

Valor..

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

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Number 1



WHY THE DREAM HOUSE?

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When People Yearn for Peace and Security They Are Attesting to Spirituality

IN the minds of the average American man and woman, marrying in their twenties, is the vision of a residence that they one day hope to construct for themselves, after their own designs and specifications, in which they shall rear their progeny and live out happy and reasonably tranquil married lives. This urge to build the ideal structure, peculiar to the mutual tastes and specifications of such couple, is supposed to be an idealism accruing from the mating instinct.

Soulcraft is interested in its spiritual values only.

Whether the married couple be soul mates is beside the present inquiry. The point seems to be that they are of the same mind regarding a home for themselves. They prefer to do their own building not only to achieve distinction in the finished product but to look upon a dwelling that expresses their individualities. But behind the Dream House is something more significant.

There is anticipation of permanence and security.

No one thinks of constructing a Dream House to live in it for eight months only, then move to distant parts. It would ruin the illusion. Subconsciously the couple are saying to one another, "Years and years we will live in it. Our offspring shall be born in it and grow to adolescence and maturity beneath its roof. Having once dreamed it and materialized our dream in lumber and shingles—or possibly brick or stone—we shall disregard all possibilities of change. We do not visualize the district or the neighborhood as ever altering from the character it displayed when we acquired the site for it. Nothing shall happen within it making the premises insufferable to us. We shall know our ups and downs of fortune in it, perhaps, but the fact that we resided here throughout them shall only endear its very walls to us. We envision ourselves when old and grey, bowed with the weight of our years, sitting side by side before its hearths in the peace of maturity, hands interlocked in comradeship as

we reflect upon how blessed our lifetime of experiences herein stack up to us. We shall, perhaps, be buried out of one of its rooms. That others thereafter take over and repeat on our happiness is merely a caprice of sentiment with us. At any rate, we put it out of mind. This house shall be *us*, in lumber and brick or stone."

Millions of couples have dreamed such dreams since America became a nation. A fraction of them have realized it.

Permanence and stability! Suppose we look at their spiritual meanings.

IF no one visualized Permanence and Stability in a world of transition and insecurity, nary a Dream House would ever be attempted.

The couple that venture to build their own home in the spring time of their lives—customarily beginning it as they can in the springtime of a new year as well—really are throwing a challenge to vicissitudes of fortune that give this earth-plane its major distinctions. That such challenge is of moment, carries the acknowledgment that the vital essence of all earthly life is *Change*.



It is a startling recognition to make that not one material thing exists on the planet's surface, animate or inanimate, that moment by moment is not undergoing change. First the very cells of the individual body are not precisely the same, moment by moment or year by year. Every cell making the physical organism dies and is renewing every seven years. There is scarcely one cell in your phys-

ical person this moment that you possessed eight years bygone, excepting some eccentric cells in your brain. You are either growing older and gaining to maturity, or going down the Hill of Life toward some aspect of senility. Really it's your Etheric Pattern Body that's preserving your appearance year by year so that relatives and associates recognize your identity at sight.

Every timber, every brick, every stone, in whatever structure you glimpse is undergoing microscopic disintegration every second of every hour—along with all the natural geologic and floral features of any landscape—but at a pace so incredibly slow that it escapes your notation. Only when you absent yourself from a given district or neighborhood where its prominent features were engraved on your memory, remain away a significant time, and then return dramatically to view them as the corrosion of such interval has changed them, do you have brought home to you how positive such truth is.

This is an earth-world where nothing ever stays the same—bodies, buildings, landscapes. Even yon granite mountain is actually smaller today than when you looked upon it yesterday, for a day and a night's corrosion of natural elements has occurred, started washing down its slopes, to reach the brook that reaches the river, such sediments headed seaward. You possess no instruments fine enough to measure the rate of shrinkage but it has happened just the same. The Laurentian Chain from the Green Mountains of Vermont to the Alleghenies of Pennsylvania, once were as formidable in height as anything on today's Continental Divide. The millennia have worn them away until they have become extra-high rolling hills, lazy and complacent. And the same is happening all over the globe.

Weather conditions such as they are across the planet are chiefly responsible, of course. But the philosopher well may ask, why is all of it necessary?

WHY can humanity not experience a world in which everything "stays put"? The fact that it does not stay put introduces the query perhaps for the first time: *What lesson is Spirit learning by seried residence in such mutable environment?*

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DOES Your Man Indulge in Alcohol when He Truly Craves Yogurt? . .



CONSTANT stream of letters reach Headquarters from married women worried about the habits of their menfolk. "I'm quite happily married to one of the best husbands in the world," such writers will declare, "but of late I've begun to worry about John's increasing use of alcohol. I know his business responsibilities are heavy, but he always carried them with ease. Approaching fifty, however, the strain began to tell on him. He became fretful and short-tempered, blaming it on political policies of the Administration, labor troubles, incompetent help, inability to cover ground personally. To give him a pick-up in the middle of the day he soon was having recourse to a nip of brandy. But the aftermath from it was worse than the weariness making it needful. Now I'm really beginning to worry about him. He says he's doing it to offset the growing deficiencies of his physical self due to age. Is he telling me the truth, or is this altered drinking habit a sign of something deeper? Any counsel Soulcraft can supply will be deeply appreciated."

Most wives feel somewhat incensed when challenged on the point of feeding their menfolk properly. But placing an harassed businessman on a certain diet is by no means a guarantee that this food or that food will supply him with what he lacks. That is really within the province of the professional physician after an intensive study of his patient's metabolisms. There are a few simple and harmless expedients that a worried wife can try first.

She can introduce her man to Yogurt for one.

The inquiry is immediate, What on earth is Yogurt?

Suppose VALOR answers it by offering

A BOON for Tired Businessmen which Soulcraft Women Should Investigate

a man's view of his nutriment reactions as he passes forty and approaches fifty . .

MOST men known as "moderate drinkers" begin the practice from certain physical distempers. The worst, and most common, is a craving for increased physical energy as bodily processes slow down with age. Getting a "pick-up" at certain hours of the day is a natural and entirely normal desire. The trouble with alcohol, even though it be introduced in a moderate glass of wine, can be its reaction. The stimulant at the most is temporary. For a handful of minutes at most the brain—and perchance the heart and muscular system—is accelerated. But the help passes quickly. A second drink must be taken to maintain the activation, and perchance a third or fourth. Soon everything is going into reverse as the law of diminishing returns sets in. Alcoholic residue makes the liver sluggish, the joints stiffen, both accompanied by a worse let-down in morale than before the stimulant was attempted.

The time to halt this alcoholic practice is when the cells of the body are craving for energy that normal food and drink—due to the slowing-up process of age—are ineffectively supplying. That insufferable yearning for the vim, vigor and vitality of earlier years must be met by keeping what energy that maturing body possesses not so much stimulated as unhandicapped.

The answer to that insufferable craving for millions of men all over the world up twenty generations has been *Yogurt*.

Understand, Yogurt is not a drug to take the place of alcohol. It is food in peculiar form that applies with well-nigh necromantic speed to the bloodstream and vital centers and brings about the refreshed condition naturally that alcohol brings synthetically.

Until recently, few persons in America had ever heard of Yogurt, much less tasted it. Within the past few years, however, it has become a favorite of gourmets and food connoisseurs as it has been in Paris and other European capitals ever since the days of Marco Polo. It has appeared on the menus of the most exclusive hotels and been repeatedly mentioned over the radio as a delicate and tangy new milk food.

Many of the earliest records, particularly those of ancient India, Persia and Egypt, abound with references to Yogurt. Frequent references to it appear in early histories of such widely separated countries as Lapland, Iceland, Scandinavia and Mongolia. As mentioned a paragraph ago, Marco Polo wrote of eating it in China.

Originating apparently in Bulgaria, it was a culture that was first put into goat's milk, giving the fluid well-nigh the same miraculous pick-up qualities that follow the imbibing of alcoholic drinks but without the habit-forming aspects. All sorts and conditions of men, in such widely distributed areas, would not be steady consumers of it unless it had disclosed the properties indicated. It is not a purgative and leaves not a single aftereffect but that of energetic good health.



FRANCE first heard of Yogurt when a Turkish physician attending Francis I prescribed it for the rapidly failing monarch. Sending to Constantinople for the Yogurt culture he made the king take regular doses. He improved in health to such an extent that he named the new food in French, the Milk of Life Eternal. That was exaggerated. If Yogurt proves to be a most valuable food for middle-aged and older people, it is because it is so readily digestible. It is interesting to know, however, that physicians are still recommending it for our leaders today. Recently a newspaper columnist reported that President Eisenhower's doctor had advised him to eat a jar of Yogurt every four hours.

The reason Yogurt has been so slow in reaching this western continent is that Yogurt culture is such a poor traveler. The three strains of organisms necessary to culture it became weakened in transit across from Europe. The resultant weak culture failed to thicken milk properly and give Yogurt its delicious tangy flavor.

The Trappist monks have been for centuries cultivating Yogurt, and finally established on the grounds of their famous monastery at La Trappe, Quebec, a model agricultural college and Bacteriological Institute. Here through the tireless work of Dr. J. M. Rosell and Professor Brochu, pure Yogurt culture was perfected and made available to the West.

As might be expected, any food which has survived the centuries and attracted the connoisseurs of all countries, has passed the taste test. Yogurt has an exceptionally dainty and tart flavor, a mixture much like custard, and a milk fruit-like aroma peculiarly its own.

Persons who have cultivated a genuine taste for it, as have the Bulgarians, Turks, and Greeks, prefer to eat it plain,

without any synthetic flavorings. In Paris, Vienna and Prague Yogurt is served topped with fruit juices or merely sprinkled with sugar. VALOR's editor, who has discovered its utterly harmless rejuvenating qualities that make mental work for fifteen or sixteen hours possible, likes his best with honey filling a quarter of the dish on the bottom.

HERE is a boon for the worried Soulcraft wife who senses her husband's craving for internal energy which his body is not manufacturing normally as he ages, and VALOR intends to say more about it as the year advances. Bottles of the culture, by no means expensive as to price, can be procured in Health Stores or Natural Food shops in most of the American cities. To make it at home, the lady of the house simply warms up milk—preferably goat's if procurable but cow's milk will serve—to near boil. Then she lets it cool down to lukewarm. Then the real Yogurt culture is stirred into it. The mixture is kept lukewarm until it thickens. Thus the Yogurt is made and after chilling—if preferred—is ready to serve.

Tens of thousands of men don't really enjoy drinking alcohol because of its after effects, but alibi their mid-afternoon nipping by that crawling inward hunger for something vital and energizing that their systems seem not to be furnishing. Soon they find themselves in the grip of an expensive and embarrassing habit that can turn into a vice.

Yogurt won't give the exhilarating effects of a sherry or cocktail at once, but continued use of it will bring realization that the craving for a synthetic energy has departed. The logy and sluggish weight has gone from the liver. The joints lose their stiffness and the muscles acquire a free and easy limberness that no alcohol or drug can give. Sustained mental strain can continue for hours without fatigue. VALOR's editor, a Piscean, suffered for years with congestion of blood in the feet after working excessively at the printing plant imposing-stones supervising the lay-out on the Soulcraft publications. It took about three days for this congestion to depart permanently. At 65 years of age, he can outwork in the matter of sustained time many a younger man in the plant. He can attest that the flavor of this age-long celebrated product is very

like Roquefort cheese. A generous dish of the milk-food, consumed shortly after arising at 6:30, will carry the eater to the lunch hour with almost no pangs of hunger after ordinary morning food. It is quite as simple and easy to concoct as morning coffee.

Soulcraft has always been cagey of recommending diets, because no two persons' culinary tastes or bodily requirements are exactly the same. But Yogurt is a staple sustaining energy for some of the biggest men in the nation. Clever wives will experiment until they make it expertly, then serve it at first as a new and novel dessert.

More about it in next week's VALOR . .

Dream House

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There being a reason behind everything that performs as it does, we can make serious search for Divinity's purpose in allocating conscious spirits in such kaleidoscopic sceneries.

Doesn't the answer lie in the fact that spirit itself is the one nonchangeable factor in the picture of existence, but that expansion of its intellectual self comes only by observed contrast with enshrouding mutability?

Moment by moment the cells of your body are altering, the molecules of your abiding-place are transmuting, the features of the landscape viewed from your doorstep are shifting, even the sun that lights your little segment of the universe is diminishing until it shall eventually burn out.

But you as a conscious unit amid it all, the soul of you, is the one supremely permanent unit in the whole grand ensemble of it.

You may add ideas in form of knowledge-memories to your intellect, but there will be no essential change in your spirit as spirit. Your eyes may grasp greater and nobler wonders of the cosmic universe but consciousness as an element capable of perceiving, won't change in a single microscopic aspect from millennium to millennium. You may boast that you "grow" but you don't mean it's in any faculty of self-awareness; it's your body that increases physically or your intellect that comprehends more sizably.

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Why Some Women Have Stronger Maternal Instincts than Others . . .



HE question may sound odd, but—

What makes a mother?

Generally considered, a mother is a woman who has conceived, gestated, and delivered a child. However, millions of human beings of the female sex have gone through such experience without being motherly. On the other hand, other millions are termed motherly in every sense of the term who have never borne children. Experts on sex psychology have remarked on still other women by the millions to whom conjugal relations with their male mates are vehemently distasteful and yet who are "crazy about babies" while the opposite tendencies demonstrate in a vast proportion of women who are expert inamoratas yet exhibit a venomous wrath at probabilities of pregnancy. The controversy rages, is maternity necessarily a component factor of sex—or putting it in another way, is sex a purely physical attribute and maternity a spiritual?

Wherein is the difference between the two? And what is the position of Soulcraft in respect to it?

TO GET answer respecting these contrasting types of women, we have to recognize the difference clearly between the Spiritual and the Physical as factors unto themselves. It amounts to considerable more in the feminine instance than the spiritual traits of the latter automatically occupying a female organism, because we have countless instances where masculine units in the spiritual sense do such constantly for the experiences involved.

The true feminine temperament is the positive and bona fide ensemble of feminine attributes that are counterposed to the positive and bona fide ensemble of masculine attributes in a given Master Soul, living and exercising as such, irrespective of the current vehicle. This is the

Motherhood Seems to Be More Composed of Spiritual than Physical Factors . . .

entity that is "motherly" by temperament, the attributes of motherhood being major traits in the feminine composition.

Such a one, we'll say, makes a compact with several souls on the Third or Fourth Plane of life prenatally, to go down into physical flesh with them and enter several domestic relationships. It contracts with a certain woman on the higher side who is about to reincarnate physically, to be her daughter in earth-life, and with a given man or men to be consort to them. Thereafter there is an agenda of other souls involved who are to be this certain woman-soul's offspring when she shall have reached maturity and wedded the prospective father. None of it has anything to do as yet with what this woman-soul's identity is to be in the earth-scene as a person. Biologic factors are due to enter into that.

The woman who is to function as her mother twenty to thirty years hence is also going to be influenced by biologic factors from her own physical forebears in turn when her incarnation shall have been achieved. In so far as her own children are concerned when she arrives at having them, the same factors operate in the instance of her husband. The chromosomes from the blood-line of several par-

ties are slated to enter into it, many of which shall be determinants of our lady's fulfillment of sex and motherhood in her own right. Not one of them can be disregarded.

If our woman-soul enters earth-life with any reservations about the incursion, her maturing etheric-pattern may be influenced by Thought not to supply her with a physical self that is one-hundred percent conducive to maternity. She may discover as she grows toward adolescence of that acquired female equipment that she has endocrine deficiencies. Her genitive equipment may not be up to par. Her very pelvic construction may promise that delivery of her young may be an insufferable or abnormal ordeal. Furthermore, it can and does happen that she is not at all happy about that stipulation of her prenatal compact that includes the physical birth of a soul in her karma toward which she has prejudices. She may have a karmic obligation to discharge with a soul against whose birth through herself she is subconsciously in rebellion. Fretfully she cries to herself in her subconscious intellect, "Oh dear, I suppose I've got to supply a new body for so-and-so, whom goodness knows I detest, because I must compensate or rectify the debt I incurred two lives ago when I, through my own willfulness or even malice, caused it to lose prematurely the body it was then wearing. I'm not at all happy about being a mother to *that* soul-exhibit, and yet I suppose I've got to go through with it." So the resentment can become so strong that it even affects her relations subconsciously with her husband in their sex lives. Her physical reservations are such that at every prospect of procreation of an additional infant, she cries testily, "Is that awful pill the next one to come through me?" And as the time for it to happen draws close, she develops an otherwise inexplicable sex frigidity as a wife.



THE IGNORANCE of earth people respecting such issues is so colossal that it all seems necromantic and incredulous to the layman rank-and-file. Nevertheless it all goes on "behind the scenes" despite such mass stupidity.

The feminine urge to Motherhood can be influenced by such factors but not necessarily defeated, since Motherhood is one of the major expressions of the conserving and practicing traits in the female character—at least normally regarded. The degree of a given woman's success at having young is simply qualified by all these ingredients.

When, therefore, we propound the query as to why some women exhibit stronger maternal instincts than others, we have to know the intimate karmic history of every feminine soul "exposed" to motherhood on the earth-side because of her physically creative equipment.

The "spiritual" faculties or elements involved, are those that pertain to the woman's total soul history, irrespective of the specific life she may be encountering and the prenatal compacts due to distinguish it. The "physical" faculties or elements involved, are those pertaining to the conditions of the flesh-and-blood mechanisms by which new persons—who are really very, very old persons—are inducted upon this earth-plane. The former may be in an extremely active and flourish-infi state, mainly due to the chromosomes and genes of the biologic line through which she has incarnated. She may even develop the state of stimulated sex activities that pathology—and sometimes psychology—describes as "oversexed." She may be so constituted that the purely physical ecstasies from conjugal union supplant everything else of importance in her "natural proclivities" . . . which of course aren't *natural* proclivities at all. So she may even find gratification in becoming the courtesan or the promiscuous Call Girl, the maternal instincts not being involved in it in the slightest. The stimulation is purely organic. With the abandonment of the specific vehicle it will pass, or cease to exist. But the qualities of spiritual maternity can never cease to exist because they go along with the etheric double into the advanced states of consciousness.

WOMAN as woman is assumed to be the antithesis or opposite of each of the masculine traits of aggressiveness, as-



sertiveness, experimentation and bellicosity reduced to a fine art for the development of individuality. Man may aggressively procreate progeny but it's up to somebody to conserve and care for and tend what such aggressiveness has brought into being and function. Man's very explorative nature precludes him from having the time to give it. Granted that he *should* have the time to give to what his own behavior has effected, nevertheless it's the Master Soul in totality that really is attending to it, and the mother-half of such Master Soul executes the particular acts involved in it. On the other hand, the Masculine qualities of that same Master-Soul continue along in performance and provide sustenance and social rights for the Feminine and the offspring. If the Masculine halted at any given point, the Feminine and their progeny would quickly find themselves in an equally serious plight. So this division of function and responsibility have been well-thought-out and provided against.

However, castigating the individual half-soul in the Feminine instance for not displaying its full quota of motherly attributes merely because it may be temporarily enoused in the sex procreative equipment of the female, is not alone unfair but displays the grossest ignorance of the whole parental process from its prenatal beginning.

The childless woman who lives a heart-

starved life is merely a feminine half-soul who has the spiritual attributes of her sex fully developed and acknowledged, but because of prenatal adjustments that are assumedly karmic, or physical equipment out of alignment with such spiritual instincts, is not enabled to execute the proclivities of her normal cosmic nature. In either event so long, as we acknowledge that no soul ever is projected into mortality against its will, we must recognize that because of factors that are her own private business strictly, such has been the role she has prescribed for herself. She must have had her own reasons for selecting it or specifying it. And they are nobody's business but her own.

On the other hand, the badly oversexed woman, the insistencies of whose physical assets are a distress or an aggravation to her—and too often the scandal of the community—is not to be overly censured, either. Her behavior as well is the Result of a Cause. She too is deriving some lasting spiritual gains from her role although her neighbors may not recognize them.

The impelling question remains: Is there any reliable method by which one or the other may be specifically determined, consciously?

FORTUNATELY or unfortunately as the case may be, no, there is no *sure* criterion for knowing beyond all chance of error. And the reason for this should be clear.

To know such things consciously, hour by hour, would—at least could—defeat the very exigencies of the incarnatory role. "What a fool I showed myself, for selecting any such life program as *this* for myself!" she might cry in the severities of experience connected with a given situation. "If I prescribed it for myself on the higher planes, why don't I have equal right to un-prescribe it for myself, seeing that it's far tougher to undergo than I ever imagined before nominating myself for it?" All the time the very severities of the dilemma might have been the sternest part of the brevet. And over and above all of it, would maintain an hour-to-hour criticism of the self, when every minute act was put beneath the microscope of examination and judged by and for itself and not as part of a programmed whole.

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How Happy Would You Be if Expertly Clairvoyant?

IF We Fully Understood What Was Happening When the Departed Reappear We Would Give It Greater Credence and Wider Publicity . .



WE KNOW from both experience and observation that when friendly souls succeed in making the transfer from Etheria into our practical earth-world, they not only bring their earth memories with them but likewise many of the higher attributes they have acquired in their post-mortem status. The chief of these is what we might call Prophecy based on clairvoyance.

Clairvoyance, of course, is the capability of reading the events of the future for this earth-plane quite as expertly as one reads the events of the past—through memory. Thus clairvoyance might almost be described as "remembering forward" . .

These people who materialize to us certainly do possess attributes in their etheric status that they did not in mortality. This we definitely have to recognize. The question is natural, how could they have come by them? Is it a freak individual attainment, or is it common to all who make the Transition? A further word, however, about all materializations, first . .

VALOR's editor, up across 27 years, estimates he has participated in over 70 seances where at least a thousand different persons have thus given themselves new bodily "outsides". But in every case, and irrespective of the medium's identity, the processes have appeared to be exact, thus attesting they must follow definite laws for production of such phenomena.

People who are emphatically certain—for their own peace of mind—that all such processes are trickery or fabrication by the medium with cheesecloth, wigs, mirrors, telepathy and ventriloquism are but advertising the extent of their psychological experience and ignorance. It's an old cliché of professional psychological researchers that nobody can explain such

re-creation back into the earth's state rate of activity so glibly and completely as the person who's never seen it, or seen it at least intermittantly. By the time you've witnessed or participated in, say, your twenty-fifth seance, you realize such talk is infantile nonsense. Besides, it's too often insulting to the personalities on the higher octaves of Matter to insinuate they are merely phantoms or don't exist. From their octave of life, mortal people in this earth-state appear equally as spookish and nonsubstantial. As for their being originated through arts and deceits of the Devil, that too is more infantilism, to the degree of downright moronism.

The best proof that none of it's Satanism is contained in the circumstance that many a psychic adept can detach his Etheric Body from his physical self, leave the latter unconscious on a bed and penetrate in a three-dimensional and conscious journey onto such higher and swifter octaves of atomic speed, observing at first hand that conditions following "death" are precisely what these materializing on this octave declare them to be. If mere consciousness can thus penetrate the higher octaves, why should it be held so necromantic for persons of the higher



octaves to slow their vibratory rates down here to this octave? Death does not result in either case unless the silver cord be damaged.



THE BUSINESS of making any or all materialization creditable, of course, lies in harmonizing the phenomenal conditions of the two or more planes so that what makes sense on the one, makes sense on the others. One might comment, of course, that it doesn't make sense on this plane for an invisible soul-spirit to step into ectoplasm and so utilize it that a tangible covering for the etheric body can be arrived at, substantial again to practical purposes in this earth-dimension. But exploring into possibilities of atomic frequencies, we do find a scientific hypothesis for it. But how could there possibly be any scientific hypotheses for intellect in a loftier octave possessing itself of information about coming events on this earth-plane, that in major of cases turns out infallibly correct? Well might we inquire whether such is a peculiarity in the etheric world generally, or attainment by the individual? Suppose it could be practiced on this side as well, might it contain weal or woe for the human race generally?

Time and again, when questions about this trait or the origin of such mystical practices are advanced, we have told us by such materialized people that on the higher etheric level of sensibilities there are two sources of information to this end—

One is the fact that when matters of gravest consequences to people in flesh are about to mature, a pattern-aspect of them "builds up" first in that etheric world before it comes to reality down here in the material world. Ofttimes, if the happening be of a tragic nature, this etheric buildup takes the form of an

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At Ease!

THE BEST news that has come out of the camps of the atomic scientists in a month, a year, or even a decade, was reported out of London on April 21st. Sir John Cockcroft, Britain's atomic research chief, declared the "so-called cobalt bomb would offer no advantages to a lunatic designer." He said, "There is nothing to the idea that the cobalt bomb could poison the whole earth."

Whether or not to scare the whole public to obtain appropriations for further atomic research, the story had been circulated and gotten wide credence that if a suicidal foe like Russia, with manufacturing potentials for the bomb, decided to "end it all" along with its conquerors, it had only to make a cobalt jacket which pulverized during the detonation, to impregnate the atmosphere and stratosphere of the globe with a poison that no form of life could resist.

"The idea is nothing more than a popular horror," says Sir John—who presumably should be in a position to know what he is talking about.

Practical Spirit Research

ONE JAMES H. Lucas, Washington correspondent for the Scripps-Howard chain, writing out of the Capital April 21, said that Americans might as well learn to live with this fact—

We probably never will know what happened to thousands of our young men, reported "missing" in Korea. We'll never know because even the Communists don't know—although they would hate to admit it.

The question has been highlighted this past month by closed hearings in Congress about American prisoners the Communists actually held. At the urging of the Pentagon, Chairman John L. McClellan of the Senate Investigation Subcommittee agreed to wait a little longer, to gloss over the situation.

Mr. Clellan said merely that as many as 521 Americans—481 military and approximately 40 civilians—still are "unaccounted for." That phrase "unaccounted for" is deceptive. Most Americans take it to mean that the 521 still are prisoners.

Actually Senator McClellan has little hope that those "unaccounted for" will turn up. In closed hearings he urged the military witnesses to give the public facts, to stop holding out false hopes. But the military works by the books and by the books the Pentagon isn't quite ready for that.



Senator George Bender of Ohio, a member of the subcommittee, says "we know for certain only that the Reds hold only 15 flyers and approximately 40 civilians. We know about those because they've told us. They've boasted about it, and that is our only source of information. All else is conjecture."

Bender thinks it "cruel" to raise the hopes of the families of the missing men." A Pentagon colonel said, "We have checked and rechecked every source we have and there isn't a shred of evidence,

even unreliable evidence, that any Korean war prisoners, excepting those 15 airmen, are still alive."

HERE is one of those tragic situations arising out of the public's benighted limitation in respect to knowledge of life and death. If churches and religious denominations knew as much about the after-life as they persuade the lay public they know, they should be able to determine in one evening what the fate has been of any American soldier unheard from since the close of Korean hostilities.

How about the young men themselves communicating the facts—assuming each one has made the Transition?

Psychics all over the world, and especially spiritist mediums, have been recipients of a continuous agenda of personal communications about the unusual deaths of soldiers ever since World War II. Here is a field where sacred psychical research could function to an infinite service and mercy, but that would be "dabbling in Spiritualism" and considered by the orthodox religious as unhallowed. Christian clergymen would be among the first to lift voices in horror against it. "There is neither voice nor reason in the grave whither thou goest," says approved Scripture. Being approved Scripture, let the public challenge it at its peril and the parents of the missing boys suffer as they will.

Soulcraft, that makes no denominational concessions, has from time to time had contact in its seances with young men who "went over" in the heat of battle, although not necessarily listed as "missing." The files of the psychical research societies of two continents are filled with reports of military communicators, anxious to get word to their relatives of their etheric well-being. Why this sort of thing could not be extended to the 521 Korean instances is no idle question. The only drawback to the possibility of it would be the circumstance of the deceased soldier whose early religious fixations might cause him to shrink from imparting knowledge of his fate to his family members, whose religious inhibitions stand stubbornly in the way of their acceptance of his survival.

So the mystery of 521 soldiers and civilians "unaccounted for" from the Korean War, continues a mystery when it need not be so, could proper enlighten-

ment concerning these matters be afforded the rank and file.

But here is a glaring instance where mediumistic altruism could settle a national distress—if the adequate mediums cared to go to work on it.

No less a national military figure than General Hap Arnold, late of the U. S. Air Force, deigned to call out audibly in a Soulcraft pschical session recently identifying himself to a former brother-officer who was present—and the two carried on a ten-minute converse. Transpose Hap Arnold for the “missing” soul-spirit of Private Johnny Jones of Oshkosh, and his family by no means need remain permanently in doubt about his fate.

But do the deceased lads themselves wish to make the earth contact?

There would lie the \$64 Question.

Significant Data



A SURVEY of the sales of Soulcraft literature for 1954, in result of figures compiled for the April 15th internal revenue tax report, discloses some surprising facts of interest to the national audience. Standing far out in advance of all other titles on Soulcraft volumes in point of yearly sales have been the *Soulscripts* in bound volumes. More laymen are buying and reading *Soulscripts* than any of the major Soulcraft textbooks almost three to one.

The outstanding book in point of gross sales for 1954 after bound *Soulscripts* was the title written by the Recorder in collaboration with Mary Baker Eddy—*Beyond Grandeur*. It ran about 75 percent of the total sales of *Soulscripts*, the bulk of these purchases appearing to be made by independently-thinking Christian Scientists. It is still selling heavily thus far in 1955.

Getting Born came next to *Beyond Grandeur* in sales volume, with *Behold Life* third. This continues to be extraordinary, inasmuch as *Behold Life* was originally published in 1937—eighteen years bygone—and is now in its third large reprint. *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* ran fifth and *Star Guests* sixth. *Adam Awakes* ran seventh and *Road into Sunrise* eighth. *Thresholds of Tomorrow* was ninth. *Seven Minutes in Eternity* in the



.. MEMOIRS ..

By *Winchester MacDowell*



I KNOW I've passed this way before; in passing gained much worth;
On countless times in many climes this Cosmic Me had birth;
The pages of life's book are filled with records of my past,
Eternal memory holds them all, the parts of me that last.
Sometimes when I am half asleep I vividly recall
Disjointed highlights of those pasts, I do not get them all.
Some lives were lived in tropic heat and others in the snow
And some were lived in rocky wastes where mighty rivers flow . .

One memory haunts me ever, though, its sharpness never pales,
I was a boy in Palestine and told to fetch some Nails;
Such order I resented sharp, to Roman Guard I said
I'd bring no spikes for such a plot although he speared me dead.
I took a frightful flogging then, yet lived to go my way;
They opened up my back with whips as part of that Black Day.
I counted it to be my gain, I felt no ire nor hate
Though scars I bore to my own death upon a later date.

My left ear holds a welt today, a carry-over bore,
When I, a slave in galley chains, was gyved to mighty oar,
I saw God's sky from galley hold, yet sought to stay alive,
As notches for my getaways, my right ear carried five.
Yet I have snatches of calm scenes in Summerland upstairs
Where all was brightest light encased and nothing sought repairs.
No beds to make, no coats to mend, and travels were by thought,
No bills to pay nor income tax, all things by Thought were wrought.

While there I had my longings great to visit planes up higher
But could not pass the grading test nor survive cosmic fire.
I therefore sought more tests of earth, that I might make such grade,
Thus came to live again in flesh, where credits must be paid.
My Memory Book is filled with marks for acts both weak and brave
When I have held my own with foe, and siren, fool and knave.
I would not have you think I'd shirk, nor let my courage wax,
Again my valor feels a thrill, *I've met my income tax!*



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\$1-copy of *My Seven Minutes
in Eternity* bound in pocket-sized
leatherette.

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P. O. Box 192
Noblesville, Indiana

one dollar edition came in tenth.

The latest volumes, *Know Your Karma*, *Undying Mind* and *Soul Eternal* were 1955 books and all have sold in approximately the same volume throughout the first four months of the year thus far.

These tabulations show not only reader preferences but layman trends in the progress of the instruction. Headquarters is making the prediction that topping all sales for this year will be *The Coming of the Elder Brother*, the Christ biography now in preparation. Next to that will be the Concordance or Thesaurus of the *Golden Scripts*.

As for the best-selling *Soulscripts*, they are gradually being reprinted in a uniform binding of thirteen numbers each, twelve copies to the set, to retail by the set bought at one time for \$50.

But the 1954 tax-year, which closed December 31st, showed well-nigh a thirty percent gain in sales volume over 1953. With the indicated popularity of the 1955 books, it will practically double. All over the nation, and in three foreign countries, the enlightenment is catching hold. Names are now going upon Soulcraft lists in quantities of thousands. And the expressions grow more voluminous month by month in the mail, "This is what I'd been waiting for, all my life!"

Strange, all of it, in view of the criticisms back in 1950 and '51 that "Soulcraft and its Founder were both washed up" . . .

Dream House

(Continued from Page 4)

The essential *you* within within is precisely the same *you* that exercised when you were three. Spirit-soul and self-awareness being synonymous, the self-recognizing *you* unit is the one unchangable thing in the whole stupendous omniverse. Never will the exact moment arrive when you will look upon yourself and note that you are something different or something else.

The realization should be awesome.

So the newlyweds envision their dream dwelling as a foregone acceptance of permanence and stability because it's a symbol of their spiritual everlastingness. It isn't literally, of course, but they depict it as such, refusing to concede that as consciousness units they shall ever metamorphosize into anything else. You may

say it's a harmless delusion and butters no parsnips. But any corner psychologist will tell you that the true character of any living person is ever reflected by his dreams. What he dreams of, indicates his secret self.

Young men and women, in visualizing and building their Dream Houses, are truly making attestation to their own continuity and permanence in Cosmos. Nature identifies this great acknowledgment by contrasts of the transmutability of environments.

You will be in existence, precisely the same self-identity that you are this instant, when the Andes have corroded down to a treeless desert and even the sun itself shown signs of extinguishing. Of course you will know a lot more facts than you do now—till your consciousness can even bridge interplanetary reaches. But *you* will be the same identity in your feelings toward *yourself*.

You ought to be awed by the sheer majesty of your own imperishability.

Dream Houses, indeed!

Expertly Clairvoyant

(Continued from Page 7)

ominous cloud over the victim or territory which he inhabits. That is one source upon which forthcoming events can be predicated.

Ae second source seems to be what they call "etheric vacuums" . . . there are higher etheric areas containing no aspects of materials in any form, no matter how vague. Such absolutely "empty" space-areas thereupon act as "mirrors" or reflectors of eventualities, based upon tendencies of agents contributing to the condition which is maturing. This series will have much more to say about both, in forthcoming papers.

THE POINT here is, that intellects in Etheria—or the higher rates of atomic vibration—have access to more or less visual phenomena of which this earth-octave has no semblance. It is largely the results of such vision which they bring along with them into the current earthly seance-room. It is something peculiar to the Transition condition, and up the generations has undoubtedly accounted for the tradition that "the dead know everything" or are automatically all-wise purely from their condition of discarnation.

The question is, do you imagine you would be happier in going about daily activities, with such resource for reading of the future on this plane, than you may be at present? To know what is ahead, especially if it were injurious or hazardous, would keep you in a perpetual stew of worry and concernment. If you were able to circumvent it, well and good. But if you were not, you could only await denouement with fear and trembling.

Mayhap, therefore, some of the seemingly elusive behavior or statements of materialized friends or relatives who put in appearances at seances, may have such background of concernment for you behind it, based on knowledge not available to mortality. Until we know these things more positively, we should suspend judgment on why our discarnate visitors "tick" as they do. Just a mere observation in passing, this, in comment on some of the eccentric happenings that turn up in such contacts.

We will continue with this series in the coming weeks and strive to explain why some attendees arrive at the dissatisfaction that they do.

At the most, right now, we are exploring hitherto undiscovered country and it behooves us to make allowances. Our current attitude should be one of keenest observation till we know all the facts . . .

Motherhood

(Continued from Page 6)

We would seem to prescribe these fleshly adventures for ourselves during a time and condition when we can appraise them dispassionately and abstractly. Having determined them, we come into flesh to experience them with gauges thus set and details left to humanized contacts. The physical brain, in a matter of speaking, "gets in the way" of eternal memory and prevents direct recalling of our specialized stipulations. Or we may have had counsel of great and wise entities on the upper levels, aiding us in determining what our earth-roles ought to be. Read *Adam Awakes* and *Know Your Karma* for more specific details of how this higher-octave prescribing is arrived at.

No, don't blame the poor lady next door for the way she seems to be performing under her prenatal contracts.

You, whether man or woman, may not be doing so expertly yourself . . .

"What Is This Woman's Strange Influence Over Me?"



A THOUSAND times a year we confront persons, of our own sex or the opposite sex, with whom we had relations in lives antedating the present. We suffer the effects of these without suspecting their true motives.

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Cogitations

Pelley



THE QUESTION is frequently put to me by letter, why, seeing that he and I appear to write so much alike, Westbrook Peglar and I don't 'know each other?' Certainly his daily column is becoming the most vital commentary in any current newspaper. And he has the temerity to skate journalistically over the thinnest racist ice without crashing through. Well, there are a lot of reasons why Westbrook doesn't seem to feel compatibility toward me, although our lines of political inquiry in the past have seemed to run parallel . . . I'm older than he by four years but that's no great difference. I was born and reared in Massachusetts while he got his running start in Minnesota. Both natal districts, however, are quite American, though astronomical distances from Hyde Park psychologically. We seemingly begin to diverge in the circumstances that in my early years I was raised in the Protestant Methodist faith, while the altogether charming biographer of Franklin the Great was sponsored by Catholic parents and received his spiritual education at Lane Tech and Loyola Academy at Chicago. That begins to dig a gap, from the simple fact that most things esoteric in the religious way are sealed to his intellect by his church canons. Personally I put it down that Peglar and I could never really hit it off because he's a Leo and I'm a Piscean—which I assume he'd quickly dismiss as reprehensible Astrology, fancying thereby that he was very, very practical. Leo is a Fire Sign and Pisces is a Water Sign. You know what Water does to Fire. It customarily put the fire out. However, if they be harnessed mechanically with cleverness, it also makes steam. And with steam as propellant, locomotive vehicles go places. Apparently in temperaments otherwise, we are alike as

two peas. I imagine that if he ever did break through the esoteric sound-barrier the effect might be quite as calamitous as it would be if that thin journalistic ice broke some morning in one of his Roosevelt-background explorations and he contrived to really pull the wrath of the mighty down on him—as I did in 1942 . . .

o—o

I HAPPEN to know that the Peglar Column is the first thing in a newspaper that tens of thousands turn to every morning, and I'm no exception to the weakness. You see, while he was doing his stint in the Navy in 1918-19, I was beating my way out of Bolshevia with certain official documents in the Consular Service, learning things enroute about the international distemper that he now writes about in 1955 in his voluble New-Deal obituaries as grist for his columnist mill. Just where he began to acquire his low-down on Colonel House and *Philip Dru* would be none of my business but I bet anyone I had it first, and a trifle more factual. Of course there's always the chance that Westbrook got hold of an early Pelley file somewhere and by pulling certain punches, gets away with belated publicity about its contents now. Yet I'd scarcely take such credit. Maybe George Sylvester Viereck had something



to do with Peglar's belated sophistication, Westbrook seeming to love George most touchingly as per columnist sympathy over the fact that George was inconvenienced in the early Forties by being locked up a few months. I do know I heard it

from George's own lips that he assisted Colonel House no end in literary counsels, which would be violating a confidence to detailize. Maybe George and Westy slept together in some journalistic fleabag and George talked in his sleep . . .

o—o

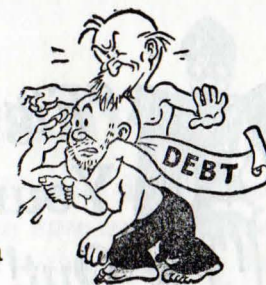
DON'T mistake me, I like Peglar. I'd go out of my way to do him a favor without ever revealing that it was myself that did it. He makes me cringe once in a while at some of his analogy barbarities, but that's his individuality and I respect it. I imagine that if he'd gone my pathway in Mysticism and Metaphysics, he'd be just as vociferous as myself at times over the theologic as much as civic hoodwinking by those who sit in the seats of the Mighty. That's a supposition, I say, and perhaps beyond his depth. Assuming he was christened by no middle name that doesn't appear in the prints, he's a *Five* in his inner expression and an *Eleven* in his outer, as well as being upon a *Five* lifepath. That means, in Numerology, that he invited a career of perpetual change and alteration in his affairs at coming into mortality, while his *Eleven* outer expression makes him a genius in his chosen vocation for putting it over and getting away with it. But his combined name designations—show no number for a crusading columnist could be more appropriate . . . We'll see what kind of a soul he's got when he's brought to the Cross . . .

o—o

AS I said in opening these remarks, I'm merely answering occasional queries as to why Peglar has never thought fit to list Pelley as present among the New Deal cantankeroos, who did something about it besides crusade in journalistic paganisms. Unless he did a Winchell on the subject, Westbrook's Church mightn't like it, it having already declared its anathema toward Soulcraft by the Black Frown on *Seven Minutes in Eternity* and *Golden Rubbish*. Ask Tom Beck,—Tom, not Dave—if you can get into communication with him. I can think of no other reason. I'm particularly partial to the buckeroo who doesn't balk at selecting the worst Brahma bull in the rodeo for personal contribution to public entertainment. May he "Ride 'er, Cowboy!" and break nothing worse than his professional aspirations . . .

—THE RECORDER

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The Soulscripts

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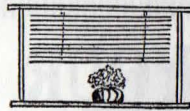
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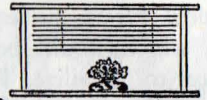
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The Long Table



QUESTION OF AUTHORITY

CALIFORNIA: "I have studied Soulcraft for a considerable time with a group of friends here in the Southland. We have been tremendously impressed with Mr. Pelley's accounts of psychical phenomena, particularly in respect to materializations. However, again and again in loaning our books to critical orthodox friends, we have met with the comment, 'Very fine, provided we could tell which was writing, a higher Mentor or just Pelley.' How can we answer such a criticism? How can we assure them which is Mentor and which is Pelley?" . .

Comment: Is it so necessary? Or rather, put it this way: Why such distinction between one expounding wisdom who is out of the body and one expounding wisdom who happens to be inside the body? Is it not one aspect of the wholly fallacious acceptance that people become all-wise in a twinkling by expiring, or changing their habitat for a loftier plane? . . Test it in this manner or by this analogy. Suppose you motor over to Pasadena for an evening to Cal Tech where, say, Dr. Robert Milliken is due to give a lecture on nuclear fission. You secure a chair in the auditorium and in due time the learned physicist makes his appearance. Do you listen content that you are learning facts or do you sit in a perpetual stew, asking yourself, 'Why doesn't Dr. Milliken make clear how much *he* is talking of his own manufacture, and how much he is borrowing from Eddington, Jeans, Einstein, or a dozen other nuclear scientists?' You don't go to hear information that is traceable to some specific personality. You go to get general information on the *subject*. Dr. Milliken might be speaking out of his own investigations one moment and out of the data of some overseas contemporary the next. You pay him the compliment of listening to his address because he is accredited as an expert in his field. In respect to the Soulcraft Recorder, he has trained

for his current instructor's role over 27 years of the most abstruse psychical performance and participation in discarnate phenomena. He spent 9 years recording the *Golden Scripts* of sacred recordings, which run to 273,000 words of higher wisdom, but has taken something like 6 million words in the secular diction on allied matters. Would this not appear to make him as much of an authority on psychics as Milliken may be an authority on physics? You adjudge the work of a man by the nature of the product he is capable of producing. Because you may have met or visited the man, shaken his hand, perchance eaten lunch with him, or heard him lecture from a platform, may not make him any less authoritative than one who has vacated his physical body and taken his etheric intellect onto an elevated plane of matter without ever having known him. Men famous for their specialty, literary or otherwise, give the utmost of themselves at all times because they realize they may be permanently judged by it. Then again, there is always the criterion posed by Chapter 75 of the *Golden Scripts*. How long since you read Chapter 75? "There is never confusion where I have been in spirit." But in the Recorder's case, he is constantly reminded of a Master adjuration he once received, "When men ask you for credentials in matters of spirit, never make answer. You are accountable only to Me!" . .

MORE BABY BUSINESS

INDIANA: "When two people have previously made arrangements to have a child, what is taking place when the child comes into life unwanted by both parents?"

Comment: How can we ever be sure that such a case occurs? The chances would be that it doesn't, the arrangements prenatally counting for the parental welcome. True, the instances are

countless where a husband and wife would like to have children, and may be led to expect them, but economic circumstances arrive after their marriage that make it formidable, at least temporarily. A man whose wife is ailing, or whose health is frail, who in addition finds himself in debt and out of work, may seemingly resent being father of a new child, but this would scarcely class the progeny as "unwanted." The only true instance of such a happening would be where the karma of both father and mother prescribes the furnishing of a body to some soul whom they both may have been responsible for loss of body in an earlier career. They may resent the folly that fates them to supply such infantile body to a spirit for whom they feel very little affection, yet the higher law require them to go through with it.

LOST SOULS

INDIANA: "In the *Golden Scripts* there is reference to "lost souls" . . . what is a 'lost' soul, if as you state in many places, self-consciousness in some sort of vehicle is imperishable?" . . .

Comment: The really lost soul is one whose bitter experiences in its many lives have brought it to a point where it has foolishly sealed its intellect and spirit against further contact with Holy Spirit, which is the only source of life energy keeping it alive. Resenting any dependence on the Celestial Essence that gave it reason and vitality, it grows more and more calloused and indifferent to all spirit values and all forms of manifestation until it begins to repudiate its own eternal identity. One of the very earliest of the Soulcraft discourses spoke of such retrogression, carried to such point of every trace of individuality being lost, whereupon it dissolved back into the great Ocean of Holy Spirit as though it had never emerged, its separateness destroyed forever. In such condition it may be termed a 'lost' soul. But the losing is ever self-prescribed. Really it is a form of spiritual suicide. Just as one thinks himself into higher and finer and stronger forms of individuality, so may one think oneself into lower and grosser and weaker by complete repudiation of one's divine origin. Read the early chapters of *Star Guests* for more detailed delineation of this . . .

"Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!"

AN UNCHALLENGEABLE account of 27 years' direct contact with intelligences of persons who affect to have made the Passing called Death and reported what happened to them and how they now regard the postulations of Theology and commercial cultism on sacred matters.

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AFTERTHOUGHT



VERY little while the Founder of Soulcraft is opportuned to define what it is, in twenty words. But he doesn't need twenty words. He only needs four. *Soulcraft is Spiritual Therapy!* As Mary Baker Eddy has so often remarked during her audible visits to Soulcraft, "There's healing of the body and healing of the Mind—or Spirit" . . . Nine out of ten people, reasonably healthy, mentally sound, may be spiritually afflicted to some degree. Especially sensitive and religiously conscientious, they get all crossed up as they grow older from constrictions in the soul. A dear friend was killed in an auto mishap yesterday afternoon. He was here with them Monday, laughing, loving, working, entranced with life. His funeral will be Thursday. What has become of his sentient spirit? Where is it at this moment? His church pastor holds the conviction his soul has gone up to its Maker to be "judged." His wife, raised in another denomination, says it's "asleep in Jesus", not to awaken till the last blast from Gabriel's trumpet. His brother, a Free Thinker, says he's perished and that's all there is to it. But his sister, who got "mixed up" with some Spiritualists last May, is confidently expecting that before summer's over she'll be talking to him audibly in a seance. As the normal layman grows older, these arguments and views work spiritual ulcers. Then his innocent four-year-old, with everything to live for, runs into the street in play and is crushed by a hurtling motorcar. Why, why, *why?* Added to all the increasing rackets and turmoils of modern life, the soul contracts the malady of corroding skepticism . . . Where to turn for remedy that restores earlier maturity's peace of mind? . . .

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS, Noblesville, Ind.

can and does take away the hideous pressures left by doubts and tragic lesions. It not only rationalizes every dilemma and complication that life can turn up, but educates the sufferer ethically as well as academically. It causes the patient to understand that perchance half his troubles come from his soul being resentful of temporary confinement in his physical body. Eliminate this incompatibility by fullest understanding of incarnation and peace of mind comes in. He'll learn—from more or less positive evidence—just what to expect and meet when in his own turn he is next victim of that tragic motoring accident. He won't be caught off-base or as a stranger in a strange land. The biggest discovery he'll make is, that God is a poor, poor hater. Many churches

and creeds manufacture sick people—spiritually—by their vivid descriptions of God's feud with mortals, and the frightful things supposed to come from it. The pressure goes and the world comes right-side up. Yes, Soulcraft is Spiritual Therapy. It cures you of what ails you—especially if your wounds be psychic . . . Of course there are people who don't wish to be cured. They're perfectly happy in being spiritual hypochondriacs. But they're the exception and not the rule. Most human beings are hungry to "know the score." Very well, the score's available for them to know. Soulcraft helps them to that, then calls it a day. No public "joining," no dues and no incense pots. Just *information!* Why not acquire it? What can you lose? . . .