

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VIII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, November 20, 1954

Number 4



HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED

to Disturb Our Nation's Well-Being as Yet?



OMES another Thanksgiving Day before the next issue of VALOR is published. It marks the end of autumn and the commencement of winter. The ending of 1954 is less than six weeks distant. Soulcraft can inquire in all humility, what has become of the predictions of gloom

and doom that a host of sensational psychical persons announced as taking place by the ending of fall?

How strange, not to say pitiable, are solicitations for publicity and support that mystical pronouncements must be concerned with dire happenings in our nation to get an audience! Then the predictions do not materialize, but with never an eyeblink of chagrin, these



same soothsayers pass along to still more stupendous calamities they affect to "see" just around the corner of the weeks or months. And the public forgets the inaccuracy of previous prophecies in wonderment at the accuracy of those freshly uttered. The true wonderment should lie in exactly how foolish or gullible the mass human race can disclose itself? One publisher of "prophetic" books is reported to have remarked quite cynically, when challenged about earlier happenings that had not actualized, "What do I care whether they actualize or not? . . . the public likes to read what I *think* is going to happen, and so long as I sell books, I should worry about fulfillments."

YOU have perchance noted that few, if any, implications of forthcoming calamities find print in Soulcraft pages. This is partly from policy, partly from the circumstance that the Soulcraft Recorder almost never gets advance word of imminent catastrophes from higher-echelon sources. If the skies were to fall tomorrow, what would be gained by screaming about it in advance? If the bottom were to drop out of civilization the day after tomorrow and the Splendorful Intellectuals that have largely been responsible for passing down the Soulcraft tenets, made no warning announcements concerning them, would it not seem logical that they beheld little to be gained by frightening earth-folk out of their wits?

On the other hand, when those same Splendorful Intellectuals declare in no unequivocal terms that they beheld no such catastrophes "building up" in the more

complicated dimensions of Time and Space before becoming of consequence on this earth-plane, Soulcraft's Recorder has learned from twenty-six years' intimate relationship with them that their veracities are dependable.

Thanksgiving Week is a fairly appropriate time to give heed to such topics.

TRUE enough it is, that the Recorder possesses—bound away in his manuscripts of clairaudient enlightenment—one memorable agenda of major alterations throughout the world from 1929 to 1960. The stock market collapse of that forthcoming October was indicated three months before it happened, the leaderships of Hitler and Roosevelt, the outbreak of World War II and the subsequent setting-up of United Nations. The Recorder's own incarceration of seven-and-a-half years for thwarting Marxists encroachments on our free government in 1936, was even contained in the superb Prophetic Table. But following the short-lived establishment of the Hiss Thing after World War II, the only notable predictions featuring that long-ago agenda were prolonged and gradual deflation and the unpleasantness connected with the smashing of United Nations. Of course, absence of utterance of anything catastrophic in such a Speaking is by no means evidence that naught else could happen. But there it was. *In exactly a quarter-century not one single prediction as to forthcoming event has misfired or proved fallacious!*

Moreover, everything is happening that was predicted as happening—including expanding success of the Soulcraft Program in 1955, 1956, and 1957. All the same, that agenda was recited in advance, for The Recorder's personal guidance throughout such momentous time, not for proclaiming in print and selling books by the million.

Still, there is another source for Soulcraft's information in such matters.

THERE is one school of Soulcraft thought that deploras so much space and attention being given to psychical phenomena—which is deprecated as Spiritualism—that Soulcraft's high moral precepts could afford to ignore. Decidedly the school is in the minority. But the psychology on which the Recorder operates

has a purely constructive premise that should be clarified.

The new revised edition of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* which began to be circulated this past week, contains much new material about the Recorder's materialized contacts with his beloved Daughter Harriet. For something like fourteen to fifteen years she has been coming to her father in fully substantialized bodily form, addressing him in lengthy spoken-voice interviews, many of which have had permanent preservation through electronic microphones. Harriet has now been a resident of the fourth or fifth planes above earth-life for approximately forty-one years. It is none of the commercialized Spiritism of a phantom drifting through the seance room, having over a brief "Can you see me? . . . I am so happy! . . . Goodbye!" . . . Harriet tarries to talk from five to twenty-five minutes, answering whatever questions her father may wish to put to her, to the best of her higher-life erudition. For that matter, so does her colleague in Spirit, the Indian girl Silverleaf.

These beloved women uniformly use the same human medium, but not necessarily so as to Harriet. She has presented herself in materialized form to her father through several different media, the same beautiful feminine personality in every aspect. Here is tangible and dependable contact with the Higher Worlds of Life as they *are*. And Harriet has never yet missed out, answering any sort of inquiry about her Heaven-World, or its angle of observation on our earth-world and its developments in government or ethics over the past fifteen years.



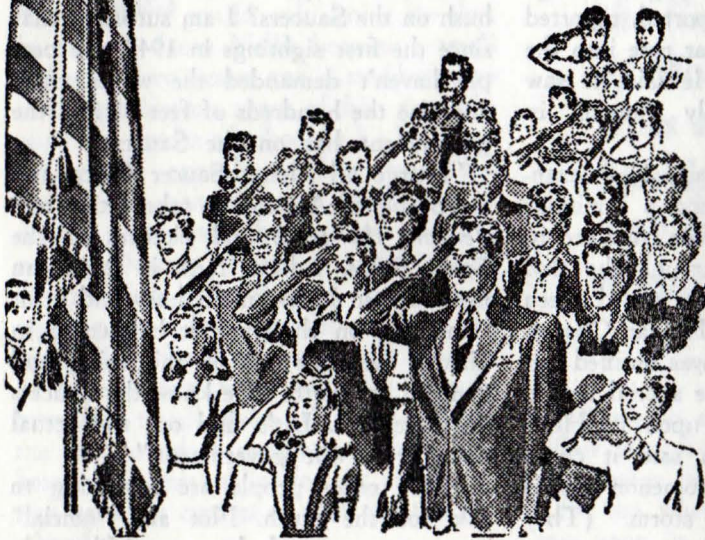
When she informs her father, therefore, that she does not see any signs of this or that catastrophic thing for the nation "building up" in her dimension

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WHY Not Turn the Government Over to the American Legion? . .

IF United Nations Precipitates a Constitutional Crisis, Let the Legion Take Command



tions Charter is effected, *Communism shall have taken by flank attack what it was unable to achieve by frontal assault.*

A publication titled *Between the Lines*, issued by one Charles A. Wells from 152 Madison Ave., New York City, and sent complimentary to VALOR's desk, contained the following unadulterated bilge as opening article of its Nov. 15th issue—

THE BIG Soulcraft audience might as well get oriented to the fact that the next crucial issue coming up for public attention during 1955 is the life-and-death crisis to constitutionalism embodied in continued relations with United Nations. Not even an atom-bomb war could surpass it in importance. The nation might recover from a national atom-bombing. But there could be little chance of recovery from official adherence of the Republic to any world super-government in which Americans are out-voted ten to one.

The day that an extraneous world body begins legislating for the American people, the Republic as a free government is finished. Only a second Runnymede could restore it to the vitality of the first half of the Twentieth Century.

The day and the hour that ratification in our Senate of the 1955 United Na-

"The United Nations is the greatest tourist attraction in American. Over 2,500 visitors crowd its gallery daily—and already this year 150,000 more visitors toured the UN corridors than in any previous year. Student and youth groups predominate, although there is no lack of adults. UN personnel feel a strong current of increasing interest in the UN among Americans—this is significant in view of the anti-UN propaganda pouring out from certain quarters. Americans are not the only visitors, however; persons from 105 different countries have registered in the past six months. Guides are provided in 18 different languages.

"Visitors here see the machinery of peace, well-established, workable. Mistakes and inadequacies, yes. But here before their eyes—the machinery of peace."

It is hard to hold down the high-voltage expletives in the face of such drivel.

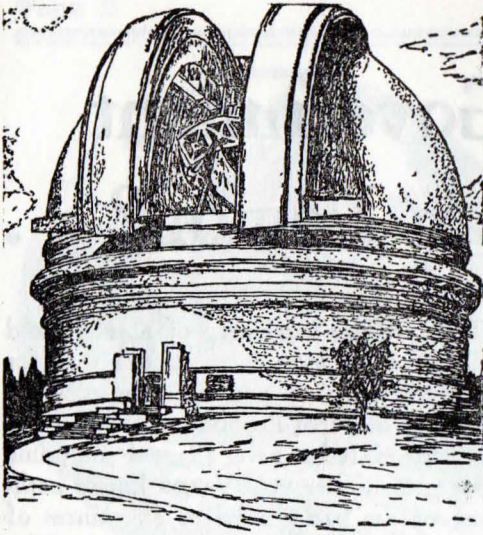
Visitors to UN do *not* see the machinery of peace, well-established, workable.

They see the machinery of a subtle and diabolically clever international web for the emasculation and ultimate subservency of our free Republic to the overseas minorities. It has never effected one prime peace maneuver yet. VALOR knows nothing of the background or allegiances of Charles A. Wells and his *Between-The-Lines* newsletter, but the malodorous record of the Alger-Hiss Thing for promoting international peace by treating Russia as a member in good standing among the earth's civilized nations, is a travesty on history not to mention culture and morals . .

EVERY sound-headed constitutional lawyer knows privately that United Nations has not, and never has had, the slightest legal claim to sovereignty entitling it to enactment of treaties with the United States government or any other government. It swarms with traitors and spies on the American way of life, immune in their depredations by a purely hypothetical diplomatic status. Its aims and ultimate purposes are strenuously promoted by the most deleterious racist minorities—who would never be thus zealous unless this Global Monstrosity were pulling their chestnuts from the fire not by the handful but by the quart and the peck and the bushel. And it is all being done on money diverted for such purpose from the pockets of the American taxpayer without referendum as to his wishes in such expenditures of public funds—\$324 millions per year. Openly it subverts the intellects of the young by discouraging nationalistic pride or love of country and its history. And behind it all is the studied program of defeating and obliterating the Constitution's Bill of Rights, particularly the First Amendment.

And this coming year a revision of its charter is to be effected, giving it a status above the American Constitution. Among the plans contemplated in such revision is a reciprocal police arrange-

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Still the Saucer Sightings Continue, the Pentagon More Stubborn than Ever

By George Hunt Williamson



WITHIN the past month there has been a steady increase in localized world upset as well as increase in Saucer sightings. No longer are witnesses limited to seeing the elusive discs in the skies. Now Saucers and their occupants are being observed on the ground.

In Germany, small men were seen to disembark from a cigar-shaped craft. Persons in Belgium, Egypt, Argentina, Lebanon and the French Camerons claimed they saw mysterious disks in the sky.

In Muenster, Germany, a movie projectionist, Frank Hoge, told the news agency DPA that he saw a Flying Saucer land in a field and observed diminutive creatures emerge from it. He noticed a bright blue light and thought at first it was coming from a crashed airplane. On closer examination, he declared, he discovered a cigar-shaped craft hovering six feet above the ground and giving off a brilliant blue radiance which almost blinded him. Then he suddenly sighted four creatures about three and one-half feet in height. He said they wore rubber-like clothing. Hoge said he watched the craft and its occupants for about ten minutes from a distance of two-hundred feet. However, he did not have the courage to approach closer.

Also in Germany, pilots and pupils at a glider school near Frankfurt claimed to have seen a "slightly swollen silvery disc" moving noiselessly over their field.

Agence France Presse said the thirteen witnesses, some of them former Luftwaffe German Air Force men, denied that they were the victims of an optical illusion.

A mail carrier in the Belgian village of Huy, near Namur, reported, reported spotting a flying cigar that rose into the sky as he approached. He said he saw two silhouettes "roughly human in shape" aboard the craft.

Several hundred witnesses in Alexandria, Egypt, told of seeing a luminous object which ranged in color from red to orange as it streaked through the sky. Later the mysterious object turned green and then gray-blue. The Helwan Observatory near Cairo, Egypt was notified but the object vanished before special instruments could be trained upon it. However, observatory officials said it could have been a natural phenomenon caused by a recent electrical storm. (They hoped!).

Three motorists in Buenos Aires claimed they saw a luminous craft which hung motionless above their cars for one or two minutes and then rose vertically at tremendous speed. The motorists said the Saucer made no noise, although it trailed a stream of "flame."

AMERICAN people *want the facts* on Flying Saucers! Letters to the Editor columns all over America contain such letters as the following—

"After reading, 'They're Not Telling You The Truth About Spies From Outer Space,' by Frank Edwards in a magazine, I was surprised to learn that our newspapers have published only sixty-eight Flying Saucer sightings in the first five months of 1954 when actually there were seven hundred sightings per week!

"I have always been under the impression that our newspapers were here to give us the news, but am finding out that our so-called freedom of the press is obviously propaganda.

"Why is our government keeping hush-hush on the Saucers? I am surprised that since the first sightings in 1947, the people haven't demanded the whole truth and also the hundreds of feet of film the government has on the Saucers.

"I urge all Flying Saucer Clubs and the people of America to take action and *demand the truth* and pictures of the Space Ships. I have faith in American newsmen, so let them get busy and print something on the greatest happening in history. Let's go out on this thing and demand the truth. We know the Saucers are here . . . Let's find out the actual facts from our government."

Many other people are beginning to ask for the truth. Not any "official" statements watered down to deliberately "hedge" and evade the most sensational announcement of all time. Certain "authorities" are afraid that extra-terrestrial recognition might mean extra-terrestrial allegiance.

THE Air Force has repeatedly said that "no recognized astronomers have seen Flying Saucers, therefore *all* sightings are of an hallucinatory nature."

What about G. Duncan Fletcher, vice president of the Kenya Astronomical Association in Africa? This leading scientist is convinced that visitors from outer space are observing and mapping the earth. Many sightings have recently been reported from East Africa. There has also been a deluge of reports from Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika. Fletcher himself recently observed Saucers from his observatory.

And what about famous Dr. Clyde Tombaugh, discoverer of the planet Pluto, who saw a strange Saucer in New

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Would You Want to Know the Other Half of Yourself?



CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK



FIXATIONS as to sex, as sex alone, are discoloring and blurring his truer cosmic clues.

The facts are—if he could only know it—that he fails to fancy Nellie because a small girl with fiery tresses and a snubbed nose made mischievous sport of him throughout three grades of school in his boyhood.

Gertrude appeals to him more because—still without being adept in such wisdom—he senses her strong and impelling Ovarian Vibration and biologically responds to it. For we are discovering it to be a fact that the maternal potentialities of certain women do exercise in the vibratory form and they literally broadcast to all males who come within the area of their emanations that their heaviest karmic obligation in their current career is concerned with lusty motherhood.

Eunice seems to fill the bill better than Nellie or Gertie because essentially it seems to be easier to dominate her as a female—and man never lived who did not take it for granted that it was his inherent prerogative to dominate his Complementing Other Half. In the case of Eunice, this domination exhibits especially strong as to the physical, and our man is almost on the point of propositioning Eunice as to how she feels on this matter of being his Twin Spirit when he makes the perturbing discovery that for nearly ten months she has been secretly engaged to marry the telephone lineman who has the room above her at the place she boards.

Without ever having given much notice of it, Eunice privately thinks that her boisterous lineman is practically the last word in masculine desirability and she will wed him come Michaelmas if it costs her an eye.

Our man does a tailspin or two himself. How could his Twin Spirit “go

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

nuts” over a rawboned, tobacco-chewing fellow who from every social indication might wear his pole-spurs to bed?

So the whole Twin-Spirit hypothesis goes sour in our man’s thinking—and he dates up the plump stenographer at the next desk to him. They consume a couple of pints of bad beer at the roadhouse where they stop for dinner, an easy intimacy follows, and before he is aware of it they are ensconced in a ten-dollar flat with a two-dollar marriage certificate hung neatly over the installment piano, and proceed to live their lives like any other wedded couple, fighting the bills and half-resenting the always imminent baby.

So cues to the truth of the matter are not obtainable through sex. Sex, to repeat, has to be eliminated. The probabilities must be arrived at strictly through mind and spirit. And once this has been successfully done—really done, not merely imagined or conjectured—unique pre-sentiments are usually forthcoming.

ELIMINATE for the moment all physical fixations. Not to deal in the slightest facetiousness, draw a strong mental picture of a race of men and

women absolutely lacking in the mechanisms of biological reproduction.

Let the student-analyst, explorative in these matters, conceive if he can of fleshy formations and physical vehicles with all organs of copulation never created or thought of. Let each human body be discerned anatomically as innocent of corporeal privacies as a child’s jointed doll.

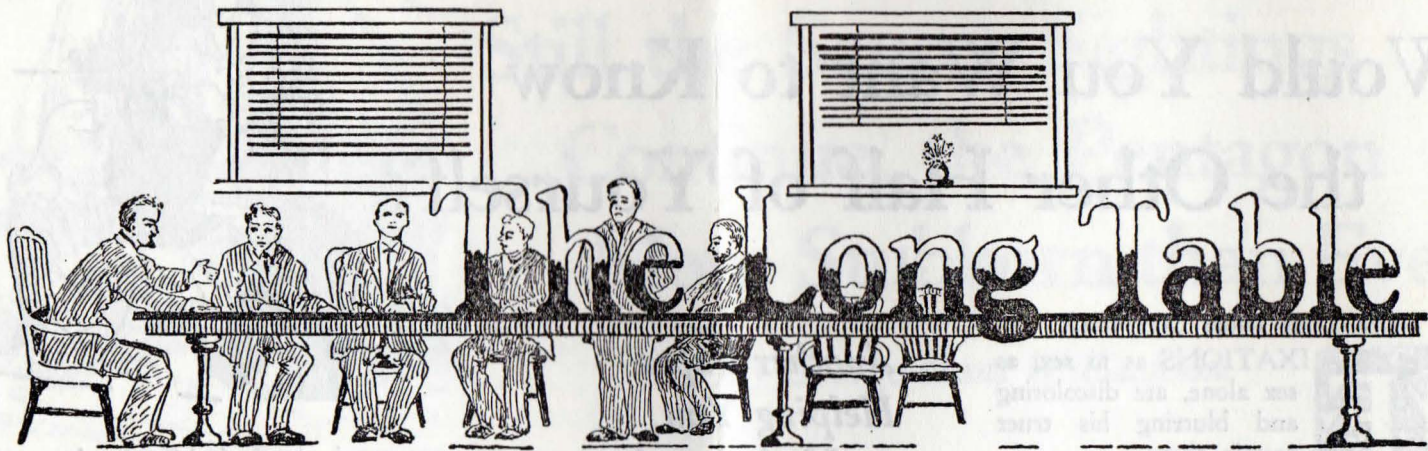
Now then, if such a race of men and women could be forthcoming and the differences in the sexes made strictly those of temperament, which woman thus sexless would a similarly sexless man elect to pal with—from natural inclination—to such an extent that he would be agreeable to departing with her for an otherwise uninhabited isle in the South Pacific Ocean and living out his days in paradisaical harmony with her?

When our man puts such a test on the various feminine persons with whom he may at present be in contact, some startling revelations are disclosed.

He makes the discovery that the Nellies, Gertrudes, or Eunices about him disappear like phantoms at the wand of some magician. Out of the composition of such determinings may step the character of a mother, a sister, an adored aunt, another man’s wife, the character of some girl with whom he has been in association but a couple of months in some high-voltage interlude back in adolescence.

He confesses to himself: “I could ‘hit it off’ with that woman-person in a mental-spiritual paradise forever. She would understand and be sympathetic to my most eccentric urges. I would seem to know her innermost thoughts and idealisms by a sort of intuitive telepathy, without the slightest necessity for her ever expressing them. We two could very easily and facilely compose One Edenic

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IT IS around *The Long Table* in the Counselor's Room at Headquarters that major questions concerning Soulcraft are answered from Higher Octaves. Henceforth in VALOR the Department of *The Long Table* will reprint appeals from Soulcrafters for expoundings of enigmas beyond their current understandings and give such answers as are expedient—

LITERARY STYLE

GUAM: You have an awful nerve, putting out these mighty truths you are essaying to expound in the language of the gutter which you constantly employ. In one of your recent books I encountered the term *hoi polloi* four times on three pages. In another article you use the phrase "eleven-pound words" . . . You chat with readers as though you were gathered around a table in a club smoker. These matters are too sacred to deserve such treatment. It is a Smart Alec tone you adopt all the way through and it tends to loosen confidence in the seriousness of what you are expressing . . . And for heaven's sake, stop the effrontery of calling your defense of such practices by the sacred term of *Illuminations*. They are certainly not illuminations of any sort to me . . .

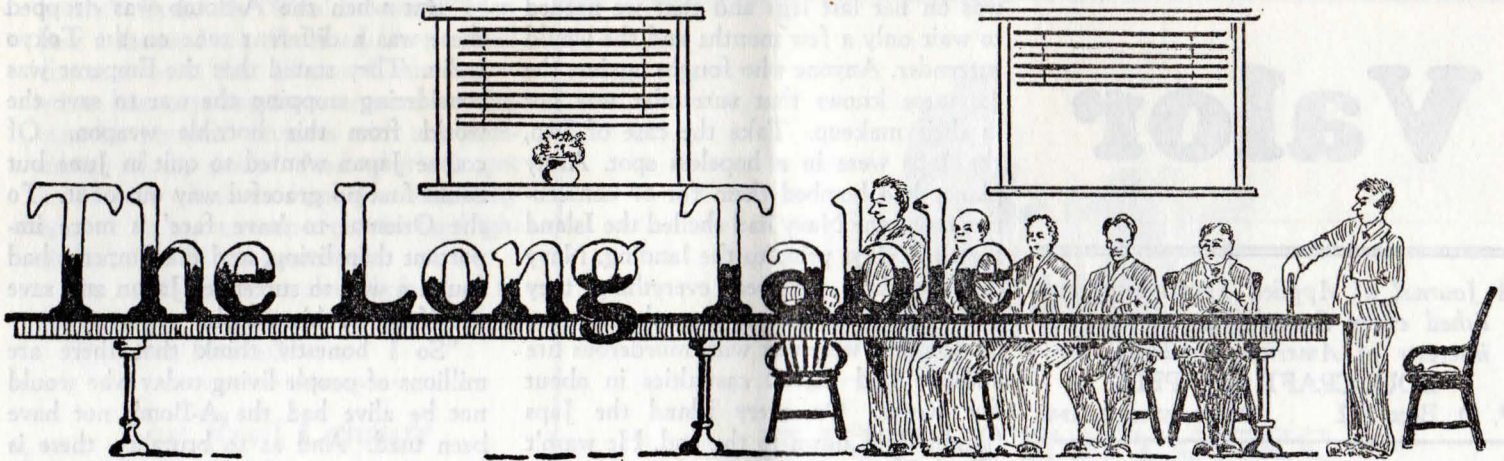
Response: For the benefit of Guam, *hoi polloi* is far from being gutter-talk. It is a perfectly bona fide word from the Greek, in all the best dictionaries, and means "the many, the masses, the populace." As for the other "Smart Alec" terms, such as the heinous use of the descriptive expression "eleven-pound words", Soulcraft is purposefully written as people would talk around a table in a club smoker. Too long have these matters

been discussed in stiffish academic book-English which crackles on the mind with all the cacophony of a piece of wet blotting paper. Some entirely worthy friends of Soulcraft have deplored more meritoriously its contraction of pronouns and verbs, such as "They've" for "they have" and "don't" for "do not." They want their text strictly mid-Victorian and scholastic, and Soulcraft is written for the everyday man and woman living in the Twentieth Century and being bawled out daily by the traffic policeman. It is an innovation, precisely to register ideas in the vernacular, and that it's by no means resented by the rank and file would seem to be demonstrated by the fact that Soulcraft Chapels is publishing and selling more books in this year 1954 than any other *two* metaphysical publishing houses in the nation, not to mention the world—with the single exception of the Christian Science Publishing Society, whose products are more or less a "must" with its clientele. Soulcraft is printing and selling more books to the general public on these subjects than any two other commercial publishing houses on metaphysics. Somebody is reading them, and must be enjoying them and profiting from them or five out of six purchasers would not be coming back for more. As for terming the answers to queries published under the Long Table heading, *Illuminations*, the use of term is not so bizarre as Guam might suspect. What else should they be called when time and time again, confronted by a different challenge, the Recorder simply awaits a kindly whisper at his left ear containing pretty much the response commanded? . . . No malice, Guam. Was Billy Sunday any less a Christian because he talked ball park?

LESE MAJESTY

SAN DIEGO: "While I am not a member of the Christ Scientist Church at present, nonetheless I find your claims that Mary Baker Eddy could have had anything to do with writing *Beyond Graudeur* irks me beyond belief. Furthermore, your extremely intimate manner of referring to her as "Sister Mary" or merely "Mary" is extremely shocking to one who has respect for her that I do. I have derived great benefit from Mrs. Eddy's teachings in the past, and to stomach the contention that she should so have altered her ideas about the life fundamentals, would be to repudiate the whole *Science & Health* volume. I note, however, that nowhere in the volume, outside of its dedication, do you mention her name excepting to ridicule her in the text in places. The whole thing seems to me to be in exceeding bad taste, to say the least."

Comment: It is curious to observe the loyalty to one's own ideals expressed in the many letters received about the Eddy interest in Soulcraft. Idealizing the founder of the Church of Christ Scientist as such correspondents do, they repudiate the notion that she could ever disclose herself as other than what those same ideals comprise in their own minds. Soulcraft has enjoyed precisely *eight* full materializations of the lady, in which she talked from ten to twenty minutes to guests present each time. In her own voice, which elderly people who knew her in life confirm as the voice of the lady as they remember it, she has thanked VALOR's editor for catching her reconstructed ideas in *Grandeur*, mentioning the work by name. Of late, as well, she



has reached that degree of familiarity with the Editor that she addresses him in matronly fashion as "Billy!" But the author of *Grandeur* purposely put the text in the form he did in order to avoid any appearance of capitalizing on Mrs. Eddy's past prestige. But whatever policy you follow, it seems you get criticized. Mention the lady's name in any but that of the most flowery adulation and it is "abuse." All the author can say to the whole of it is, that Mary herself appeals to any dispassionate acquaintance as the last person in the world to solicit deification. The real Mary is charming, appealing, lovable, companionable . . . and withal wistful. The heroine worshipers, taken by and large, simply have not enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with their own heroine. Soulcraft subscribes to the sentiment contained in another letter wherein the writer attested to being present when Mary Eddy made a similar materialization to those at Soulcraft. This lady correspondent, writing from San Francisco, said: "I accepted this lady as Mrs. Eddy for the very reason you mention: Because of her real dignity and loving presence. She positively filled the room with love. You could feel the surge of it, the combination of love and healing. I was quick to pose my views and she agreed with them. The only disparity was this: I credited her with the fact that when she wrote *Science & Health* she knew Spiritualism to be a fact but feared to confuse her followers by going into this issue, therefore she decided to repudiate it en toto." Soulcraft has several sound-recordings of Mrs. Eddy's materialized voice expressing precisely this last. At any rate, both critics and sympathizers can get the exact text of her

addresses by reading the last eighty pages of the revised edition of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. Transcripts of the recordings have been faithfully made, word for word.

THE NEXT PERSON

LONDON, England: "I must formally thank you for the autographed copy of *Beyond Grandeur* which has come to me by the hand of our beloved mutual friend, W---- M----. As I glance at this addition on my bookshelves it would appear that this modest little volume, standing as it does at the end of a long row of superbly-bound volumes, by its own contents glitters to such an extent that their hammered golden facades tarnish in insignification. I am afraid that I would require the loosened tongue of an English lark at daybreak to sing my praises of such an inspired work. You must indeed be very close to Truth, and so very close to God. How close? You alone must know."

Comment: It takes all sorts of people to make a world. And thank the good Lord for that.

MORE ABOUT MARY

CHICAGO: "Was it necessary for Mrs. Eddy to attempt to reach her many followers other than through her textbook, the logical approach would be through the governing body of her Church, namely the Christian Science Board of Directors. Or at least through someone spiritually near her in thought and experience, therefore a follower of her teaching. . . With the simplicity and humbleness of a little child begin a daily

study of *Science & Health*. Read it slowly, thoughtfully, and do not strain over what appears to be contradictory statements as they will answer themselves as your concepts become clear . . ."

Comment: To what purpose, Chicago? The author of *Grandeur* has not only the *Golden Scripts*, which you apparently have not seen or heard about, and herself. As for Mrs. Eddy attempting to reach her followers through the governing body of her Church, she sealed the door against that by her chapter against



Spiritism. They would not believe it was she, no matter what sort of demonstration she effected. That is her karma and her present sorrow. Again VALOR says, read the transcript of some of her expressions in the last quarter of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. They are borne out by testimony of similar witnesses all over the English-speaking world—ever since 1918.

Valor

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

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. VIII NOVEMBER 20, 1954 No. 4

Hiroshima

WITCHING our thinking as we can, consider a phase of that A-bomb dropping over Hiroshima that proffers a totally altered viewpoint from what we have been accustomed to have expressed by the idealistic Do-Gooders of the world. One M. M. Sedam of Rushville, Indiana, declares himself as one of the pilots of the 78th Fighter Squadron based on Iwo Jima, who had much to do with the dropping of explosive missiles over Nippon. In the *Indianapolis Star* for November 15th, he gives his soldier-version of what was "perpetrated" over Hiroshima in the volatile months of 1945, which ought to have national circulation.

Here is Pilot Sedam's contribution to the literature of that period—

To the Editor of *The Star*:

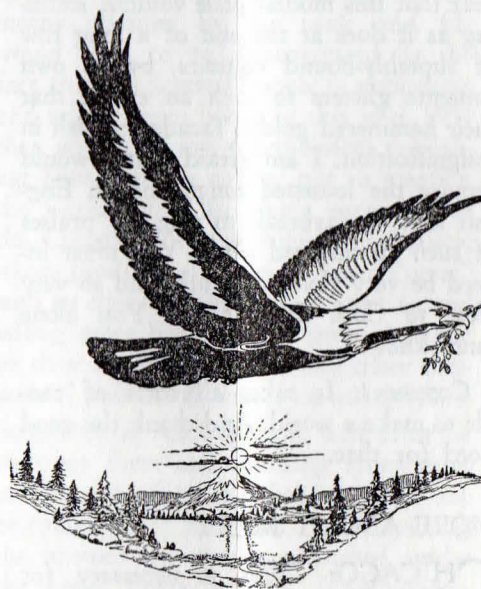
"Several days ago John Hoffman stated that the use of the A-Bomb on Hiroshima was an unnecessary show of force. Contrary to this opinion I believe the A-Bomb was very necessary and had the United States chosen not to use the bomb, we could have expected at least another million casualties and the Japanese could have counted several times more than that.

"To substantiate this claim, I wish to relate a few incidents of which I was a witness; none of these are rumors or speculation. I was a pilot of the 78th Fighter Squadron based on Iwo Jima and most of our missions were over Japan.

"Many people have believed that Japan

was on her last legs and that we needed to wait only a few months and she would surrender. Anyone who fought against the Japanese knows that surrender was not in their makeup. Take the case of Iwo, the Japs were in a hopeless spot. Army planes had bombed them for 67 consecutive days, the Navy had shelled the Island for three days prior to the landing. Navy dive bombers dropped everything they could think of, and yet when the Marines landed they were met with murderous fire and we had 22,000 casualties in about five weeks. On every island the Japs fought right down to the end. He wasn't afraid. He wasn't interested in surrender no matter what the odds.

"Even though the Air Force doesn't like to admit it, to win a war we still must beat the man on the ground. The B-29's had fire bombed every major city in Japan but Radio Tokyo never mentioned anything about stopping the war. Ask any Marine about the tenacity of the Jap. Several top men in the Navy estimated the war would last until 1948. And you remember the expression that was out for that one, 'Home alive in '45. Home in a crate in '48.' We weren't just kidding. The odds for any combat fighter



have a way of catching up. Japan was getting ready for the invasion in the summer of 1945. The whole Tokyo Plain was covered with guns. And we were getting ready for the invasion. Saipan was loaded with landing craft about midway between Yokohama and Iwo. It doesn't take much imagination to picture the casualties for that one.

"But when the A-Bomb was dropped there was a different tone on the Tokyo radio. They stated that the Emperor was considering stopping the war to save the world from this horrible weapon. Of course Japan wanted to quit in June but could find no graceful way out of it. To the Oriental to 'save face' is more important than living, and the Emperor had found a way to surrender Japan and save the 'face' of his people.

"So I honestly think that there are millions of people living today who would not be alive had the A-Bomb not have been used. And as to brutality, there is no polite way to fight a war. The only way to fight a war is to end it as soon as possible. The A-Bomb did end the war and for that it served a very necessary purpose."

M. M. SEDAM
Rushville, Box 454

What Reprimand



WHY not look facts in their faces?

Senator Joseph McCarthy isn't the one losing by Senator Watkins' committee reprimand. It's the United States Senate as a body. The "findings" of the Watkins' committee against McCarthy are so ridiculous as to be inane. The only conclusion that Sidewalk Bill can draw is that someone has been powerful enough in the United States Senate to make it reprimand McCarthy as a cause for making him lose face. But the thing isn't jelling. McCarthy isn't losing face. The Senate by its straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel is grimly promoting the dour suspicion that it can't afford to have these disclosures continue because McCarthy might bring down still bigger prey.

This Senator Watkins now. VALOR saw his reply to a letter that somebody in Utah had written him soliciting his aid in the Pelley case. To VALOR's recollection, he replied that Pelley had had a fair trial in 1942 and all things considered from the legislative standpoint, gotten just what he deserved.

That marked Senator Watkins, not so much for his allegiances as for his debatable knowledge of what goes on.

So McCarthy refused to discuss his personal finances with the Gillette Com-

mittee? Question: Would Senator Herbert Lehman have discussed his personal finances with the Gilette Committee—when has any senator consented to discuss his personal finances with any committee of his peers? And what's it got to do with whether or not Joe McCarthy is smoking out treason-artists in the highest echelons of government?

Let McCarthy take the whole issue to the country.

What can he lose?

The Real Censure

REFERRING to the McCarthy Censure again— It seems to have dawned upon a handful of Americans only as yet that the overall effect of the reprimand gesture made by the Watkins' Committee against the Wisconsin Senator constitutes one of the most subtle Pro-Red moves that could be made to destroy *all* confidence of the electorate in their duly and legally established free government.

Expressions are now being heard in the Midwest, "Good Lord, if the highest body in the land is shot full of pro-Communist supporters, what chance have the American people to whip this cancerous evil?"

In the current press the Watkins' Committeemen are reported as boiling with rage that any such inference should be made, that they are behaving like "handmaidens of Moscow" . . . the phrase alleged to be that of the Senator under attack. Apparently the Watkins' Committeemen never heard of the scriptural admonition, "By its fruits shall ye know the tree."

Evidently today's crop of top-echelon politicians forgets that the public thinks elementally, not in split-hair niceties of ethics. The spectacle of the highest congressional body censoring one of its members for his conduct in exposing traitors to the nation, already smells to high heaven. And the rank-and-file of American voters clearly indicate they are getting the odor. This is not the time or place to enter into the merits of the McCarthy controversy. Had McCarthy been high-riding and rough-handling army men and others who had shown sundry partialities to sympathizers of Hitler's



JUST KINDNESS



LSAW a man, with tottering steps,
Move down a graveled walk one day;
The honored frost of many years
Upon his head its mantle lay.
With trembling hands he strove to raise
The latch which locked the little gate,
Then starry eyes looked up and smiled
A silvery child-voice, with "Please wait!"

A little girl threw wide the gate
And held it till Old Age passed through,
Then closing it, raised to his face
Her modest glance of winsome blue.
"May heaven bless you, Little One,"
The old man said, tears in his eyes,
"Such deeds of kindness to the old
Must be recorded in the skies."

'Twas such a little thing to do,
A moment's time it took, no more,
And then the lithesome childish feet
Danced onward toward the schoolhouse door.
And yet I'm sure the angels smiled.
And penned it down in words of gold;
'Twas such a blessed thing to see,
The Young so kind to those grown Old!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

Nazi government, how many committees for his censorship would have resorted?

Obviously it makes a difference whose ox is gored. *That's* what the Midwest public is thinking, even if it isn't articulate about it yet.

The one great dereliction remains that the Watkins Committee's commission is aiding and supporting the world-wide destructive course of Moscow. The Bible

says as well, "He who is not for me is against me." The Watkins' Committee is against Senator Joe, and yet it naively asks the great mass-mind of the public to accept that it by no means countenances the predatory policies of the Kremlin. A few elemental lessons in mass psychology is recommended for the senators concerned.

But the real misfortune in all of it, as aforesaid, is the public's confusion



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over precisely where loyalty of the Senate *does* stand in respect to treasonable blocs within our government. Furthermore, at best it is putting the "dignity" of the Senate or a few army officers over and above the life-and-death issues involved and what Moscow can make out of it if the McCarthy censure stands.

One might as well say these things. The whole public is thinking them. It is thinking expressly, "Is senatorial dignity worth it?"

Reports came over the radio Monday that a 10,000,000-signature petition upholding and even commending McCarthy was in the making, but Tuesday's and Wednesday's newspapers came out mute concerning it. The whole of it boils down to the obvious disclosure of just how far the Moscovite interests have succeeded in penetrating civic and journalistic officialdom.

The significant question is still unanswered, "If McCarthy had scored Zwicker or any other official for pro-Nazi protection, would a Watkins Committee have appeared to censure him?" Until it is answered, the Senate stands condemned by its own antics.

The country for the first time in history, almost, is behind McCarthy in all this, and not behind its own duly elected Senate.

What happens when the Senate finds it out?

Saucer Sightings

(Continued from Page 4)

Mexico that had lighted portholes.

Space visitors continue to check the weakened fault zones of our Earth. That is why silent, exploding lights are observed all over the world just before upset strikes. It happened in the Ionian Islands, in Algeria, on the east coast of the United States, in many other areas.

The near future will see more shake-ups, floods—and Saucers. Our space friends appear no longer as waiting or depending on worldly governments. Since they had to approach delegated authority first on Earth, they now are free to go directly to the man in the street. And that is exactly what they are starting to do. There will not be mass landings in the immediate future . . . Chicago will not be flooded on Decem-

ber 21, 1954. Christmas will come and go in the "Windy City" as usual. However, there will be upheavals here and there, but not of the vast proportions now envisioned by certain researchers. Look for unusual snowfalls this winter and "signs in the earth beneath."

H-bomb dust from Russia has been reported in West Virginia, and Russia has been experimenting in the far Arctic toward the North Pole. Recent weather disturbances are due in part to these detonations. Radioactive rainfall has been falling in Japan because of these Soviet tests.

Saucer sightings always increase in areas due for catastrophe. Remember the gigantic cigar craft over Rome? And now the terrible Italian floods. Recent reports in New Zealand and then the tornado and quake followed. It was the worst quake in fifteen years.

Fear nothing in this time of world unrest . . . "The eagles are here to greet us."

American Legion

(Continued from Page 3)

ment, whereby the armies of one country shall be used to "police" the populace of another. American soldiers will be policing Latvia and Timbuctoo while Russian soldiers police the corner of Meridian and Washington Streets, Indianapolis . . the policy-framers contemplate such a brazen piece of hocus-pocus and hope to make it stick . . But the American army will no longer be under the bidding and direction of Congress and the Pentagon. It will be under the Military Secretariat of United Nations.

There is just one bloc in the United States Scene that may write *Finis* to such skulduggery.

That is the American Legion!

LET the globalists not be hoodwinked. The American Legion is still a power in this Republic. And it is displaying more patriotism in the current crisis than even the Watkinsites of the Federal Senate.

The American Legion may rise up and have something to say about a little handful of willful men treatying away our Constitutional Bill of Rights to the suc-

(Continued on Page 14)

Your Other Half

(Continued from Page 5)

Soul, but as matters appear now, our bodies and social inhibitions both stand in the way of such ecstatic consummation of spiritual fusion."

And because there is no surmounting such barriers without projecting a scandal or landing in jail, the whole proposition—in its practicable aspects at least—has to be dismissed.

SOMETIMES there are more esoteric methods by which clues to the individual complication are obtained. Outstanding cases are of record which tend to announce them in the following manner: A woman will make her entrance, unobtrusively, into the developing career of a man. Such entrance may take place in comparative adolescence or may be delayed until maturity. No matter!

When she first makes her appearance, the man may not pay her much marked attention. If pressed closely later to remark upon the happening he will concede that from the very beginning of their relationship he felt a relieving ease in her presence, a tendency to intimacy beyond him to explain.

They may never once have overstepped the bounds of the most rigorous propriety, but truth to tell, none such was necessary. Biological union would have muddled something fine and superior between them—at least in those long opening phases of their contact.

As time rocks on, through nothing which either contrives deliberately, they make the mutual discovery that they cannot fall out of contact, even if they would. They may part for certain sequences, due to the vicissitudes of earthly happenings, but unerringly their pathways lead them back together.

They are not obligated to each other knowingly, in the slightest particular. One of them may even marry—to work out karmic obligations with the Twin Spirit of some other person, perchance unknown to them. But even marriage of a strictly worldly nature to the Twin Spirit of some other Edenic entity, by no means disrupts that seemingly insoluble union. They feel toward each other precisely as they have always.

One trusts the other implicitly, and that trust is never violated. One puts his

or her life-affairs unrestrictedly into the other's keeping, when for the lives of either of them they could give no satisfactory reasons why they should do so.

Strangely enough, these two need not be strictly on a par either mentally or temperamentally. One may be possessed of more academic erudition than the other. But spiritually there is approximately the same Quality of Consciousness.

Such a relationship may proceed for years with neither one of them thinking very much about it, excepting that they acknowledge that such affinity exists.

Nevertheless it is a fact that usually the Terrible Moment arrives when the stark reality of the association—and its basic motivation—stands nakedly and unashamedly before them both.

Hitherto they have carelessly, vaguely platonically loved each other—as the term is accepted.

Suddenly, overpoweringly, it is brought home to one or both of them that they are "in love" with each other—and in that paralyzing revelation Sex may play small part.

It is, however, a blissfully complementing part, and if it be of moment, it merely symbolizes organically the fusion between them that is either ultimate or imminent.

In such revelation, the man in question suddenly *feels* in the personality of the mystically complementing woman—unit a complete and all-encompassing compilation of all the attributes that have touched him or revealed themselves to him only objectively in the myriads of other women-personalities he has met.

Such a feminine counterpart is sweetheart, mistress, wife, mother, sister, nurse, business partner, daughter, and fairy godmother—all rolled into one, without the slightest gesture on his part to bring such miracle to pass.

It is altogether a fearsome disclosure when it comes, and it may wreak the havoc of a bolt of lightning. On the other hand, it may deepen and sweeten life to such an extent that the final going-out of the one partner will work automatically to pull the other partner out of fleshly form along for company.

ONE thing is certain: that there is such a thing as the Edenic Soul di-

(Continued on Page 14)

Behold Life!



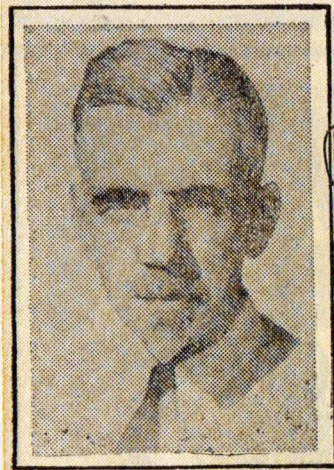
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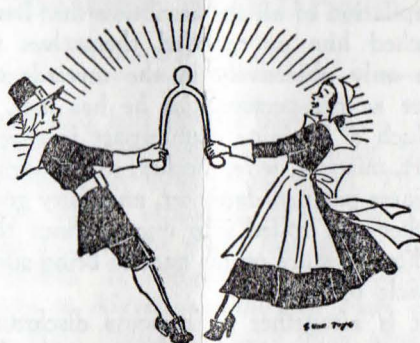
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Cogitations

MAKE all the snide remarks about New England that you choose, I think I knew what I was about when I got myself reincarnated against the background of the place. And the place was Lynn, Massachusetts. It was, and is, a city in Essex County on Massachusetts Bay, ten miles northeast of Boston, with a present population of roughly a hundred thousand. Besides being distinguished as the birth-city of a penman who made Roosevelt's declining years as unpleasant as possible, it has long been noted as the early community of two other celebrities, Mary Baker Eddy and Lydia Pinkham. I came to Lynn because the stork brought me. Mary Eddy came to Lynn some twenty-three years antedating myself, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Clark on Summer Street and stayed to establish the nation's first metaphysical college. Lydia Pinkham came to Lynn in name only, on the front of sundry cruets of a concoction that caused elderly ladies to whoop it up after sampling six bottles whenever they felt poorly. There have been diverse personalities of many descriptions domiciled in Lynn but most of them otherwise went into the business of boots and shoes. When I fell with a thump on the roof of 32 Goodrich Street on the night of March 12, 1890 because the stork would lighten his obstetrical load that evening with a "Ha-Ha-Ha!—Pooh!" comment, the metropolis was noted for being the center of the footwear industry of the then United States. My dad even started life commercially as foreman of the stitching-room at Valpey & Anthony's big factory, and those being the days when tender females were modestly emerging from the sanctity of the home in order to

help out with domestic expenses, my dear little mother got her first job in that stitching-room and my father looked upon her and perceived that she was fair. Soon he was dating her, and in due time proposed that she give up working for Valpey & Anthony for money and work for him the rest of her life for nothing. I never look upon a pair of brand new shoes taken from tissue that I fail to feel romance vaguely scenting them . . . Time rocked along and the distinction that Lynn enjoyed anent the shoe industry passed to Brockton, whereas my dad went to theological school nights and passed into the ministry. Mary Eddy passed to Boston and the Christian Science Mother Church, and it is my considered understanding that during Prohibition days, Lydia Pinkham's passing was done mainly from hand to hand under the table



linen. People in those days would drink anything. But Lynn still manages to Get Along . . . It was still on the map the last time I looked at it. I use Lynn to preface my personal remarks this week because it was and is so near to Boston and Boston was, and is, so near to Plymouth where the Pilgrim Fathers came ashore from their glorified sailboat and celebrated the first Thanksgiving . . .

IT was a great section of the country in which to find oneself successfully inducted and growing up, particularly back at the turn of the century. You never heard a corny radio joke in those days, you could cross any street without a chromium motorcar nicking your bodily fenders, no loose airplane parts fell down your neck while standing up as the national anthem was being played, and though admittedly there was a saloon on every corner and sometimes four at each intersection, they were openly known as such Festers of Sin that you shunned them on principle. But even in those grogshops no patron was ever heard to split an infinitive—not so close to Boston as Lynn. You might split your colleague's cranium with a whiskey demijohn but watch your infinitives. Split infinitives were out . . . Moreover, we learned to keep holidays quite as holy as Sundays. Particularly did we keep Memorial Day, July 4th, and Thanksgiving Day holy—although Independence Day could be described as more or less a holy racket. The post offices, grogshops and banks all closed—for some other reason than a mere excuse to do no work and draw the day's pay for doing nothing—everything closed in fact but the nation's family kitchens. Those, like the grogshops of all other days, were wide open. And the sacrificial offering of the holy day was the Turkey, which went into the domestic oven around nine o'clock and came out around twelve singed to a savory brown and stuffed with chestnut dressing so generously that it had to lie on its back in the platter with legs in air. I don't recall a single Thanksgiving from the time I was two years old, up to leaving home at twenty-one that mother didn't do herself proud with the Turkey, much less skip serving

one. The Thanksgiving Turkey was an institution. And institutions meant something to us in those halcyon days of open grog-shops and infinitives prohibited when split in public. Incidentally I might add that mother's turkey was always accompanied by a deep dish of cranberry-sauce made from Cape Cod cranberries, sweet potatoes, and an aftermath of three kinds of pie—apple, pumpkin and mince. After which preparation of viands she should not have been blamed if she needed either one of my feminine Lynn compatriots, Mary or Lydia. Strangely enough, recalling those sacrosanct occasions up here at sixty-five, the distinction of the Turkey was actually overshadowed by father's Saying of the Blessing . . .

o—o

HE DIDN'T Say the Blessing because he was a clergyman, because he wasn't a clergyman after my tenth year and yet I recall that he went straight ahead when each annual hush had fallen on the board after the entrance of the turkey, the cranberries, the sweet potatoes and three kinds of pie—apple, pumpkin and mince—and humbly and feelingly gave The Father our appreciation for the blessings we were about to enjoy. Rarely did we ever have a guest at those homely domestic banquets, I can't for the life of me figure why. Year upon year the board consisted of father, mother, sister Edna—four years my junior—and myself, and we bowed and kept our eyes down while dad talked with the Lord about our blessings. I not only choose a notable city to be born in, I choose a most laudable pair of parents to bring me up in the ways I should go that when I was old I should not depart from them . . . harrowing the Marxists in the 1932 Administration not counting particularly. The older I get, the better perspective is mine to see my sire in his true light, as I've remarked in these papers before. Any dad who, without the slightest stentorian sanctimony, makes his only son remember up sixty-odd years the way he said the Blessing before Thanksgiving Turkey deserves something more than a harp and a crown to feature his post-mortem years. Maybe I'd remember him for another sixty-odd years if I ever glimpsed him with a crown on, and twanging a harp, because he wouldn't be in character. And he most assuredly was in character, saying those Blessings . . . By the way, I asked Silverleaf the other ev-

ening what dad was about, that he hadn't once dropped in on present day Soulcraft to say howdy. "You dad's away on a tremendously important assignment for the Lord," was her answer. He *would* be!

o—o

SHAMELESSLY we gorged ourselves, I regret to say, on that upturned Turkey with its accompaniment of cranberries, sweet potatoes and three kinds of pie. But neither of my parents were the types that thereupon went to sleep on sofas, napkins over their faces. Invariably after the feast-table was cleared, father hitched his favorite horse into the Concord buggy and we went for a ride in crisp November air—over streets that were frozen but usually snowless, through a town and countryside that was quiet, sedate, ultra-respectable. We drove at four miles per hour to "settle our dinners." There being neither theatres nor movie shows at which to spend Thanksgiving evening, we compromised on the Thanksgiving "Concert" at the local church. There, of course, we heard more praying. But it was voluminous, throaty, often with gestures. The minister thanked God for the nation, he thanked God for its history, he thanked God for the government, he thanked God for the Pilgrim Fathers, and he thanked God for himself. Little Miss Pease gave us an organ solo, then Artemus Howard sang in bass, *The Breaking Waves Dashed High on a Stern and Rockbound Coast*. A collection was taken up for something or other—our local Methodist Church never had its lamps lighted that a collection wasn't taken up for something before they were blown out, and a man named Ingalls who'd been to the Klondyke and lucky to come home with his shirt, took up half an hour every year relating what his Thanksgiving of 1899 had been at Nome—or maybe it was Juneau. At any rate, he told about it. Then everybody stood up and sang *Blessed Be the Tie that Binds*, and we came home with the first wispy snow of December winter mottling mother's face-veil, and I fell asleep to dreams of Christmas less than four weeks distant. I forgot to say that the *piece de resistance* of that church festivity had been the pastor's address about the hard luck the Pilgrims had enjoyed their first year on Cape Cod, and thank God the Rock on which they'd landed was still in place . . . and me wanting to correct



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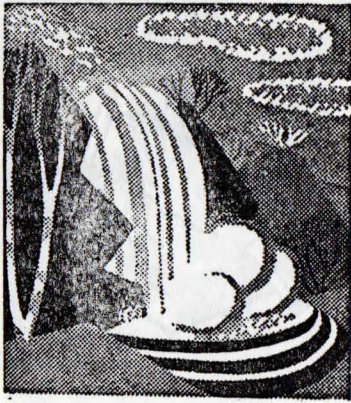
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him in my fanaticism for accuracy and tell him it wasn't—it had been moved closer in-shore and had a stone canopy built over it so the ensuing wintry weather wouldn't wear it to a pebble . . .

o—o

BUT do you know what the true occasion was, that the heroism of the Pilgrim Fathers really was borne home to me? . . . No, not at the festive table where father said the Blessing and went through the motions of honing the carving knife before detaching one turkey leg for his favorite son . . . It was borne home to me of a night as late as the *summer* of 1937 when in Plymouth, it behooved myself and companion on a motor trip up to Boston to go forth in moonlight and climb the hill to the graveyard that overlooks the glistening roofs of Plymouth Village. We strolled up there, I say, and the full moon was bright enough to show us the lettered sign above the grave of Governor William Bradford under the low-hanging branches of a cemetery elm. It's a somewhat puny little plot, not more than four feet long I warn you if you ever visit it. Gives you the impression that the doughty old Governor of the original Colony, sleeping under it, has shortened in stature with the senility of intervening time. Around about the place the gravestones of his colleagues and compatriots were likewise foreshortened and silent under that summer moon. And do you know what I felt? I felt as though I wanted to pray, myself, as father had prayed at those long vanished Thanksgiving dinners when I was in my teens. That world-lost little hilltop burial ground probably holds the husks of more Great Souls to the acre than any similar plot of real estate in any country on earth. But here was the secret of them—not one of them knew, or even suspected, in his or her lifetime that he or she would ever be counted *great*. It's trite to say that they dared the boisterous North Atlantic in little more than a glorified sailboat to worship God as they deemed God should be worshiped. *They simply did the thing that seemed right to do under all circumstances.* But that's the code of true Greatness, according to my liturgy. And yet they were humble in doing it. Now we're down here in the days when Thanksgiving is mainly giggle, gabble, gobble, and *git*. And we must all go out as soon as darkness falls and see the lat-

est cinemascope where a Hollywood show gal shows as much of her anatomy as the law allows. Well, I say it's still more or less like the grogshops of my boyhood. All so garish and tawdry that it reminds you of rightness for righteousness sake. . . I still find myself murmuring a concurring "AMEN!" with the father who's "away on a terribly important assignment for the Lord . . ." Further deponent sayeth not . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Your Other Half

(Continued from Page 11)

viding, the feminine attributes departing from the masculine, and both sets of attributes playing out the drama of incarnation as their interests may appear.

That there is no ecstasy in all Cosmos similar to the ecstasy of the final fusion, is seriously impressed upon us by stupendous wits in Higher Octaves who have either known it themselves or witnessed its transaction.

If a person knows that he or she is engaged in working out a program, the reasons for which will ultimately be disclosed, he or she can find the stamina to push forward.

It is the person who lives without conscious suspicion of any reason for it at all, who endures perpetual torment.

Blessed are the Enlightened, for they shall endure the earth!

American Legion

(Continued from Page 10)

cessors of Alger Hiss and his clique!

As a matter of fact, it would not be a bad proposition to begin considering that in case of the Watkinsites of the world wholly emasculating the federal lawmakers and the structure of Constitutionalism being demolished, that temporary government of the nation be turned over to the Legion for jurisdiction. The native American doesn't live, loyal to his country and its duly chartered government, who needs fear the slightest injustice being visited upon him by arbitrary Legion officials, or the Legion's native rank-and-file.

As the time for crucial action on the U-N revision draws nearer, why not look

to The Legion to achieve those things on which our federal legislative bodies are obviously defecting. The American people could look further and do worse. The Legion Boys have been through the mill of real conflict and know the price that true patriotism costs.

As for the *machinery-of-peace* sheep-dipped as earlier quoted about this subversive and traitorous UN foisted upon us by the pro-Moscovite idealists, VALOR would call attention to its obvious propaganda slanting.

So persons from 105 different countries have registered in the past six months, eh?

VALOR would like to see a list of those 105 countries.

There are only 78 bona fide countries en toto on this whole befuddled planet. Count 'em!

Anything Happened

(Continued from Page 2)

before it manifests on this one, it is a wholly constructive gesture to give fullest credence to her pronouncements.

Harriet has several times given her father advance notice of occurrences that were building up on her higher-side—events which now are history—but she uniformly assured him that naught but overwhelming success awaited the consummation of the Soulcraft Program. And this could scarcely be realized in a nation that had suddenly been made to collapse or gone irrevocably to the dogs.

"You have *everything* to be thankful about this Thanksgiving," she remarked audibly to her father on a recent evening. "Your personal troubles are coming to their great ending, daddy." And forthwith she launched into a vivid description of THE GOLDEN CENTER OF SOULCRAFT that she saw already builded in the higher dimensions, only awaiting materialization on this.

Her father will believe and accept that, because the beloved daughter who has never told him an inaccurate statement yet, has said it to him by direct word of mouth . . .

BUT casting around the whole nation in the broader sense, does not the same recommendation apply?

True, we had three disastrous hurri-

canes this autumn that did great damage to life and property. There have been minor earthquakes in diverse places. Our whole weather program is altering with summers getting hotter and winters becoming milder. But these are territorial episodes, not global catastrophes. The walls of political, military, and economic isolation are building higher and higher about Red Russia. Communism becomes a vital issue to the peoples of the whole free world—and moves toward a crisis. Racist megalomaniacs confront obstruction after obstruction—nothing appears to sugar off to their permanent advantage, while all the time the fright grows mightier that complete racist exposures will bring well-nigh global retaliations on individuals.

Actually, the entire world moves nearer and nearer a stupendous celestial crisis. *The physical presence of Christ the Lord is not now so preposterously distant as it was a decade back in history.*

These are the greater major developments for which Soulcraft, through VALOR, is appreciative *this* Thanksgiving.

"The Breaking Waves dashed high on a stern and rockbound coast, and the trees against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed; and the lowering night hung dark the hills and waters o'er, as a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore!" . . . yes, all of that, indeed.

But we are all Pilgrim Fathers after a fashion, making the voyage valorous across this bleak and forbidding ocean of experience. Yet our nation as a nation has actualized hospitality in this new land. God could not turn against us and desert us *now* when we have come so far.

Suppose we ignore these screechers of calamity and concentrate on the ineffable blessings we concretely are enjoying day upon day. It is the present moment that truly counts. Yesterday has gone into history and tomorrow never arrives.

Meanwhile Soulcraft intends to hew straight to a line of embracing *all* confirmations of God's goodness and benevolence, expressed in supernal enlightenment whether they come by clairaudient precept or spoken attestation of those who live daily on the Vantage Points and see the future unrolled as a scroll.

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

THE BOOK Department of Soulcraft is operating on all six. Three separate printing plants are manufacturing different titles, the Noblesville Headquarters' plant, a second at Greenfield, Indiana, and a third at Indianapolis. The new round-cornered and limp-covered edition of *Behold Life* has been finished and shipped, first deliveries of the revised and augmented edition of *The Dead are Alive* were made this week and remained in our shipping-room exactly one day, *Getting Born* is arriving in heavy quantities and carries not on the premises, while *Know Your Karma* is being pushed through the Noblesville presses to be completed around Thanksgiving. The tenth volume of *Soulscripts* goes to the bindery this coming week, with only two more volumes to make the 12-volume set. Only one piece of work remains to be done after Christmas—the 600-page edition of *Undying Mind*. That's the capstone resume of all Soulcraft Esoterics, already written and waiting time on the linotype. With the issuance of *Undying Mind* I intend to call a writing holiday on myself. I shall have penned something like 51 books on these sacred subjects—which we believe tops the volume of metaphysics ever written by any author anywhere in history. Not even Swedenborg or Lorber approximated such amount of mystical information. I'm having *Undying Mind* brought out last because it recapitulates everything of importance said in the lesser books.

OF COURSE, while all this new publishing is going on, more reprints are coming up. The Greenfield plant finished and delivered to us the first reprint copies of Number Four *Soulscripts* this past week as well, being the first of the 12-volume set of *Soulscripts* in the permanent format. In it, the Scripts follow each other without two-color covers or extraneous publicity of any kind, merely a titled flyleaf between each Script. *Star Guests* in the new round-cornered, limp-covered format is being reproduced and the type has been all set for a round-cornered and limp-covered edition of *Thinking Alive*, now unpardonably out of print the past eight years. Then *Earth Comes* and *Thresholds of Tomorrow* must be supplied in repeat editions. Thereafter, insofar as mechanical product is concerned, I want to see my fifteen-reel treatment of the Christ life, as earlier sent out on the electronic tapes, done into a limp-covered volume under the title, *The Coming of the Elder Brother*. And I have three volumes of the 1932 Blue Lectures that I want to see given book presentation, *Sun-Up in Eden*, *Lights in the Firmament* and *Trail of*

the Serpent, all three expounding past eras of civilization on our planet, giving us background for our cultural and religious fixations of the present. Likewise there would be at least four volumes of reprints of outstanding COGITATIONS—*Almost Innocent*, *This Banknote World*, *Satan Exalted Sat*, and *Few Die and None Resign*. Still the question arises in the minds of some, what may I have in mind after all these are between covers? Apparently they want me to go on talking forever! , ,

I SUPPOSE, granting the country remains reasonably right-side up, I shall devote my remaining years to pushing the reading of these books, or giving Sunday-night lectures from the platform of new GOLDEN CENTER OF SOULCRAFT—as its buildings are titled, now being planned from higher echalons of life by my materialized visitors. The master Soulcraft Chapel will be an auditorium a hundred feet long and sixty-five feet wide, seating 960 persons. Its nave will be something like 60 feet in height and I'm hoping it's to be equipped with a glorious pipe organ. We shall see how the books sell, or rather, *continue* to sell. The reader-list of Soulcraft publications has precisely *doubled* since last June. And the most promising sign amid the whole of it is the fact that clients who buy one Soulcraft book, in result of its advertising, inevitably come back for most of the list—though hundreds are doing it one volume at a time on account of personal finance. One school of thought in Soulcraft laments every occasion in which I give the slightest publicity to such expanding popularity. The rank-and-file, it contends, will take for granted that the work has been done, the doctrine gone over, and the individual support no longer a requirement. I don't see it that way. I believe in telling the Old-Time Soulcrafters just what sugaring-off effects their sturdy support of the past is producing. If it's good I'll say so, if it's bad I'll say so. But the certainty of THE GOLDEN CENTER looms closer and closer, and I suppose I'll still have to arise and do my stuff when it's finished . . . With *Undying Mind* printed and on the shelves, Soulcraft will have the titles and the book-stock to transact a million-dollar business in 1955.

What I want from there on out is an institution that's in a position to put on visual and tangible demonstrations of the truth of what the thousands of book-pages expound. . . But anyhow, the finish of my book-writing is in sight. I shall have said enough for one lifetime. Over six million words of counselling on what to expect, and how to conduct yourself, when you awaken on the higher planes and realize that you're *dead!* Something to think about, indeed!

¶ TO succeed on your merits and then to maintain your position by the same methods—that is honorable victory! . . .