through until autumn and you watch when the leaves are falling and you see the soul of that tree go back into Nature



ARE Venusians Mingling with Ordinary Folk in Today's Sidewalk Crowds?

*Paul Vest Writes
Year's Best Saucer
Story in Mystic
Magazine . .*

IT SEEMS to have been a distinct contribution to this swelling lore about Flying Saucers that Paul M. Vest has made to the newly-founded *Mystic Magazine* for August, 1954. Thousands of Soulcrafters may not have caught it, and being a copyrighted contribution, VALOR is limited as to quotation from it. But Vest told a personal narrative of a stranger having phoned him from Los Angeles in June of 1953, requesting to meet him on a certain street corner in Santa Monica to discuss Saucer phenomena with him. Arriving at the designated intersection, Vest alighted from his car. He contends not a soul happened to be in sight at the moment in any one of four directions. Believing his appointment might be with someone who was to alight presently from a bus, he resigned himself to waiting. Thereupon, when four or five minutes had elapsed, someone hailed him from behind. He turned to see a most peculiar appearing individual. This person declared, "I'm Bill ---- the fellow who phoned you last night from Los Angeles."

Vest was properly upset, because the man could not have come so close by normal physical approach. But he took the stranger into his car and they drove to the author's nearby apartment.

"When we were seated in the living room," Vest said, "I made a few mental notes. He was about six feet tall or over, and appeared to be about twenty-eight. His eyes were dark, almost black, and his hair black and wavy. He was dressed in poorly-fitting sports clothes in which he failed to appear comfortable. A casual observer would certainly not be startled by his appearance. In a crowd he would pass as a merely unusual appearing person. But as I studied him more closely as he talked, I was aware of certain strange characteristics in his physical appearance. His skin was exceptionally white—so white, in fact, that it appeared to have an odd bluish tinge. His cheekbones were unusually high and his eyes and brows had a peculiar oriental cast. Yet in no way did he resemble a true oriental. And I noticed that his ears were oddly pointed and appeared to be more delicate and complex than any I had ever seen. I recalled how odd his hand had felt in my grasp. Looking at his hands, I noticed that his fingers were long and tapering *and so smooth that they seemed to be without joints or underlying bone structure. . .* My strange visitor had me deeply puzzled from the moment I had first met him. He was like unto no other person I had ever encountered before . . . In his presence I was immediately and acutely conscious of a completely foreign

and heretofore unknown vibration. I didn't know whom he was, *but I did know my visitor was no ordinary man! . .*"

THIS visitor then proceeded to ask Vest to believe and accredit the story that Orfeo Angelucci of Los Angeles had previously given out—that he had traveled a thousand miles away from the earth-planet in a Saucer. After a general discussion of the Saucer phenomena that was transpiring on earth in these significant days, the Stranger made several portentous statements, of which the following fits in most closely with the Soulcraft enlightenments. Vest says—

"He stressed the idea of reincarnation and the inevitable law of compensation as regards the inhabitants of earth. I recall in particular an illustration he used that startled me. He said that to the etheric beings who have evolved far beyond the infantile preception states of form, color, sex, conflict, time, space, and material illusion—which is the present erroneous state of earthlings—our planet is comparable to a huge vat of broth for production of pencillin. To the mass of men, such a vat is a rather ill-smelling, offensive thing, but nevertheless it produces the precious golden-colored pencillin. He said the vat is comparable to earth and its peoples while the comparative few spiritually evolved souls of this Age rep-

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Would You Want To Know the Other Half of Yourself?

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

FIRST BOOK of the Old Testament gives an account of the creation of original man and the original woman. It is not authenticated history. It is a cabalistic rendering of a mystical truth. The Old Testament says that God formed man of the dust of the ground, breathed into his nostrils the Breath of Life, and that man thereupon became a Living Soul.

Man did not become a living soul, in other words, till two items were in combination: earthly dust and Breath of God—in other words, materialistic flesh and celestial Spirit.

Theology would have us accept that at the moment of celestial Spirit taking up such occupancy in Matter, the condition known as Consciousness in the human form is born. But that is erroneous for the reason that we can prove the operations of human Consciousness outside vehicles of Matter.

The better definition of the old Anglo-Saxon word *sawel* or Soul might be: a condition of celestial Spirit that has the attribute of recognizing itself in unit operation.

However, we are not discussing the essence of the Soul; we are examining the basic truth about the beginning of human beings in this octave—man and woman.

CONTINUING, the same folklore goes on after the "creation" of Adam, the first man, to describe the subsequent phase of human genesis. While this Soul was in the pristine pattern of its existence, God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam—the first hospital anesthesia of worldly record—and out of Adam's side the Creator extracted a rib.

With this rib as a basis or beginning, God fashioned Woman, or the female principle.

Women, the old cabalism strives to tell us, was not exactly a bi-product from Man, but a subtraction of something from the original spiritual-material composition.

Here, plain as A-B-C, is authentication for the great esoteric tenet in the mysticism of all ages and all climes—

The fully-composed human unit is male female principle in one, but for the faster and clearer unfoldments of Consciousness some sort of separation or cleavage has been effected—one set of attributes enhousing in a fleshly mechanism which is termed the masculine and another set of attributes enhousing in a fleshly mechanism which is termed the feminine.

These two distinctive sets of attributes, described for purposes of easy utility as the Aggressive and Conservative, also have unit-consciousness identity—that is, each is able to recognize itself mentally and operate in contrast to its counterpart as independently discriminating or choosing unit.

The two antithetical sets of attributes contrast, clash, or complement, over the proper number of life-cycles. Then when the purposes of such separation have been served, the implication is that they fuse back together again and the Edenic Soul proceeds into higher consciousness-conditions than anything which earthly minds are capable of conceiving.

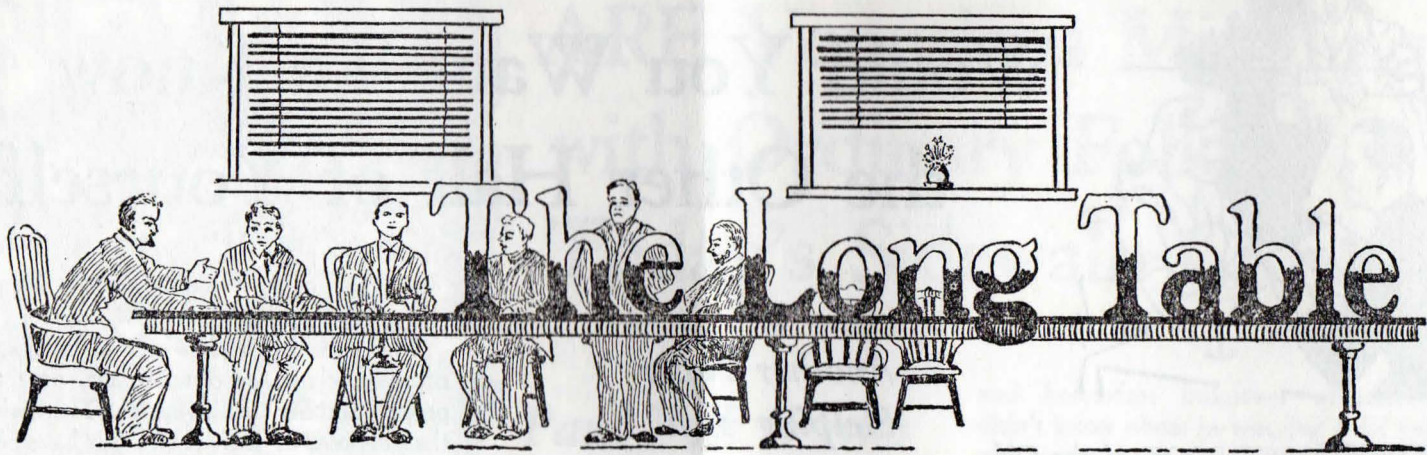
WHAT the performings or displaying of Consciousness may be after these distinctive halves have attained to such fusion, we have no means for knowing, either. If every man and every woman, as at present observed, is but half a soul, no matter how brilliant the intellect in each as at present unfolded, it well may be a fact that the actual fusion of the twin intellects may produce capabilities of Consciousness too shocking of product to be revealed to this materialistic and three-dimensional octave at all.

What we are interested in examining for the moment—these fundamentals having been more or less authenticated by great mystics in all ages—is the entirely human quandary of each individualized man and each individualized woman having the Other Half of themselves in spiritual and mental existenc somewhere.

Even the amateur analyst in these matters must reach that breathtaking point where he asks himself—assuming him to be a man—"Who is the Other Part of myself?" or "Where is the Other Half of myself, at this present moment?"

If the analyst be a woman, she too demands: "Is this lover of mine my correctly-complementing masculine counterpart?" or "Am I truly the cosmic alter-ego of this male person that through the seeming propinquities of life has become the father of my children?"

Both masculine and feminine units in each case are possessed of the same ra-
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MATTER OF POLICY

SEATTLE: It might be well for you to know that your former supporters up in this corner of the United States are not taking kindly to the amounts of space you are wasting in your books and periodicals about the results of your psychical researchings. They are interested in spiritual doctrine. They are not so interested in how your daughter Harriet performs for you at a seance or what George Fisher remarked to you once at a picnic that you claim he now 'remembers' and reminisces with you. All that spiritualistic stuff can be tossed out the window. We can go to any corner medium and get *that*. Put the Soulcraft teachings back where they were when they consisted only of your clairaudient revelations.

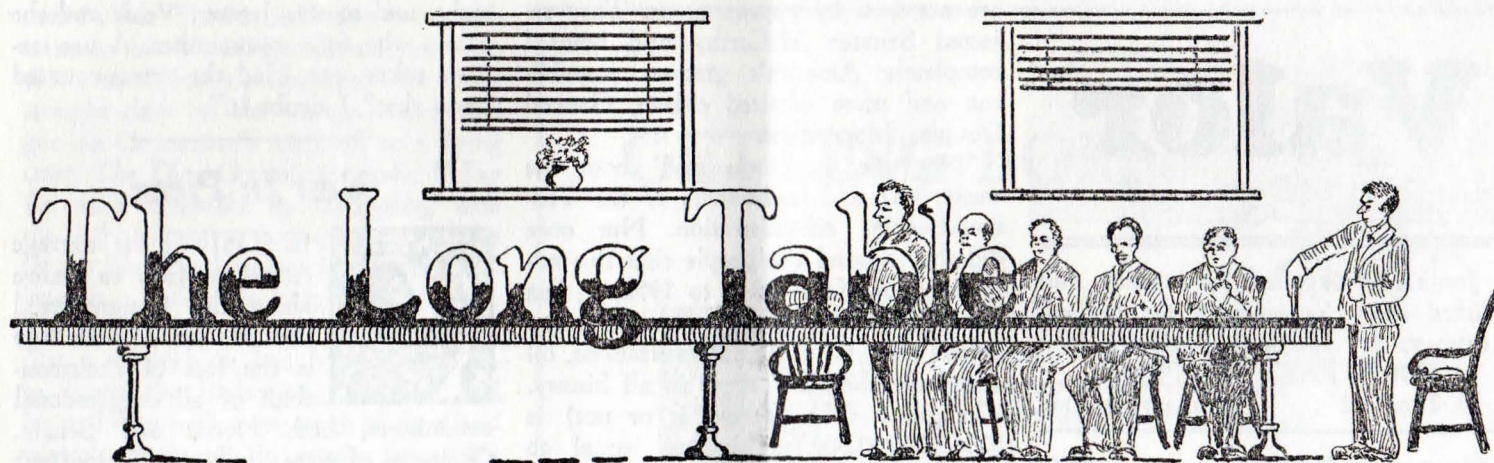
Illumination: VALOR by no means subscribes to this conclusion drawn by Seattle, insofar as it applies to the great rank and file of the Soulcraft audience all over America. Soulcraft doctrine endeavors to enlighten in three phases of wisdom: *Where did Man come from?—Why is he here?—Where is he going?* Something like twenty books attempt to expound these inquiries. To lay on the line, frankly and earnestly, supporting proof from phenomena that these clairaudient expoundings are reasonably correct would seem to be as essential as any transcendental doctrine advanced in the first place. After all, we are interested chiefly in what the Truth itself may be, not in the expounded origins of it insofar as this purblind plane itself is concerned. The real complex annoying such critic-correspondents seems to be that having read one or two books on Soulcraft

they essay at a pounce to become as adept in procuring phenomena, or having it made available to *them*, as the progenitor of the Soulcraft tenets. When they fail to make the grade, they throw up their hands in pique and talk about "all that Spiritualistic stuff being tossed out the window." The intellect interested in Truth tosses nothing out of windows. It welcomes and examines inexhaustively whatever appears to be of an unusual nature, extracting from it whatever clarifies the great tenets befuddling humanity. In *that* way lie true wisdom and adeptship. One visitor to Headquarters recently phrased it more candidly when he declared, "I resent that these proofs all seem to happen at Noblesville, where we can't succeed in getting attendance the year around. I say that Headquarters ought to shut up talking about anything that we can't all be in on." That was frank talk, to say the least. But insofar as policy is concerned, publishing whatsoever clarifies Mysticism, such critics are benightedly unaware of the numbers of letters that also come in, expressing this thought: "How are we to know that what you're writing isn't a brilliant performance in subconscious mind?" . . . Soulcraft isn't emphasizing any business of making clairaudient adepts out of readers in their own rights, or automatic-writing experts, else why not leave enlightenment to such amateur practitioners and never publish a book the year around? Soulcraft tries to preserve a reasonable balance between Mentor communications received clairaudiently as such and corroboration from higher-plane colleagues who make materialization contacts and confirm the truth of the philosophical utterances. As for Northwest readers "losing interest"

nothing of the sort is bourne out by the sales figures. Never in twenty-six years are more Soulcraft books and publications going out into the Northwest for reading. People don't pay good dollars for books or periodicals that they don't read because they have no interest in their contents. What the Soulcraft Scribe regrets is the size and volume of the Movement removing him from earlier personal contacts with outstanding individuals. In lieu of this circumscription he must judge all VALOR's contents, as well as the contents of Soulcraft's publications, by the one simple standard: "Is it interesting, and does it add to humankind's stock of information about the subjects we are exploring?" If it does the latter, it gets publication. Sorry. No hard feelings.

PAGE MR. SWEDENBORG

SANTA MONICA: I have been reading your VALOR magazine more from curiosity than any idea of adding to my knowledge of what might be in the Hereafter for myself . . . Now as to all your books with their intriguing titles you haven't, as I see it, caught up to Swedenborg. He also talked to the Peeled Onions of different degrees—human onions who shed their organic skins one by one till nothing is left for the center. Now why do not your books agree with what he said he saw and experienced? I am more inclined to agree with Swedenborg than with the small samples I have read in your magazine. Of course Swedenborg didn't run about building forty-eight temples all over America, nor did he commercialize his discoveries—even his scientific discoveries—and he was a great man of high intelligence . . .



Illumination: The Recorder isn't able to answer, why the Soulcraft disclosures and higher-life attestments don't match up with Mr. Swedenborg's. The challenge, to his way of thinking—the Recorder's—is not far afield from the current situation allegedly involving Mary Baker Eddy. Similar letters have not been lacking in the past, that Soulcraft does not possibly stack up with the truths expressed in *Science & Health*. Mrs. Eddy when in earth-life wrote most arbitrarily that higher-life communication was all fraud, humbug, animal magnetism, and a lot of other reprehensible things. Apparently on getting into the higher life herself she suddenly apprehended what a terrific blunder she had made. In consequence, since March of 1953 a fully materialized woman's figure, declaring herself to be Mary Baker Eddy, has walked out to leading Soulcrafters *something like eight times*, each time talking from ten to forty minutes in audible voice caught on electronic tapes, repudiating her earthly writings about the nature of higher-life communication, and begging the Soulcraft Recorder to help her correct her former inaccurate position. VALOR submits that Mrs. Eddy was a greater intellect, and a more successful teacher, than ever Herr Swedenborg showed himself. Much the same episode occurred earlier in respect to Madam Blavatsky, although HPB did not solicit aid in making clear her mortal pronouncements. Madam Blavatsky and the Recorder held some highly animated spiritual discussions of a series of evenings in New York in 1930, at the end of which the Madam conceded that some of the things she had left behind were due to the strictures of purblind mortality.

However, for Santa Monica's information, such addresses are by no means common fare, and they happen when least expected. The concensus of such expert opinion seems to be that Soulcraft is correct in its celestial definitions and declensions, even though persons like the foregoing Seattle critic term it all "spiritualistic stuff that should be tossed out a window." However, Soulcraft comes back inexorably to the one basic premise on which it was founded. Sublime teachings signed by the Elder Brother have been advanced to this present generation through the *Golden Scripts*. There is naught in them that does not make the soul nobler and more spiritual. Very good, they are put out on their merits, whether Mr. Swedenborg confirms them or not. Soulcraft has never enjoyed a visitation from Herr Swedenborg, though it may not be outside the bounds of possibilities. Let's hope he is not keeping silence because, like Mary Eddy, he discovered he had erred in many great fundamentals. As for his not "commercializing" his discoveries, Soulcraft in 1952-53 gave away absolutely free something like \$40,000 of the *Golden Scripts*, something that was never done by the Swedenborgians and certainly not the Christ Scientists. Was that commercialization? That text books on the Soulcraft truths cost money to produce is beside the point. Commercialization comprises using revenue from such sources for private increment. That has never been done yet. But it takes all sorts of people to make a world and they have even been criticizing and debating Jesus the Christ for the past 1900 years. It will probably only cease when the last man and the last woman has vanished.

A MORE TYPICAL LETTER

PENNSYLVANIA: Some months ago, from out of the blue, a copy of VALOR was sent to me. I read and re-read it then subscribed. Since then, every word of every copy I've read and assimilated. I tried to interest my husband at first, to no avail. Then I spoke of you personally and your political views—and he listened. After that, I could hold him for a few minutes at various times in order to get across the meaning of Soulcraft . . . One day, about a month or so ago, he said, "I think you have something there. Maybe you're right and on the right track. You have new confidence and seem to grow young" . . . Then without warning, in the early hours of October 22nd I found my husband on the floor of our bedroom, his eyes peacefully closed and his body relaxed. He had Passed On of coronary occlusion. We never knew he had a heart ailment. Forty-two years of age, a big man, handsome and vital, always rushing about, a dog-lover . . . He was very interested in my lyric writing. Before all this happened, I knew I was "liked", now I find myself *loved* by all members of my groups. The little I have gleaned through VALOR, I have passed along. Soulcraft has been a sort of Shining Thing giving me calm, no outbursts, no eeriness in my home. Loneliness, yes . . . for the physical man *but an awareness of his living personality*. I'm just NOT alone. His gaiety, his quips, are with me. The last thing I remember him saying was, 'You're the nicest, sweetest thing.' When all my papers are taken care of, I want the *Soulscripts* all of them . . .

Illumination: No comment.

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Ike and Joe

REVERBERATIONS continue, throughout Indiana at least, indicating that President Eisenhower's endorsement of the reprimand to Senator McCarthy was the main factor causing him the loss of a Republican Congress to back up his policies for the coming two years. The American people are not temporizing on this issue. They think and judge elementally. Senator McCarthy was using every senatorial force he possessed to purge the Federal Administration of Moscow subversives. The President frowned upon it. Millions of neutral voters accepted that frown for a pro-Marxist smile. "Very good," said the voters of a week ago Tuesday, "if that's the brand of Republicanism you stand for, we prefer frank fellow-traveling Democrats." So Ike paid the penalty for his fence-straddling policy. Which means a neutral political Congress the remaining two years of his administration. Which is due to please nobody, and will probably wreck Ike.

A certain C. S. Nolan, who lives in the little Hoosier community of Seymour, Rural Route 2, expressed the feelings of a cross-section of Grass Roots Americans in a communication to the editor of the *Indianapolis Star* on November 9th. This is what he said—

To the Editor of The Star:

"The stupidity of the Republican high command is now very evident. Elections

are not won by appeasements. They rejected Senator McCarthy and ignored completely America's greatest Republican and most admired citizen, General Douglas MacArthur.

"Not one word was said about the waste, war and wantonness of the Truman-Barkley administration. Not once did they remind the people that this administration, from 1945 to 1952, in less than eight years, spent more American dollars than all other administrations, all added together, had spent in all history. The grand debt (believe it or not) is \$286,349,000,000. This was equal to \$140,000,000 every 24 hours during the time. Did it buy the peace in the world that we were told when Americans were being taxed and taxed for this program of nonsenses? Did it not instead build up the Communist countries, where large portions of it went?

"Barkley was a candidate for United States senator, yet his opponent nor anyone else never asked him to give an ac-



counting. How stupid can Republicans be? Senator Ives lost in New York by a mere handful of votes—less than one vote in a thousand for the 5,000,000 votes. He had received 250,000 postal cards the same week from friends of Joe McCarthy asking him how he stood on the 'censure' question. Ives failed to answer the demands and those voters and many others remained away from the polls. They were not invited. In nearly every other state the same folly was repeated.

"Yes, the 'breach' in the Republican party, brought about because certain appeasers of communism' hate Joe, has cost the Republican party a big setback. Only a reversal of policy to common sense will bring back the prestige it has lost. In losing the election the appeasers 'won' their aims—McCarthy was stopped all

right, and so was Jenner, Velde and the others who fight communism. A new regime takes over. Had the voters counted upon that? I doubt it."

Rest In Piece

NONE THING the average American fails to realize about this Congressional turnover of a week ago is the loss of chairmanships of all congressional committees, both House and Senate. Chairmen of some of the most important are retired and Democrats elected in their places. It means that Red-fighting Joe McCarthy is demoted automatically and a Democrat takes over. And whoever expects a vigorous anti-Marxist investigation from a Democrat? In the Senate particularly it means the demotion of Senator William Langer from the most powerful of all committees, that of the Judiciary.

But most significant is the news reported out of the Capital by Labor Columnist Victor Riesel that the election results may mark the end of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Riesel sounds off with the statement, "This committee, started back in the '30s by Representative Martin Dies . . . etc .etc . . ." when it was no more started by Martin Dies than the American Revolution was started by Paul Revere because somebody went up in the tower of old North Church and lighted lanterns that disturbed the pigeons. The House Un-American Activities Committee was started by racist-defender Samuel Dickstein to investigate the anti-Communist writings and activities of one William Dudley Pelley of Asheville, N. C. Sammy got nowhere with his first investigation because there was nowhere to get. But when Pelley's following began to swell to the thousands, Sammy applied for a second committee, on the argument that if Pelley's following grew too sizable it might overturn orderly government—meaning that it might turn Sammy Dickstein and his crew out of power. Pelley acted quickly. His powerful friends in Washington got Martin Dies of Texas appointed to head up the committee's explorations into true subversive activities. Dies never knew about this influence resulting in his chairmanship but it is U. S. history,

nonetheless. Thereupon Pelley went voluntarily to Washington, huddled with the committeemen, appeared for four straight days on the witness stand, and got the Committee's work off to a flying start. The Dies Committee repaid Pelley for such assistance by fanagging with the Administration to have him thrown to the New-Deal wolves in North Carolina on a fallacious extradition warrant. The information coming to Pelley was, that a proposition had been made Dies to forget the Red-baiting program and lay to Pelley with every torch at the Committee's command, in return for which Dies would be nominated Vice President on the Democratic ticket at the 1940 Chicago convention. Anyhow, the Dies Committee as such, turned against this dean of anti-Red fighters, and "gave him the business." Only when the "fixers" failed to keep their agreement with Dies about that nomination, did Dies unlimber against the Reds.

One of the most laughable side incidents of this double cross occurred in a Sunday train speeding across Ohio in 1941, when Pelley in the club car reading the Sunday papers lifted his eyes to behold none other than Mr. Dies entering that club car with his small son in tow. Dies was speaking that evening at Indianapolis. The three were the only passengers in that car, excepting the colored porter. Dies gave one look at Pelley, realized the implications of being in the same coach with him, and beat so precipitous a retreat that the small Dies boy had to go back through the train to find his dad as best he might. And yet only a couple of months previously, Pelley had voluntarily journeyed to Washington to clear Dies of implications in the notorious Dave-Mayne forged letters episode. No, the doughty chairman of the Committee Against un-American Activities could not afford to be caught in the same railroad coach with the *deus ex machina* of his national fame. Funny types of moral courage these expert politicians sometimes disclose.

Dr. J. B. "Doc" Matthews, later McCarthy's head investigator, was reported as resigning from the original Dies set-up because of the Committee's shameful treatment of Pelley under sub-chairman Joseph Starnes of Alabama. Which butters nobody's parsnips in the present. Nobody fears any special menace from the

Pelley influence at present, so the Un-American Committee is reported as folding up.

Columnist Riesel goes on to say, "The probable chairman, Rep. Francis Walters of Pennsylvania, plans to ask the House to wipe out this standing committee. Odds are that the House will turn Walters down, but reports indicate that Walters would then strip the committee of its investigators and keep it inactive by

refraining from holding special hearings. Rep. Walters has said he wants the Un-American Activities Committee abolished and its work done by the House Judiciary Committee."

Well, anyhow, the original Dies-Pelley fracas did sugar off in one Nixon pursuing one Whitaker Chambers till sundry letters came out a pumpkin and Nixon went up to the Vive-Presidency of the United States. No great loss with-

GETTING BORN



BACK from the Summerland to stay a while
You've come to us with your happy smile
Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the skies as I drifted through.

Where did you catch that little tear?
I found it waiting for me here!
What makes your cheeks like a lovely rose?
I brought it with me in lieu of clothes.

Whence is that little smile of bliss?
'Twas caused by an angel's loving kiss!
Where did you get that pearly ear?
That's part of God's pattern, that I may hear.

And where did you get such dainty hands?
They are here also to serve God's plans,
Feet, whence did you come, exquisite things?
An angel had them beneath her wings.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A loving hand gave it from up on high.
How did they all just come to be YOU?
I picked them up *in the lives I knew!*

Back from the Summerland, back you came,
Now we must find you a proper name;
That too will come from high above
For names mean much in that Land of Love.

And how did you come to us, my dear?
God thought of YOU so I am here—
From the land of Light and Love I came,
So please just label me ANGEL FLAME.

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out some small gain. But it was exciting while it lasted.

Significance



APPARENTLY Pelley's role in that drama of the 1930s was to keep the nation from being completely sold out to Marxism until the tide turned in popular thinking against Communism. The tens of thousands who rallied to the patriotic tocsins which this one man sounded, disclosed to the international adversary how readily a formidable opposition might be recruited to deal roughly with it. And what happened once, may well-nigh happen again, though the leader's name may be changed for that of an Irishman or a Scot. In other words, there can be other Pelleys.

Pelley's job from here on out points to a stabilization of factual religious teaching and the founding of an institution which the whims and caprices of passing politicians cannot change. The politicians, of course, care least about that.

On the 19th of this month, Pelley's exoneration appeal from his 1942 sedition conviction is filed with the United States Supreme Court—to determine whether the High Court sits complacently aside while the under courts ignore its pronouncements and decisions. Two of these lower courts have now refused or neglected to give cognizance to the Supreme Court's findings in the Baumgartner and Hartzel cases, where its definitions of Sedition clear Pelley of the 1942 charges absolutely.

Strangely enough, this is one of the few cases in history of American jurisprudence where the issue of a lower court's being *compelled* to give heed to the findings of the High Court has become of moment. American lawyers take for granted that the findings of the High Court automatically become the law of the land. Now it comes to light that where racial blocs may have frightened lesser court jurists into ignoring High Court qualifications and stipulations, there is nothing to force them to do so excepting appeal to the High Court itself.

We shall see whether the Supreme Court itself cares to clarify its Sedition findings when they apply to the Pelley conviction. Pelley seems to hold a most

unique position in the current generation that ordinary court procedures to his legal predicaments do not apply . .

Venusians

(Continued from Page 4)

resent the precious golden product of the vat. Eventually, however, every human being upon earth will evolve into the higher consciousness. Later he gave the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of over a dozen persons in the southern Californian area. Some of these persons, he said, had been contacted by space visitors in various ways while others would aid in piecing together the confounding puzzle of the Saucers. He said various Venusian contacts had been made with earthlings by means of 'ham' radio sets and tape recordings. Other contacts, he said, had been established through sensitives, or mediums, by means of clairvoyance and clairaudience." Then followed this significant statement—

"Can you then be truly surprised when I tell you that the beings of certain other worlds view earth as earthlings might look upon a den of deadly serpents stinging each other to death. Much of this stinging is done with words, attitudes, discriminations, intolerances and a host of other lethal psychic weapons. Mankind's greatest Teacher—the etheric Sun-Spirit whom you know as Jesus Christ—who took upon himself the error of humanity to teach men simply to love one another, was tortured and crucified by those whom He came to save. And yet today men self-righteously demand that Etherics land their craft openly at your airports. But like children you are learning, slowly and painfully. Eventually *all* will attain their Lost Heritage. In the meantime we will help, insofar as we are able to do so."

VEST'S story then veers off into a rehash of the Los Angeles *Times* story of the two alleged Venusians who got jobs on that paper for a few days after making the epochal indentations on the desk-top of the Managing Editor with their thumbs, with which narrative VALOR readers are familiar.

At 10:30 that night, Vest says he put his startling visitor on the bus for Los

(Continued on Page 14)

Your Other Half

(Continued from Page 5)

pacious curiosities: they want to have revealed for them to a certainty that they are making, or have made, the correct union in the earth-octave with the separated half of that Edenic Soul which they first composed together.

There is a spiritual, mental, and—to a degree—physical insistence, amounting almost to an ulcerated ache, that such earthly union shall be accurate.

Instincts too deep for words, and which belong almost ecstatically to the realm of the emotions, imply to both halves—married or unmarried, joined or unjoined—that the mating of the correct halves means spiritual and mental sex tranquility as well as physical enthrallment beyond the powers of mortal intellect to describe.

“How shall I know my complementing Other Half?” is the poignant query voiced by thousands of cruelly maladjusted persons, both masculine and feminine.

Of course there is no hard and fast rule by which it can be irrefutably determined. But that is not saying that there are no candles of illumination to give certain gleams of radiance in the darkness of the mystery.

First of all, such students, male or female, should make this distinction: Sex, as sex, is purely a physico-biological phenomenon of three-dimensional existence and it does not necessarily apply to identification of the alter-complementing half of the One Soul-Spirit.

This is not implying that the other half of the self may be incarnated as a man, and forthwith become associated with another masculine unit as his complementing self, although it is reasonable that in rare instances the thing has occurred. It is saying that sex alone is not the determinant by which the complementing ego is identified.

The complementing ego is identified by certain Qualifications to which sex is but secondary.

IN OTHER words, if man or woman were to go on a sleuthing excursion to try and determine with reasonable accuracy the identity in incarnate life of his or her complementing adjunct, the bio-

logical factor of sex would have to be, for the moment, set aside on a shelf.

Taking the case of any given man, to illustrate, he would not be on very safe hunting-ground to remark to himself: “Which of these women with whom I’m in contact is the complementing unit to our original Edenic Soul?” Forthwith he might appraise Nellie and Gertrude and Eunice.

Gertrude comes nearer what he would choose—although he still has many doubts about it—because Gertrude is likewise agreeable as to curves, and he cannot go too close to her without feeling an insensate desire to wrap her in his arms and crush seven of her ribs.

However, there is Eunice.

Eunice is a shy little thing who blushes easily and is inclined to yield to his opinions when vociferously expressed. She is the Clinging-Vine type, thinks all men are “wonderful”—our subject particularly—and plunges into a tailspin of palpitations on being presented with a box of hot-house roses.

Eunice is not especially appealing physically, being somewhat flat-chested and inclined toward large ankles. But Eunice could doubtless be dwelt with in connubial relationship throughout unnumbered moons without quarrels resulting, and it is generally known that she can make a three-layer cake that would keep a man out of Ten Nights in One Barroom.

Yes, of the three, Eunice is the more reasonable candidate for the Complementing Unit notion.

The list may run into the dozens, but the analysis proceeds along similar lines.

What truly, is such a male doing?

(Concluded Next Week)

Silverleaf’s Prayer

(Continued from Page 3)

of God’s children—the same as Christ was one of His children, His oldest son.”

The doctor said, “That not the sort of prayer they pray in churches, Silverleaf, or when Catholics say on their Rosaries . . .”

“No, of course not. Those are matters of form.”

The editor inquired, “What do you say a true prayer ought to consist of, Silverleaf? But how, sincerity? Are you

(Continued on Page 15)

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Cogitations

I WROTE last week about my erstwhile colleague, George B. Fisher. I want to go on talking about George this present week. The big thing I would talk about George this present week is this: He was one of those rare supporters and underwriters of what I'm achieving, with the mental resiliency to expand in tempo with what was being envisioned. Though I regret having to write it, there are many who don't. Leaders of any popular movement—especially a spiritual movement—have not been so plentiful up the pages of history that they left behind many truthful memoirs of their struggles and heartbreaks. We have, in consequence, no literature describing what leaders themselves have been called to undergo entitling them to such distinction. The average layman beholds only the adulative publicity that accrues from such roles and considers it a very fine and enviable thing indeed. What he doesn't stop to give sympathetic thought are the problems in sheer eccentric human nature that crop up, demanding satisfaction or all the goblins of destruction and failure are promised to be sent against him . . .

—o—
A MAN drops worldly pursuits wherein he's been extraordinarily successful, to engage in relaying to his purblind fellows a set of hyperdimensional revelations made him. He does it because he comes to realize the moral obligations entailed in the whole of it. Hyperdimensional revelations confined to the solo ego either mean nothing or result in time in acute intellectual indigestion. It's a manifestation of the old adage that "We get by giving." Okay he starts giving. Two, three, four, seventeen, a hundred and

eight, or even ten thousand and twenty, receive and are benefitted. The prospect looms that such favored personage has the world by the tail and a downhill pull. He has nothing of the sort. His troubles are only beginning. Because the time is due to arrive inexorably *when he's going to be penalized by his own success*. And what do I mean by penalized? I mean that as the Movement grows and takes on stride, some of the very persons who received so much from its early phases are bound to be submerged in the quantities of new persons rallying 'round and expecting quite as much attention. And they're going to resent it—those persons who received so much from its early phases—and their resentment is due to assume an attitude of uncompromising pique. *They* were the ones whose support—moral and financial—put the Movement on the map in the beginning. It was



their contributions that kept the gesture from the hands of the sheriff. What sort of a way is this to treat them, relegating them to the outfields of the Movement when without their early assistance there

would have been no home runs scored at all? Their subconscious attitude seems to be that five dollars monthly contributed to the work back in 1935 should be buying them a \$50,000 voice in its affairs up in 1954. Actually without grasping it, they're adopting a commercial-dividend psychology toward what been maturing. Their \$5 monthly back in 1935 should now be paying off like five dollars monthly invested in Standard Oil stocks back at the turn of the century. It should, at least, pay off along the inner route to the "ear" of the Boss. So what the Boss has really been doing all along is piling up terrific amounts of capital indebtedness without being aware of it. What to do about it? What can be done about it?

—o—

THE FIRST indication of layman displeasure with expansion of affairs that is known as Success is the curt decision to contribute no more. Not another kopeck! "The Movement's big enough—apparently—to get along without me now," is the bitter conclusion. "Time was when I could write a personal letter to the Boss-Man and get an answer back the fourth day; now I'm lucky if I get an answer back the fourth week—if at all." Somehow this is being chalked down as patent gratitude that calls for angered reprimand. The imagination of such folk won't let them see how conditions have changed with numbers. The Boss Man is the same solo instructor striving himself to keep pace with what's occurring, but allotted no more strength nor hours in any given workday. Twenty years in the past his mail of a morning could be thrust in the pocket. His affairs were not so voluminous that he couldn't be attentive to those who were espousing him. But when the morning post brings let-

ters by the mail-bag, all to be sorted, opened, and answered, what then? If he applied himself to answering such letters the clock around, with no time for any attention to still more arduous mechanical duties, what would it avail him? Tomorrow morning there will be another mail-bag, and the morning after that a third, and at the end of the week there will be seven mail-bags, and at the month's end thirty. Executives should handle it, of course. But the immediate complication in such a ruse is, that the executive doesn't always know the answers. So the aforesaid Old Timer curls his lip more disdainfully than ever. "Now he—the Boss Man—is sloughing off his work on others and what you get is a lick and a promise. Fine way to treat a supporter, indeed. And I actually gave him \$100 once to help with his legal expenses when prisons yawned for him." Or the pique takes the pattern of declaring, "I'll arise and gas up my motorcar and drive to Headquarters, seeing I can't get attention any other way." Presently therefore drives up a carload of "early supporters"—whom the Boss Man is earnestly glad to see. But those three to thirty bags of mail must remain unsorted and other correspondents get no answers, while the social visiting is in progress. And the ensuing week the Boss Man must double the labor confronting him because of the interruption to his working hours while the reunion was merrily proceeding. All this should go into Leadership Memoirs but alas never will . . .

o—o

THE PENALTY is being paid for Growing Big. Then there's another aspect to what the Boss Man confronts—the thing that might be termed the Financial Accumulate. The Boss Man exercises superhuman executive ability, gets the exchequer out of the red, and runs the annual sales to five or six figures. "Aha," says the disgruntled Old Timer, "I guess it's about time now that this spiritual tycoon paid back what I've advanced him. Let's see how much *have* I advanced him—or at least advanced for the promotion of the principles for which he's stood? . . . Great heavens! . . . it actually adds to \$1,182.65 . . . more than a *thousand* dollars! Now we'll see about getting that back!" . . . It may not be the layman himself who reaches such decision. It may be his widow, who never did

fancy John's sending such sums to promote this crazy Spiritualistic bedlam, when there were orthodox churches on every corner capable of attending to humanity's moral lapses. So in comes her letter, "Don't you think it would be the truly Christ Gesture to see that I get back what my husband so insanely squandered on you when I as his wife had to go without groceries that he might aid you?" . . . To comply means dipping into a finally adequate capital painfully accumulated by burning much midnight oil and working overtime that expenses be minimized. And what a renegade the Boss Man would be to write back either to Old Timer or his widow, "Anent this matter of returning what you advanced to help this Movement get on its feet, how about your returning the spiritual increment that came to you in result of it? . . . How about returning all the knowledge and wisdom that the Movement has been the means of implanting in your head? . . . How about returning the Altered Viewpoint toward orthodox error that actually made a New Personage out of you, and going back to being the mentally-strapped individual you were when you got first inklings about this Enlightenment?" . . . An angry scoff greets this. If it were truly a Christian Movement, it would have been presented to him for free, wouldn't it? Where does the Boss Man get the nerve to put a financial price-tag on Enlightenment but he can't, or won't see it. "I helped you because I sympathized with you," he comes back, "and it's a devil of a way to repay such aid, ignoring your obligations the moment you get prosperous! . . ." Prosperous, indeed! . . .

o—o

FISHER I particularly loved, I say, because he possessed the mental acumen to see such episodes of growth in true perspective. Even in the present he rejoices with me that the Movement has expanded so large and so effectively that now—more than at any other time in its history—it requires more and more resources to service its increasing personnel. George, of course, is now in position to see the Headquarters books daily and know every cheque drawn against any obligation. He knows that instead of commanding ten to twenty thousand a year for the executive capability I may be applying to Soulcraft—which any pub-



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lishing firm in America would pay me for similar services—my weekly pay cheque is precisely \$25.67 or thirty dollars a week with Federal Insurance and Withholding Tax deducted. George notes—because he frequently gives voice to it—that my legal difficulties were incurred in striving to battle the Malign Influences that in the early Forties were selling the Republic down the river . . . they weren't incurred in defending myself against stealing pineapples from fruiterer's corner pushcart. Nobody paid me any salary during the 119 days of court trial brought by the Marxists in our government for challenging their encroachments on our free institutions. Now when I've won out—or am winning out—against the whole shameful campaign of lies, abuse, and slander, and Soulcraft is forging ahead despite all of it, "it's about time to settle the sums" advanced to help meet the expense of the whole malodorous persecution. That it was such donor's fight as much as mine, isn't given a thought the clock around . . .

—o—

AND YET in all integrity I'm forced to concede that suggestions of such accountings are the exception and not the rule. In ninety-five cases out of every hundred, the original Old Timers who have survived physically are still in my corner, still backing me up, still glorying in the success that is everywhere being evidenced under Soulcraft's aegis. Tens of thousands of dollars have been donated to Soulcraft works up the past 26 years for which the donors expect nothing, declaring as a body they have long-since been compensated. That men of affluence are now promising to give heed to what has been achieved on the pennies of the lowly and considering the construction of a fitting national Headquarters in Indiana that shall typify the Greater Soulcraft of the future, is bringing enthusiastic letters of congratulation, not complaint. "My heart is singing for you!" or "It's about time!" occur again and again in this ever-swelling correspondence . . . The true Old Timer feels that he's part and parcel of it from the sheer equities involved, knowing in his heart that his one-time contributions truly brought him more than figures ever estimate . . . and I propose to continue along drawing but \$25.67 a week for a considerable time to come, if that's any

consolation to the "Now it's about time to pay up" contingent. However, of a quiet Sunday morning at Headquarters, viewing the piles of mail that still await my answering, I can't help wishing that more of my predecessors had been franker in their memoirs and left a more copious literature describing their reactions to human nature as God made it . . . The real thing I should focus attention upon is the fact that Soulcraft Chapels is now selling twice as many books on sacred psychics than any other two publishing houses in the entire American field. That means *somebody* must be reading them—since people don't buy four and five dollar books to keep handy for infants' teething purposes. And the end is not yet. However, no hard feelings. I'm still going to tell you more about Fisher in these autumn weeks, particularly what he's been saying to me across the table-corner in audible voice of late. He's like a woman's first husband in some respects—the only Perfect Man who's existed since Galilee . . . to hear her or me tell it!

—THE INTERPRETER

Venusians

(Continued from Page 10)

Angeles, and the latter went out of his life.

But the pertinent thing about Vest's reports—indeed all the reports that have been made on the philosophies of the Saucer People—is the coincidence that in every moral and spiritual principle they are the precise repetition of Soulcraft. Soulcraft, in other words, said it first. Then come these celestial voyagers and emphasize and confirm it.

All that VALOR can say, in compensation for the extraordinary information *Mystic Magazine* is printing, is that Soulcrafters all over America watch for this little magazine on the newsstands and buy it and read it religiously. Roy Palmer, the publisher, in an editorial in this August number, states that his firm is losing something like \$2,600 an issue by printing this variety of Space material. That is an intolerable situation.

The editors and contributors to *Mystic* are friends of VALOR. Help to get this publication as wide an audience as possible. What can you lose?

Silverleaf's Prayer

(Continued from Page 11)

asking for something? Or being thankful for something? Or trying to help somebody else?"

"My way of answering you is . . . I'm going somewhere."

"Don't leave us!"

"I'm going *with you* somewhere . . . I'm going out where they have wars. I'm going to see the little children who have no food, no clothes, almost no place to lay their frightened little heads for sleep. They're hungry and they're tired. They haven't found God. I'm going to talk to them now . . . my soul is going out to be with them . . . I'm going to talk with them, I say, and pray with them for a surcease of sickness and pain and terror and sorrow. And this is what I'm going to say *with* them and *for* them—the way we send prayers forth up here in our Afterlife of Spirit . . ."

Mere words are pitifully inadequate to describe the depth of tenderness and sincerity in the Indian girl's voice as she spoke the Prayer that is published herewith in the heavy-faced type in the center of Page 3. Here was a resident of the Heaven-World making her voice audible to a group of earth-folk about the Long Table in the Council Room. She breathed something holy into the very atmosphere of the place, speaking slowly and earnestly, and leaving not a dry eye as she finished. Then after a half-moment pause, she cried in exultation—

"See? . . . I was *with* those children. And as I said that blessing to them they felt it. If everyone of you would do that, you would become a Christ within yourself and all arms of the world would laid down and there would be no more wars on your earth-plane. You'd have a better world, you'd understand life in its fullness and you'd know the true blessing of Spirit which you're a part of, and in Him you'd live and move and have your being and you'd fear no force because you'd know that the only force to fear would be yourself. Never, never pray selfishly for something for yourself. Pray always for others *and let it come back to yourself*. And you shall find great joy and happiness while in flesh, and even in heaven when you reach it as all of us have reached it."

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Something holy was visiting the Soulcraft Council Room that night and hour. Pity indeed the poor benighted orthodox fanatic who dares to castigate the materialized spirit as of the Evil One.

There is more Christianity in just one such holy seance than in any ten churches in any American city.

But you have to be present, and hear it, to grasp it Silverleaf's prayer indeed!

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

PEOPLE want to know three things: *Where they came from, why they are here, and where they're going.* To the benighted, these are imponderables. To the Enlightened, they are Truth. The ignorant man sees them as hopeless mysteries, showing an embittered contempt for those who essay to know the answers. But you don't become enlightened by taking for granted that those who essay to know the answers are all purblind fools. You become enlightened by taking for granted that the answers are knowable—and make the hardest kind of sense. The blanket failure of the great national and international psychical research societies—as societies—has been due to their assuming that no one is competent to be an investigator who does not pursue his researchings upon the candidate-acknowledgment that all parapsychical matters must be deceit and fraud and fabrication and hallucination. Those are all negatives. You can't make a career out of negatives and anticipate success in positives.

FOR over a quarter-century I have been probing, delving, and dealing in psychical positives. I had evidence show itself in my early affairs that human consciousness—the thing we call Personality—obviously did not perish with death of body. If I confronted trickery, fraud, or apparent deceit I put it down to mortal human practitioners and not the nature of this greatest of sciences. Being inwardly convinced of survival, I worked from that point outward, expecting unchallengeable proofs to come ultimately. So unchallengeable proofs did come ultimately. I have wasted scarcely a moment the past twenty-six years seeking to convince anyone—least of all myself—that “there was no such animal.” The great majority of self-styled “researchers” delight in the attitude that they are willing to be convinced—if they can be convinced against their wills. They forget that people are people on any life-octave. Few of our Departed are going out of their ways to do any convincing of investigators who start from the premise that either those Departed do not exist or are actually two other fellows—with one of them probably constructed of cheesecloth. What I have done from the beginning is to solicit my graduated friends, in as kindly and courteous a manner as I know how to employ, that I would welcome their ministrations from life's loftier echelons for proving to a purblind public that assuming the finality of Death is the most stupendous blunder it could make. Those friends have cooperated. Their cooperation finally overwhelms me.

WHEN I can sit across a table-corner from a materialized George Fisher and reminisce with him about the minutest phases of a motor trip I took with him to Spokane in 1941, reminding him of what he did on that trip and he reminding me of what I did on that trip—and whom we both met and what was said—or other homely and companionable little incidents in which we participated together during his lifetime, I claim his survival is proved beyond all argument. When fifty people I have known in life, materialize over a series of seances and attest to exactly similar experiences in undergoing Transition, and confronting precise conditions and situations above mortality—with scarcely one of them introducing a false or irrelevant note—my common sense tells me the laws of the process are being evidenced. When a stranger drives up unexpectedly ten minutes before a seance and is invited to join the group, and within the next half-hour a relative known only to that stranger appears in “flesh” that he recognizes and discusses in a voice that he recognizes absolutely true episodes that may have happened in a distant state twenty to thirty years bygone—known only to that stranger and that relative—any trickeries are ruled out by the laws of probabilities. When I get out of my own body in the night, recalling next morning someone I seem to have confronted as in a dream, and a week later that “someone” materializes in my studio, with a dozen earth-friends present and electronic microphones open and reminds me of the *identical* matters we discussed in such nocturnal interview—voluntarily reminds me—what sort of numbskull would I show myself to take the position that the whole thing must be fabricated? . . . Matter of fact, I don't think of fabrication once in six months, and consequently it avoids me. I just go ahead and explore into such contacts and am rewarded with more and still stronger evidence, pressed down and overflowing . . . The disgruntled from similar experimentings declare I am lucky in my mediums, lucky in my friendships, lucky in this or lucky in that. Luck doesn't enter into it. Sincerity is everything. I *believe* in these phenomena and instead of ending in stupendous disillusion, I go on from

marvel to marvel, and a hundred people batter at my studio doors eager to pay sizable quantities of dollars to behold similar phenomena that shall “convince” them. But I never charge anything to those I do invite. If they wish to help defray expenses, they do so voluntarily. There the matter begins and ends . . . No, I'm not expecting disillusion, so no Soulcraft seance has ever been a failure . . . I say it's the same with any expectancy in life.

¶ *LIFE is eternal; love is immortal; death is only a horizon, but a horizon is only the limit of our vision . . .*