

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly...*

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

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Number 7



## MONTH OF SINGING CANDLES

**I**T IS the month of Singing Candles that we celebrate in December, figuratively speaking. It is a way of describing Joyous Illumination, literal and mental. But it is more—and Soulcraft is by no means overlooking it.

**I**T IS the festival month, and the Happy Commemoration that we make, of the Christian Way of Life, in our own sense the Anglo-Saxon Way of Life, because in no other countries on earth but America, Britain and Germany is the Yuletide celebration carried to

such elaborate lengths of glittering altruism. France, Italy and Spain feel jubilantly exuberant on New Year's Day, January 1st. In many other lands the festival is strictly religious. Russia and the countries behind the Iron Curtain it is not notable in any form whatever. In only the Anglo-Saxon countries, Soulcraft takes note, is the Happy Month associated with the birth of the Elder Brother. Still, Soulcraft makes such observation in no sense of self-compliment.

It is Christmas as one of our spiritual institutions, the holiday symbol of our *Culture*, that bespeaks its import in the upward spiral of our souls' progress.

Suppose we explore this in more than academic interest.

**T**HE SOUL of man, we are instructed in Soulcraft, does not become Spirit, nor assume the status of, or become recognized as, Spirit, until it demonstrates its existence outside of its own phenomenon of Consciousness. In other words, to function as Spirit you must do something "outside of yourself" having an appreciable demonstration of your existence as its product. A soul-unit might be self-realizing for ten million years. If it never exercised itself in the slightest particular to give evidence of it to other soul-units it might as well not exist. To the exact degree that it does demonstrate, it acquires identity and "spiritual" power . . .

Power is always exercised *outside* the soul, never inside. It is this exterior or objective activity that wins the distinction of being "spirit" . . . in other words, *Spirit is soul in some sort of externalized behavior*.

One of the chief reasons that the festival of Christmas is so popular and natural in making others happy, is because the soul of the individual celebrator is given a maximum opportunity to perform outside its distinct self-awareness. True, it presents the aspect of compassion, kindness, generosity and altruism to a peculiar and particular degree. But the whole earth is better for it because of the vibratory reactions that are at once felt by Christian and non-Christian alike . . .

Such matters are worth knowing.

An "atmosphere" of loving consideration and well-being for others is "created" as the term has it, and felt by all other soul-spirits who are caused to vibrate to it as the striking of a specific note on a

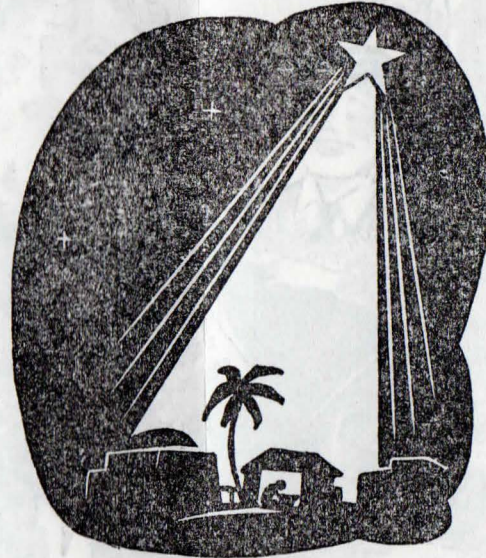
silver bell will bring vibrating of similar chord on a harp.

We say it is part of our "culture" to do this.

What do we mean by our "culture?"

**C**ULTURE to the illiterate is a form of snobbery and sophistication. To be cultured is to be stigmatized as a prig or member of the *haute monde*. The educated person knows culture to be the enlightenment and refinement of taste acquired by intellectual and aesthetic training. It means more than manners. It is spiritual sensitivity to the beautiful and agreeable.

Scarcely to one person in ten thousand does it occur that the Anglo-Saxon's compatibility for Yuletide and its altruistic merriment is a demonstration of high social breeding, insofar as the masses as



masses can approximate it. Take as many races as exhibit on earth, and regard as many cross-sections of them in comparisons with one another, and by precisely such contrastings you will find the highest mass quality in the Anglo-Saxon, represented today, as stated, in the racial stocks known geneologically as the Teutonic. There are races that stand high intellectually, such as the Greek and Hebrew. There are races that stand high aesthetically, like the Gallic and even Chinese. But it is in the Teutonic strains, which in a measure include the Norwegian, Swedish and Dane, that you get a fairly equalized blending of intellect and aesthetics. Likewise the Teutonic-Saxon's social sense is highly developed. He works most effectively in communion with his breed.

Odd to relate, Christmas is the one festival of his year, sacred or secular, that epitomizes such attainments.

The Teutonic—not necessarily the Germanic—Saxon more nearly approximates the Christ Character than Christ as a Personage approximated the Levantine. Thereby does His natal day lend itself to greater Teutonic-Saxon acknowledgment, expressed in exuberance.

It is, on the whole, a tender exuberance. And tenderness again is but delicacy of fellow-feeling, coupled with the imagination to transpose one's personality into the plight of weakness of another.

Behold that to be the reason then, that the Teutonic-Saxon finds himself at the apex of his global fellows, in humanitarianism as well as economic resource.

**T**HIS is a heritage to be cherished, not deprecated.

Incidentally, it explains why the peoples of the whole earth cannot be welded into one jurisdictional parliament. Being rated different culturally, they cannot function with commonality of ideals. Remember that global desire for abandonment of War is not an ideal *as* an ideal such as refinement of intellect and aesthetics. It is a basic instinct for escape from extermination. The fox is responding to quite a similar urge as he speeds ahead of the baying hounds. The starling flock exhibits it when the hawk comes winging in.

That is why the truly analytical person can't conceive of mankind as one species politically. The fox-races want deliverance from Menace in the concept of pursuing hounds. The starling-races seek it in terms of the swooping eaglets. Ever must they identify species-jeopardy in terms of the specification of Menace that appears to them. Then the menace and the specialized nature of it become synonymous. There is small agreement on what constitutes true hazard.

**I**T IS well to recall such fundamentals of spirit-development in this month of Singing Candles—or Illumination that holds Joy in it. For by no manner of means do all detachments of organic humankind behold illumination in terms of joy, either, or joy in terms of such harmonic radiance. You have to be highly progressed spiritually to do that.

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# How We Know That the Christ Existed

## *THE FIRST of Two Papers Fixing Responsibility for the Absence of Christ-Data in Secular History*



**O**NE of the greatest spiritual stumbling blocks in the current generation is the claim frequently put forth by the atheistic Red element or its fellow-travelers that there is almost no secular proof of consequence that Jesus the Christ ever existed, that He is scarcely a personage of record in worldly history. How did it happen that a character so potent in all the human virtues received so little attention at the hands of secular historians, anyway? The approach of Yuletide is a good time to think about it.

We might say that ancient historians consigned Him to oblivion and we might deny our faith if it were based on nothing more tangible than accredited reports of His presence in Palestine nineteen centuries in the past.

What do our Higher Mentors have to say about such enigma?

Here is their explanation—

**T**HE GREATER issue lies in the fact that the Elder Brother *was* an historical personage, too much so, if anything. The main facts of the case are these—

Jesus came to the earth-plane a humble Unknown. He says Himself in various scripts that no miracles attended upon His birth. Potency of the Christian doctrine rested on His evolution from the human into the divine in the space of one life in mortality.

No one could have said what would have happened if He had appeared divine from the beginning of His manifestations. The facts record that at one time He was

so unknown that He was despised and well-nigh cast out by His own villager Nazarines when He arose to speak in the synagogue. There was no untoward evidence of early manifestation of divine character—with the sole exception of the avowed incident of His bearding the doctrinaires in the Temple as a boy of ten—because His life had to begin as a humble human in order to exemplify perfect growth into the highest type of celestial responsibility.

This is not saying that He did not exhibit within Himself, or *to* Himself, the profoundest aspects of divinity at an early age. But when He came on earth it seems to have been designated that He should make apparent the *human* first and then exemplify gradually within Himself the same development to which the race succeeds generation on generation.

This would necessitate a humble beginning, gradually evolving the perfect Godhood which seemed to transcend natural law in the physical world.

**N**OW ALL this had a firm purpose deeper than ordinary evolution within the normal human spirit. Christ Jesus came to exemplify Himself in the brief span of 33 years, the trials and tribulations of the entire human race over the period of the aeons. His birth was not miraculous, as we have said, but His life soon became miraculous as His development proceeded.

The sum-total of it evolved Him cosmically into a resplendent Being, compounded of infinite parts of celestial wisdom that has its purpose in the human spirit ethically. The sum-total of His ministry brought Him to a point where He

was a spiritual personification of humankind's total attainment in flesh.

He was necessarily an adept in cosmic principles but only so as human aspiration or inspiration . . . or, putting it in another way, He greeted humankind with an exhibit of the Godhood within *itself* but disclosed in another, that could be seen, heard, and witnessed by men's physical sensings.

To ennoble Him to the point where He became transcendent in His reactions to all earth-states too early, would have defeated the purposes of His mission. The same thing is true if He had been of historical record in the succeeding and intervening years.

The proneness of mankind to make idols of clay—that is, to make false gods of notorious celebrities because they exhibit earthly power over men—would have defeated the idealism He was meant to represent in humanity's consciousness.

When an historical character is well-known, all the facts of his life authenticated, and his life's achievements minutely analyzed, the beliefs in his omnipotence sometimes fade in proportion to the plethora of known data existing about him. The Christ Principle exists in each human heart as an idealism unto the one holding it secreted. This means what it means.

Jesus epitomized that Christ Principle in the soul of a great avatar that came to the earth-plane doing good after the fashions of the times in which He lived. He expounded in His person the idealism which is inherent as part of the Godhood in every human soul and in a manner of speaking made that idealism hard

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# Bouquets and Phenomena

*How the Person at the Other End of the Mail Reacts to Soulcraft . .*

INDIANA—

“**H**AVE you ever considered what a feature it might be for VALOR if you devoted a page or so every issue to true psychical experiences that may have happened to others, thereby attesting that such phenomena is not confined to any chosen few? Likewise, I think it would prove a big pick-up to the rest of us if you gave us excerpts from your mail in which people afar had reason to be grateful instead of critical of their soulcraft Enlightenment . . .”

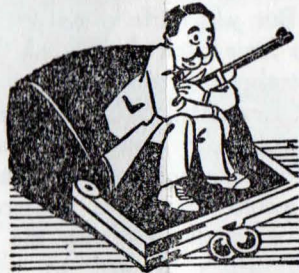
MICHIGAN—

“**I** KNOW you must receive many, many letters in appreciation for your writings, but I must add mine to your list. I have just finished reading *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* and re-reading *Seven Minutes*, also *Behold Life*, which I literally devoured just before the last mentioned. I simply cannot tell you what a wonderful thing it has been to have read your books . . . I do not think I needed convincing that there is no death because I have had experiences—one when I was four years old—of seeing my mother and brother coming down our open stairway. But I'm sorry to say I was terrified and ran to the kitchen to clutch my aunt. Since I was so young I suppose it is understandable. My mother had died when I was eight days old. Now here is the most convincing. At a seance a woman by the name of Myra called for me. I brushed it aside as worthless because I was there to hear from my husband who had died in 1923 . . . but in a few weeks another mediumistic woman and her husband called on me. She suddenly asked me, 'Did you have a stepmother, now in Spirit?' She had known absolutely nothing of my early life and I began to feel strange. I said I had. She next asked, 'Was she good to you?' I had to say no, because she and her sister had been very cruel to me from the time my aunt had died when I was six. The medium said, 'Myra is here and

is crying. She wants your forgiveness before she can go onward.' At that, I too was crying, and said, 'Tell her to go onward'. 'How wonderful,' the medium said, 'that you forgive her, for it releases her from it' . . . While I really didn't need convincing so much as I did reassurance and the feeling of shared belief, your books and your unselfish pursuance in this field of work has uplifted and helped me wonderfully . . . I was so happy that you say dogs also lived. I have lost three dear dogs and hope to see them again . . .”

OREGON—

“**I** CANNOT tell you how much I appreciated your *Cogitations* of November 13th. I had written a general letter to you about that time because I had heard indirectly of the very criticism you write of, but waited overnight before mailing it. Next day VALOR arrived. Imagine my smiling, therefore, through-



out that whole *Cogitations* in which you told of people wanting their money back but not being willing to return what Soulcraft had done to profit them. Our feelings up here in Oregon have always been on your side. We are more indebted to you than any moneys we have sent. The enlightenment we have is priceless. We shall continue to contribute as we can and we pray that the Golden Center of Soulcraft materializes sooner than expected . . .”

MICHIGAN—

“**I**T WAS a great thrill to receive and then to read your books on your psychical experiences. I do not mean to be

sacrilegious when I say, thank God there is a man who is not afraid to tell the world what he has experienced, learned, and now believes. May you have years to write and teach. This letter will be long and perhaps you won't have time to read it but feel I must write it. It is really an autobiography of the last eighteen years of my life, since I have learned of, and experienced, psychical matters. My life's aim now is, to help others 'get on the beam' and *not* fear spirit communication, to let the layman know that communication is a natural, sane thing if he will only keep the mental door open between the two worlds. Whenever I see a door (higher conversational opening) ajar, I thrust my foot in and keep it there. I have, as a channel of God, been successful in giving aid to several . . . God bless you, sir, and your wonderful work . . .” (This Michigan lady's 16-page letter proved to be one of the most gripping, enlightening, and instructive communications that VALOR has received in months. Permission is being sought to republish it in full as a forthcoming VALOR feature—Ed.)

NEW MEXICO—

“**I** HAVE read several of your Soulcraft books and have been reading VALOR and *Bright Horizons* since last March. This past summer my mother, who is about 64 years old, came to California and stayed with me for a while. At first I hesitated to discuss Soulcraft with her because of her religious background—she belongs to the Assembly of God Church, a church quite similar to the Pentecostal. Also my oldest brother is a Pentecostal preacher and mother attended his church. Also because of her age I never expected her to change her viewpoint. But she read *Seven Minutes* and *Dead Are Alive* and was reading back issues of VALOR. And since this current issue of *Bright Horizons* seems to be for young or beginning Soulcrafters I would

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# ARE You Skeptical of Higher Life Proofs because You Are Fearful of Personal Revelings?



**I**N THE summer of 1929, I had an interesting experience with a California newspaperman. He had come to New York to do publicity work for a Manhattan publisher. On the west coast he had read an article of mine on natural phenomena—phenomena that I had demonstrated with my own physical equipment and that was valid to my own satisfaction, else like the yokel card player I would have been cheating myself at a kind of solitaire.

One evening when we were alone in my apartment, our conversation turned on my psychical writings. And my friend made the caustic comment that the day was coming when I would regret that I had "gone in for such hokum" as he expressed it.

"Hokum!" I exclaimed.

"You know mighty well it *is* hokum," he sneered. "The only difference between you and the ordinary occult crank is, that you do your stuff with a finer technique."

This sort of arraignment, being manifestly untrue, was exceedingly distasteful. But I determined to experiment. I would consider my visitor Mr. Average Man, explore his cynicism, try to learn what made him so skeptical and observe what thin wedges of fact got under his skin.

I had known him when a resident of Hollywood and found him the ultra-sophisticate but companionable newspaperman who seemed to have built his social philosophy on the principle: "If something ain't wrong, 'tain't right!"

He was big-bodied, galvanic, black-eyed, with a cropped-off moustache and bantering manner, and had covered newspaper assignments from Moscow to Shanghai, spent his life with bankers, politicians, literary celebrities and golf-champions, drove a flashy roadster and

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

arose at five in the morning to be on time for eight o'clock breakfast clubs.

"SO I'M hoking the country, am I?" I laughed.

"You don't mean that down in your heart you actually believe the nonsense you've been printing?"

"Nonsense!" I cried.

"All this hocus-pocus about discarnate intelligences, good and evil spooks, a person's soul functioning outside his body . . . you know what nonsense!"

"Why call it nonsense?"

"Because it's untrue!"

"How do you know it's untrue?" I demanded.

"Because if it were a fact—scientific fact—all such phenomena would have become so widely known that the average truck-driver would have heard of it."

"Well," I said, "the electronic hypothesis of substance-in-matter is pretty well known, I think you'll admit. I've seen an interview of yours with Dr. Milliken on the subject, haven't I? You couldn't have written that article as well as you did, had you been skeptical about the celebrated Doctor's soundness of theory.

You tell me, Henry, what does the average truck-driver know about electrons?"

"Don't be so literal," my western friend protested. "You get my point."

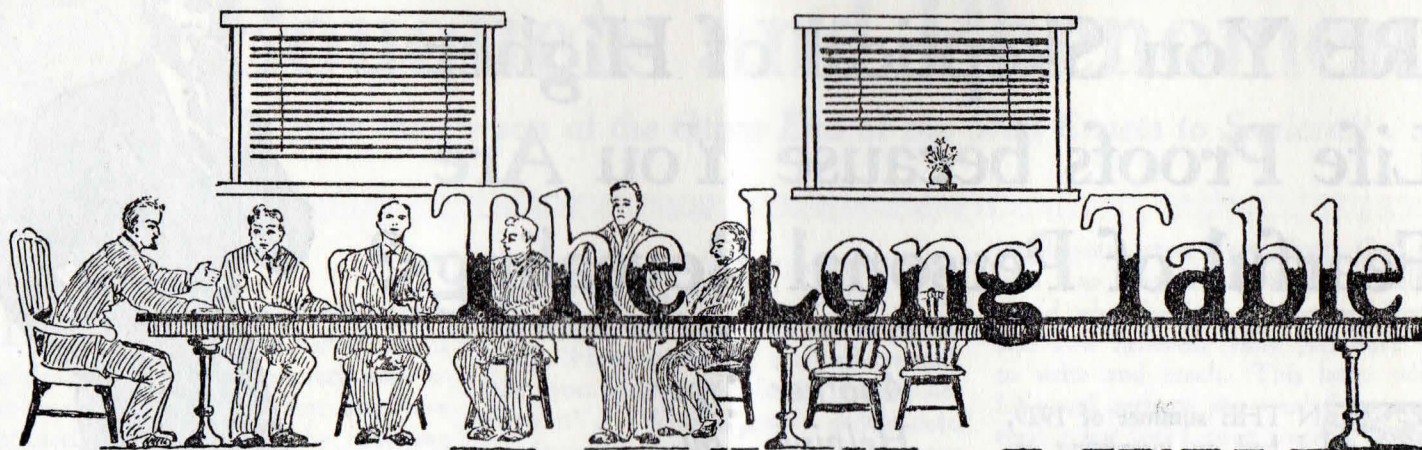
"But I don't get your point. What is your point?"

"My point is, that if psychical research had anything to it but charlatany it would be as widely and favorably known and accepted as psychology or physics. Instead of which, it's only touted by bizarre fanatics who go in for seances, turbans and incense, and snare wealthy dames into giving up their bankrolls. Don't talk to me! I know all about natural phenomena and discarnate research. I went into it thoroughly in Paris once when a bunch of us newspaper boys sat in on the expose of Madame P--- the medium!"

"You learned all about it at one expose, did you?"

"I'm telling you that if these things were true—clairaudient voices, second-sight, ectoplasms, all the rest of the wild, weird mess—any Tom, Dick or Harry

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### MATERIALIZATIONS . .

LONG BEACH, Calif.—“I have been a reader and admirer of your writings for many years and don't waste time saying how wonderful they are, as both you and I know it. Your style is so interesting that you could make one read and study the driest stuff, if it were necessary, and enjoy it. However, your writings are *very far* from dry . . . When in England, where I was raised, I belonged to the Psychical Research Society and have contacted all forms and kinds of ESP, and have had many experiences myself, one of a “dead” friend talking to me over the telephone while it was left off the hook. However, there is one point that nobody has ever been able to explain to me satisfactorily, and that is what I am writing you. This is what I want to know . . . How can I tell, to be *certain*, that the materialized forms which appear to us in a seance are not our own Thought-Forms, even though we are not consciously thinking of them at the time? You know they often come out the first time in clothing they had worn at their burials. Now I have had good results in the past with “spirit” photography and have had faces of “dead” friends appear on the prints. How can I be sure they were not emanations from my own aura, or forms in my own thought-atmosphere, even though such forms have long since slipped into the subconscious? . . .”

*Comment:* No one is ever *sure* of anything in this world of illusion excepting the fact of his or her own consciousness, and some people are not altogether aware of that judging from their behavior. But a number of incidents and episodes occur to VALOR's editor, resulting from twenty-

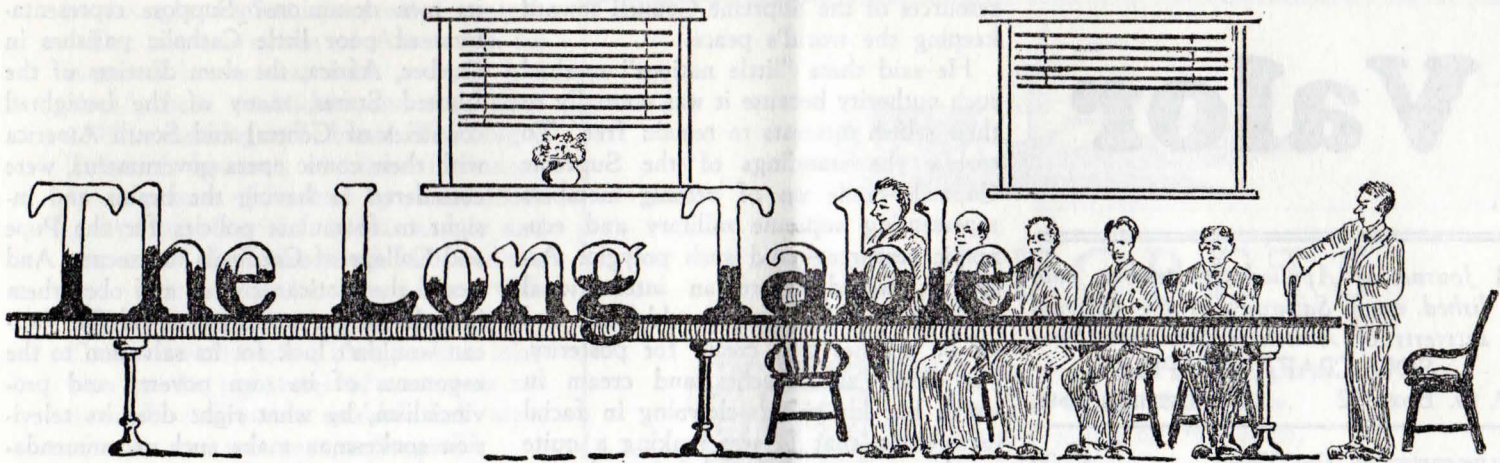
seven years of experience in post-mortem contacts, that would seem to contradict the suggestion that the materializations he has witnessed could ever have been his own thought-forms. He submits that a girl materializing in a California seance unknown to anyone present but giving her name as Harriet Pelley could scarcely have been the thought-form of anybody present when three months later the same girl materializes at a seance in Noblesville attended quite accidentally by one of the Californians present at the first seance. He testifies it to be the same girl, from her looks and voice as he remembered it, but Indiana people who have seen Harriet more than once likewise attest it is the girl they have beheld before? One might ask, if she was a product of subconscious mind, whose subconscious minds was it? Could two subconscious minds produce exactly the same phantom but in different places and at different times, when one had never seen the original girl in life? But one's mind runs back to other instances where mental phantasmagoria might be debatable. One night in New York back in 1939 the editor turned away from a materialized figure, a small Indian maiden standing about four-feet-eight, before she was finished with her converse. She bent and reached for his retiring figure, clutching his left elbow and giving it a jerk that nearly dislocated his arm from his shoulder, as he weighed 160 pounds. Was anybody's subconscious mind doing that? At Soulcraft of an October evening of this year, ten to fifteen people confronted a materialized Silverleaf and bearded her for nearly forty minutes with questions. She held up her end of such barrage of

questions without missing once, many times submitting answers that could have been in nobody's subconscious because she was concurrently consulting happenings at a distance. Your whole letter is too lengthy and challenging to answer further in this department. Watch VALOR for an entire article upon it at an early date . . .

### BUSINESS OF INSULT . .

CHICAGO: “I have been reading VALOR only since April last, but in that length of time I believe that you have insulted every religion and philosophy on the face of the earth, and some that aren't. People are inclined to turn a deaf ear to insults until they hit home. You hit home with me, for I am a Rosicrucian and you would probably be surprised to learn how many of your subscribers are. However, unlike yourself, I follow that old bit of advice: ‘If you won't try it, don't slam it.’”

*Comment:* VALOR can't attempt to answer correspondents who interpret criticism as abuse. The dictionary says that insult is vituperative words, coarse or insulting speech. In other words, malicious attack with no basis in truth but the satisfaction of private animosity. The Recorder is not aware that he has ever been guilty of such, for in the case of many a cult, it isn't necessary. He knows too much about its genesis or sponsorship, and if he speaks what he does happen to know, he does it in the sense of analysis. After getting personalized testimony for nearly 27 years from scores and perchance hundreds who have Made the Passing into theso-called After-life, the Recorder has never yet found a single



psyche attesting to the truth of modern theology in any denominational sense. There is no heaven (or hell) such as the Scriptures propound, there is no Judgment, there is no factual foundation for scarcely one rite of any earthly Church. Theology seems to be in total error from first to last. Moreover, there isn't a single claim it makes that it can attest by evidence. Such statement is evidently part of the "insult" which Chicago deploras. The Recorder regards it as honest fact. On the other hand, Soulcraft brings a plethora of testimony of what conditions *are* on the Higher Side, and it jibes almost exactly with what other psychics are receiving all over the earth. The Recorder has no respect for error. Not when truth is explorable. This whole critical letter from Chicago might be listed itself as synonymous with VALOR's criticism of other faiths which Chicago deploras. The biggest class of distressed persons in Etheria, are the souls of clergymen. They are uniformly in Mary Eddy's predicament, only Mary Eddy has the courage to try to do something about it, just as she did in life. As for singling out the Rosicrucians for particular vituperation, when and where was it done? Strange that there are already more Soulcrafters than Rosicrucians in the United States and that its reader lists are growing heavier not lighter year upon year.

#### PALSY . .

**SAN DIEGO:** "I have been troubled with palsy for the past two years. If I'm in this life for the experience and soul growth, am I to make no effort to heal this condition or just endure it? Is there some particular place in your books

I may get an answer? It puts me under great tension, this palsied state, and I would so like to relax and enjoy your writings."

*Comment:* The Recorder is not prescribing medically, but taking this inquiry in its esoteric aspects. Palsy is a form of paralysis. We might almost call it intermittent paralysis. Paralysis is not a disease but primarily a loss of muscular power, although the word is also used at times to denote loss or suspension of sensation also. It is the symptom of some mechanical obstruction, or some functional disorder or structural damage in the nervous system or degenerative atrophy of the muscles affected. It may be partial, involving only one or two muscles, or it may be so widespread as to render the victim well-nigh helpless. Liken the brain to the central switchboard of a telephone system. If one of the telephonic wires becomes disconnected or burns out, the conversation coming over such wire normally is disrupted. As well ask, did I come into life to endure a telephone system where many of the wires become defective? Of course you didn't. However, inasmuch as the nervous system cannot have its wires welded or replaced as in its mechanical counterpart, there is only recourse to psychosomatics or the command of matter by intellect. Jesus is reported to have cured palsy as a common occurrence, speaking as it were direct to the sufferer's subconscious mind. As to whether or not you came into life to experience such a condition for spiritual profit, read *Know Your Karma*, the new Soulcraft volume out this coming week. Anyhow, Soulcraft will help as it may be capable.

#### VALUE OF RETURN? . .

**BOSTON:** "I have noted your claims and contentions in VALOR that Mary Baker Eddy comes back to you, a non-Scientist, in materialized form, reduced to the extremity of getting you to apologize for her and clean up what you describe as her Karma for her writings against Spiritualism. Will you please inform me, since you are such a great believer in Reincarnation, why she doesn't solve the quandary for herself by reincarnating? You would seem to be contradicting your own hypothesis in such matters . . ."

*Comment:* Not at all. Simply confirming it. You seem to overlook, Boston, that Reincarnation is by no means any instantaneous fully-grown process. Granting Mrs. Eddy wished to make a reappearance in flesh on this plane and correct her own mistakes of the past, she would of course require to be born in the body of a new infant, of a father and mother that would possess a family name that would convey no connection with her former personality. The sheer item of time involved would mean she would not come to maturity until somewhere around 1976, and by no means would she be able to display her present powers merely by gaining to her majority. Another ten to twenty years would be involved. Furthermore, insofar as world society was concerned, her name would be merely Sarah Jones or Beatrice Pratt. She might cry, "I'm the reborn soul of Mary Eddy" but the world is inclined to make a boorish noise with the lips when such claims are too blatant. No, Mary's course is the wisest one, all things considered.

# Valor

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## Insidious Orthodoxy



MILLIONS saw and heard Bishop Fulton J. Sheen on their television gadgets Tuesday night, December 7th—Pearl Harbor Anniversary—as he chatted on the revision of the United Nations Charter which comes up in September. The clever and canny Bishop is the best public relations counsel possessed by the Roman Church, at least in the minds of Protestants. But to those of analytical intelligence and comprehensive knowledge of the insidious aspects of that Tower of Babel on New York's East River, Bishop Sheen's attitude toward the Hiss Thing was heard with misgivings.

It remains to be seen whether or not this personable pitch-man for Orthodoxy isn't doing his Church and himself a disservice, affecting to mastermind what might be done to "improve" United Nations, the Fifth Internationale.

Starting off with suave and diplomatic consideration for those who feel strongly about this global menace to American Constitutionalism, Bishop Sheen black-boarded himself around to what appeared, to him, the outstandingly brilliant suggestion that the Supreme Council—made up of the Big Five, United States, Britain, Russia, Free China and France—should be shorn of their dictatorial veto powers and placed under the Assembly, made up of heterogeneous "little nations"—he termed them the Free Nations—who should determine policy and direct the

resources of the Supreme Council toward keeping the world's peace.

He said these "little nations" merited such authority because it was eternally to their selfish interests to remain free. To reverse the standings of the Supreme Council—made up of vetoing members representing supreme military and economic resources—and such polyglot Assembly, would create an international parliament which God should bless and all be peaches and cream for posterity. He didn't say peaches and cream in words but his pseudo-clowning in facial expressions, that he was making a quite worthy recommendation, left it to be implied.

To which one of the spectators in VALOR's hearing exclaimed, "Now there's merit in that. He's got something!"

What VALOR maintains he had was a bag of ecclesiastic persimmons . . .



A POLYGLOT crowd of representatives from "little nations" setting policy for war and peace, with the Big Five emasculate, not to mention the international economics involved, affecting great commonwealths of advanced and cultured people like Britain, France and United States would be good for an international Bronx cheer should it come from a personage less distinguished than this ecclesiastical Thespian who otherwise displays excellent sense in his utterings.

But imagine the United States forces and resources being involved in a war with the Chinese Communists at the behest of the toy statesmen of Guatemala, Afghanistan, Monaco, Venezuela and Pakistan—with a majority of the haven nations of similar ilk issuing orders to the Supreme Council to carry their determinings out.

As one watched the popular Bishop putting on his act, one wondered if the Vatican with all its wealth, power, and authority would concur in the radio priest's suggestions similarly applied to

its own dominions? Suppose representatives of poor little Catholic parishes in Quebec, Africa, the slum districts of the United States, many of the benighted countries of Central and South America with their comic opera governments, were considered as having the brains and insight to formulate policies for the Pope and College of Cardinals to execute. And would the Vatican concur and obey them in order to get world peace? If the Vatican wouldn't look for its salvation to the exponents of its own poverty and provincialism, by what right does its television spokesman make such recommendation for the political world to pursue in modern times?

VALOR's editor would have enjoyed nothing better than "taking on" the likeable priest in a half-hour's debate on the points he advocated before the television cameras, leaving it to the audience as to which made the sounder showing as to logic. But surrendering the foreign policy of our great Republic—strong in the past because of the outstanding intelligence of its commoners as compared with commoners of overseas States, wasn't the truly insidious thing that the priest's chalk-talk represented.

The insidious thing was taking the inevitability and permanency of the Hiss Thing for granted as a basis for discussion at all. It's *with us*—UN—how can we improve it to make it acceptable?

Why does it have to be with us?

*Who decrees we must cast eruditely about to make it acceptable?*

Nevertheless, that is the pernicious ideology being impressed on the minds of the unsuspecting or unthinking householder with a TV set.

## It's Been Tried



THE PRESENT generation, inheritors of the constitutionally disruptive panaceas of New-Dealism, jittery from propaganda frights at atom bombs, wants permanent peace and security. Upon this natural human instinct, the San Francisco Babel Parliament was instigated and a Democratic Senate said Fair Enough. Get the nations of the world into constitutional assembly and the rapacious and aggressive characteristics of men and nations would at last



be brought beneath purposeful control.

But not one citizen of America in six hundred knows that such a thing had already been established and tried since 1899 in the Hague Tribunal. The Hague Tribunal, however, contained intrinsically no powers of control by surreptitious groups of minorities. It was an out and out court of international jurisprudence and justice set up between nations. Officially it was declared to be a permanent Court of Arbitration, brought into existence by the signatures of twenty-six nations. If Arbitration couldn't halt wars, of what use was *any* parliament?

The outstanding sovereignties of the world, in short, appointed representatives to sit for a term of six years each, not less than four of them in each case to be recognized authorities in international jurisprudence. Its deliberations followed approved rules of procedure and its function was amicable to settle differences arising between two or more members. The first cases adjudged was the Pious Fraud Claim between Mexico and the United States in 1902 and the difficulties between Venezuela and United States in 1903. But it didn't halt World War I because German and British signers wouldn't submit their claims bringing about World War I to arbitration. If the nations of the earth had wanted to act in good faith and really keep the peace, there need never have been a gun fired or another shell exploded after the turn of the century.

Notice in all this UN argument—which takes the inevitability of UN for granted—almost no reference to The Hague Tribunal ever appears in the bill. No more does the late League of Nations—which oldsters are aware went on the rocks because an American Senate influenced by such statesmen as Henry Cabot Lodge refused to jeopardize United States sovereignty by fooling around with it. But the rising generation, born since Rooseveltism, knows naught of that.

*It is time that they did!*

### The Real Minority



REVISION of the UN Charter, coming in September of next year, is not to improve it or make it more workable. Revision doesn't enter into it.



## NO REGRETS



HERE'S one thing that I often pray:  
That I be useful while I stay,  
That when I shuffle off this earth,  
The folks I leave may mark my worth.  
So, when I've quit this mortal shore,  
To move around this earth no more,  
Don't weep, or sigh, or heave a sob.  
I may have found a better job.

Don't go and buy a big bouquet  
For which you find it hard to pay;  
Don't hang around me, looking blue,  
I may be better off than you!  
So many questions I would ask  
To find out Why, this earthly task,  
Thus when you see me stiff and stark,  
I may be having quite a lark!

Don't tell the world I was a saint,  
Or anything you know I ain't.  
If you have stuff like that to spread,  
Please hand it out before I'm dead.  
If you have roses, bless your soul! . . .  
Just slip one in my buttonhole;  
But do it while I'm at my best  
Instead of when I'm laid at "rest" . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

The earth is good and life is grand,  
Still, I would seek a Better Land.  
I'd find an answer to my prayers,  
Just tell the folks I've moved UPSTAIRS!

*through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL*

Strengthening its legal decrees so that the *have-not's* dominate and dictate to the *have's* about their own affairs is what is being sought. The public ideology, it is estimated, is now about ready to stand for it.

It is Fear and Cowardice, not Fearlessness and Valor, that is being preached and encouraged by this vaunted cure-all for national stamina and acumen. "Stand your ground, don't fire unless fired up-

on," is being exchanged as a national slogan for "We must have cooperation, even if it ruins us." And the cooperation means that we cooperate with all the barefooted statesmen of the earth but by no means making it a condition that they cooperate with us. Buy peace at any price, honor is archaic! Standing up for your American free heritage is isolationism and reprehensible.

Emerson said, "What wouldst thou

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have, O Man? . . . take it and pay the price." The Sheen chalk-talk would indicate the adjuration has been altered into "Pay the price, O Man, and take what you can get. But pay the price!"

The Roman Church's position in all of it is well-nigh incomprehensible, since putting the United Nations Assembly in such supreme authority—America's paying the bills for what it might decree—would merely exchange major control by the Marxist States for a plethora of States in which Christianity, Catholic, or Protestant, would be in the minority.

There are 600 million Christians of every stripe in the world. There are 1,900,000,000 non-Christians.

Is Sheen conceding that his Church is willing to turn over the countries supposedly Christian Catholic for control by a world majority of Buddhists, Hindus, Moslems and atheists?

Something is decidedly wrong in Denmark somewhere.

For the sake of his own Church's *ultimate* welfare, Bishop Sheen should show himself longer-headed than to led himself to such Machiavellian fanagling.

### Bouquets

(Continued from Page 4)

like to start her subscription to *Bright Horizons* with the November issue if possible . . ."

WASHINGTON STATE—

"I DIDN'T think I had anything to write about until I read in one of your *Soulscripts* something about *hunches*. I've had hunches all my life, I think, when I really get to recollect it. I was brought up in the old orthodox southern religion and got an overdose of it in my young days. But a hunch grew upon me that something was wrong with it and I quit the church before I was 16 years old. Mother wept for me, but I told her not to cry for me but for herself, which did not better the situation and I was designated unfaithful, which of course is an unpardonable sin. What was wrong I did not at first get clear. But then I had another hunch, that there could not be such a thing as a hell and a devil and that *stuck*. Coming West, I went to all different churches including the Catholic but my hunch still said they were all

wrong. Finally I ran across the Soulcraft books, and my hunch said, This is right because it's logical and I have always been strong on logic. I have, therefore, been a subscriber to *Soulscripts* and VALOR since they were started, and I've the first part of the *Golden Scripts* and have read *Star Guests* and parts of several others. I was born in Norway and like most others came over here penniless. I am 75 years old but would still like to learn and I am going to try to get more of your books till I've read them *all* . . ."

### Are You Skeptical?

(Continued from Page 5)

would be having evidences of it right in his own life, not waiting to get it from someone for money."

I REACHED for a pamphlet lying on the table. It contained a 7,000-word lecture on Cosmology, together with comments on some of my experiences in other dimensions of Matter in which I felt I had been particularly successful.

"Henry," I said, "you've read this booklet and approved of it from a literary standpoint. Where do you suppose I got my material?"

"From the depths of your own fine mind," Henry responded.

"But my friend . . . I give you my word of honor that before receiving this material I had never in my life read a book or article on the subject with which it treats. Moreover, I found after taking it down that it checked up one-hundred per cent with information received by scores of others, from similar sources, and by the same instrumentalities. How explain that by 'subconscious mind?'"

"Oh, I'll grant you there's mental telepathy. Everyone's heard about mental telepathy. You might easily have picked up a message broadcast by some other person somewhere in the world and you think it's your own."

"But how explain the fact that I interrupted the 'lecturer' to ask specific questions about nonunderstood points? And he answered me specifically."

"You could easily have interrupted some distant speaker by the same mental telepathy, couldn't you?"

"Possibly," I said. "Your definition or plausibility, however, seems to be whether

or not *hoi polloi* is familiar with the subject-matter treated."

"MY ARGUMENT is," my friend replied angrily, "that when a dozen people can sit down in a room without extraneous equipment beyond their own five senses, demand phenomena and get it under any sort of conditions, so that it's equally perceptible and intelligible to every last one present, then I'll believe in discarnate intelligence."

"Can a dozen people all listen at one telephone receiver and get the message coming over the wire, Henry?"

"You can put a dozen telephone-extensions into a room and plug twelve people in on the message," he argued.

"But let's suppose that six of those people are deaf?"

"Six out of twelve people wouldn't be deaf!"

"But allowing that they could be—or might be—would it prove that the other six weren't getting any message—that no message was coming across the wire at all?"

"Certainly not. But I'm talking about twelve people possessed of the equipment to hear such messages!"

"Good! Then won't you admit that there may be plenty of persons going up and down in the world who have types of hearing equipment which the rest of the race have not?—and that they may get messages like the six of your people whose hearing wasn't faulty?"

"I WILL not! Hearing is a natural and normal sense which everyone possesses."

"Then why isn't it possible for any person possessed of these 'normal' senses to go into a crashing roller-mill with all the lamps switched off, and talk audibly to his companion or find his way about?"

"There'd be too much noise in the roller-mill to hear the companion talk. And of course without incandescent lights, no one can see—"

"Then concerning the validity of certain phenomena, why won't you admit that perhaps there's too much vibratory noise going on all about 'normal' people in this universe, for them to hear the speakings of adjacent companions? Why won't you admit that there may be human eyes with retinas so delicate that they can

see beyond the ultra-violet and perceive what the average person can't?"

"I'd be willing to grant it in your case if you'd been equipped so every moment since your birth. But for you to 'discover' such senses in yourself after reaching forty, strikes me as being a little bit *tall!*"

"I was born without the ability to read, write or run, Henry. And so were you. But both of us attained proficiency in reading, writing and running, didn't we? Why can't we galvanize our more subtle senses and suddenly find that they too function?"

"Because we don't possess them!"

"What proof have you of that?"

"Well, I haven't them, have I?"

"I GUESS that's the real answer, Henry. You haven't them, so they don't exist for others. But how much have you tried to cultivate them before declaring you don't possess them?"

"If the Almighty had wanted me to function with them, He'd have awakened them in me long before now," my friend laughed uneasily. It seemed to nettle him that they might awaken against his will and he be unable to help it.

"What's God got to do with it? He gave them to you, but proficiency in using them is your business strictly."

"More applesauce! Let them operate of themselves spontaneously, then I'll believe I've got them!"

THERE was more of this futile argument. It lasted till three in the morning. Out of it, I discovered nothing more than this—

My friend was what I term a "young soul," not especially studious, strictly a materialist, and *inherently terrified by what he could not understand*. If anyone possessed or exhibited traits or faculties which had not been accorded to him naturally, he must be abnormal, irrational, or a liar.

In other words, the mass acceptance was the common mean of Truth. He wanted herd-protection in his thinking. To stand on his own two feet and explore the universe as a free, unfettered soul would have marked him not as a spiritual adult but as an eccentric or fanatic who possibly deserved confinement.

One of the hardest things in life to get the average man and woman to believe,

(Continued on Page 15)



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# Cogitations

Pella

**B**ETWEEN typesetting errors that the proofreader fails to catch, and people who mail in news items using inappropriate words which the editor fails to catch, the newspaper publisher's life is by no means moonlight and honeysuckle. I know because I've been one. Then again, other things can happen which the public doesn't understand. That pleasantry I used in *Drag* about the makeup man who got the linotype slugs on two galleys mixed up, attaching half a story about City Council proceedings on the end of half a story about the minister's wife reception and the town being notified that "As a hostess, the Rev. Mrs. Wright is . . . a big hole in Main Street which the selectmen will fill up as soon as they can get the necessary appropriation," or words to that effect, I took out of my own experience when I owned the *Chicopee Journal* in Massachusetts in 1912. The papers were on the street and being sold when the pastor came roaring in, talking incoherently about lawsuits. In fact, I wrote my third novel determined to incorporate into it all the comical things that had happened to me in the small town publishing business. The matter comes to mind because this morning's Indianapolis paper carried a story about a local society matron, which informed local Hoosiers that—

"Mrs. Kingman continues under the doctor's car. However, her condition at this writing is somewhat improved."

The public isn't aware that these mistakes occur through faulty performance of the typesetting machines. In linotype work the operator sits at a keyboard and presses keys like those on a typewriter,

only different arrangement of the characters. When a key is tapped, a small brass "matrix", containing a mold of the wanted letter, falls down a channel from the "magazine" and is conveyed into the "assembler", making up the typeline. If a matrix should fail to fall, or the wrong character-key be tapped, the effect is often startling when the line of matrixes goes into the "caster" and the metal slug comes forth. A famous item which came out in a Kentucky paper years ago announced—

The Sunbeam Band of Central Baptist Church is to meet at the church at 3 o'clock, where transpor-



tation will be arranged for the picnic which is to be held at the Adams place Monday afternoon.

I hadn't owned the *Deerfield Valley Times* at Wilmington, Vt. very long before I learned to watch for the word "held" or "help" in the items, but more

commonly for the word "friends." Even hand compositors would spell it without the "r" and I nearly got my cranium broken one afternoon when *The Times* announced—

Charles Wheeler and family have been enjoying a week-end visit from fiends in Searsburg and Sandy Creek since Friday . . .

o—o

**S**PEAKING of linotypes, it's a quick trick of an operator when he has a hopeless pied line, as he calls it, to run his left hand fingers down the arrangement of keys on the left edge of the keyboard. This gives him a combination of matrixes that don't make an intelligible word. Sometimes operators do this to fill a blank space, bethinking to throw the slug away when it appears from the ejector, then forget to do so. The operator on a West Virginia paper did not do this, and the following item appeared in print—

At the hospital Mrs. Flint explained that she stepped on a piece of soap on getting from the bathtub and skidded half out the open window. Her only injury was a wrecked etaoin etaoin.

There's another famous case of a libel suit brought against a Virginia paper because the proper vowel didn't fall—in this case an "o"—in a news item about a local soloist. The paper's readers got the following—

Miss Christine Blatz won loud applause at the concert when she sang *There is a Green Hill Far Away*. Miss Blatz is teacher of vice in Hobart's Conservatory of Music.

We almost got into a bad brawl on the *Bennington Banner* when Pat Pendergast

couldn't be placated by explanations as to why the typesetter had happened to hit the "t" key instead of the "e" in an item that read—

The Knights of Columbus turned out in a body for Michael McConnell's funeral. There were thirty-eight members, including Father O'Brien. An upstate New York paper actually did get into hot water over the item that announced a special production in a community playhouse. In this case it was inverted letters that didn't catch the proof-reader's "transpose" notation—

The Wee Theatre has at last begun long-delayed rehearsals for its July play. The production will be the three cat drama *Ladies of the Jury*.

But this *faux pas* didn't hold a candle to the one in Ohio where news of the current activities of the local music guild started off with the pleasantry—

Mrs. Pratt, guild president, announces that practice for members of the string quartette will be hell as usual at the home of Mrs. Geraldine Price of Maple Street, with time taken for tea.

o—o

I MIGHT fill up the whole sixteen pages of this magazine with such typographical "bulls", but it's incongruous words or badly inverted sentences that really keeps a publisher's hair grey. Out in San Luis Obispo when I lived in California, the local sheet ran this item one night—

Ralph Vernon, whose voice has won him no little fame as far as Los Angeles, was bruised and shaken today when his car left the pavement on the Ridge Route and turned over twice. It was feared at first his vocal cords were not injured.

A Warren, Ohio, paper in bad by announcing that one F. W. Cook, who had been confined to his home since March with arithmetic was able to leave the house Monday. This was before the days of income taxes. The paper in Beacon, N. Y., the town across the Hudson from Newburgh where I lived while I wrote *Drag*, came out one night with the society item—

The beautiful deb was attired in a beautiful creation of jade-green crepe, trimmed with ecru lace around the punchbowl.

But that didn't cause the laughs, referring again to Vermont, that came from a correspondent's item in the Rutland paper, wherein a thoughtless village reporter had announced—

Charles Hubbard has bought a very expensive cow. However, he expects to get the cost of it back by supplying his neighbors with milk, cream, butter and eggs.

o—o

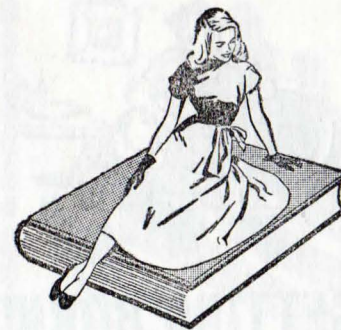
I PUT a new local reporter on my St. Johnsbury *Evening Caledonian* once—a bland-eyed little widow whose late husband had died without leaving her a penny of insurance. I paid her space rates. When she couldn't coddle items out of clerks in the Main Street stores, I had reason to believe she made them up out of her own head. Some of her copy was plenty comic. For instance, among her descriptions of traffic accidents, I found this—

The accident occurred at the top of Eastern Avenue hill as the dead man was crossing the intersection.

Another of her classics was—

Tommy Cheeseborough is considered to be something of a mathematical prodigal. He can add up the most unusual sums in his head when he never uses a pencil. The other night when the Rev. Amos Blankenship was calling on his father and mother, Tommy performed for his benefit. The minister asked him to multiply 24 by 26 right away quick and without a bit of thinking Tommy Tommy came right back with the answer, 500, in less than eight seconds.

I had hard work figuring who was being ribbed in Hattie's copy, the townspeople, the copy editor or myself. She would bring in such items as "Prof. Charley Forbes, who should have been a doctor seeing he articulates at the university at Burlington in health subjects, was seen using his handkerchief on Main Street this noontime as though threatened with a cold," or "There were over fifty guests at the Adams Golden Wedding reception Wednesday evening, some of which did not come. But when noses were counted, it developed that more than sixteen who did, had been married to the same man for over forty years." Practical-ly a bigamist if you ask me . .



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ED HOWE or William Allen White would have rhapsodized over Hattie. She was priceless, meaning that money couldn't pay the cash settlements if all the people she got mixed in her items should happen to rise up and bring suit for damages at once. Of old Squire Dennett's spouse she wrote, "Mrs. Alexander Dunnnett is confined to her home by a canning accident. Being unable to open a can of tomatoes with a fork she at last went at it with a can-opener and slipped and cut herself in the pantry." She would commit such errors as "Franklin Proctor, 66 years old, who is thinking of running for Governor, was born on a farm in Rutland County 58 years ago." That one got past Charley Lord, my editor. I laid it on his desk and wanted to know if he'd read it before putting it on the linotype hook. "Sure," he said, "but you know how old Frank Proctor is. He always has wanted to run for Governor, even when he was Senator." I went out behind the Cox Duplex, swept a clean floor space for myself and had a fit. Then I let one of Hattie's items go through that Charley came back and ribbed me about. It concerned the Union Church picnic at Lake Willowby and ended with the typographical error in the final line, "Everyone present agreed that it was a bug success." . . . Charley gloated. "Huh, . . . proofreader!" he scoffed. I said, "Proofreader, my eye. Mary Carey told me she never saw so many ants and mosquitoes in her life." Then Charley went over behind the press and had a fit.

o—o

PRINTERS are wonderful people, particularly on small-town papers. Old John Burton, ad-comp on the *Banner*, was never seen to smile in his life. I recall his setting up a review of a book by a local spinster where the hero "kissed his darling under the silent stars". Seems John didn't relish the authoress much and the review went through and the line was published: "he kicked his darling under the cellar stairs." Rav Gifford, my make-up man on the *Caledonian*, set up a half-page ad for the local department store one morning for "a choice assortment of House Dresses—Black and Cheap!" The merchant showed up ten minutes after the paper was out, declaring he'd never pay for the space. We wanted to know why and he asked us to read the word describing the color of the garments. The

letter "I" was missing from it. I asked Roy how he ever happened to let such a bull slip through. Dead-pan he acted surprised. "I thought of course," said he, "old man Berry was catering to the country clientele." I always suspected he did the thing apurpose . . . How did I get started on such a line of reminiscence? This is Christmas month and I ought to be writing about Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer. I must be slipping . . . Anyway, a laugh's a laugh.

—THE INTERPRETER

## Candles

(Continued from Page 2)

This Christmas institution of ours then, making a rite of generosity, largess, compassion, and altruism generally—all enshrined in song and brilliance becomes a corollary of our highest religious idealism expressed in acts.

Thus does the soul of our breed or division of humanity demonstrate itself as *The Christmas Spirit*.

Now what shall we get as a Christmas gift for sour-visaged old Aunt Clementina? We know we've got to give her *something* . . .

Why don't we question why the giving is a "must"?

## Christ Existed

(Continued from Page 3)

fact to each individual who gave it exercise . . .

DO YOU not see therefore, that the employment of this character as a known historical personage would have detracted from each soul's concept of that idealism and caused a confusion in the ultimate attainment of the perfect pattern in each individual Thought Projection of what that pattern should actually be?

It goes without saying that all the ways and means of projecting the Christ Consciousness in a man's consciousness were all considered in advance. Each human soul was to have its imagination struck, as it were, by the perfection of the ideal which Jesus came exemplifying out of the human into the divine. It had to be allowed a certain latitude in its conceiv-

ing, building up for itself from a sketch of this Idealized Personality which it would attain if it kept its idealization ever before it.

To this end and aim it was necessary to minimize the historical character of the Christ and magnify the spiritual character until the whole concept became a foundation-stone for racial ethics. The power to record the actual sayings and doings of Jesus was therefore minimized during His lifetime to those who were about Him, to be picked up in a later day by those who had begun already to idealize Him from the grist of what they had heard about Him, passed from mouth to mouth from those who had originally seen or heard the wonders which He performed . . .

There is an additional and a greater reason, however, above postulations of idealisms, why we have sound concrete cause in logic for the one-time actuality of The Christ . . .

*(Concluded Next Week)*

## Are You Skeptical?

*(Continued from Page 11)*

is that all the rest of the men and women in the universe are not precisely like themselves, because other persons appear to the eye or the ear as normal—in that they possess a body with the usual number of arms, legs and eyes—the average man or woman takes it for granted that its sense equipments cannot be otherwise than usual. To say that there may be millions of members of the human race living their earthly lives on a higher, finer sense-plane in Matter, receiving impressions or instructions, guiding their daily comings and goings by intuitive perceptions that have nothing to do with physical seeing, hearing or feeling, is to court facetiousness or scorn.

If I were to lay down any first lesson in the successful exploration of natural phenomena, that lesson would be this: that the novice get it through his head so thoroughly that it becomes a fixation in his thinking, *that millions of men and women may be as far advanced above himself in their spiritual perceptions as he is above a horse or a dog.*

**PEOPLE** are not alike! Millions have their physical senses dulled or destroyed. By the same token millions have

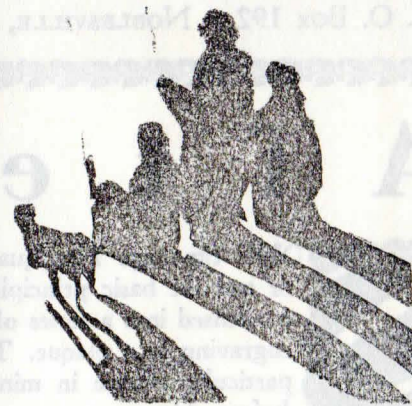
their physical senses "stepped up" to a degree of efficiency so fine that they cease to be physical and are actually mental. Many times these people do not realize this, themselves. But just as any average man may be in the heart of an explosion which in one blinding flash forever takes from him his sight and hearing, so another "average" man may encounter certain types of metaphysical explosions in which sublimated seeing and hearing *are awakened* in an instant—to remain with him functioning and suitable for training to still subtler efficiencies.

Strictly speaking, I am convinced that the average child-like person is really terrified at what he might see or hear, were his super-senses miraculously awakened.

**I** HEARD of a case recently of a woman in Kentucky who had been born blind, who had continued blind throughout childhood and adolescence, married and had children, without ever having seen the faces of husband or offspring. Then it happened that a great eye surgeon declared he could restore her long-dormant sight by a delicate operation. The report went about that the woman was terrified and delayed the operation for weeks, fearing instinctively, like my friend Henry, what she might behold when her sight was supplied to her. Did she really *want* to see?

But the operation was performed. And it wasn't the common, near-at-hand things that immediately amazed her: such as the features of her relatives, the contour of the furniture amid which her life had been spent. She remained fascinated and a bit terrified for hours at a time by such commonplaces as the smoke arising from a distant factory stack, the turning wheels of automobiles, the leg motions of a galloping horse—which seemed to assume the aspects of a monster.

**WE** ARE told from High Authority that there are dozens of senses beyond the five physical attributes. But what they are, how they function, what the ego-sensations from them may be, no human mind can know. Our five common senses are only for the purpose of reacting with reasonably dexterity to our physical environment. But change the environment to a wholly different set of conditions, and new senses function for which we may have no call in this three dimensional universe.



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

**S**OME time ago Headquarters was asked whether or not the basic principles of Soulcraft could be condensed into a series of paragraphs, suitable for engraving on a plaque. The correspondent had no particular plaque in mind. What he wanted set before him was the Soulcraft Enlightenment in five hundred words. So the Recorder, entering within the fortnight into the twenty-seventh year of his instruction from Higher Realms, offers in consequence the Six Texts contained in this boxed symposium distinguishing this page. In his estimation it best expresses Soulcraft in most comprehensive hypothesis . . .

**T**HESE are not religious beliefs. They are statements of fact as the erudite Soulcrafter sees them after an intelligent and exhaustive probing of the minds and experiences of a plethora of persons who have graduated out of their physical vehicles but communicated to associates in the earth world what they have found to be most evident in respect to man's soul and its destiny. Notice that there is no room in Soulcraft for discussion of any quarrel between God and His earthly children, or his earthly children with God or with one another theologically. There is no such quarrel. Neither God nor Christ

are dread judges of man in his ignorance or weakness. They are his affectionate Parent and the understanding Elder Brother. Notice likewise there is no intimation of Hell or Eternal Punishment in such agenda of findings. This is because on no plane of Consciousness whatsoever has anyone ever met with postmor-

tem evidences or reports of either . . . Strange but a fact. What they *have* found has been a dark, purgatorial, abandoned condition of life where the purposefully evil or vicious dwell in inspeakable terrain desolations, with no creative talents toward beauty, no aspirations toward self-improvement, no ethical regard for one another, given over to animalisms and brutality. But instead of fires and demons there seems to be only stagnant befouled waters and elemental passions, its denizens resenting help from higher planes and fleeing from radiance lest their evils find them out.

**B**UT no one is held in such colours by force. All souls find themselves at precisely the elevation they have *earned* by their improvements of character as they have climbed higher and higher in long lives lived. In short, the etheric findings of Soulcraft make the discovery that *Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace, good-will toward men* is more than a reasonable shibboleth. It is a Reality of the aeons!

### *The Scripts Declare Unto Us . . .*

**THAT . . .** the Omniverse is the handiwork of the one Divine Intellect, creating arenas of worlds where units of Holy Consciousness ensoul in series of organisms called Flesh, to acquire the profits from Experience in ever rising and expanding cycles;

**THAT . . .** Consciousness cannot and does not perish, but grows wiser and stronger from ascending sequences in organic vehicles, until it comes to graduate to higher and more splendid galactic systems, the abodes of the Hosts of the Just Men Made Perfect;

**THAT . . .** as Christ Jesus was divine, so are all men divine in Original Essence, gaining to Holy Stature by illuminations of Wisdom acquired of material experience;

**THAT . . .** Personalized Consciousness functions whether the Soul be operating either inside or outside the body, and that communication between those outside the body and those inside the body is utterly scientific;

**THAT . . .** the true Judgment of the Soul is pronounced on Man by himself, in that of free election he takes note of educative earth-experiences to date and specifies for himself what he needs still, to experience for progress toward celestuality, entering anew into earth-life to receive it;

**THAT . . .** Physical Health and Material Prosperity are natural and normal states for those intelligently understanding Cosmic Fundamentals, with Disease and Evil only synonyms for ignorance . . .

*—therefore unto such tenets do we subscribe and adhere*