

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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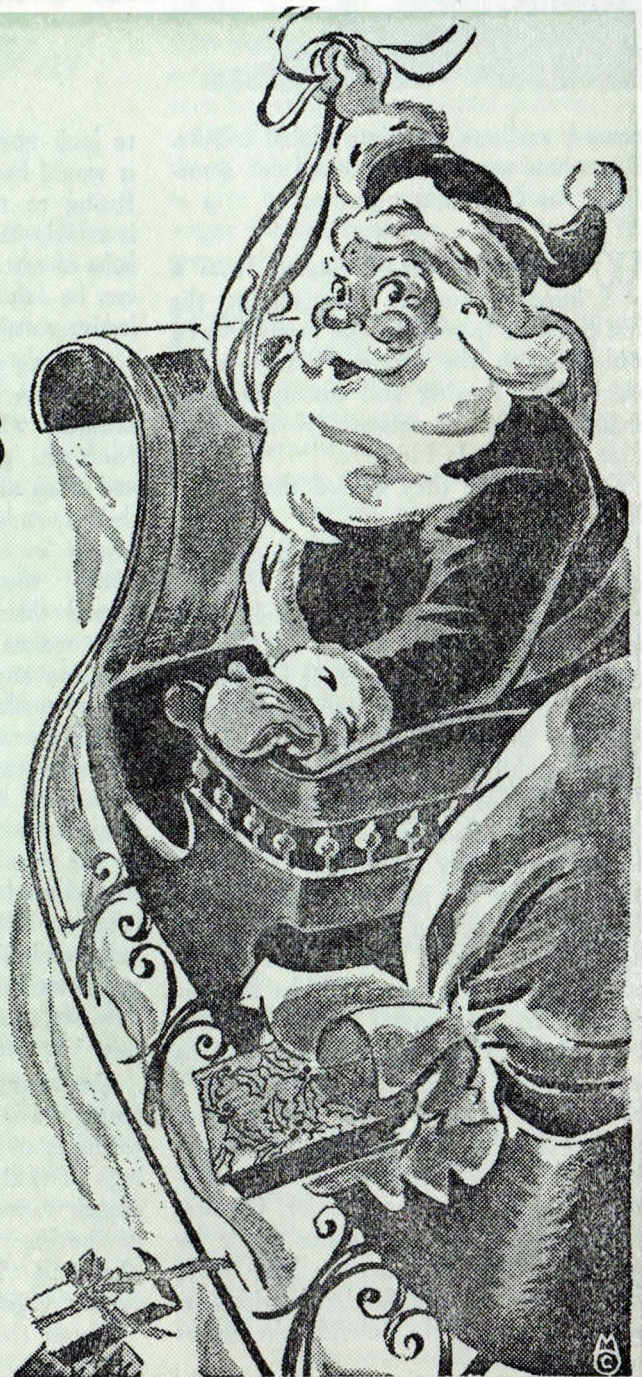
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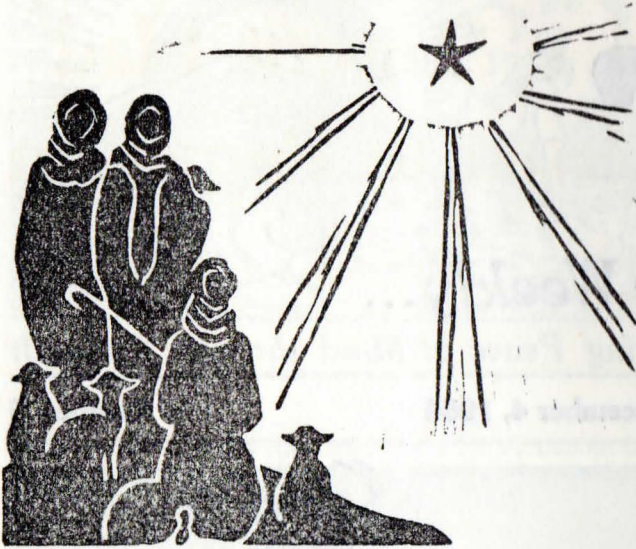
And Now, GREEN LIGHT TO CHRISTMAS

IT COMES only three weeks from today. The youngsters, if none else, have enlightened us on that.

Presently the throat-filling strains of *Silent Night* and *Little Town of Bethlehem* will be reaching our ears from every direction. The shops already are glittering. The Christmas Bells are decorating the lamp posts in all the more public-spirited communities. It is trite to remark that the birthday of our Lord approaches. It is by no means trite to call attention to the fact that with the Christmas of 1954 reached, the personality of the Christ becomes more than ever the one outstanding figure of the world. After passing of nineteen centuries, it seems, the Jesus of Bethlehem and Galilee *is coming into His own!* . . . More books are being written about Him—and selling heavier—more motion-pictures being produced and exhibited to more sizable crowds of spectators, more speeches are being made about the resplendency of His character, and more quotations being taken from His reported utterings, than from any other celebrity in the history of the earth . . .

It is a phenomenal thing that the further back into history He recedes, the more vital and omnipresent He becomes. Con-





trovery mellows now into global tribute. The whole earth seems poised for something *this* Christmas night . .

WE HAVE heard it stated from a hundred sources that almost the first question framed by the newly-arrived soul-spirit on the Higher Planes—after making the Passing and discovering the realistic survival of personality—is, “Shall I see Jesus? . . Is He *here*?”

Decidedly are they assured that He is there.

One of the most graphic and entrancing little books that has come to VALOR's notice up the past decade, has been written by one Anthony Borgia of London under the title *More Light*. It is actually a series of clairaudient papers transmitted from the loftier realms by a friend who in earth-life was first a clergyman of the Church of England but later embraced Catholicism and became a priest. Borgia particularly asked him on one occasion—so the text implies—not only concerning the effect on the world of Spirit that a great earthly festival like Christmas may exert, but how the Elder Brother regards personally many of the forms of deification which earthly denominations have effected. The priest's answers to such questions in this and several other small volumes, published by Feature Books, Ltd., of London, *parallels Soulcraft in almost every particular*. Certainly it parallels the attestments made by the materialized entities who have from time to time favored Soulcraft with materialized visits. Of Yuletide the priest had this to say—

“IN THE spirit world, Thought is not necessarily seen, as it were, in transit. If that were so, the whole of the heavenly realms would be crisscrossed with a maze of colored shafts of light of varying degrees of intensity. While such effect might be curious, and indeed pretty

to look upon at first sight, after a time it would become too distracting and confusing to the mind. Thought therefore is mostly invisible in transit. But the results of certain concentrations of Thought can be felt by us all over here in a collective sense.

“During the times of festivity on the earth-plane, such for example at Christmastide, when the earth-world breathes forth the greatest measure of goodwill, and when many folks' minds turn toward their friends in the higher lands, *we are keenly aware of a great ascension of kindly thoughts*, and such thoughts spread themselves over and throughout these realms like a great mantle of warm affection and joyousness. That is the result of combined efforts of thoughts. Now prayer operates in precisely the same way as the two forms of concentrated Thought I have just outlined to you . . .” And the good priest, however confronted by the titanic disillusionings as to the after-life which he propounded on earth, proceeds for 141 pages into some of the most enlightening phases of collaboration and polarities between mortal life and spiritual life, that have found print in the past ten years.

Everything happening on the earth plane is known on the spirit plane—even to the moment-by-moment acts and speakings of individuals to one another. “We appear vaporous to you,” the writer says in another place, “and you regard us as phantoms. But remember you appear equally vaporous to us from this plane.”

About the Elder Brother Himself, he says this—

“MANY of my friends of earth might be tempted to ask, ‘Where is Jesus? Have you and others in your realms seen Him? Or does He only remain in the exalted realms wherein one supposes He abides?’

“To answer the last question first . . . *there is no one of us in these realms who has not seen Jesus Himself*. He is a constant visitor, and it has been my privilege as well as that of many another, to have spoken with Him. And why not, pray? There is no bar or barrier, no hindrance of any kind to a being of the exalted realms visiting any lower realm he so desires. Visitants from the higher realms are continually to be observed upon their journeyings to and fro between their own spheres and these other spheres. They have their work to do which takes them upon such visits in person. Such beings know the infinite delight they afford us here by their presences, and they do not deny us that pleasure merely because someone—or anyone—does not think they can, or should. journey from their high estates to a lower realm, We are not subject to earthly opinion in such matters. We acknowledge realities, the things that *do* happen in the world of spirit.



“With the universal prominence of the very name of Jesus, it is not remarkable that we should seek the opportunity of seeing Him and speaking with Him. What do you suppose are the feelings of folk when, meeting Jesus in this natural way, they recall what their Church taught them about Him while they were incarnate, namely that this same illustri-

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SUPPOSE the Teutons Had Not Reverted to Paganism

HOW the Fuehrer Missed the Bus in Spiritual Matters as Surely as in War and Diplomacy . .

THE WORLD is now generally agreed that the former German Fuehrer made many gargantuan blunders. Chief among them is listed the animus he exercised against non-German racial blocs. Others declare his greatest error was not crossing the English Channel when he had opportunity instead of turning eastward and attempting to crush Russia, thinking such move would win him support in the West. But there was a third great blunder that few pause to consider . .

In his zeal to overcome the antagonistic activities of the pro-Palestinian group within Germany, he really antagonized the world's orthodox Christian elements outside of Germany, without the sagacity to supply rational substitution for traditional orthodoxy. Truly thoughtful people, making astounding discoveries about the literalities of the Higher Realms, cannot help wondering what the effect on Europe's history might have been had the Fuehrer made a sincere and bona fide effort to explore the true destiny of the human soul through the rationalism of sacred Psychological Research?

Instead, he stupidly offered the Fatherland's religious masses a reversion to Norse paganism—and the pantheism of Valhalla dynasties.

The latter has no more basis in fact than many of the extravagant and frequently necromantic claims of Theology. Had he made truly earnest researches into the origins of Christianity, he would have found not the slightest premise for castigating Jesus of Nazareth—entirely

the contrary. *Offering Thor and Wodin in place of Christ was the absurd and stupid thing that defeated him.*

It is all water under the bridge now, of course—or perhaps we should phrase it a deluge of mortal blood under the bridge—but the speculation is practicable because of the possibility that the same error can be repeated by other so-called "leaders" . .

THE FUEHRER during his official career was lampooned throughout the press of the world as a necromantic who relied on the counsel of astrologists, soothsayers, and occultists. Nowhere did the frailest evidence come to light that he held bona fide spiritist communion with the true denizens of the Realms of Light. Had he done so, his career might not have ended in disaster.

Talk about the Germans being a "super-race" is of course bombastic propaganda. But the rank-and-file of the Teutonic peoples is predominantly and earnestly Christian. One of the greatest and most pathetic tragedies of World War II was the situation of German Christian women huddled in cellars with terrified children clutching their skirts, offering up agonized prayers that the English and American bombers passing overhead did not wreck havoc on themselves and dear ones, while across a short spread of water, English and American wives and mothers offered up prayers to the same God that their aviators sons achieve their missions

successfully and come back unharmed . .

What Germany truly was waiting for, was something Hitler woefully neglected to supply—the application of Teutonic semi-scientific mentality and temperament to the obtaining of correct facts about religion and religious notions of survival. The world could have been done a great service and the Kremlin bogey not now been haunting our nocturnal pillows.

In all charity, with malice toward none, the Yuletide Season is an excellent period to give thought to such stupidities. They augur for our behavior of the future, ir-respective of racial antagonisms . .

IT MAY be argued, not without merit, that had Hitler pursued any such explorative psychical policy he would not have resorted to the strong-arm expedients internally that brought upon him the mass vote of the world's censure. Instead, he resorted to the sword and inevitably perished by the sword—or at least his political suzerainty perished by the sword.

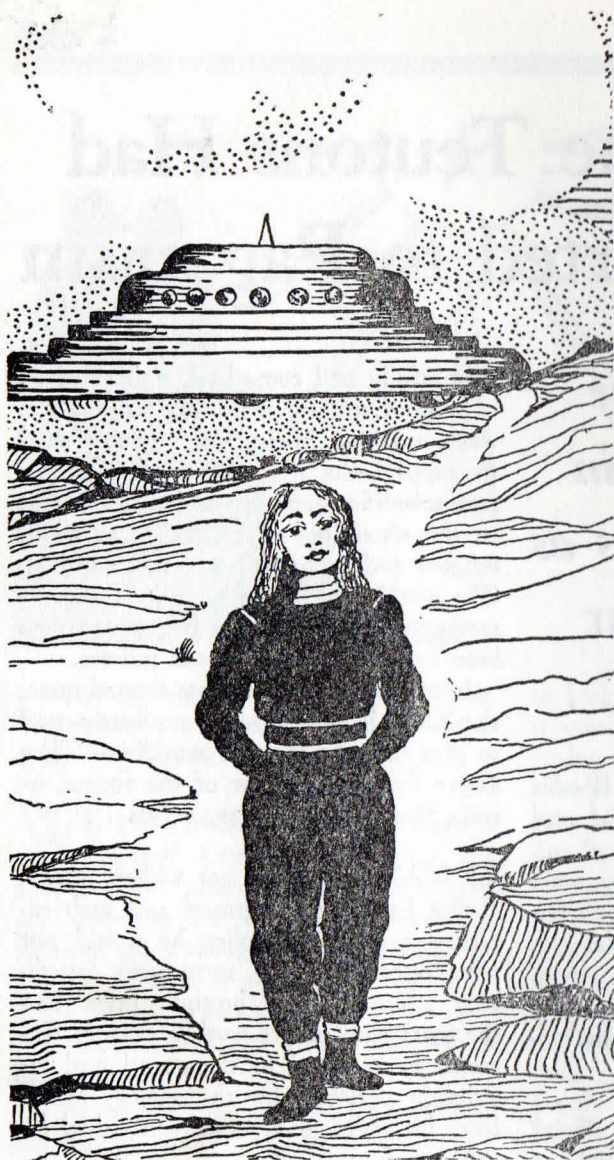
That eventuality too was only a more certain demonstration of the breaking of a law of Cosmos. He could have won his moral points without resorting to the sword. He could have raised up in Germany—and surrounding countries—a vast concentration of human attention on the badly misrepresented origins of theological Christianity. Had he done so, he undoubtedly would have been in power today, his basic designs achieved by moral conquest, since the claims of theology based on anthropological origins would not have withstood the findings of Teutonic efficiency for ten days.

The fact that Hitler resorted to none of these, demonstrated his colossal ignorance of cosmic fundamentals. That in turn demonstrated his *real* lack of qualification to lead his "master race" out of the valleys of international bedlams. None of this is belatedly taking up arms for the vanquished Nazis. It is pointing

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Saucers and Space Men Appearing over Italy . .

By George Hunt Williamson



THE Flying Saucers are flying thick and fast around Italy and many a skeptic is eating his words. Recently, they were over Florence three days in a row. The Italy sightings are not being published in the United States, but one Air Force ROTC member has reported that there is major interest in Saucers on the part of top officials. One ROTC group recently had a two hour Saucer lecture at the Canton, Ohio jet base. Air Force officers admitted that the government knows Saucers exist but they will not let out such information yet because they are afraid many people will panic.

A friend, writing from Italy, says—

“I THINK the United States is still hushing up the Saucer story, but the Italian papers can't do so very well when

over half the country is not only seeing them but also seeing a shower of white 'glass wool or web' land on the town and countryside where they pass.

“It started about a week ago when formations of them were seen over Livorno . . . the next day was even more interesting . . . boats all along the Adriatic wired in descriptions for half an hour, so that course and speed could be fairly well plotted out. Fishermen deserted their boats in terror and Florentine journalists started writing less facetiously. Then the day after, they saw for themselves from the roof of the newspaper offices, the glowing discs investigating the Duomo. A physicist in the center of town saw one cross the sky and with the

help of a cloud cover, and timing the trajectory, figured it must have been going about twenty-five hundred kilometers an hour (fifteen hundred m.p.h.)

“The same day the white spun glass business was repeated . . . some of it was obtained and put in a bottle. The football game between Florence and Pistoia that was going on in the stadium came to a complete standstill as several Flying Saucers went over. We talked to one of the fellows who was there while we had coffee in a local cafe. He took one of the table's saucers and showed us a typical movement . . . a couple of Italians heard him and didn't believe. He said: 'All right, don't believe me . . . but I laughed too . . . until yesterday.'

“The day before, a friend who owns a television station in Florence had come up from Rome and said his television company was planning a program on Saucers

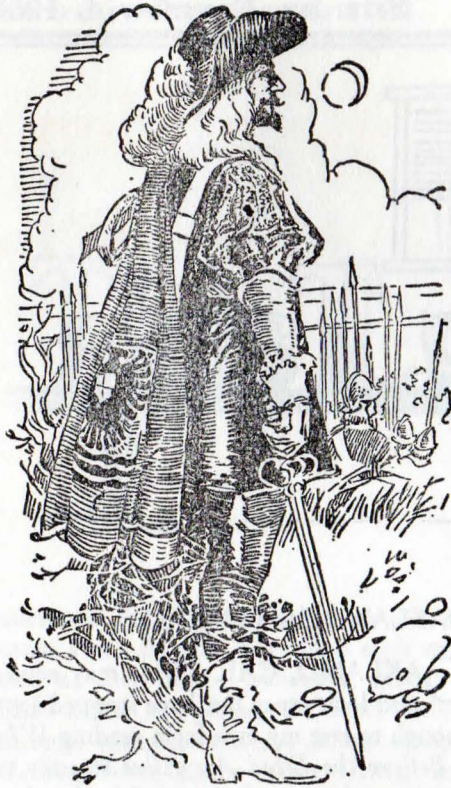
and he had interviewed Clare Boothe Luce, U. S. ambassador, all the foreign attaches and the American Air Force head there. He said they all think they're from *outer space!* Mrs. Luce said that the American government would probably soon open up with some information on them. She is one on a committee of four that evidently are to investigate them, and will talk on the television program.

“WHILE our friend was in the air attache's office he called a colonel and told him while he was in the States to go to Washington and get some information for the Italian program. Our friend had talked to a prominent Saucer author and now believed that spacemen had actually been seen.

“Last night more stories appeared in the paper and this time a really incredible one . . . yet too fantastic to have been made up. In a little town, in the vicinity of Milan, about ten o'clock, a man was returning from the movies on his bicycle. Passing the local sports field he noticed a light of exceptional intensity, a luminous body and nearby 'two small shadows' that emitted strange sounds. He pedaled back into the town to call the police and describe 'with a voice broken by emotion' what he had seen to anyone who would listen.

“A group of men went back and described figures with white pants, grey jackets, and transparent helmets. Intense light of the disc enabled them to perceive a face of dark color. The men tried to force open the gates to the field and threw stones . . . however, although the stones hit the disc they *didn't make any sound doing so!* (Evidently repulsed by the resonating electro-magnetic field).

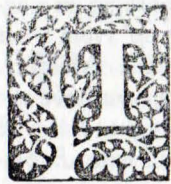
“The description, which tallies with all previous accounts, although there seem to be cigars, Saucers, and globes as well,
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What You Should Know About the Age of Chivalry

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

(Concluded from Last Week)



HEY say that humankind never stood upon the threshold of a mightier Golden Age than that which is being ushered in.

A great stench pervades the earth today, from a carrion over which men struggle as vultures. It is the carrion of a set of social standards that have well-nigh wrought their own destruction. The corpse of economic greed, animal appetites in industry, is a corpse indeed. But mankind will not recognize that it is quite dead and ought in the interests of moral health and the weal of nation to be buried.

Do not misunderstand. This is no counsel here to the absurd claim that mankind has already overturned all the institutions that ought to be overturned in the interests of his spiritual pocketbook and treasure chest of the moral scruples. Mankind has as yet overturned very little.

But mankind is learning through suffering of a most peculiar sort that he has surfeited himself with inanimate luxuries, unorthodox machineries, inviolate and disgusting lecheries upon his civic body in the matter of the conscienceless gunman, the racketeer, the scheming politician, the statesman who is mere stooge for the Dark Racial Element in humanity.

Until man is ready to have done with these by swinging out of his orbit of vicarious acceptances—or the practice of having everything done for him even to his recreation and his thinking—he will continue to suffer that prostitution of intellect that manufactures a prostitution of his armors of righteousness.

Say the Mentors again: "We tell you to be prepared for another Age of Chivalry by becoming chivalrous in the higher sense of the personal lives you are living as souls in mortality. By the higher senses we mean the individual acting and participating in life's dramas, entertainments, and civic and social responsibilities of every order. Today you earth people are all fearful of one another. You think you know one another by rubbing shoulders in the marketplaces. Yet you have the small child's self-consciousness at standing together for a common betterment. You think there is something awkward at taking part in public affairs that would give you the power of reasoning individually where now you are but anesthetized to do no reasoning whatsoever".

Chivalry in its ideality is a wondrous thing. It cannot be explained by any other definition than that it is the power of spirit to express itself practically and in-

dividually in making its altruisms literal. But bear in mind the greater tenet—

Chivalry really intrigues those of us who have read about it, or recall it dimly in lives long behind us, because it presupposes every sort of individualized action. And life at the present time is in a moribund state for want of such action. We are creatures of lassitude, with all our social experiencings planned for us, entertainments and politics spooned out to us like peas.

SEVENTY-FIVE thousand people attend one football game on New Year's Day because the excitement from the crowd and the thrills of the play are both flagellants and sedatives to their spiritual nerves. They say that there is something therapeutic about it. "It helps them to forget!" But why the necessity for forgetting anything? If they did a little reasoning, stopped being spectators at all of life's shows, and got in as participants in civic benefactions, they would have nothing in their lives to turn from in despair.

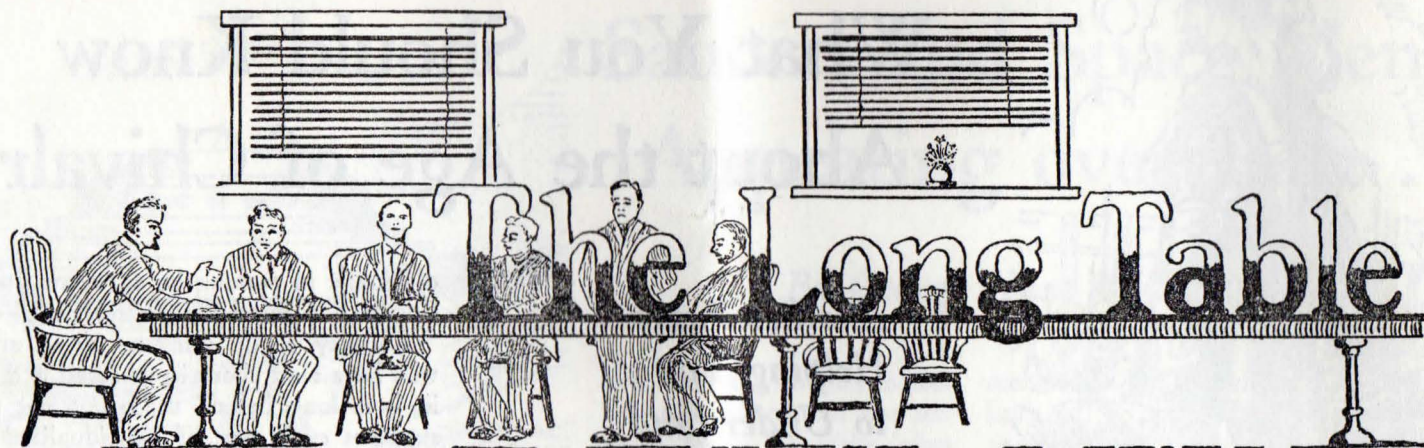
Over and over the Mentors have de-claimed to us—

"Something higher and mightier than what you know now is calling you. It is the counsel to forceful expression of your God-derived Personality. And when you stand forth and declare it against all comers, and a nation of your fellow-citizens do likewise, you will know a sudden and perhaps dramatic liberation from the woes that you fancy beset you at present!"

In short, our thoughts turn back to the Knights of Old because they stormed up the castle tower and rescued the beautiful princess in terms of Action which we now fancy is denied us. But the very fact of that denial will presently work inexorable reaction.

And the moment we cease becoming spectators and mass-machine operators, ethics and ideality must come to the fore as the New Code by which the game of Individuality is played.

The Age of Chivalry indeed!



DOOM PROPHETS

CRANFORD, N. J. "Miss EH in her 7th message from Ashtar quotes him as saying that there will be great destruction, even though the brunt of it will fall on great malefactors. Again, Miss AMcD several years ago quoted Bishop Ambrose as saying that the United States would largely disappear, with only mountain ranges left as dry land. Have you any word on this? I have been told that you have received a vast amount of information on future happenings through working with Bertie Lilly Candler, the medium, so probably can answer this great question . . ."

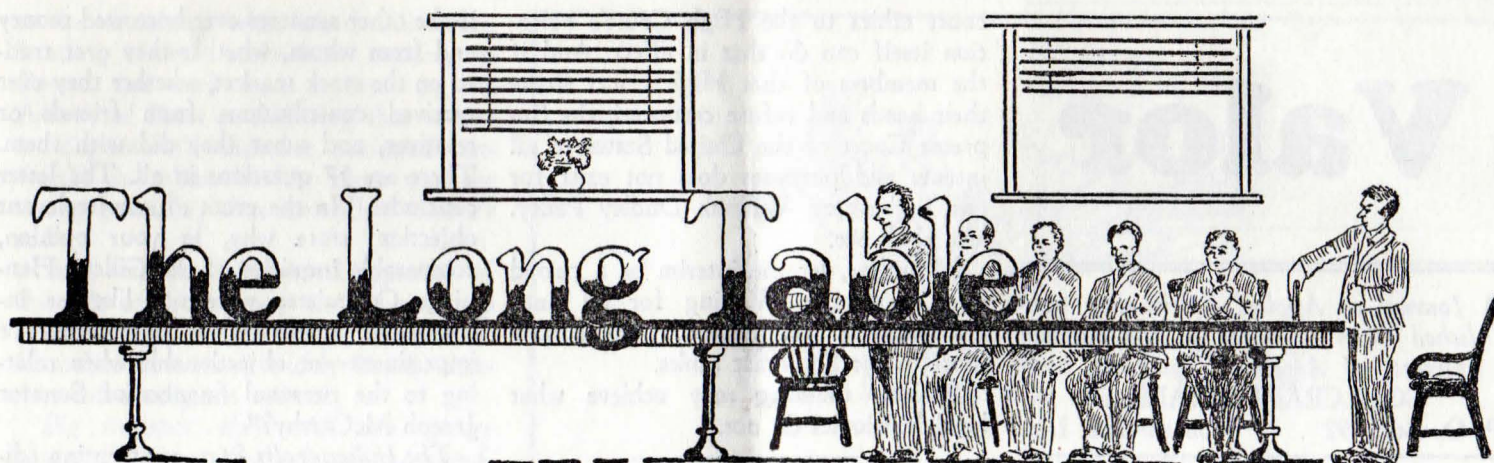
Comment: In twenty-six years of clair-audient instruction, plus attendance on perhaps twenty to thirty materializing seances with several mediums, not once has the editor of VALOR received a single statement or even intimation of any specific catastrophe. If there would seem to be veiled references to "the mountains all smoking and the sun not giving her light" in the *Golden Scripts*, the editor-recorder has taken them as symbolic passages. In that length of time, scores and even hundreds of predictions, affecting to be coming from Ascended Masters, have been transcribed, mimeographed and broadcast, giving specific dates of cataclysms. If these have occurred, VALOR hasn't heard about them. Any references to sizable misfortunes falling upon mankind—and there have been plenty—in the Soulcraft recordings, have dealt mostly with economic and social practices engaged in by man himself and for which his own stupidity or recalcitrance has or would be responsible. Uniquely enough, these have

matured. The stock market crash of 1929 and the Second World War of 1939 were instances in point. Neither Bertie Candler nor her communicants on the Higher Side have either uttered or implied in any way, shape, manner or form that United States would be submerged with only mountain peaks remaining. It is true that VALOR has from time to time commented upon predictions allegedly given out by Space Voyagers that disappearance of the polar ice cap would tend to lift the oceanic levels and thus flood historic areas on both the east and west coast, but these have been more geologic than psychical. In connection with the whole of it, VALOR repeats what it has often expressed before, that if its relatives, guardians and counsellors on the higher side were aware of anything cataclysmic building up in the next dimensions before actualizing in this dimension, they would scarcely be urging and promoting Soulcraft expansions with much chance of the labor being expended on anything worthwhile. No, VALOR's communications from the Higher Side have mentioned what *could* happen. Miss AMcD, by the way, was an original Soulcraft pupil, who wouldn't ride along with the Soulcraft transcripts because they didn't square with the mouthings of cataclysm freely dispensed by Bishop Ambrose—whosoever he is—to her personally. AMcD is now deceased and the world continues reasonably right side up. The best reading that covers the subject is the *GOLDEN SCRIPT If I But Gave the Word*. VALOR is not upset in the slightest by global perishment coming at any early dates. But it does continue to be food for the excitable.

OAKLAND IS PUZZLED

OAKLAND, CAL. "This may sound and look crazy but have stopped long enough to rest my eyes from reading *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* steadily to say in as few words as possible that had I the full amount to meet all expenses for the proposed new Golden Center at Soulcraft, it would be as nothing in payment for what I am 'eating up' from what you are giving me about the Afterlife. It is no wonder, Mr. Pelley, you have the Grand Awakening and insight, *but*—I have had so much to contend with. *Experience* is all right but how to *know* what we are gaining from it, if we hold steadfastly to determination to make the grades in order? Sorry to have written on both sides of the paper but you will overlook all in my great desire to give thanks for what I've gotten from you, at least up to the sixth chapter . . ."

Comment: As the author of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* has been consistently informed, there is no especial requirement on *this* plane to be made aware that our experience is scoring in the pattern and to the purpose for which we prescribed it for ourselves. That comes on the higher planes in retrospect examination of our characters. However, it is logical to assume that if our Map of Life was not delivering in circumstance, we wouldn't pursue it one day longer than the time-point when such decision became apparent. The new forthcoming Soulcraft volume, *Know Your Karma*, treats exhaustively of this very matter. Just keep on reading the Soulcraft literature until you get the whole enlightenment. You'll find you won't have many



questions left in your mind to ask because you'll be able to explain such enigmas as they arise. However, glad you liked *Dead Are Alive*, *Oakland*. Follow through with *Star Guests*, *Adam Awakes*, *Getting Born*, *Know Your Karma*, and *Beyond Grandeur*. You still have enlightening surprises in store for you . . .

RAINMAKERS BY THOUGHT

HOUSTON, Texas: "What I would like to know is, is it possible to get help from the Other Side? For instance, if it is very dry and rain is needed very badly, could those of the other dimensions bring the clouds together and produce rain? The man in the Bible prayed for rain and a cloud the size of a man's hand appeared and grew into a big down-pour. I have heard that after natives in Africa, also Indians, have staged rain dances, the rain has come down in torrents, sometimes before they even finished the ceremonies . . ."

Comment: We are consistently informed from the loftier echelons that Thought, especially the massed thought of tens of thousands, can achieve anything desired in the mundane world, and we have as well the demonstration of Jesus "rebuking" the turbulent waters of the Sea of Galilee upon one celebrated occasion. But as a general ethical practice, it does seem to be a fact as well that friends on the Higher Side rarely undertake to interfere with natural laws and processes. Look at it a moment from the other way about. Suppose a great number of people from the higher level "appeared" to persons on This Side and complained of the weather they were getting

Upstairs. How far would we feel obligated to make weather for them more to their liking? Insofar as Texas is concerned, we know from secular geologic sources that the weather of the entire planet is altering. We are proceeding into cosmic areas of ray bombardments that are warming the whole planet, melting the glaciers and polar ice-caps, lifting the levels and water-weights of the two oceans, and causing mass migrations of the folk on the earth-plane. Soulcraft doubts very much that the millions on the higher levels would be inclined to take much of a hand in obstructing such alterations, because while they might be inflicting damage to property-owners in seeming drought areas, they are enhancing the values of properties to others in the more frigid climes. What's a loss to the gander may be a gain for the goose. If it were a purely local distress, that might be one thing. But a major change in the climate of a hemisphere is quite something else . . .

MORE THAN POINT OF VIEW

GUAM: "I don't see why you oppose such a wonderful Christian plan for the world as United Nations. It may be from some old prejudice, I suppose. No matter what the reason is, you will have to get your mind into a better condition or otherwise your opposing such a wonderful thing is entirely anti-Christian and anti many of the basic principles of all nations of the world living together as they ought to live . . ."

Comment: In addition to other comments, the editor of VALOR wrote to this Guam correspondent in the first person

as follows: "No one objects to this Tower of Babel which has been erected on Manhattan's East River when it retains the character of a court of international arbitration like the Hague. But that is neither its composition nor its purpose. I was two years in Russia for Uncle Sam as G-2 courier in World War I and saw the Russian revolution integrate with my own eyes. Returning home in the twenties, I was intimately associated for eleven years with Col. Robert Sharp, chief of our Secret Service in the State Department. In the early thirties the Soulcraft Headquarters occupied a whole building on 15th Street in Washington, D. C. I saw the UN ideology grow, from no mere layman's position, long before World War II was entered. I am acquainted with the type of character that has formulated the UN conspiracy from its start. It is the exact opposite of the Christian Motive to bring all nations together in amiability. Its proven objective from its beginning was to perfect an instrumentality for certain foreign blocs to get control of, and emasculate, the United States Republic and its general ideals. But I have had a still stronger motive for challenging its integrity . . . and I must again revert to metaphysics and clairaudience . . . I had the entire international composition of UN described to me, together with its secret cabals, as early as 1929, sixteen years before its concretion in San Francisco, when the Higher Mentors referred to it as "the Fifty Nations." I did not then know altogether what was being talked about. One of the prerogatives of this higher contact is enjoying a resource of knowledge not ac-

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Constructive Waiting

THE PELLEY petition for certiorari in the Supreme Court of the United States was duly and properly filed on November 18th. It asks in effect that the High Court order its own findings and decisions in the Viereck, Baumgartner, Berger, and Hartzel cases to be recognized in the movant's appeal at issue. This is the thing that neither of the lower courts performed, particularly the Federal Appeals Court in Chicago.

This latter court, in ruling against Pelley in August, made much of the fact that it had already decided the points, enumerated to be righted, in Pelley's original appeal shortly after his sentencing.

How could it have done that, when High Court decisions in the Viereck, Baumgartner, Berger and Hartzel appeals had not yet been handed down?

This is an open-and-shut case of four alleged culprits writing much more serious invective against the New Dealers for their foreign policy than Pelley ever wrote. Tried and sentenced for it, the High Court declared what they had written they had the constitutional prerogative to write, war or no war. Automatically this likewise freed Pelley. Only it didn't.

Pelley couldn't be freed until the lower courts took cognizance of what the High Court had pronounced. But no influence in the land compels them to take such cognizance. Only calling such breach of

court ethics to the High Court's attention itself can do that in effect. And if the members of that High Court shake their heads and refuse certiorari, the Supreme Court of the United States to all intents and purposes does not exist for one native-born William Dudley Pelley. We shall see.

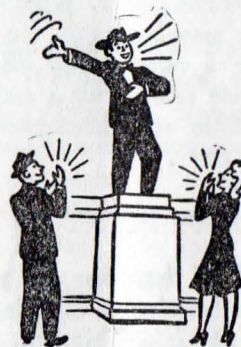
Meantime, let the interim be a period of Constructive Waiting for all anti-Communic American, particularly those in the Soulcraft ranks.

Positive thinking may achieve what legal histrionics do not.

Touche, Gentlemen!



DEFINITELY the Middle West does not approve the McCarthy senatorial censure. A great wave of reactive suspicion of the United States Senate itself is arousing in the mind of the Man in the Street. It finds most frequent expression in the ribald comment, "There's no difference anyhow, between the Democrats and Republicans any more, . . . they're both for selling out or giving away the country." This creates a subconscious civic despair and helplessness. There seems to be an underlying opinion that officials competent enough to sit and function as United States Senators, would have possessed more brains than to let the controversy arise, anyway.



Up in St. Paul a group of citizens who feel strongly about the Senate giving such semblance of moral support to the country's enemies, have addressed a questionnaire to every United States Senator. They call themselves the *Citizens Committee to Inquire into the Finances of United States Senators*. They ask senators to fill out a form answering questions about the minutest details of their personal and financial affairs. They ask

if the other senators ever borrowed money and from whom, whether they ever traded on the stock market, whether they ever received contributions from friends or relatives, and what they did with them. There are 57 questions in all. The letter concludes, "In the event of any irrelevant objection, state why, in your opinion, comparable inquiries of the Gillette-Hennings Committee were not likewise incompetent, irrelevant or immaterial—or impertinent—or objectionable when relating to the personal finances of Senator Joseph McCarthy?"

The Indianapolis Star, commenting editorially on this questionnaire, exclaims *Touche!* to this retaliatory citizens' move. *Touche!* is an exclamation used in fencing when one of the fencers scores a cutting point. The *Star* adds—

"No senator would voluntarily submit to such questioning or deign to answer such impertinent and objectionable questions from a private group or a public body. The right to privacy guaranteed by the Constitution grants nobody the power to demand answers to such questions unless fraud can be proved or wrong-doing is clearly evident.

"Senators who wish to censure McCarthy for refusing to answer such questions are applying a double standard of morality if they refuse to volunteer the same information themselves. The 'Citizens' Committee to Inquire Into the Personal Finances of United States Senators' no doubt had their tongues in their cheeks when they sent out their peremptory demand for private information from all senators. But they scored a direct hit in doing so. It seems that only senators who fight communism with gloves off are to be required to disclose their personal affairs and financial status. It will be interesting to see whether Senators Lehman or Fulbright or Humphrey or Watkins will supply the same detailed information to this committee that they have demanded from Senator McCarthy."

Unexplored Country



GEADLINES on inside of the morning papers for November 30 carried a startling and prolific announcement: *Church's Gospel Strength Questioned by Top Aides*. It is not a matter

to be dismissed with irked disinterest. Leading church authorities meeting in Boston this week were reported by the Associated Press as declaring that whereas the nation's churches appeared outwardly in robust health, there was the strong possibility that inwardly "'twarn't so."

In a weighty, 6,500-word appraisal of the role of Christianity in America, top executives of the National Council of Churches questioned widely heard assertions of a religious revival.

Big statistics, they said, don't prove church "spiritual strength and its soundness in terms of the Gospel."

They reported to the council's biennial assembly that Christianity at present is struggling in a riptide both of "institutional strength" and fierce disruptive forces that threaten its influence.

It is uncertain, they said, whether the "churches are more or less influential in American life than they were in previous generations."

The report on the "state of the churches," by Dr. Roy G. Ross, council general secretary, and Dr. Roswell P. Barnes, its associated general secretary, was described by some delegates as the most comprehensive yet compiled.

It offered a paradoxical picture—of zooming, record-high figure in church membership, construction, contributions and expanding activities—but also of high immorality and dizzying changes in American life challenging the churches.

Viewing the conflicting currents as a "process of change whereby a society either disintegrates or struggles through to a new order and a new strength," the analysis declared:

"The Churches are not alarmed as they face their responsibility in a nation which is undergoing drastic change."

Vast new resources—chiefly the co-operative church movement which has produced a "great network" of massed church power—offers the chance of wielding "immense influence" on a civilization in travail.

"The sense of frustration and futility which was prevalent when the several Protestant and orthodox churches in this country lived and worked separately and alone has been overcome to a large degree," the report said.

The national council itself embraces 30 denominations with 35,500,000 members



CREMATION



I'VE HAD so many bodies in the past,
And yet I seem to hold to you—my last!
So now that I must surely let you go
I pause to breathe regret that it is so.

This body, servant of my least desire
I soon must leave to all-consuming fire;
And yet when such last parting draws so near
A sadness visits me, to leave you here.

I've been your captive, you my willing slave,
Your prisoner, yet obedience you gave
To all my earnest wishes and commands,
While I to ashes leave these willing hands.

They've toiled for me, or held the books I've read,
These feet have trod all paths I wished to tread;
These arms have clasped my dear ones, and this breast
Was where a loved and loving heart found rest.

These lips through which my prayers to God have risen,
These eyes which were the windows of my prison,
From these, all these, Death's Angel bids me sever.
Why should you wish to hold me here forever?

I leave for mine inheritance . . . and go
With joy that only the freed soul can know.
Yet in my Spirit Wanderings, I trust
I may pause near at times, your flame made dust!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

—about 65 per cent of all orthodox and Protestant Christians in the nation.

IN OTHER words, the churches are not above putting out the "bigger and better" news about themselves when in the hearts and minds of their leaders there is grave misgiving that what they are circulating has real basis in fact.

To view the controversy from an ideology that embraces a more or less ac-

curate knowledge of after-life conditions, allows of little sympathy for the titanic and well-nigh hopeless errors being propounded in the name of theologic religion. The church officially takes the position that God and Christ stopped having any direct contact with stupid and muddling humankind some nineteen centuries in the past when the "age of miracles" ended, that the Christian's only concern is to get himself "saved from the wrath

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to come," and that nobody essaying to find out scientifically whether theology is correct in its concepts of post-mortem existence is of the devil, seeking to dynamite the whole pentecostal structure. This puts the hex on any attempts to explore spiritual country beyond the six feet of real estate that the physical body is interred in.

Well, any such arbitrary position of sacrosanct ignorance can bring its penalties, too. When the facts *are* scientifically determined, say by some invention that irrefutably discloses the soul presences of our supposed "dead" everywhere about us, will the church's face be red?

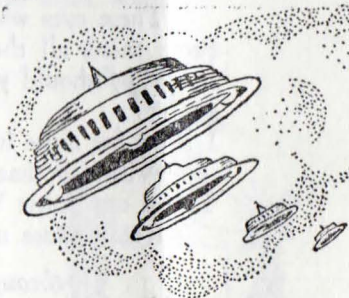
Nevertheless, there are some valiant souls who are making such explorations in that uncharted territory—only uncharted because mapping it might leave the clergy in a dangerously indefinable position . .

What is it afraid of but error?

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

was of a disc divided in two parts, illuminated by a green light 'that rested on the ground on three points.' (Similar to the Adamski type Saucer). The main part was a hemispheric cabin illuminated by a silver light so strong as to annoy the eyes, and on top of the cabin was an antenna.



"When the men were finally able to force the gates and approach the figures . . the latter retreated towards the discs. All the men followed with beating hearts

. . . none of them were armed, but they did throw some rotten fruit at the disc and figures.

"Then, Il Signor Giacomo Stefanoni tried to set his big boxer dog on the figures. However, the beast turned on his master and bit him instead. While Stefanoni, aided by others, tried to free himself from his dog, the figures succeeded in reaching the disc, and a few moments later, with a sound similar to a shrill boat whistle, it lifted vertically from the ground.

"Many of the witnesses still have red, irritated eyes because of the intense light. Over one hundred people witnessed this landing which should make it authentic. Imagine! Throwing stones and fruit! . . What children we are . . substituting fear for reason!

MORE reports from Italy next week, but as Saucers are being sighted all over this country, Portugal, Africa, South America, Australia, and France . . world scientists are in a race to see who will build the biggest space station and in the shortest possible time.

"There is now a Russian program directed at the creation of a scientifically and military valuable space satellite. American researchers are engaged in the same program since belief has it that the first country to man such a satellite will control the world.

Rumors have it that the United States has already worked out plans for a three-stage rocket capable of overcoming earth's gravity. The Russians have a new rocket engine of tremendous power, and it may have a thrust of more than two-hundred sixty-thousand pounds.

Teuton Paganism

(Continued from Page 3)

out the basic defect in all Nazi ideology . . exactly the same defect that the Marxists are repeating, and which can lead them to precisely the same ends.

That the Higher worlds do not hold the propaganda opinions about the integrity of the Teutonic people as a whole, has never been more clearly described than Inez Robb, correspondent for the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, wrote back to America last week in an article which said among other things—

"And scant wonder the German feels his oats, no matter how that fact haunts a Western world that has decided to give him back his national sovereignty and re-arm him.

"He has wrought a miracle of recovery here in a land on which, when I first saw it in the spring of 1946, I would not have risked a plugged penny on \$1,000 worth.

"The German was well on his way to regluing his country and rebuilding its economy when I was here again five years ago. But in the interim these willful, stubborn and tenacious people have worked the clock around to fight their way back to the top of the Western European heap in less than a decade.

"Not even the snow, which has been falling intermittently, can hide the awful and massive ruins of Berlin. But along the Kurfurstendam, the Fifth Avenue of this city, where not one shop was open among the rubble in 1946, except on a swap basis, beautiful stores, stuffed with luxury goods, are now filled with Christmas shoppers.

"In Bonn, Wiesbaden Frankfurt and Berlin, I have seen solid and amazing evidence of the German will to rebuild. The sound of the steam shovel, the saw, the hammer and the concrete mixer combine in a theme song throughout this country.

"The shopping areas of Bonn, Wiesbaden and Frankfurt are rebuilt and modern as tomorrow. At night, the curse of the neon light is everywhere, often spelling out very familiar American brand names. Frankfurt boasts the most modern public market in Europe. Shopping in the center of these cities, one is scarcely conscious of the war's destructiveness.

"THE reconstruction everywhere is flabbergasting. But it is the luxury goods in the shop windows in these cities and in Berlin that tell the story. French perfume, American cosmetics, diamond watches, fur coats—you name it, the German shops have it.

"But no item in the shop windows amazed me more thoroughly of this country's complete economic recovery than the display of the filmiest black chiffon and nylon lingerie in shop after shop. Some was imported from France but most of it was of German make.

"The Allied Ph. D's now casing Germany would do better to take a gander

at the shop windows than the industrial indices. Just take the word of a practical woman that black underwear and hanky-pank go hand in hand and any nation that can afford both is long since out of the woods."

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 7)

corded the skeptical layman, but which always turns out to be infallibly correct, at least it has done so in my case for 26 years. Thus it was even spoken to me of what lay in my karma as an individual to do, to see that this Babylonian Conspiracy did not circumvent American Constitutionalism. The latter was framed and projected into this earth from higher sources as an ideal for other nations to copy. One-Worldism was not. Nations are not to sink their individualities in one common internationalism; they are to represent successive grades of spiritual attainments and learn to work out their problems in unity. If United Nations were what it is assumed to be, and not misrepresented by tons of spurious propaganda, it goes without saying that I would be one of its most earnest exponents. When I get letters such as yours of most recent date, I merely have to say to myself, 'The gentleman simply isn't informed,' thus paying tribute to his integrity."

LOST, STRAYED, STOLEN?

SPOKANE: "Tell me, do you find lost animals? I should think a true psychic could do that. I have lost my Maltese cat with a white patch over his right eye. I would like him returned to me very much, and if you are a true psychic, and not engaged in hocus-pocus, you will do it."

Comment: Nonsense? Not at all. The lady wrote sincerely. So did another who started off her communication, "I have read in VALOR about Flying Saucers. Enclosed find 50¢. Please send me one space-ship." These are instances of the quality of people's consciousness which we are striving to raise. Do the cynical comment that such persons "Don't know what it's all about"? Maybe! At any rate, Soulcraft must be all hocus-pocus then, because the pussy is still at large!



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Cogitations

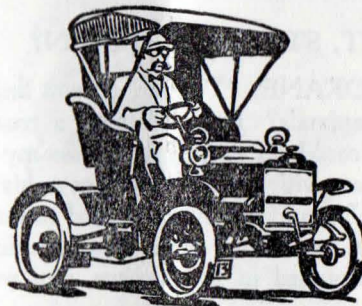
Pella

IT'S a somewhat gruesome thing to have written most of your biography in your younger years and found it remembered mostly in your sunset years for the way you had described the behavior of your first motorcar at your father-in-law's funeral. Seeing the book is out of print, I was recently asked to republish the narrative in *Cogitations*. I was properly proud of possessing that machine, as I recounted on Page 83 of *Door to Revelation*. It was one of the first models that Henry had produced, with a wide brass band running around its hood and an ability to emit noises never emitted by man or beast. It had cost me \$240 back there in 1915, but my Spouse's opinion of it was expressed in the truism that it did not run, it pounced. It started by hand-cranking in front, made a series of pounces and called on the world to take note it was in motion. After I got it from the garage and into the public streets, it had a discomfitting way of chugging down the pavement till a fussy old lady or traffic policeman appeared ahead, then it would deflect to chase either to the sidewalk. Something ailed its magneto, I was advised. I had bought it secondhand from a local dealer, gotten a free tank of gas and a push, and learned to operate it on a lonely Vermont back-road . . .

o—o

IHAD alternately chugged and pounced over Bennington County in this miscontraption when it so happened that father-in-law Fred Holbrook went to his eternal rest in the small village of Jacksonville and nothing could dissuade me from driving "over the mountain" in that Leaping Lena with my domestic entour-

age, attending the services and bringing my mother-in-law back "to make her home" with us . . . Now the village of Jacksonville was, and still is, bisected north and south by a precipitous hill. The main street goes up this hill. The church where the services were held at 3 o'clock of summer's afternoon was down at the foot of its grade whereas the cemetery where interment would follow was at its top. Pa Holbrook in death would therefore go *upward*, physically if not spiritually. It was a sign of worldly affluence in those days to "own a car". I had to do the honors by Pa Holbrook and his survivors. The grieving widow would certainly be borne upward—to the cemetery at the grade's top at any rate—in an open display of domestic affluence. So the beautiful services were ended, we had filed past the bier and gotten our



last view of the beloved deceased, the casket had been closed and taken out to the hearse. This vehicle drew a little distance ahead and waited for the remaining conveyances to fill up. I succeeded in getting Lena cranked and brought her left-hand running board flush with church steps. Mother Holbrook entered the tonneau—where the top was down—deeply veiled in weeds. My Consort and Comfort followed, and my brother-in-law Ernest, a husky six-footer. My Spouse's

stepsister Sarah, a spinster, got in beside myself. I slid under the wheel and jerked at the levers. "Merciful heavens!" breathed my Consort and my Comfort, "must this Thing pounce *now*?" . . . Evidently the Thing resented the tone in which she said it. It made the distance to the rear of the waiting hearse in six pounces, and most of the womenfolk grabbed for their necks. "Remember," my Spouse warned, "this is a funeral!" . . . "I'm aware of it," I answered. She commented afresh, "Well, this thing had better do its stuff or you'll never get me to set foot in it again." It caused my brother-in-law to query anxiously, "Think she'll make the grade, Bill?" I said largely, "Sure! I can run this thing up the side of a barn." . . . "That's just what I'm afraid of," my Spouse remarked icily. Thus the conversation idled whilst the other rigs filled up—all horsedrawn. At least it took our minds off the sorrow of the moment. Presently we started . . .

o—o

IT WAS a unique procession. Anyone viewing it from the sidewalks, granting the town had sidewalks which it didn't, would have decided my Lena was trying to take bites at the glass wagon immediately in front. Mother Holbrook did her best to weep but it was a difficult thing to mourn when each new pounce rocked her head on her neck. "Cripes!" breathed Ernest, "we'd oughta got a horse." I growled in my chagrin at the way that gravity-gas-flow machine was behaving, "It's too late now to get a horse." But my Spouse, alias my Consort and my Comfort, as I said, was vocal again, "You better control this thing or you're liable to bunt the back of that hearse and smash a lot of glass" . . . The rising crescendo of her voice implied the

car might enter the hearse's rear and even shove the surprised Pa Holbrook out between the undertaker's legs. "I've controlled it so far," I reminded her grimly. . . "If you call it control," was her pleasing rejoinder. By this time we were turning the curve in the heart of the village with that formidable grade ahead. "What'll we do," my brother-in-law exclaimed, "if we happen to get stuck?" "I know what I shall do," announced my C-and-C with great firmness. I said, "Can't you think of more cheerful conversation? This happens to be a funeral." Which gave opportunity for comment from the spinster detachment, "It may be a double or triple funeral if you don't watch out where you're steering." We got to the hill and began to go up . . .

o—o
THE GRIEVING widow suggested diplomatically, "Don't you think I'd better get out and walk? It's not a great distance. Or maybe someone behind would give me a lift." . . . "Mother, you do not have to 'get a lift' to your own husband's grave!" said the consort half of my domestic enterprise, no comfort whatsoever being in her. The way she said it made us envision the elderly lady on the street's edge, jerking her thumb in the direction of the cemetery . . . "Something ails this car!" was Ernest's next discovery. But his sister corrected him. "You mean something ails all of us to ride in such a car." But Ernest was persistent. "I bet the magneto's wound wrong!" . . . Uh-huh," said his sister, "but this is neither the time to find it out or halt proceedings while you try to fix it. So don't you dare!" . . . The grade had become so precipitous of a sudden that a shift of speeds was necessary. And shifting gears on those early model Fords was something of a rite. I first raced the engine, then I stomped down on the appropriate treadle, then with a noise like the Shredded Wheat factory going over Niagara Falls we were abruptly in "low" . . . very low. The hearse was distressingly gaining away from us. "Oh, dear," put in Sarah, "why does this funeral have to be so terribly disconnected?" . . . "It's this car," said Ernest sagely . . . "It's what's driving this car," he was corrected. "Children, children!" soothed Mother Holbrook in her best little-birdies-in-a-nest-should-always-should-agree manner. But the little

birdies present were not in a nest, they were in an early model Ford and the magneto was wound wrong. It made a lot of difference. I was next commanded, "For pity's sake, will you speed this thing up!" . . . I replied, "Do you want to see it drop in spare parts?" . . . "But run it quieter," Ernest bawled in my ear, "because the horses behind are trying to turn into Cross Street and the cemetery isn't that way at all." . . . I said as to that, "I'm running it as quiet as it will run in low." . . . "Then," said Ernest, "your muffler must be busted. "You just ought to hear the funny noises that are coming out behind!" . . .

o—o
THE FORD was shaking like boiler-plate with palsy. We had crawled up about a third of that momentous grade when my worst fears were realized. The groanings, the tremblings and the pouncings were not due to the magneto. They were due to the fuel-flow. That hill was too steep to allow the gas to reach the carburetor. With a couple of coughs and a last asthmatic wheeze, that flivver stopped dead—as dead as Pa Holbrook. Yet there was a difference. Pa Holbrook showed no tendencies to go rolling back downhill. "Put on your brakes!" screeched Sarah. Her frenzied back-glance had disclosed two horses next behind, pulling their rig apart that they might leave the scene. And the flivver showed every intention of parting them forever. I whammed my feet on all treadles in sight and it was dramatically quiet the entire length of Hill Street. The flivver had stopped but so too had that cortege—at least the rigs behind us. "Oh-h-h!" wailed the widow, "we're losing the hearse again!" . . . "Yes," was her daughter's scathing remark, "it should be an excellent idea to tie this procession together with a rope, like mountain-climbers in the Alps." . . . Sarah persisted, "Why doesn't the hearse stop? The undertaker oughta see we're not keeping up with him." . . . My spouse said as to that, "He's prob'ly too disgusted to stop. He wants out of this exhibition with proper mortuary dignity." . . . "Well, anyhow, he won't go any further than the burying-ground," consoled the widow . . . "He could take a joy-ride all over the county and still reach the grave by the time we get there," she was told. "Or put the hearse up overnight," added Sarah, "and finish the rest of this funeral to-



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morrow." Ernest had one of his occasional bright ideas—as the louder murmurings of the folks behind reached us, "You better do, Bill, what you did on Woodford Mountain Sunday. Turn around and back up in reverse." . . . "Wonderful," cried my Spouse, "now we do hurdles." But that didn't silence Sarah. "Whoever heard of mourners in a funeral procession following the hearse in a car running backward?" . . . "Sit tight," she was apprised, "and you'll learn a lot about funerals you never before heard about on land or sea!" . . .

o—o

IF ANYONE in that car, or even in that cortege, had any ideas about mourning in the conventional manner they were crowded out of mind by that epochal traffic-jam on Jacksonville Village hill. Especially when Ernest alighted by the simple expedient of shoving his long legs over the car's rear and following himself down after them. Because he not only knocked off a brand new straw hat but stepped on it, and it caved in appropriately with loud musical crunch. But he caught the horses on the rig behind and backed them carefully to permit me room to turn. I eased off my foot brake and swung an arc. It was a breathtaking experience for my domestic ensemble but the gas flowed again down into my carburetor. Ernest cranked the engine. He cranked and he cranked, the crushed straw hat aslant his right ear. "Something *must* ail your magneto!" he straightened to tell me. . . . "Yes, yes," agreed my Spouse, "we've heard about the magneto. Let's not take it apart on this hill, let's finish this funeral." . . . At last, when he was about ready to crawl in beside Pa Holbrook and tell him to move over, we got sudden explosions and the engine came alive. Oblivious to the shocked comment that I knew was being uttered to the last rig in that cortege, I cut diagonally across the road, missing Ernest but not missing an old lady's pansy-tub, curved the other way and nearly climbed the steps of Charley Waste's Store, curved it around once more and missed a front fence between two and three inches. But with each of these gyrations I was successfully mounting higher. However, behind me that cortege watched in stupefaction. Had the corpse's son-in-law gone raving crazy, or was he merely trying to show off that he owned

a flivver? But we did get to the top by my expert manipulatings criss-crossing the street without the fuel stopping again. I believe the first five steps my mother-in-law essayed upon alighting from its tonneau had not a thing in the world to do with her prostration as a widow . . . We got Pa Holbrook out of the glass wagon and into the grave and piled a lot of flowers and real estate on him . . . but they would talk about his strange funeral in Jacksonville for a year and a day . . .

o—o

NEARLY forty years in the past, that was, and I have owned eight other motorcars since, and driven nearly two million miles without an accident and only one traffic ticket. But no matter who I might have visited in those two million miles, all they said about *Door to Revelation* is, "Oh, yeah. That's the book that had the funny funeral procession in it!" Such is literary fame. Anyhow, I've compiled with a reprint of the episode and you can read it to the parson the next time he calls. It will convince him to a dead certainty what a heathen I am. But I'll bet Pa Holbrook enjoyed it the best of all. Probably broke up his boredom at being buried . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Green Light

(Continued from Page 2)

ous Man and gentle soul was to be their Judge (at the orthodox Day of Judgment)?

"Perhaps some will recall that the earthly Church had the audacity to put into the mouth of Jesus the very words with which He would condemn human beings to hell: '*Depart from me, you cursed, into everlasting darkness, which was prepared for the devil and his angels.*' These words are to be found in the Scriptures for all to see and read. And the Church bases its authority for such wrongful teachings upon those same Scriptures, verily believing that Jesus as God will pronounce that vicious and diabolic malediction upon poor erring man.

"To recall such words in the presence of Jesus—who could not find it in His heart to condemn the worst transgressors while He was in flesh—is a revelation in itself.

"One has only to be in His presence for an instant to know that such an imputation is a most shocking and disgraceful misrepresentation, such an appalling untruth, as to make one feel ashamed for ever having countenanced such a belief for the fraction of a moment."

IT IS indeed a comfort and an inspiration to have this priest of the Church, who "went Over" believing in and professing all the dogmatic beliefs of the Church, discover in character at least, the Elder Brother of the *Golden Scripts* whose natal day we this month celebrate.

This priest writes eruditely through the instrument of Mr. Borgia just what his entire readjustments to Higher Reality had to be as he confronted it. He subscribes to precisely the same sentiments expressed by a dozen materialized colleagues at the Soulcraft seances—from the editor's Daughter Harriet to Mary Baker Eddy—that there is neither Catholicism nor Protestantism in the higher realms, neither dogma nor creed, that all who meet and converse with the beloved Elder Brother feel their contriteness in standing in the presence of what can be truly called a Divine Soul, the epitome of understanding, compassion, sympathy and camaraderie in all the ills and misfortunes to which poor human flesh is heir.

He is personified Love without maudlinity.

And He lives and can pass well-nigh instantly from any plane to any plane—by no means omitting the lowest earth-plane—strictly from His psychical proficiencies. It is thus that they have authenticated the authorship of the *Golden Scripts* as bona fide.

It is something to think about. This is not a semi-mythical character who lived nineteen centuries back in history. It is Personality more vitally alive in this Twentieth Century than He was in the First.

It is a terrible scathing of the blind leading the blind that this priest gives his own Church for its fallacious doctrinal interpretations. And he confirms Soulcraft's oft-repeated assertion that the literal words of Jesus as recorded in the New Testament have been either deleted or so tampered with, that the original import of their Message is well-nigh lost.

Incidentally, it is of interest to note

that during the past year's sittings at Soulcraft three different Catholic nuns, in full regalias of their orders, have been among such materialized visitors. And upon the last occasion, sitters had the evidence of their senses that one of them brought through an apport, in the form of a small medallion, and dropped it upon the center of the Headquarters' Long Table as gift for a physician present for him to carry as a talisman of her interest in him and protection over him for the rest of his days.

To have the figure of St. Paul come through, clad in his ancient vestments—which would be convincing enough—and describe in audible voice his sensations and reactions from having the Christ appear to him on Damascus Road, affirms that the Lady Founder of the Church of Christ Scientist travels in excellent company, indeed. Inasmuch as all these—and other—eminent Church personages appear only for the purpose of giving expression to the highest adulation of our Beloved Lord, removes these epiphanies from any absurd and ignorant charge of masquerading satanism . . .

SOBER-minded and characterful men and women are seeing these sights with their eyes and hearing them with their ears—which is why Soulcraft regards the Elder Brother's natal day as the most endeared date on the modern calendar.

Such appearances and attestments, however, should but point out the bona fide premise for the work of transcendent enlightenment that Soulcraft essays to accomplish before its saga is run.

This same Roman priest, writing through Anthony Borgia—with whom at this time, by the way, Soulcraft does not enjoy an acquaintance—added this:

"Jesus is not, and never has been, the somewhat delicate individual that He is so often delineated both in pictures and prose—and in many of the Church's hymns. His strength of character and His psychical attributes were ever of the highest. The story of His psychical abilities and powers, and the exercise of them is one proof of that. But to be 'the dread Judge' of all mankind—*never!*"

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Green light to Christmas, indeed!



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

ONE THING I'd like understood. Soulcraft, so long as I have anything to do with directing its mundane activities, by no means contemplates going all-out for spirit revelations of Higher-Life conditions merely because they *are* revelations conveyed from Spirit. I do acknowledge the existence of the Spirit world, because I've had too much practical and irrefutable contact with it to repudiate its reality, but by no means do I subscribe to its infallibility in transmitting data—or transmitting infallible data—from the higher worlds to this fundamental world. It's quite all right for those in Spirit to upbraid me for such attitude claiming it *mortal* mind. But I'm not among those who are ready to jump aboard the Divine-Mind Bandwagon with my whole intellect and declare that everything good in the world is traceable to Divine Mind and everything reprehensible is traceable to mortal mind. Such to my present way of thinking, is merely an inverse form of Orthodoxy—which Orthodoxy the Spirit World so much deplores. I keep looking at the two as dispassionately as possible, evaluating both for everlasting rationalities . . .

I HAVE, since my awakening to the reality of an enwrapping Spirit Universe, read many profound and highly recommendable books affecting to detail absolute conditions and acceptances throughout Spirit society. Loudly do many of them castigate current Theology for its errors of concept regarding actual conditions of Survival. One of them which I recently finished, done in 1947, is as pure Soulcraft as I have come across—excepting one point. It emphasizes that all the soul-spirits of all the persons who have ever lived physically are currently present in the higher realms, from the most ancient leaders of society onward, that the order of spirit progression is, first the earth-plane—where all souls originate—then the succeeding planes beginning with those of purgatorial “Darkness” up to the most brilliant “Holy” planes that are the abodes of such transcendent personages as Jesus and the “saints” with still planes beyond that to infinity. Such is the conventional “belief” of the Spiritualists, at least the American Spiritualists. Then in my own psychical contacts, I will have the personalities of colleagues I have known in physical life materialize and talk with me, letting drop one attestment after another that no such thing is literally true. Souls do not graduate permanently onto the higher levels for all time, after a single career in flesh. As I've emphasized rather vehemently in this new forthcoming book *Know Your Karma*, given mediums whose per-

sonal attitude seems to be anathema against Reincarnation, will materialize, and have materialized, soul-spirits who have stated in effect that the medium's position is not correct. They have known me, and I have known them, in “former lives” on earth, they declare. They haven't all materialized through Bertie Lilly Candler, by the way. Highly as I regard Bertie, she's not the only medium through whom I've been visited by materializations. Then again, there's the logical evidence of the subconscious—or eternal—minds of persons right now in flesh . . .

NO MATTER how vociferously the average layman repudiates Earthly Revisitation, I have yet to encounter the instance where proper detachment of the spirit from the physical encumbrance under hypnotherapy will not bring forth a well-nigh irrefutable recital of what previous earth-lives that soul has experienced, in what lands and times, and more or less the complete explanation for this incarnation in each case. If souls “originate” on the earth-plane, and live just one career on the earth-plane, what of the little children who expire in infancy? They are, then, I take it, supposed to have been denied the whole educating sequence of life under earth conditions. The question is a fair one, how then do they come to appreciate contrasting earth-life roles by picking up and going on in spirit? . . . Of course the subject is too ponderous to settle by one composition on the back page of a single magazine. But I'm remarking on how I feel about some lamentable defects in the after-life ideology as transmitted occasionally through clairaudience back to this plane of earth.

NOBODY knows the demerits of this earth-plane more than I do, particularly after the price I've paid to lead off in the earthly anti-Communist fight. Yet I do recognize definite merits in earth-life that outweigh the malodorous factors. Divine Mind may be all good—that I won't dispute. But I certainly intend to dispute with the orthodox Spiritists that mortal mind is all bad and responsible strictly for all ills to which earthly flesh is heir. We're by no means loosed on a terrain of unmitigated evil. We're

free moral agents on a terrain of rigorous Experience to educate all of us in a canny sense of moral values. That, to my way of reason, makes the profoundest sense. It stacks up to me, not that the residents of Utopian Etheria are willfully deceiving but that there are meritorious earth-factors that they, in or by their higher sentencies, are nullified from grasping . . . Anyhow, I'm still pursuing it. What we Soulcrafters are after is the *Truth*.

¶ *WE don't get pleasure out of an idea because we think it's true; we think it's true because we get pleasure out of it*