

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VIII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, December 18, 1954

Number 8



“GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN! . . .”

A PHRASE in a recent Mentor communication used by a Great Intellect in a loftier dimension that chanced to be discussing the Christmas institution, caught the eye and ear of VALOR's editor with a repercussion of an atom bomb.

The Mentor spoke of “. . . the sweet harmlessness of God.”

Harmlessness!

So long have we been schooled in the wrath, vengeance, truculence and vindictiveness of Almighty Providence—not to mention our exposures to nature's vicissitudes pouncing upon us like hawks upon starlings—that attributing harmlessness to God becomes well-nigh an irony.

“But certainly,” the Mentor insisted. “When we speak of a God of Love, what else can we mean? Love can't abide in the

same temperament with wrath, vengeance, truculence or vindictiveness. To associate those mortal attributes with the Divine Father is to commit well-nigh a paganistic blasphemy. Would you not speak accurately of 'the sweet harmlessness of Christ'? Is the Divine Father any less supernal in His characteristics than His divine Son whose natal day you this month observe? We who dwell on these summits of Light not only have proof that God is utter harmlessness but that His every impulse is Good-Will toward Man, precisely as the Yuletide adjuration has it. It is man who gets up this fanatical quarrel with God. It is strictly man's truculence and limitation that charges up to God all the mortal misfortunes and misalliances that bring him so much suffering. None but petty mortal creatures conceive of God as enlargements of their own emotional egos. All of which is strictly an indication of earth limitation and one-cell psychology based largely on mortal paganism."

APPROACHING this subject from another angle, it has been aptly said that truly great minds think in terms of Ideas, mediocre minds think in terms of Events, petty minds think in terms of Persons. Precisely this analysis applies on higher echalons of Spirit. Great minds think in terms of cosmic Possibilities, mediocre minds think in terms of astronomical Happenings, petty minds think in terms of celestial Personalities—which in the case of Divine Providence portrays the Father as a venerable humanized Patriarch.

What the profound student of the more advanced esoterics discovers as he consults closer with available intellects on the higher octaves of Space and Time, is the appalling developments of Spirit—even the one-time mortal spirit—as it gains to the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Planes of Consciousness.

The *Golden Scripts* make passing reference to advanced soul-spirits who become members of a massive hierarchy or Group Soul that is termed *The Host*. It runs into billions. The Elder Brother described them on one occasion as "those evolved beyond all need for further earthly incarnation but not as yet perfected to where they may incarnate in universes." Incarnation in *universes!* To what could He have been referring? How could any

soul-spirit incarnate in a whole universe? We have to get away from fixations of mortal consciousness to form any concept of it.

Obviously, the deeper esoteric scholar grasps that the Elder Brother must have been referring to those on the Fifth and Sixth planes, the Planes of Flame and Celestial *Light*. These are just a step lower than the final Plane of Omniversity or disembodied Timelessness. What does "disembodied Timelessness" mean? *It mean Consciousness developed to such expansion and qualification that it requires no vehicle for either expression or identification.* Consciousness IS, and that is the beginning and end of all existence, and yet it is doubly and triply potent in obtaining action planetarily or astronomically.



DOWN here in our one-cell universe of limitation in atomic organisms, hedged and supervised by the immutability of materials, we must ever consider expression as some sort of vehicular action or reaction. After winning through the second purgatorial plane of the intermediate state, the soul comes out upon the Third Plane of Illusion, known in Holy Scripture as Paradise. It seems to be as substantial and enduring, if not more so, than any environments in earth-life. It is the plane where materials respond to the dictates of creating Thought, however. Millions reach it—some go direct to it without the purgatorial conditioning—and assume they have reached the Biblical heaven where naught offers but rest and relaxation throughout all eternity. They require many celestial years before it is propitious to tutor them in the exigencies of the Fourth Plane—known as the Plane of Color—where they prepare themselves either for advancement to the Plane of Solar Flame or going back into earth-life for greater perfection under disciplines of Form.

THE POINT of all this is, that those who go on higher instead of making the earth-return visitation, begin their tutoring for the Fifth and Sixth Planes—

which are planes that train the spirit to function without the reflexes of a vehicle or personal organism . . . function in Pure Spirit, that is. They come into knowledge of how Spirit performs without any of earth's formal fixations.

Actually it is the plane on which the evolving soul reaches partial understanding of what God is, or Holy Spirit as you prefer. There are no more conflicts up that high, no worldly emotions, no insistings that before manifesting there must be machinery for manifestations. And instead of comprehending the location and nature of places, the operations of Cosmos as a whole become understandable to such consciousness. There indeed, the soul stands awed at the elevated *harmlessness* of God.

God couldn't do harm to the frailest of His creatures and retain His identity. Jealousy, spite, wrath, truculence of any aspect, are all mundane attributes, associated with limitation. But the soul has been required to have experience of them in order to grasp the meaning of their vanquishments. True spiritual attainment means infallible good-will and Love that contains no defect.

They were undoubtedly souls that had evolved beyond need of any further incarnations but not yet developed to facility for incarnating in universes, who were allegorically alleged to have sung Hosannas at the Savior's birth the first Christmas Night. But one can only comprehend these matters who has made a profound study of the higher Cosmology. Soulcraft has left delineation of most of these to its final textbook *Undying Mind* . . . because there have been so many minor matters to enlighten the student in, first.

JUST TRY to grasp that a state of superlative consciousness may lie up ahead for every last soul of us where the items of vehicles to give us expression, meaning various aspects of organisms, are strictly features of mortality or the next immediate planes approximating Mortality. What you *think*—in result of all your earlier experiences in vehicles—is sufficient to identify what you *are*.

On this Christmas, however, it is an indication of real spiritual progression to begin conceiving of the utter harmlessness of God. Verily—

"Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men!"

How We Know Christ Existed

THE LAST of Two Papers Fixing Responsibility for Absence of Christ History

(Concluded from Last Week)

THE YULETIDE season approaching rapidly, the historical fact of Christ's life assumes no small importance, challenged as it frequently is today by the cohorts of anti-Christ. As Christmas back in 1931-32 approached, VALOR's editor asked his transcendent Mentors, with whom he was in clairaudient touch one evening, by what standards or evidence the Soulcraft people could vouch for the literal living of Jesus back 1900 years ago. A nine-page exposition was returned to him, of which VALOR published four pages last week. The remaining five pages follow, taking the "evidence" out of logic—

Bear in mind, (the Mentor went on), that this is a universe of Cause and Effect. You cannot have an effect without a cause in any dimension of it. You cannot have a great ethical principle developing or deploying in society—or through the ethics of whole hemispheres—without a basis in the starkest literalities of occurrence.

To say in regard to the Christ Life that no such Personage ever existed or performed the wonders that He did, would mean that you would have to go back step by step over the ages to a point or a person whereat or wherein the stupendous myth originated . . .

AS THIS is an equation in human ethics, you would have to locate or identify the founder or founders of that myth—if it were pure fabrication—and discover them wise beyond their years and times.

They would require to be supermen to conceive a super-myth of the Christ character. Therein they would be as great as Christ, in that they projected a myth which worked a leaven thus stupendous in human society.

The very facts of the results of such myth, as you see all about you today, postulate that such a thing never could have happened, for no such Great Wits existed. Had they done so, they would have gone one step further themselves and become Christs in their own rights.

In this sense we might say that it takes a Christ to originate the myths of a Christ—so potent that they deliver the Christ Message to earthly society with increasing import and power up the course of well-nigh twenty centuries. Reasoning back to a focal point from the stupendous changes which have come in human society in the past nineteen hundred years, *the facts of the Christ have proven themselves from the succeeding historical evidence.*

IT IS almost absurd to say that the "Christ Message" grew out of itself or of itself, for if such were true why should it not have grown further or faster and actualized a millennium long since? Instead of which, the human race has accepted the Christ Ideal in the exact ratio that it was able to do so, consistent with its development along secular lines. This



too, postulates the normal trend, honestly conceived.

Your earth theory that the Christ Life was an "absent life", metaphorically speaking, cannot possibly fit the facts that you see all around you today. It is true, however, that there is a great mystery in the dissemination of Christianity historically recorded and authenticated from the beginning in the life of a Teacher who was conspicuous by his absence in secular records.

The truth of the matter lies in the fact that the world now little remembers any teacher as a teacher unless it is worth the while of the contiguous government to eulogize him or capitalize on him for its own prestige and profit. Certainly the old Roman world as it existed at the time of the Nativity, essentially pagan and pantheistic, had neither prestige nor profit to gain but everything to lose in taking undue note of this radical young scholar, regardless of His miraculous works.

In vain would it accredit Him when His very principles promised to undermine the Roman State as it was then and all those precepts of character that

(Continued on Page 11)



Bouquets and Phenomena

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

NEW YORK

“I HAVE already subscribed for *Bright Horizons* and am reading it with very great interest and much benefit. There is, however, one thought which occurs to me every time I pick it up; and, since our great teacher is so open-minded, I am going to pass my thought along . . . Why *Horizons*? An horizon is a limitation. Why not call this extremely different and most valuable magazine *Light*, *More Light* or just *Increasing Light*? . . .”

ILLINOIS

“I AM writing you because I cannot wait any longer to say that I must find out more about psychical research. It started with me when George Adamski was in Chicago on tour. I listened to what he had to say and later was fortunate enough to talk with him privately. I have every book on Flying Saucers and many associated subjects. This is how I came to be acquainted with the work of Soulcraft Chapels, through your publication of *VALOR*. I can hardly wait each week to receive the new copy. You have enlightened me on so many things to the extent that I must find someone with whom to venture further into the subjects you discuss. All my life I've been looking for someone to inform us about the Real religion. I was baptized a Catholic but am very disappointed not only in my own religion but others as well. Many of my friends and relatives ask me why I don't go to church more often. I reply that God doesn't seem to live in any church. Then they say I must go to keep Faith. I then tell them that my faith doesn't need keeping because I strive to practice it every day, not like so many I know who are hypocrites to what they should believe. I read the Bible not to criticize it or find fault but to try to understand its teachings. Now I find this is not enough for me. I am twenty-eight years old and I have practically no one with whom to discuss these things, because they are beyond most people I

know. . . I live in the belief that there is nothing impossible excepting to people who set up limitations. I hope you can help me find new knowledge because the more I read in *VALOR* my feeling of the public stupidity grows . . .”

NEBRASKA

“HOME again. How can I thank you Headquarters' people for that wonderful reel, *Education*? Many, many times will we listen to it. I cannot expect to receive this reel gratis because every cent you get is so badly needed to accomplish the Great Mission. I have to make all this good again, and I will try. Nothing in all the world is important to me except this knowledge and work, God knows why. *I am sure this work will conquer the world*. What is all the trash the world has to offer, compared with such wisdom and the peace one acquires by *knowing*? . . . God bless you all! . . .”



ILLINOIS

“YOU have opened a new world to me. I shall never forget the experience in your studio. Gratitude and thanks seem very inadequate to express my deep feelings. When I heard my demised husband's dear voice singing *my song* for the first time directly to *me*, no words seemed available but you must know how grateful I am and how I rejoice as I recall that experience very often. Previously I had heard his words through the medium Mrs. N---, but never directly as in your studio. I have seen his face twice and his eyes once and I know when he is near. I want to own more of your wonderful

books. I am deeply grateful for *Golden Scripts*, which I read each day with great joy. It seems as though Jesus were talking to me and helping me . . .”

OHIO

“I AM completely in agreement on your views of Senator McCarthy. I sincerely think he is a very brave and great man. I cut this horoscope on him out of my book because I felt you would enjoy the favorable knowledge it contains about him . . . I thank God daily for the day you sent me literature about Soulcraft. I had been seeking a long, long time. I'm grateful to you and to Mr. Fisher also. He must have been a grand person. My family are all of Protestant faith. I'm the black sheep, so to speak. But I simply can't help the way I feel. I'm *me* and that's all there is to it. When I read your books I feel such peace, and it's a reassurance that's sort of remembering . . . I have doubts no more. Some day I shall have a library of your books. One thing sure, I digest thoroughly each book before purchasing another. I thought *Star Guests* would spoil reading all others, but they are all perfect. *Beyond Grandeur* is really wonderful and *VALOR*—well, truly I read it word by word. What do you care what a few cranks have to say? Like as not they can't help their attitude . . . Merry Christmas and a successful New Year. No reply necessary, just forgive me for taking up your time . . .”

MICHIGAN

“IF YOU could assemble in one great athletic stadium all the thousands of persons whose thinking has been turned from sterilities of religious orthodoxy to channels of constructive understanding of life both in this world and the next, by the enlightenment of Soulcraft since its beginning, I wonder if your critics would be so severe on you? It is easy enough to jump a man for one unfortunate phrase in a book or magazine, forgetting the
(Continued on Page 11)

Wrong Connections In Psychical Research . .

*Completing the Paper Begun Last Week
under the Title, "Are You Skeptical
Because You're Afraid?" . .*



WORRIED Soulcrafters in the Northwest recently wrote to VALOR: "I recently mentioned to you a lady up here who began attending Soulcraft meetings, thinking her rewards were great. But listen to what she now writes a friend about the forces she has uncorked in her affairs: 'There is nothing I want so much as to get away from some terrible creature or creation before I lose my mind. There is not a decent message comes through and I don't want messages from the spirit world, anyhow. I hear voices all day, every minute, and see horrible and gruesome scenes that sicken me.' Again I challenge you to produce some automatic writing that is worth having people like this dear soul go through hell to get."

VALOR answered, "When such a thing happens as you have reported, it is generally due to the personal karma of the party or parties inviting and harboring it. This lady has apparently stopped on a sort of dead-center in her acquiring of wisdom. She has got to push through and learn how to conquer and repel the sort of possessing entity you describe. She is permitting it in ignorance, partial development or subconscious acquiescence . . In *Know Your Karma* and *Undying Mind*, we're treating at considerable length with such phenomena . . Hideous and concupiscent entities simply can't get through to the highly developed and spiritual soul . ."

A random observation in such connection would be that the lady in question, plagued by scenes that 'sicken her' obtains them most readily out of her own

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

Eternal Memory. She really is 'sickened' because they are there and she does recall them although refusing to identify them. The trouble is, that people live this earth-life attempting to make the orthodox explanations cover their soul's karmic history, denying prior existence and experience in one breath and protesting evidences of its actuality in the next.

You can't awaken and arouse familiarities with earlier scenes and persons and then assail Mysticism for what results. You can't afford to stop, either, midway of your enlightenment. You've got to go all the way through and master these karmic leftovers or pay penalties for them. And one of the biggest "musts" is fully acquainting yourself with *all* the conditions facing the soul both incarnately and discarnately—not scuttling for cover and crying "Take it away!" when cosmic realities demonstrate. This whole great study isn't something that can be acquired in an afternoon with a book.



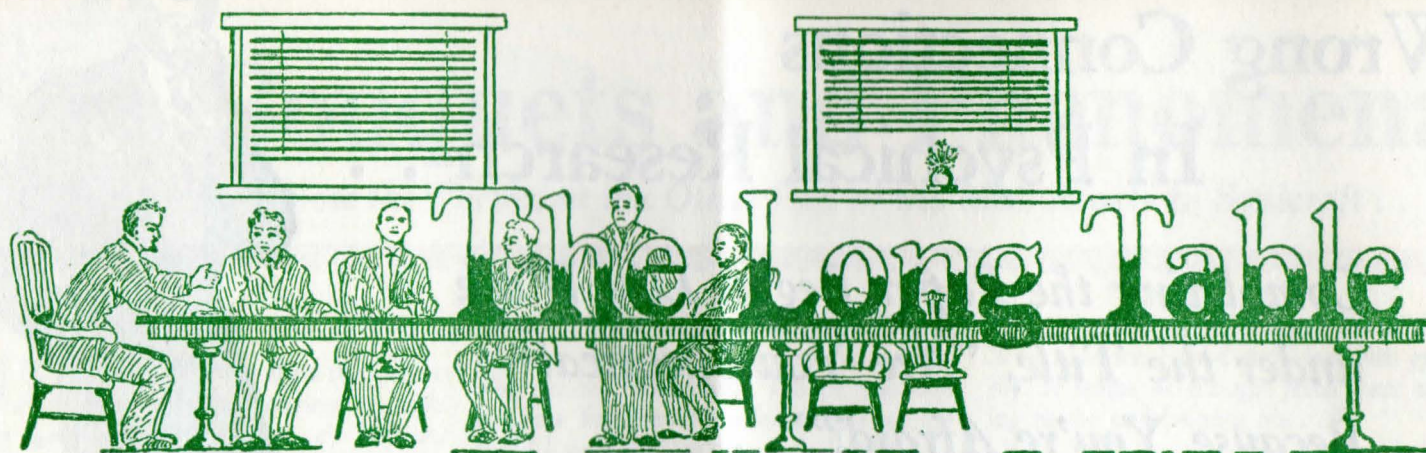
These are vast and terrible manifestations of reality we are exploring, and the rewards and demerits are apportioned accordingly.

To have super-senses means first and foremost, the cultivation of moral and mental stamina to look at nonunderstandable phases of the universe, similar to that southern woman's fright of distant smoke and a galloping horse—and study fearlessly into their essences. *The average person lacks the stamina to even look at the facts of physical life and study them.* By what folly would a super-intelligent Providence endow such inhibited people with a capacity to behold the greater world Behind Life?

And as it is with sight, so it is with sound.

THE *average* person, having plenty of difficulty to make up his own mind amid the gratuitous advice of those in flesh about him, might easily go raving crazy if he had to listen to the constant yowlings of a hundred persons trying to talk to him on a finer wave length than his ear-drums can interpret.

(Continued on Page 10)



PERPLEXITY

CLEVELAND: "Tell me, if what you say is true, why is it I can't get in touch with my dead? I have many friends and relatives, including my beloved parents, who have passed on, but haven't been able to reach any of them no matter how hard I try. Why should this phenomena be restricted only to a few, *like yourselves?* . . ."

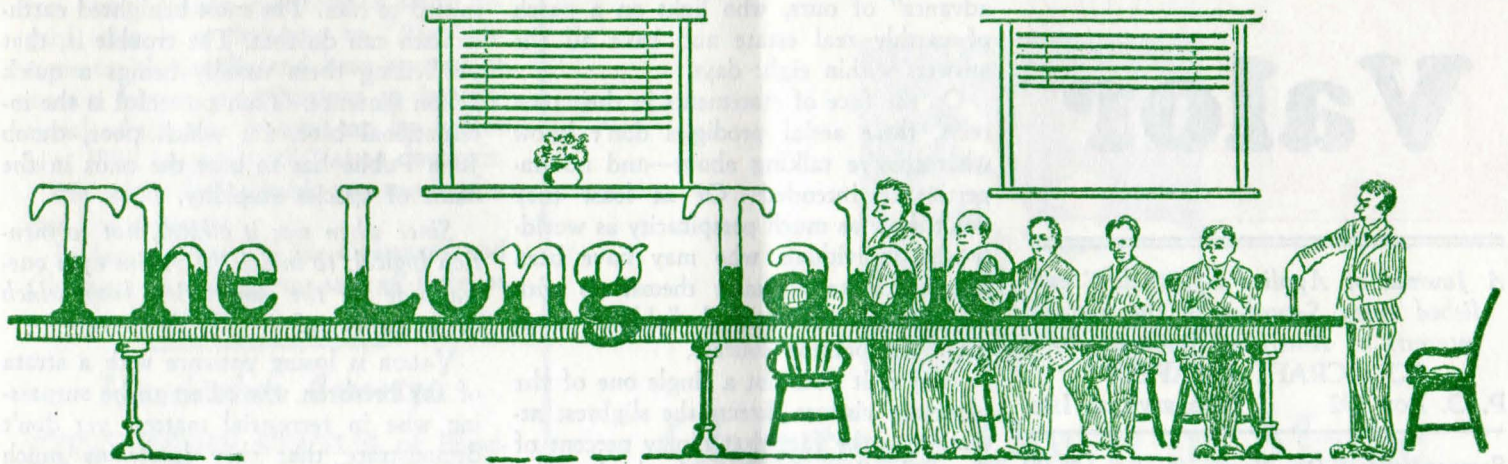
Comment: There may be three reasons for this, or one of three. You don't comply with all the conditions that Soulcraft does, that's first. You may possess friends and relatives who think it as unhallowed to communicate with you from the higher plane as they might have done in earth-life if you'd been the one to go over first, that's two. The third is, there may be reasons in your own personal karma, likewise your temperament, making proofs of their survival in tangible form inadvisable. Sometimes too, there's a subconscious attitude of "convince me against my will that survival's a fact and I'll see what I'll do about considering its acceptance." In other words, an incredulous animosity can project the most powerful vibrations to defeat it. However, a capable medium is the prime requisite, and VALOR acknowledges they're rare. That's one of the reasons Soulcraft wishes to get its Golden Center erected and operating, to treat with bona fide mediums whom it may recommend on a noncommercial basis. VALOR would require more intimate data on the personality and life history to prescribe off-handedly why this dear person is anguished over his predicament. But one thing is certain, it doesn't come from those on the Higher Side showing favors or playing favorites . . .

SWEDENBORG

YONKERS: "An editor is open to criticism if he or she is using it freely himself or herself, as you did in the case of Swedenborg, and unkindly and unreservedly. For Swedenborg is undoubtedly in such a high spiritual heaven that the vibrations of earth are so far away from him that he wouldn't care to prove whether he was right or wrong while in the flesh over 200 years ago. Moreover, he never condemned anything, as Mrs. Eddy did, by calling it fraud, humbug, animal magnetism, etc. He only told what he had heard and seen in the spiritual heavens. Swedenborg before he was 50 had written 30 volumes on Metallurgy Geology, Geology, and on the structure and functions of the human brain. His *Principia* by itself would be no mean output as the life-work of a modern man. At the age of 50 he relinquished government office and began spiritual writings of 32 more volumes, on which you don't seem very well posted . . ."

Comment: It is somewhat of a surprise to VALOR to be apprised that Emanuel Swedberg—for that was his real name—wrote anything like 82 books, quite as much of a surprise as it may possibly be to Yonkers to be apprised that the progenitor of Soulcraft has written 106, all subjects considered, two of them modern bestsellers, 53 of them metaphysical. Care for a list? However, it's Swedenborg's specifications of the Hereafter in *Arcanum Celestia* that brought VALOR's recent criticism. They don't stack up with what modern psychical research has brought through by countless testimonies from persons who have made the Passing. His reference to St. Paul confined in a cubby

eternally penning epistles approximates the ridiculous. Besides, St. Paul has long since gotten beyond the need of it, and so has Christianity. Furthermore, many of Emanuel's religious references based on orthodox fundamentals are shown to be somewhat insecure historically if not religiously. However, nobody is seeking to deprecate the effect of his life and work. The Soulcraft Recorder has made it his business to familiarize himself with the careers of most of our outstanding spiritual leaders, in result of which he has had materializations of many of the illustrious personages themselves that he never talks or writes about. He only started talking about Mrs. Eddy at her express request, because she wished to rectify her supreme blunder about Spiritism. Some of his verbal spats with Helene Blavatsky back in 1931 before the days of microphones and electronic recorders, would be the envy of modern Theosophists. But why bring that up? . . . If Emanuel has gone upon planes that are out of touch with earth, they would be the Planes of Flame and Light, the fifth and sixth. And if he's done that in 200 years, he's a paragon. It usually takes several thousand. Anyhow, what's wrong with discussing these personages analytically, if it makes for a greater breadth of understanding? They can take it. Certainly Soulcraft is raked enough over the coals of criticism, and it can take it without going off terra firma. However, as for not being very well posted upon the gentleman's life and achievements, wasn't Sir Isaac Newton the author of *Principia*? He used to be, when VALOR's editor was in high school. He never went to college . . . which is why he is so dumb today . . .



JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

LOUISVILLE: "Raised in Orthodoxy, my sister and I could never quite swallow it. Your Soulscripts came when our thinking was very confused. The Scripts are a joy and inspiration and answer questions which the churches do not . . . It seems to me, however, that some questions come up in relation to certain subjects even in the Scripts—I wonder if others feel the same? For instance, if all our lives are carefully planned ahead of time—and I believe that they are—why do such conditions or cases as juvenile delinquency occur? Why is it recently on the increase? Further, if you come into life to gain lessons from being poor or rich, how about the people born destitute who after much work or perhaps inheritance attain wealth? . . ."

Comment: The 320 pages of detail in *Know Your Karma* will straighten you out in most of the questions your letter holds, Louisville. Please don't get the idea that one's prospective life on the earth-plane is so minutely planned that with malice aforethought one is due to step on a cat's tail at the head of a flight of stairs and roll to the bottom three months and six days after you're thirty-six years old. That's cutting matters altogether too fine, at least we don't encounter inclusions of such detailed occurrences residing in the subconscious. Specific human contacts, yes. Parentage and general living conditions to head one upon a program of prescribed spiritual increments. But ordinary ups and downs of daily life are looked upon as matters to be surmounted or solved by the maturing intelligence. As for juvenile delinquency, however, that is something else. This happens to be a

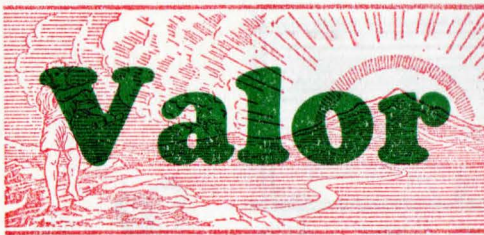
period in the world's history when one of the major life lessons is living in minimum social security, everything pretty much in a state of flux. Tens of thousands of juvenile delinquents settle down after adolescence to quite prosaic lives. But some make blunders that seem to "wreck" their whole earth-lives. It is not being callous to ask, what of that? They come right back in result of the spiritual lesson involved in it, and operate and perform more circumspectly. The one big thing to remember is, *no part of any experience is purposeless or without spiritual increment in some degree.* However, Soulcraft refuses to get overly upset from this apparent "increase" in j-d. The Recorder is 65 years old. In those six decades he has witnessed a stepping-up in the pace of civilization that has been incredible. But looking back on his boyhood at the turn of the century, he realizes a little bit ironically that there was just as much j-d considered by population quotients as there is at present only it wasn't so tabbed. He made a tally with a grown friend one night a few years ago in the quite respectable city where both had attended the same grammar school. Out of one class of 39 pupils that had gone along together from grades one to nine, there were 19 boys and twenty girls. Of that number of girls, his friend and he recollected 11 maidens who could be persuaded to indulge in precocious practices under sufficient male provocation. And only one of them ever landed in legal toils. The other ten became respected and respectable wives and mothers. We simply make more of a fuss about juvenile delinquents today, it would seem, because we're living at swifter social pace . . . As for why people born poverty stricken attain to wealth

by hard work or inheritance, isn't it obvious that such rewards for diligence might be exactly the spiritual lesson desired? When you've read *Know Your Karma* and see what motives lie behind each Map of Life, your quandaries will dissolve away, Louisville. If they don't, write again . . .

IMPATIENCE

CHICAGO: "Why not get that big chip off your shoulder concerning our Space Friends. Everyone's fallen into the pit of resentment but the smart ones climb out quick. Old Satan is "loosed" with the oldest weapon in the world—Divide and Conquer. We are an impatient lot but since "haste makes waste" we must bear with it. Naturally there are many kinds of Space visitors. Those outside our solar system could not be expected to be concerned with our salvation. Let's face it: Some *are*, some are *not*. It tends to confuse but each person can only wait and watch. Even Mr. Williamson's articles seem at times resentful. Shame on you both. Such little faith would not move even a small pea, let alone a mountain . . ."

Comment: Uh-huh. You're so right, Chicago. Ethics would seem to be ethics, however, on any phase of cosmos. So would intelligence. Suppose you go out of your way to do an expensive favor for a person and whenever he visits your neighborhood thereafter, he never comes near you but shacks up with a family down across the tracks. Would your hurt at the incivility be listed as having a chip on your shoulder? Soulcraft seeks to make itself clear on this in the editorial on the page following.



A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

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

VOL. VIII DECEMBER 18, 1954 No. 8

No Particular Secret

AN ELABORATE brochure has come to hand from the press of the New Age Publishing Co., Los Angeles. Its title is, *To Men of Earth*, and it alleges to be one Alan, apparently the Space Man who picked up Daniel W. Fry on White Sands Proving Grounds and rode him in a Flying Saucer to New York in eight minutes. The booklet runs to 41 pages, with an elaborate foreword by its publisher, Franklin Thomas. Mr. Fry sends VALOR an autographed copy, for which, thanks.

Now VALOR likes Dan Fry. He has seemed, in correspondence, to be a rational individual with head screwed on securely. VALOR likewise counts Franklin Thomas among its friends on the Coast. Therefore this editorial should be considered as addressed more or less to Alan himself, who, according to Fry's account, followed the ex-army engineer up to the woods of Oregon and there audibly addressed him in an indictment of our modern civilization.

VALOR by no means concurs with Alan in his diagnosis of our earth's troubles, and this Christmas editorial is an excellent place in which to express the Whys and Wherefores . . .

FRANKLY, it is becoming a bit bore-some to read statement after statement purporting to originate with Space People from "civilizations 75,000 years in

advance" of ours, who light on a patch of earthly real estate and have all the answers within eight days.

On the face of statements in their own texts, these aerial prodigies don't know what they're talking about—and no impertinence intended. Or at least they don't show as much perspicacity as worldly-wise individuals who may have been in position to acquaint themselves with the root of international diableries from the most common sources.

Why is it that not a single one of the planetary visitors directs the slightest attention to the fact that ninety percent of the embroilments of earth, leading inevitably to wars and diplomatic stresses, are by no means due to the mass populations of the earth's various countries not loving one another enough? No, they're due, worse luck, to the presence in the earth-scene of malevolently working aspects of one international bloc, everywhere laboring to achieve supreme suzerainty over the remainder of mankind. Even the heads of Departments of State know that, and comment privately about it.



THE analysts, alleged to appear from other planets, know nothing about these matters, it seems, or if they do know, keep silent about them, preferring obviously to indict the poor victims of such gargantuan plotting for not being as wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

If Alan wants to know the true root of earth's troubles, outside of which we would enjoy a fairly livable world today, let him knock on VALOR's door, identify himself, and receive incontestable proofs of it. Alan shouldn't need to represent a civilization 75,000 years in advance of ours, to grasp facts when they're sub-

mitted to him. The most benighted earth-dweller can do that. The trouble is, that publicizing them usually brings a quick prison sentence. Thus powerful is the international bloc, for which poor, dumb John Public has to bear the onus in the name of species stupidity.

Since when was it ethical, not to mention logical, to indict the victim of a one-way ride for the gangsterism from which he is suffering?

VALOR is losing patience with a strata of sky brethren who affect to be surpassing wise in terrestrial matters yet don't demonstrate that they know as much about them as any Washington, D. C. office boy as to who runs the interior affairs of most nations and why? Verily it seems that the erudition of the Space Man, like Will Rogers', is derived from what they read in the newspapers . . .

VALOR is not embittered at the position taken by these alleged aerial arrivees. It is on the contrary merely sorrowful that they can't point to cures for our terrestrial troubles based upon secular facts. To approach these planetary shores in a know-it-all manner, and pontificate on the dearth of brotherly love, while at the same time making no distinctions between those perfectly willing to exercise it if they be permitted to do so, and Woodrow Wilson's "little group of willful men" to whom ninety per cent of the embroilments of this world can be traced, is to display a lack of knowledge which makes the earthly erudite whimsical, skeptical and not without pity, mixed with contempt.

If it hadn't been given out from many quarters that the more advanced Space Men possess an akashic dossier on every soul on earth, from highest to lowest, VALOR might feel more charitable toward the situation. As matters stand this Christmas Week of 1954, admitting such dossiers to be factual and available, why are not these supernal Visitors placing blame where it belongs . . . inasmuch as the victims of such international plotting are not in position to do a thing about it themselves?

The book *To Men of Earth*, by the way, can doubtless be secured by sending \$1 to the New Age Publishing Company, 1542 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles 26, California.

But with every respect for Dan Fry,

for whom VALOR entertains a warm regard, this is a challenge to "Alan" to come to Noblesville and hear answers to certain known complications in international affairs that VALOR can lay before him. Will he accept it? VALOR doubts it.

He might find himself too much at a loss for comment.

In fact, it would be the diplomatic and Christ-spirited thing to say as little as possible about it.

Headaches Assorted



THE STATUS of Headquarters affairs might be categorically recited, as the old year ends and the new year opens, as challenging all the initiative and resources which the Movement commands.

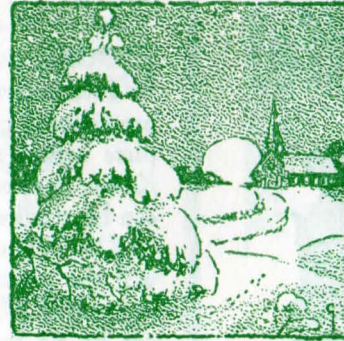
Persons who have asked after the disappearance of George Hunt Williamson in Soulcraft publicity of late must be answered to the effect that Ric has returned to Arizona, preferring radio and public lecturing on Space Ships to the more onerous labor of infallibly hammering out periodic manuscript for insatiable linotype machines. VALOR is at a loss to comment on his new book, which he wrote the past year while on salary from Soulcraft, due to the fact that VALOR's editor has not been permitted to read or see it in any form in advance of publication. It is understood that a publisher was secured in the East. That was Ric's affair solely.

Sunday, December 19th, five days preceding Christmas, sees the biggest psychological-research party of the year staged at Headquarters, Bertie Lilly Candler and Eddie among outstanding guests—which means, of course, Daughter Harriet, Silverleaf, George Fisher, Sister Mary and Howard Candler more or less present in their audible etheric selves. Fullest electronic transcripts will be kept of the proceedings, the year's file of similar affairs now growing to unprecedented proportions. Outside guests to these affairs have to be held to twelve, owing to studio limitations.

This brings up the controversial matter of electronic tapes being generally circulated among Soulcraft groups in the field in 1955. Soulcraft would be only too eager to arrange it, if underwriting

for it could be managed. Out of nearly 3,000 tapes and wire spools acquired during 1953-54 for electronic broadcastings and mailings to groups, Soulcraft has less than 100 on hand for 1955. But granting prompter returns on the physical reels were manageable, there is the recurrent headache of obtaining the manual help in making and dispatching weekly reels that can be relied upon to contain flawless recordings. A certain me-

chanical carelessness usually ensues after about the third week, when the operator has listened to the same broadcast repeated for the fiftieth time, yet for which chaplains in the field should by no means be penalized. With the completion of *Undying Mind*, however, VALOR's editor is due to have a lessening in pressure of writing duties for the first time in five years, and attention can perchance be given to restoration of the weekly reel



Christmas Down in Maine



I CAN hear the happy jingle of the sleigh bells once again
As I go back in my memory to the old farm Down in Maine;
I can hear those Christmas carols that we sang in Long Ago
And the frosted runners crunching as they cut the Christmas snow.

I can see the radiant Yule Tree bending with its gifts galore,
Hear the many joyous greetings as the folk came in the door,
With the yule log in the fireplace and its sparks afflying high
As the thoughts of generous giving filled all hearts, and earth and sky.

So the neighbors, friends and small-fry gathered 'round that tree to sing.
As all festivals of Christmas must their freight of goodwill bring.
Oh the jingle of the sleigh bells made by neighbors in the lane!
Oh the joy of Christmas gatherings on the old farm Down in Maine!

I can see my white-haired father as each stood behind his chair
And he spoke with our Great Father, that He bless our Christmas fare.
There was praise and gladness in it and our souls were likewise blessed
As those holy moments taught us that our Lord-Christ was our Guest.

So I go back in my mem'ry to fond Christmasses of yore
Not excluding grateful Pilgrims on a bleak New England shore;
I grant you times have changed a bit and our world is not the same,
Still the Spirit of the Yuletide holds on most farms Down in Maine.

If we could keep such Spirit bright to enblaze each coming year
With candles of Christ's giving Love and their beams of Joy and Cheer,
Our land and hearts would stand in strength and the Father rule again
As once He did those Christmas nights on the old farm Down in Maine!

WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

Behold Life!



¶ A Book you should read to get the whole philosophy of life straight in your intellect—presenting a balanced and rational picture of the purpose being served by those sojourns of ours in mortal bodies . . .

If you're puzzled by what your lot in life may be all about, this book must help you . . .

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service. There are "bugs" to be ironed out, but they're not insurmountable.

BOOKS continue to go out from the Headquarters' shipping rooms in unprecedented quantities, especially in complete sets. Take note that *Know Your Karma* has been added to the \$95 list that can be acquired at one time on remittance of \$75. While books are being mentioned, will the persnickity take note that seeming uncut pages in the de luxe editions are by no means due to carelessness in manufacture, in fact quite the contrary. A high-priced de luxe book is considered improved in ultimate appearance by having right-hand edges of every fourth to eighth page requiring to be slit by a knife-edge. Thus a deckle-edged effect is produced enhancing the volume's value. Only cheaply produced books are slammed under the cutter-knife and all edges trimmed smoothly. The \$4 round-cornered editions in limp leatherette are thus trimmed, however, in order to fit the pocket. Incidentally, *Getting Born*, *Know Your Karma*, *Star Guests* and *Thinking Alive* will be produced in these round-cornered editions early in 1955. As for the more expensive de luxe books, it is well to make a business upon receiving them of sitting and cutting pages from first to last. Thus a volume of particular richness is secured at once.

Incidentally, immediate sales resulting from the announcement of a new major Soulcraft textbook now well-nigh exhaust the de luxe printings the first fortnight, from reader-students who are compiling a complete shelf of the Burgundy-bound numbers. Thereupon, after electrotyping the cheaper editions are put on Soulcraft presses or presses of its affiliates. Most of these volumes run to at least 320 printed pages. *Undying Mind*, however, may easily run closer to five hundred. *Undying Mind* will be a complete review of the whole Soulcraft agenda of Spirit tenets, with all incidental questions answered as expedients that have accrued from reading of earlier volumes.

BREAKING ground for the erection of the new Golden Center of Soulcraft, anticipated as ultimately being located slightly to the south of Noblesville, is a strong possibility before summer. Architectural plans have been completed. A wave of cooperating enthusiasm for

such establishment is reflected in current mail. Over a half-million dollars may be involved before completion, but the interest of a little group of affluent individuals has been sparked and may belatedly be fanned into superlative flame.

A continuous program of round-the-month activities, open to the public, will feature one of the major visiting places of interest in the Midwest as such plans grow toward culmination. Some even have written "I want a land plat saved for me, that I may erect my own cottage on the grounds and thus be in attendance through all the summer months with my family." An auditorium 65 by 95 feet, with a four-storied illuminated tower 80 feet in height, is provided in the architect's sketches. Grounds will be appropriately landscaped, with adequate parking acreage.

One thing is certain as 1955 is contemplated . . . *Soulcraft is by no means slipping backward!*

So those responsible for its expanding activities greet the New Year with confidence. VALOR is being continually counseled that nothing of any deterrent nature is thus far "building up" in the higher dimensions. If it isn't building up for Soulcraft, it can't be building up for the country. This doesn't mean local terrain casualties. It means major catastrophes.

At any rate, with the publishing of *Undying Mind* the Recorder's book-writing ordeal comes to finish. The doctrine will be on paper—let religious history do with it what it will! . . . *Merry Christmas!*

Are You Skeptical?

(Continued from Page 5)

The first reaction to the establishment of discarnate intelligence is one of colossal awe. I have said this before. It was so in my own case. I have never failed to find it so in the cases of those whose super-senses I have seen dramatically awakened. The theological supposition has it, that the moment any given person passes on into other dimensions of substance-in-matter that he becomes wise with all the wisdom of the ages, in that twinkling of transition.

Cousin Larry in life was a dissolute braggart, we'll say, who beat up his wife and terrorized his youngsters. A truck

hit him and his physical shell was demolished. But with the establishment of the continuity of his spirit, at once all his relatives who wouldn't loan him a battered dime in life or listen to his wheezings without a bored laugh, gather in a group and accept what he transmits as though he were a Solomon. What happens? He advises Aunt Grace to sell her heirlooms and endow a home for drunks. He advises Brother Tom to dispose of his house-lots and take up chiropractic. Fathers and mothers and sons and acquaintances all get their share of discarnate advice. And a year later everyone is financially bankrupt, his widow is in the asylum, his daughter is an epileptic, and psychiatrists are bemoaning "the pace of civilization".

As a matter of fact, character is no different on one plane of consciousness than it is on the other. But you can't convince the novice that this can be so. He's "received a communication from Beyond the Veil" and blindly he follows whatever he hears—to land in a mess detrimental to all research.

RECENTLY I allowed myself to be persuaded to aid a business friend in experimenting with automatic writing. I warned him of the perils of taking advice from such sources, explaining in detail the "colorings of the subconscious". Particularly I instructed him not to act on specific advice which came for the conduct of his business, *for true friends on any plane of consciousness never give advice which weakens the judgment of the receiver*; they give recipes for action and let the individual work the problems out himself.

But three evenings of perfecting himself in getting Natural Communications sufficed for my friend. He hurried into Wall Street and loaded up on some security advised by a mischief-maker meddling in his affairs.

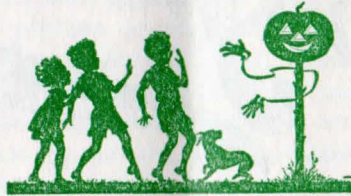
The next week his holdings tumbled fifty points and he lost \$65,000 in one afternoon.

Now he's "agin" all discarnate phenomena and has received a disillusionary shock which will deter his super-sense development for the next twenty years.

And whatever applies to seeing and hearing applies also to "feeling".

The awakening of the Super-Sense means a thorough readjustment of the bodily functions. Some mechanisms can't stand the pressure of vibrations, organic

or inorganic, which they receive under normal conditions of flesh. To "step up" their nervous systems to touch and feel invisible presences, as it were, means a collapse of the organism—or consistent discomfiture.



IT IS my contention that the "average person" is not born with super-senses functioning, because spiritually or mentally he is not adjusted to receive or control more than the perceptions accruing through his physical brain. For this reason, I believe, we can safely apply the designation of "old souls" to those whose sense equipment transcends the animalistic. Life on life in many planes of Substance-in-Matter has drilled them in acquiring stamina, balance, discrimination and restraint. It seems to be a law that nature does not withhold an attribute from any living creature one moment longer than it is prepared to employ or enjoy it, however.

Constantly I am besieged by a certain type of questioner who asks in quavering voice if investigation in mental phenomena is "dangerous".

No more than electricity—if you learn how to handle it!

Bouquets

(Continued from Page 4)

vaster and greater good which the influence of his whole career is achieving. Do you know why I get so much profit from VALOR? It is the balanced temperament you disclose in its editing, not being afraid to mix humor generously with the most profound and sacred precepts. I say to myself, this man must be right because he's human enough to be natural. Frankly, when you first came out with the *Golden Scripts*, I looked upon you as some sort of god. When I met you, I got over that silliness, not because of any disillusioning things you said or did, but because you yourself were loudest in deprecating it. But my respect still stayed up for you, in fact it went higher. Keep up the good work. You're doing all right . . ."



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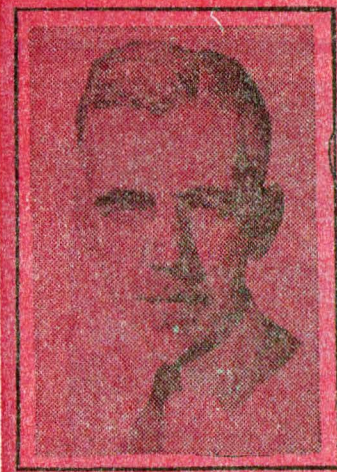
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Cogitations

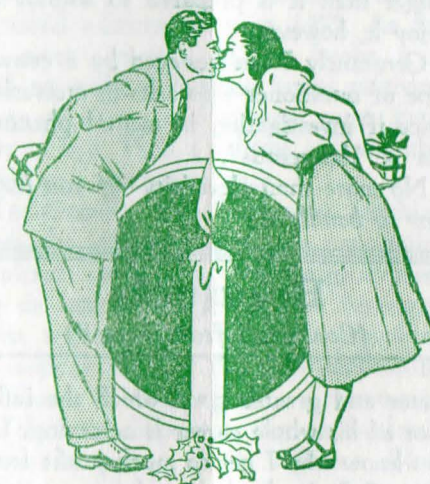
Pella

WELL, we wound up the printing of *Know Your Karma* on Friday night, December 10th, so there's another major Soulcraft textbook in existence to unsnarl more of your quandaries about Life, Death, and Immortality. It runs to 320 pages and ranks with *Star Guests*, *Adam Awakes* and *Getting Born* in the significance of its celestial information. That makes three *new* books out of Soulcraft this year, together with round-cornered reprints of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*—holding eighty pages of additional material—and *Behold Life*. Similar round-cornered reprints of *Star Guests* and *Thinking Alive* have been set in type but can't be printed and bound till after January 1st. That leaves only one more big book to be completely produced during January, *Undying Mind*. When I see the last slug of *Undying Mind* come out of the ejector of the linotype, I'm going deep into the nearest woodland, lie down under a tree, and think about nothing but the butterflies and bees for at least 131 days and nights, including Sundays and holidays. Since May I shall have done *Beyond Grandeur*, *Getting Born* and *Know Your Karma*. The picture of the soul's progression through mortality is becoming fairly completed . . .

o—o

IF THERE'S been one field of Thought in which people's ideas or notions have been more crossed up than in the field of Karma, I haven't had it called to my attention yet. Does a mean brat get born to the Hornswoggle family, crawl from its bassinet and hold up the First National Bank at three months, it's Karma. Does a son join the navy to see the world

and end in a Chinese Red prison camp with his once-glorious government not being able to do anything about it, it's Karma. Does Eunice, the oldest daughter, fall out the second story window into the arms of a Displaced Person and find herself in a Delicate Condition before he deposits her on the ground that's Karma, too. Does the old man hurl a flat-iron at the cuckoo clock and hit Aunt Jemina instead, making her map thenceforth a beautician's despair, that's Karma as well. Finally, does Grandpa ex-



pire of the chicken-pox and a drunken motorist drive his Pontiac into the caboose of the cortege, shoving it through sixty vehicles into the hearse, it's the last phase of Karma in Grandpop's mortal program and let all the esoterically benighted take heed. Karma, in the average person's estimation, comprises everything in the worldly program that is distressing, excepting being true to one's consort, keeping one's bills paid and not celebrating St. Patrick's Day on the 4th of July. When people wrote in to me, wanting to know if the cast in little Horace's right

eye was karmic, or Uncle Eben's inability to drive his car past taverns when he had silver in his pocket and aridity in his vitals, or Cousin Mayme's propensity for hanging around small-town railroad stations to see the drummers come in, I deemed it time to Take My Pen in Hand and explain these matters in words of eight syllables. Karma, according to all the best intellects on the Higher Side, comprises those things you do with premeditation and malice aforethought that put the slightest strain upon your conscience. Conscience, in fact it could be said, is really Karma in more insistent phases. Anyhow, I've handled the subject in 320 pages, printed it on de luxe India paper, and bound it in wine-red leatherette. You can buy as many copies as you desire . . . to send to relatives who sponge on you, mean-spirited individuals who criticize your taste in suits or hats, or your favorite income-tax collector in lieu of calling him a pirate. Incidentally, you may be able to lighten your own load of moral responsibilities by several thousand milligrams, examining the precepts set forth in the book. Why go about worrying over a lot of matters that exist chiefly in the imagination of the more excitable mystics? . . .

o—o

SO, HAVING beheld the Soulcraft truck pull off the shipping apron freighted with the last consignment of "flats" for the bindery, I assume I can relax and reasonably enjoy Yuletide. I say I assume it, I have no guarantee of it. There's another issue of VALOR coming out before 1954 gives up the ghost, not to mention a whole 36 pages of *Bright Horizons* for the neophytes. Also there are discourses 131 and 132 of *Soulscripts*. Likewise there's a plethora of

letters to be answered from folks who write: "I don't see how you do it!" meaning such volume of literary production. They would by no means utter such inquiries should they follow my footsteps on the sands of the time elapsing each day from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m., not overlooking the attention I must pay to the determined mother-in-law who motors three to five hundred miles to get me to prove my psychical talents by diagnosing the long blonde hair glimpsed Thursday evening on her son-in-law's collar. Tell her the boy got it from passing beneath a window where a second-story lady barber was emptying her vacuum cleaner and she'll cackle you to scorn, she'll drive back the three hundred miles and do her own diagnosing, the son-in-law being diagnosee. It's all in the day's work when you essay to rationalize all the troubles of mortality. I daresay when I finish *Undying Mind* and go far away and lie down in woodlands, the bees and butterflies will think it's an excellent opportunity to quiz me about parities in the honey market and shouldn't FHA be required to bear some of the Karma resulting from cramped living conditions in modern hives . . . ? The concupiscence among honey bees in particular is terrible, terrible and something must be done about it . . .

o—o

NEVERTHELESS, I shall make it a point to enjoy Christmas if it ruins me. How does one do otherwise as progenitor of five grandchildren? Good people and grandchildren talk so much about Christmas that it comes. The prepared accumulations of my writing-room are piled still higher with packages marked "Not To Be Opened Till Christmas". I turn up mysterious packets hidden in files where there ought to be naught but expensive federal monographs on the Sex-Life of the Watermelon, while to scout a clean shirt in a dresser drawer is to produce a shriek of the feminine gender with which the drawer as cabinet-appendage has nothing to do. It's going to be my sixty-fifth Christmas in this Vale of Complications and as there's nothing can be done about it, I might as well like it and look pleased. One would imagine that having experienced sixty-four such festivals, I should by this time become oriented to their surprises. But my credulity has run out. In my time I have had Hollywood Sleeping-Pills send me very

choice editions of the New Testament, and the staidest and most respectable of spinsters present me with be-ribboned specimens of the *Decameron*. As a small boy, my early Christmases were featured by a plethora of mechanical toys from my affluent Uncle Herbert, Down East shoe manufacturer, because the man had Yuletide opportunity to wind up these gadgets in all the best toyshops and watch them perform to his inhibited content. I didn't exactly receive the specimens he broke but I did receive specimens that broke the next time 'round due to the fact that he'd practically worn them out. I had a mother who kept Yuletide with New England precision. For years my first present unwrapped from the Christmas tree was unfailingly a brand new pair of shoes—and not from my Uncle Herbert, either—which looked nice done in red tissue but which weren't toys at all and got disdainfully tossed over the left shoulder. What I truly anticipated was skates, air rifles, jack-knives that could cleave something otherwise than soft butter, and maybe a hand printing-press that would enable me to issue a daily newspaper in a corner of the cellar. I recall one Christmas in my 'teens when I palpitated for the gift of a real and true cornet, to make musical noises out of back bedroom windows in the weeks and months following as, let's say, the sun was sinking. To my stupefaction my dad compromised with Santa for an installment typewriter, my first. Thus were the neighbors saved the annoyance of having to compromise with Santa and their own progeny on shotguns the following Christmas, that the community might be delivered from metallic harmonies snarled out of a horn by that precocious Pelley Young One . . . The typewriter has been clicking practically ever since. Think of that horn playing practically ever since! Ah, Christmas! . . .

o—o

I'VE never yet figured out whether the party who made the original comment about its coming but once a year was speaking in desolation or relief. And yet I've never been able to get over that feeling of pathos that unerringly comes on viewing the piles of devastated Christmas paper and red ribbon or string no longer of use in this world, with which the carpet is cluttered after the presents have been unwrapped and exclaimed over and



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the little girls are all upstairs redressing the new dolls and the little boys are down the street displaying new skates, sleds, or gift binoculars to neighborhood companions. Show me the mother who hasn't felt a little constriction in her heart at the sight of it as well. All the loving largess and anticipation gone into such careful preparation of gifts that now and forevermore must be just . . . memories. And yet next Christmas they'll do it again and the Christmas after that, and so onward as long as Christmasses are held sacred as Anglo-Saxon institutions. And Christmasses will continue to come from good people and children talking so much about them. Ah me! . . . the great, tender, sweetly cruel miracle of mortal life itself! Mightn't it be a considerable surprise to a lot of folk that after a period on planes of too much perfection, they find themselves maneuvering to get back down into the earthly scene anew because of the very faults and defects that once convinced them that no boon was greater than getting out of it to stay out? . . . Which brings me back to that book on Karma . . .

—o—

TRULY the message of it can be conveyed in obverse by that anecdote of the man who had died and found himself in a vast expanse in which he has exceedingly comfortable. He rested for awhile, then becoming somewhat bored, he shouted out, "Is anybody here?" . . . A white-robed attendant appeared and asked him what he wanted. "What can I have?" the new arrival inquired. The attendant replied, "Whatever you want." The first experimented by saying, "Bring me something to eat." Asked the attendant, "What do you want to eat? . . . you can have anything you want." So they brought him just what he wanted, and he went on eating and sleeping and having a glorious time. He wanted something more and asked for games. He went on getting what he wanted whenever he asked for it, but at last he got truly bored. He summoned the attendant and said, "Lookit, you, I want something to DO?" The attendant said, "Sorry, that's the only thing we can't give you here." The man lurched angrily. "I'm sick and tired of it," he cried, "I'd rather go to hell." The attendant's eyebrows lifted. "Where do you think you are?" he exclaimed. . . . Speaking of ourselves in all orthodoxy,

maybe it *would* be an excellent thing for all of us to learn, just what "eternal rest" on the higher echelons may mean. Earth-life isn't so execrable, come right down to it. It's a pretty fine, sweet, tender, and profitable predicament once you look at it candidly and measure its festival compassions against its ephemeral tragedies. So believes Soulcraft without undue sentimentality nor concessions to materialisms . . . The next issue of VALOR will be dated Christmas Day itself. It's bound to be keyed to meditation . . . there's too deep a collection of brilliant debris on every rug to do much else. *Merry Christmas indeed, and heart-felt gratitude to each and every one of you who've aided this past year in making this Yuletide momentous!*

—THE INTERPRETER

Christ Existed

(Continued from Page 3)

were the antithesis of Love. The quicker He could be blotted from any official or permanent record, the better for Roman prestige at the time. This literally was true, and was the main contributing cause for so little attention being paid in official scripts to what He did perform in Palestine during His brief career . . .



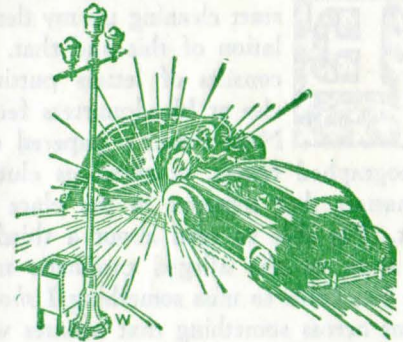
BEAR in mind that Jesus was an outcast among His own people. Though He came from Galilee, "the land of the stranger" or goyim or Gentiles, the Romans accredited that His own kith and kin had clamored for His execution. Would you expect them to take undue note of such a felon, antithetical to Roman tenets of State, as well as tormented and execrated by those supposed to be His fellow citizens, who openly despised Him? Naturally His own prestige was minimized therefore in official records and a shameful death by crucifixion became, so to speak, merely a jotting in a jailer's notebook.

Judge then Rome's consternation, there-

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Too long has Return into the advancing civilization of Earth-Life been beholden to Hindu mysticism instead of being presented as the rare privilege that it is. Too long has KARMA been portrayed as oscillation in unceasing punishment instead of the rare privilege of "living our lives over again and avoiding our past mistakes."

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Noblesville, Indiana

after, when it came to be recognized that this shameful man *dead* was more powerful than when alive. His principles were living after Him, becoming a mighty juggernaut, crushing Roman centurions wholesale, rolling outward throughout the known world to the mighty discomfiture of the Caesars and all their successors.

But the Persecutions are better testimony to the actuality of the Christ Life, if naught else were of note . .

The catacombs are a living testimony in the present that such persecutions took place. The myth could not have sprung, fully developed and clothed like Minerva from the brow of Jove, by the mere pass-

ing of a handful of years for bear in mind that the persecuted Christians in many cases got their zeal to endure from having *seen* and *heard* Jesus in His lifetime.

THE WHOLE diablerie of doubt and uncertainty which prompts queries of this nature, really lies in the doubt and uncertainty in the minds and hearts of honest men and women whether or not Christianity is truly workable in a world constructed along the lines of the Roman pattern even to this day. There is a dearth of feeling that the two can be reconciled on the same planet. Out of this uncertainty grows the spiritual quandary that leads

one to wonder if the Christ Person ever existed.

That He *could* have existed is admitted in spirit. That He *actually* existed in terms of a practicable, workable philosophy epitomized or personalized in the one Individual, seems sadly debatable in view of the fact that there is still conflict going on in humanity's heart about accepting His principles for literal application.

However, men do call a truce on it at Christmas. This season of unselfish love, whether caused by man or myth, is a reality.

Suppose we stop philosophizing about it then, and go in and open our Christmas presents! . .

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

EVERY Friday night after VALOR is published, I start cleaning up my desk of its week's accumulation of this and that. Most of this and that consists of letters putting queries that nobody else at Headquarters feels competent to answer. Next comes a papered rat's nest of pamphlets, mimeographed letters, or clippings elucidating or pontificating on matters that someone in the place decides I should know about. I'm able to read about a third of it. However, I do read most of the alleged prophetic material, never knowing when I'm liable to miss something I *should* know about. When I come across something that squares with what my colleagues in the Loftier Dimensions have suggested as possible of happening, I put it aside for study. But one thing I *do* notice again and again—in material supposed to have been dispatched from Regions of All-Knowledge—in case after case these assumedly omnipotent wits seem to know only what's commonly printed in the papers about the sources of world catastrophe. In a hundred and one instances, the communicating Personages by the very nature of their data don't know as much about the *true* origins of world upset as some of us who've been behind the scenes of government and know the facts of this plane from entirely secular sources . . .

I DON'T consider it came about by happenstance that in the first part of my maturity I had intimate relationships with men high in our State Department when our State Department was American and naught else. Nor was it chance that carried me out to Russia and Siberia in 1917 and piloted me through the holocaust of the original Marxist Revolution. From 1920 to 1928, having returned home, destiny wove a curious path for my feet among men who probably knew as much about the global anti-Christian cabal as any two-legged beings on the planet. All of which supplied me with an inside knowledge of basic diablerie in high places provenly dangerous to possess. But the mentors of many of my contemporaries are curiously deficient in all this. Which of course leads me to conclude that what is wrong is the mentorship itself. It becomes significant that by reading half a dozen pages of any manuscript I can estimate just how much knowledge the writer has of the *true* diablerie, and estimate his higher contacts accordingly. Now and then some prognosticator scores a hit. But this cacophony of disaster and gloom that customarily accompanies psychical predictions about the future, leaves me cold. I've said that before and I'll say it again.

THE REFUGE from
pessimism is all good
men and women exist-
ing in the world—they
keep faith and happi-
ness alive . . .

I VIEW all this propaganda about foreign foes biting off our heads and devouring our bodies, and how the Republic's being ridden to hell in a hack, pretty much in the terms of that gem of an anecdote I ran across in Westbrook Pegler's column the other morn. It concerns a dry remark he says he heard years ago from a little Negro boxer named Cowsmilk who had listened patiently while his opponent's manager set forth the atrocities in store for him. His adversary was going to pop him with a jab, cross him with a right, hook him, massacre him, bat him on the back of the kidneys and finally, lay him to the mat with a colossal swing to the jaw. "Yeah?" young Cowsmilk said sourly. "But tell me sumpin' else. *What's Ah's gwan be doin' whilst he up to dem monkey shines?*" . . . Verily, in all the multiple ills that Public Enemies One to Thirteen promise to John Q. Public, "What Johnny Public gwan be doin'?" Me thinks Johnny Public is apt to be engaged in doing a whale of a lot. I know quite a bit out of my vigilante experience about J. Q. Public's push-over gullibilities when he suddenly becomes aroused. John Q. shows a surprising agility at taking care of himself in a fight. All he wants to be assured of, is that it *is* a fight and not merely some nitwit bethinking to play games. Meaning that I'm not one of those in any way contemptuous of "the poor dumb public" . . . The public's not so dumb. Neither is it so ignorant. Just now, in these transitional years, the public is just confused—it's aching to know whom to *trust*. Show J. Q. whom he *can* trust, and the public confidence with its ramifications can become dire embarrassment. We're seeing that kind of drama being played out right this Christmas week in the McCarthy-Eisenhower tilt. If Ike and his supporters weren't badly worried, they wouldn't be going so far to reassure everybody how very solidly the electorate is behind Ike and not Joe. But to get back to the psychical vigilantes . . . Most of them are a lot of fine, idealistic, intellectual people, but their secular knowledge of the cancerous growths in the body politic lacks a certain basic thoroughness. Some may argue that truly spiritual mentors wouldn't talk negatively about malefactors in flesh, much less identify them. But it would seem that their celestialities should cause them to refrain from placing blame on wrong causes. Me, I'm not doing much personal worrying one way or another. I know John Q. Public when he gets his dander up. The miscreants well might worry what J. Q. Public's "gwan be doin'" while they're riding him toward the Abyss, hoping to inherit the wreckage and sell to cosmic junk-dealers . . . Despite which Merry Christmas to all, and no Christmas tree fights! . . .