

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

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## ARE WE TRULY WITHOUT A CHART AS A NATION?



**E**ARTHQUAKES, Flying Saucers, Red intrigue, United Nations wars, new Federal Administrations that nobody wants, decreasing employment as taxes mount higher—certainly the average American is not to be censured if he discovers himself becoming spiritually exhausted and concludes this benighted world is headed for perdition.

Of course it isn't headed for perdition. It only seems so because Mr. Average Man is by no means accustomed to such turmoil and tumult. Since the dawn of human history it's always been an imbecilic gesture to try to convince the soldier in the din of battle that elsewhere on the same planet there may be cool lanes and peaceful dales, tranquil sunsets and starlit nights.

But why should such turmoil and tumult come about? Is there sound sense in any battle in the first place? More than all else, is humanity—and particularly America as a nation—riding a cosmic sea that has suddenly grown turbulent, with no chart to hand that proves reliable in maelstrom?

Let's look at this bedlamic scene a moment and remember one or two matters that can help our self-confidence.

**I**N THE FIRST place these hectic times closing the Piscean Dispensation of earth society are by no means descending upon us unawares. We've had every type of warning about their occurrence and nature for the past hundred years—particularly the past twenty years. Humanity, of course, following its usual weakness for taking the line of least resistance, has refused to credit that such times were coming. They were the fanatical vaporings of religious alarmists, decided Mr. Average Man. Having

arrived actually on the cusp of the Great Upset Period, with his diffidence proven wrong, he's childishly whimpering or failing outright. There's no God, there's no "head and tail" to the experience of mortal living, there's no spiritual value to humanity, there's only a semblance of moronistic animals driven in rebellious herds this way and that. Any chart of Cosmic Intelligence is a mockery. So he decides from a deliberate spurning of esoteric enlightenment. As the roar of turmoil increases—from conditions to which he's stupidly or willfully shutting his eyes—the acme of reaction is to turn and run in panic.

The esoteric adept says, "By all means let him run. Sooner or later he'll make the discovery there's no place to go, anywhere on the planet, that conditions are better. He's squarely up against a condition where he's got to face the Truth of his late indolence and indifference and acquire its benefits whether he fancies them or not."

But infiltrated far and wide among panicky hordes of average people, are truly intelligent persons of a higher stripe. And they see mitigating factors in the great general outlook.

The earthquakes or terrain adjustments they must view philosophically. What God or Nature may be working out in that respect is not for current knowledge. Whether these Flying Saucers are actual, whether they contain elements of life far in advance of earthly humanity, whether they help to compose the supervising cohorts of the Higher Forces that willfully remain Greek to the Average Man, may presently be learned. But human institutions, or entirely mortal influences coming to head among the world's nations—United Nations wars, Red intrigue, new Federal Administrations, decreasing employment along with mounting taxation—are matters for calm and sagacious examination. Are they as malodorous as the fanatical make out, and are their effects to be as vicious and devastating?

**I**N THE FIRST place, the ultra-informed start from the premise that four-fifths of the bedlam afflicting current humanity isn't a bona fide bedlam but a purposely created din to make people believe that conditions are more deadly than they are. The reason for creating such a din is to so upset humanity

that it proves amenable to the introduction of changes enriching minority groups at expense of the majority. Certain minority elements want to gain to an ascendancy where they can dominate the whole. Project an unearthly and unhalloved clamor that scares everybody half to death, and in sheer reaction the majority lets these minorities have their way in order to restore a tranquillity where the individual can *think*.

This process is fallaciously labeled Mass Psychology.



A thoroughly scared or panicky people it is assumed, can be herded around in great blocs. When the public nerves go into a war-dance, the diabolical creator of the racket—cool as the center seed of a cucumber—can manipulate measures that in saner times would get him squashed.

This United Nations outrage is an instance. No more diabolically clever way for an international minority to get control of all nations of the world could be engineered than using the hysterical exhaustions of World War II to push people into a so-called One-World Government. Once get that launched, increasing its prestige and power by maneuvers asserted to "enforce peace"—even at the cost of more war—and control of the world is "in the bag" as the colloquialism has it.

The thing that's due to "pull the rug" from under this audacious and grandiose scheme is the expense involved, when America refuses to keep on reaching for the cheque. Subtract the United States, and its bank account and resources, from this heterogeneous aggregation of international "fixers" and the delegates fold up their port folios and go home. There's no universal call among all the nations of the earth to crystallize the halt of militarism through this United Nations cir-

cus. It's not, in other words, a "natural". It's been something thought up and engineered for gaining a secret objective while publicly aspiring to quite another. Stop the flow of money and materials and it folds.

Very good, then it's no harebrained conclusion that when America gets to the point economically that it can't continue this global Money Bust and the Federal Government has to reconsider its gargantuan commitments because it simply doesn't have the cash available to keep them going, *the whole thing folds*. The question at issue is, when does that happen and what varieties of plain and fancy hi jinks may be made permanencies before the *To Rent* sign is hung on John D. Rockefeller's palatial buildings across Lexington Avenue? That introduces the question of Communism, and how soon the Red "take over" throughout the United States is imminent . . .

**W**ELL, there's to be no Red "take over" of the governmental system of America by the Reds—and for a very sound reason. The wonder is, that more people haven't thought of it . . .

The United States is not a centralized government unto itself, as was the case of Czarist Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, or even China. The United States is a collection of 48 independent States, each with its President and Legislature—only they're known as Governors and State Assemblies. The composition of the Federal Union provides a check and balance against wholesale Communist take over that makes it well-nigh impossible—but a significant silence is maintained about that. The Reds in a *coup* might seize Washington, they might seize New York, they might seize Michigan and Illinois. They might install Red soldiery—another name for hoodlums—in the legislative halls of all of these and start killing off the American bourgeoisie in the most modern revolutionary manner, as Lenin and Trotsky did after capturing control of the People's Assembly. *What would the Governors and Assemblies of the 44 remaining States be doing while this sort of thing was in progress?*

It hasn't seemed to dawn on law-abiding citizens as yet, that to "take over" America, the coup must be executed on 48 governments, each sovereign in its own right, all at the same instant—a civic feat practically impossible. Any one of those Governors, with the Federal suzerainty

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# DON'T DECLARE WAR UPON THE SAUCERS



ACCORDING to the daily press of the week of July 24, 1952, orders have been issued by military authorities to pilots and other operators of armed aircraft to pursue and, under some circumstances, to attack with gunfire, as opportunity offers, the so-called Flying Discs or Flying Saucers. *This might well be an order to commit suicide or to invite retaliation in a most extreme and disastrous form.*

It is abundantly evident that these craft are operated by highly intelligent beings, and that they far surpass any type of aircraft so far constructed by us.

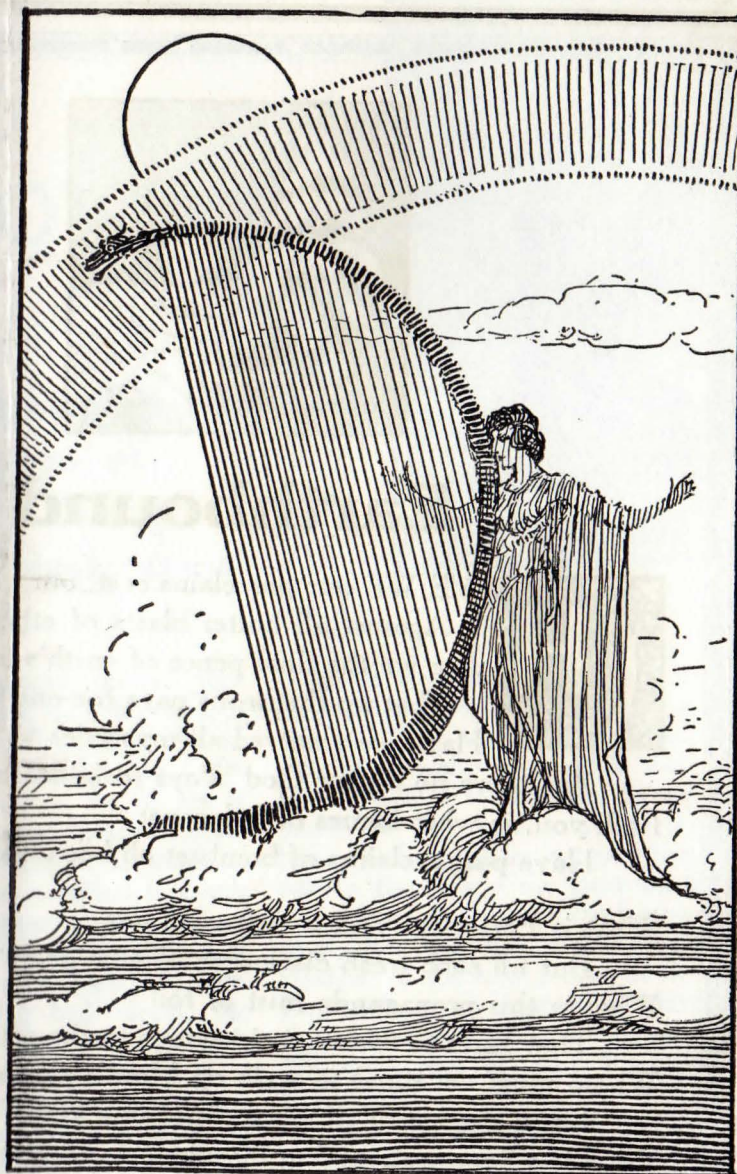
They excel our aircraft in speed, maneuverability, and power, to such an extent as to make them immune from pursuit and attack except by their own choice. We have at present no weapon with which to engage them effectively. An exhaustive study of their observed operations and control plainly indicates they may have our nation, and the planet, at their mercy.

*No act of theirs has indicated any hostile intent. No faintest excuse can be ordered for the proposed attack on these friendly visitors to our skies.*

NUMEROUS incidents, however, during the last six years, strongly indicate that the operators of the Discs or Saucers have *abundant and deadly means of retaliation*. We cannot estimate the disposition and mentality of these beings, or put any limit to the destruction they might inflict upon us if we made unprovoked attack. All sources from which we have derived plausible information warn us with one voice: *"Do not attack the Saucers—in the name of God, do not attack them!"*

The repeated and desperate vehemence of this warning surpasses description. It may be within the power of these peoples to destroy cities or continents or

till we  
know why  
they've  
come . .



even the planet itself. We have no guarantee, no reason to assume they would not exert such powers. We have no right to suppose that they will suffer our hostilities only. It is far more likely and logical that they could subjugate our planet at a single blow.

*"In the name of God, do not attack the Saucers!"*

They come in friendship, with a science over-matching ours by a thousand years. They are engaged in scientific studies of geophysical changes and of our social and political conditions. Their present incursion (one out of many in history) may have been occasioned by the release of atomic energies, which disturbed and alarmed the worlds of their habitation. This threat has now been contained by them, so that their chief concern is with certain startling changes

occurring deep within our globe. But they impose no law upon us (though they might control us if they desired), they exact no tribute and move harmlessly through our skies.

*If we can and will make friendly contact with them, the gain to our science, philosophy, and common welfare will be limited only by our own capacity to learn.*

*The single project which should now engage us, is that of entering into friendly communication with these visitors.*

The first practical and simple step would be to repeat, by batteries of colored light, the light changes observed on the various globes, Discs, and other craft.

Why not make friends with them? Do not attack them. Try to learn from them—whatever they have to give us.



## Earthbound



HAVE WE our porcelains cast, our glaze made true

Against all hotter blasts of etheric force?

Are we the final pence of earth's bright wage

That up the aeons pays for one-way course?

Have we resolved all mysteries to be pried?

Are there no higher God Ways to be learned?

I ask you, in what flames of holocaust

Have past acclaims of bombast all been burned?

What is Perfection that it deigns to last

But till each fresh disclosure of new goal?

What is this propaganda mist of foil

That parts to flash new joustings to the soul?

Where must we stand to walk on Mind's alarms,

Upon the basalt of what concourse keep?

What is a Saucer streaming through the spheres

That bests bright voyagings that we make with sleep?

So, tell us Life must ledger-page no score

Of ended summits that are staid ahead,

For we are alchemies of Mind Inspired

To race all pathways where brave stars have led!

Each thing is NEW! Old Edens green were made

By God this morning in His joy sublime,

So fetch a chariot, whited steeds at bit,

To make this race—beyond all Crests of Time!

## Red Take-Over

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imperiled, could legalize military forces that swarm to the aid of the jeopardized sister States and drive these Machavelian forces where the woodbine e-

ternal twineth, cut them to ribbons, and hang their leaders as high as Hamen. That 48 States of the American Union should "go Communist" all at once is nonsense. So long as just one such State preserve its legal sovereignty, its Governor can make it the rallying-point for all the Rightist elements in the nation

and the insurrectionist elements be chastised to swift and lawful extermination.

Don't overlook the stupendous fact that the Constitutional construction of the American Republic is actually the infallible and indefatigable chart against any such tumultuous seas as rolled over Russian Czardom in 1917.

Red leaders know this.

Their problem therefore, is, and has consistently been, to destroy States Rights.

But the American Government can't be completely federalized.

It's not that type of political instrument.

PICK out any major menace confronting the American people at this fraught juncture of their affairs and you don't search far before you discern wherein it holds within itself the fatal seeds of its own liquidation. The question is, *when*—or rather, how far must corruption or spoliation proceed before reaction begins of its own accord?

Time was, just one decade ago, when Russia was our fair-haired ally to whom we were giving away 8,500,000 tons of military supplies, 14,834 modern airplanes, and 409,000 trucks, military and otherwise—complete equipment for the 200 divisions with which the international mischief-makers now seek to terrify the world. Today Russia is such an anathema among our people that Red leaders are serving time in jail for merely being Red adherents. The thing that caused the switch in sentiment was the manner in which the Russian agents conducted themselves internationally or nationally.

What would be the mushroom growth of such animus nationally if Red agents fomented actual insurrection in any of the States? With the menace encompassing the liquidation of upper-caste people in any given State the gauntlet would be thrown. None of it is saying that the Red promoters couldn't make plenty of trouble and bloodshed before the reactionaries stood up and chastised them. But once let the lines of contest become marked and the question of any Chart of conduct contains the answer within itself.

So on, *ad infinitum*.

Stop worrying then, and look at such facts for their value.

The Forefathers builded wiser than they repolized when they organized the Colonies in the pattern which they did!

# WOULD YOU RAISE THE DEAD IF YOU KNEW HOW?



**L**EST ANY sensational false hopes be raised by the title above, let it be set down at once that this is not intended as an article of instructions on how to bring the dead back to life. It is intended as an article of counsel to the person who feels discouraged about ever being able to obtain psychical phenomena personally and therefore feels piqued at other people's obtaining them.

Probably every tenth person in life has some sort of natural inclination toward Mysticism. Probably one out of every two people has natural psychical abilities and would employ them consciously, and cultivate them, if he could only buy a book or attend a school that would teach him how to do it.

Probably four out of every five people who "go in" for all sorts of new doctrines, unique cults, and bizarre philosophies as they appear or are brought forward by this and that "teacher" decade on decade, are not particularly interested in arriving at Truth. Whether they care to admit the fact or not, they, more accurately, are interested in uncovering a magic wand or formula that shall somehow make them little mystics in their own rights.

By subscribing to a periodical for three dollars, or attending an exclusive set of lectures for three hundred dollars, they vaguely visualize the possibility that sooner or later they will be informed: "Now watch closely and you shall see exactly how to raise the dead to life, then teacher will step down from the platform and permit each one of you to try it, till you are popping dead people back to life all over the platform with the greatest of ease."

Of course, it may not be returning dead people to life, that the aspirant for psychical performance wishes to accomplish. Returning dead people to life in this sense is used figuratively. It would certainly work one devil of a mess if such adepts

## Another Enlightening Paper on the Progress of the Soul Up through Stages of Consciousness

were running promiscuously around, popping the departed back into their former physical husks out of hand and making every mortician's job a bust, on the slightest provocation. Quite a lot of rancor might be stirred up, and otherwise beautiful friendships disrupted, if mothers-in-law, bill collectors, worthless husbands carrying heavy insurance, and various specimens of erstwhile New Dealers, were inadvertently summoned back into mortality just when they had vacated the mortal coil to the great relief of their intimate badwishes.

Yes, even reviving the dead might have its social drawbacks. And the foregoing metaphor is not facetious—not altogether.

Human society could be plunged into utter chaos in a day, were it not for rigorous and ruthless laws in life-and-death regulation that have been established by Nature. Going beyond the circumscriptions of karmic normality is therefore achieved only by the rare few who are likewise made cognizant of the moral responsibilities . . .

**O**F COURSE, not all persons with a bent toward Mysticism, psychical exploration, and working esoterics, aspire to go so far as to raise the dead, granted that it were possible, to say nothing of practicable. Hordes of quite rational and responsible folk feel they would be satisfied if they could only obtain bona fide clairaudient communications for themselves, or be able to summon up a phantom or two on occasion just to demonstrate to skeptical relatives that such phantoms can be summoned.



By far the greater numbers of psychical explorers would prefer to be taught how to "split their consciousness" and look in on scenes afar—while their bodies are parked in the chair in the sun-parlor—or they want to vacate the said bodies and go places without death resulting. Esoterics in the main will always be held, by such, in a sort of reservation until they can pop into the sleeping chamber of the local pastor, or the scoffing uncle, or the business adversary, and shout in their quasi-discarnate condition: "Hi there, you! See what I can do that you cannot!"

Always the old lament is the rule: "If Swami Bazoo says he can do such things, and is telling the truth, why can't I do them likewise?"

There may be a thousand-and-one reasons why they can't do them likewise. But you cannot explain it to such people so that they will ever be satisfied. Always they feel that you are offering some sort of alibi for deception.

Now suppose we get down to tacks on such manifestations of supra naturalism and see what generally prevents even responsible and sincere people from getting conclusive and convincing phenomena of themselves . . .

Inasmuch as it would require an article, and perchance a whole book, to explain the workings and fecundities of each of the higher psychical attributes, suppose we confine ourselves to the item of Projected Consciousness.

If one man, or one woman, says that he or she has contrived to get out of his body—either by day or by night—con-

sciously, without death resulting, why should not all persons interested in such psyche levitation be able to manage it at will? Are there any general rules that apply to all persons, for such matters, and if so, what are they?

People of this bent uniformly don't want to be told why they are flops and fizzles at Psyche Levitation, so much as they want to be told what to do to make the feat possible. The counsellor, on the other hand, confronts the same enigma that the physician confronts when his patient says: "Doctor, why is it that one tiny highball will make my wife get up and do the Big Apple on the grand piano, whereas I can drink three gallons of the stuff and all I get is plastered?"

The physician has to say: "Have you ever learned how to do the Big Apple anyway, on a grand piano or anywhere else?"

In other words, there is such a thing as a "talent-temperament" for higher-octave performance that has little to do with prop psychic ambitions and aspirations.

**F**OR PSYCHICAL aspirants impatient of adjurations in these matters, these fundamentals have been more or less reliably established: Psyche Levitation seems to be little more than Mind Projection—or Consciousness Concentration—on a distant spot or locality to a degree so absolute that the focal-point of the Mind, which has nothing to do with the physical brain, reaches out and encompasses the details of such locality. In other words, the Mind is "in" it, and its distinctive features of parlor, bedroom and bath, in which the physical senses exercise their being. People generally accepted as being in the discarnate state are said to "think" themselves to a given spot in what appears to be an instant of time.

By conceiving of that spot, sufficiently, or with adequate vividness, they thereat manifest IN that spot.

We commonly say that Time and Space do not exist in the "higher dimensions" on this account. What we might better say is, that Mind as mind is not concerned in the materialistic circumscriptions of Time and Space, which of themselves are qualities of the corporeal Matter-World.

When the psychical adept speaks of "getting out of his body," he does not mean that literally. He means that he transfers the focal-point of his consciousness to some place apart from that which

is being occupied by his physical mechanism. The pattern of this act is being done every day by millions of people. The pattern of the act, understand, not the act itself!



A businessman on a rainy afternoon opens a letter from a boyhood friend. It jumps him back thirty to forty years, when he and that friend were lads together, going over the hill each summer's noon for a plunge in the Ol' Swimmin' Hole. The businessman indulges in a daydream. He starts reliving the pranks of that far-off time so vividly that his office fades around him, he is totally oblivious of his telephone, his still-to-be answered correspondence, the policeman's traffic whistle blowing in the street below him. He actually IS going through those scenes again. The trouble is, however, that he is exercising his consciousness in a time-sequence that is of the past and only exists in the astral husk.

If the same concentration—that is, insensibility to the body's presence and occupancy—could be exercised in a locality or Time-Space Frame that is of the present instant, and his subconscious fear of essaying an unusual process were dispensed with, ten to one he would find that he has visited or is visiting that locality quite as actually as though he put on his overcoat, descended to the street, and had a taxi or steam train convey his body to that spot.

It is not a matter of vacating the body so much as it is a case of expanding the consciousness to take in the environment so to be visited.

At once come wails from the intense little lady in the rear row. "But I've tried and tried that sort of concentration, and nothing ever comes of it!" Question to the little lady in the rear row: "And how long have you been trying?" Answer: "I've been over a year doing everything I knew how, or could

learn from such books as I could get my hands on, to accomplish such a condition within myself."

"And do you concentrate very intently?"

"Oh my, yes! Very intently indeed!"  
"Then, little lady, you're not truly concentrating at all. For you cannot concentrate INTENTLY. Concentration is utter relaxation. The more relaxed you are, the less intent you are. When you are intent in concentration, you're not concentrating on anything of much importance but the fact that you're concentrating."

What the little lady has been doing, a couple of times a week since her curiosity-interest was aroused something like a year ago, is sitting down very primly and straining all her mental energies to have something of an eccentric character happen. And of course it doesn't happen.

Could anyone have a dream by sitting down very primly and intently and saying to himself: "I am now going to bend all my mental energies into having a dream"?

The dream arrives when the proper degree of complete physical short-circuit has been arrived at. It is the product of relaxation. The state known as dreaming, and the state of psyche levitation known as Projecting the Consciousness, are so very similar as to be almost twin-brethren.

**T**O PEOPLE who are sincerely unafraid to experiment in psyche levitation, it may be suggested that afternoon or evening—when the body is spent with fatigues of the day—is not so apt a time to get results in the first fumbling steps of this great process as in the hours of dawn, while the body is still in a semi-comatose condition and can be easily left in its former slumber-relaxation while the awakened mind elongates its function. Most of the outstanding cases of novice-success that have been noted, have occurred in the languor of early Sabbath mornings, when the mind was not harassed by the necessity for hastening up and being about the business of the economic world.

Most curious of all, in nine cases out of ten, the first successes in such concentration of Utter Relaxation appear to take the form of the Mind-Psyche finding itself suddenly disembodied in the bed-chamber, moving about detached,

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# The Strange Shanti Devi Case Puzzles Orthodox Thinking

## Outstanding Evidence of Repeat Existence Leaves Critics Balked

the way we did it when I lived in Muttra," till such references could no longer be ignored as the prattlings of mere childhood.

Upon reaching the age of four, she began to beg tearfully to be allowed to "go back" to Muttra, saying that she did not belong there in Delhi, that she was "Choban" by caste, and that she had a husband in Muttra who was a cloth-merchant.

When at eleven she began to give minutest details of her former house in Muttra, declared that its color was yellow, and described the various shops in its neighborhood, an uneasy curiosity arose among friends of the family as to what sort of aberration lay behind the girl's behavior.

**I**T WAS Mr. Bishan Chand, a teacher in the Ramjas School at Delhi, who persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Mathur that they should seriously check up on the statements of their child. Chand was great-uncle of the little girl and his word carried weight with both father and mother. A family council thereat occurred, in which the first move was to learn if little Shanti recalled the name of her previous husband. At once she declared that she knew it well, but Hindu custom made it bad manners for a married woman to speak her husband's name promiscuously. It took considerable coaxing to get her to reveal it to her Great-uncle Chand.

"It was the wife of Kedar Nath Chaubey," the girl finally whispered, "and I died while presenting him with a baby son."

The Mathurs at once dispatched a letter to the authorities at Muttra, begging to be told if there was such a person, a cloth-merchant, living in that place—or ever had lived there—and if he had ever been married to a woman who died in childbirth.

Little Shanti was not informed of this communication. It was at first a capricious check-up, to see if she had been talking nonsense.

**T**O THE consternation of the relatives, a reply came promptly. Yes, there was a cloth-merchant in Muttra by the name of Chaubey, and, Yes, he had recently lost a wife in childbirth. Moreover, the Muttra authorities had taken the liberty of turning over the letter of inquiry to the said widower that he might communicate with them directly.

Kedar Nath Chaubey did communicate with them directly. He declared that he was sending a relation of his, one Kanji Mal Chaubey, to interview the Mathurs, but that little Shanti was not informed of his coming or their relationship. Kanji Mal appeared for this appointment.

To the stupefaction of all parties, the instant little Shanti saw him she shrieked in delight, ran to him instantly, and called him by name.

"He is my husband's younger cousin!" she explained, when the effusiveness of her greeting had been questioned. "His name is Kanji!"

She had never seen this relative before in her present life, any more than her parents had heard of the Chaubeys. This naturally aroused keener interest in more careful investigation.

The upshot of the affair was, that Kedar Nath Chaubey took his tiny son and came up to Delhi to check for himself.

The moment he appeared upon the Mathur premises, and before his name had been spoken by anyone, Shanti knew him instantly!

Their boy, who had reached ten years of age by the time of this strange reunion and who was therefore only one year younger than his reborn mother, reacted so peculiarly on the girl that she broke down emotionally. For almost an hour she continued in a paroxysm of

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**M**OST of intellectual India is being intrigued at present by the case of Shanti Devi.

Shanti Devi, just in case you have caught none of the sensational Sunday supplement stories about her, is an 11-year-old Hindu girl who at present lives in Delhi.

The thing that has plunged Shanti into the world-wide limelight overnight, is this: She was born on October 12, 1926, with a completely uninterrupted memory of her previous life, which had terminated as a 23-year-old mother in childbirth on the previous October 4, 1925.

She has proven this to such irrefutable conclusion that even the great Indian newspaper, *The Daily Tej*, of Delhi, Ram Sharma the widely-known nationalist leader, and Chand Mathur the advocate of the Delhi bar, have each been drawn into the substantiation and made their pronouncements that her "lifted memory" is cold fact.

The editor of the great daily, Lala Gupta, the Nationalist Leader, and the Advocate, even constituted a committee of public investigation of Shanti and issued a detailed and attested report regarding the case, of which the following is condensation—

The little girl was born as the third child of Rang Bahadur Mathur, a merchant of Delhi, on October 12, 1926.

Almost as soon as she could talk, her parents noticed her precocities of speech and maturity of manners, and her constant comments as to this and that:

"We used to eat such-and-such at my other home in Muttra," or "That is not

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## Saucer Discretion

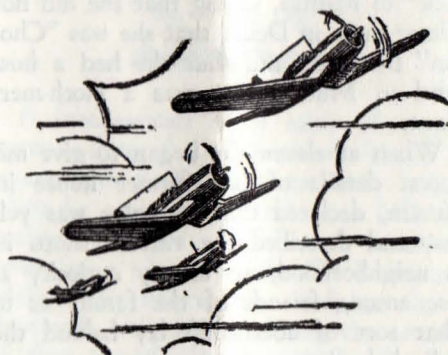


THE ARTICLE on Page 3 of this issue, begging against hostilities toward the Saucers, is mainly the transcript of a monograph from Mr. Meade Layne, director of the Borderline Science Research Associates of San Diego, California. VALOR runs it in the foregoing form as a piece of hard sense and sagacious counsel generally, pending clarification of what the Saucers are all about. Borderline Science Research Associates is to all intents and purposes a psychical research society, operating independently of the many endowed national societies. Layne takes the position that the Saucers are etheric in origin. VALOR reserves judgment on this explanation for the phenomena. When it has authoritative data derived from its own psychical sources as to the validity and source of the Saucers, it will so inform Soulcrafters.

But that the Saucers are manifesting in and about this globe in increasing numbers is getting to the point where denial of them is childish. That the American Military seems caught in the trough of non-intelligence about them is coming home to the citizenry with lamentable reactions.

There is not one whit of reason why the Military should not stand forth with Two-Legged Joe and say that these phenomena are challenging our military leaders as well as private citizens, and asking his sympathetic cooperation in treating with them. For the Military to take a position of infallibility on all matters is absurd. Infallibility on this mortal plane has not yet been achieved by anyone. Military leaders are normal folk who think

their thoughts like all average citizens and try to do the best they can in the face of emergency conditions affecting the public safety. For them to take the "mightier than thou" attitude only means eventual disillusion on both sides, whereas compatibility in the face of common jeopardy would cement and not fray relationships. It requires a virile and characterful person to say honestly, "I don't know but am eager to learn. If you possess information which I don't, I'd be appreciative to receive it." No loss of prestige is involved in that. The public safety is by no means any monopoly of the Military.



But for the Pentagon to send out reams of smoke-screen propaganda ridiculing the actuality of these phenomena plowing the skies almost any summer night, is to build up a rancor of criticism that later will declare, "You can't believe what the Big Brass tells us—look how far it was off the beam in the early days of the Flying Saucers demonstrations." Such creation of frayed faith in our Military is out-and-out subversive; it's just what the Stalinites would like to have happen generally.

Don't let's fall for it.

Word comes in from the State of Washington that "Federal agents" recently descended on bookstores in that State, without legal backing or the proper authorization, and confiscated all the volumes for sale dealing with Flying Saucers. The flippant excuse reported was, information about Flying Saucers was top-secret.

This is totalitarian censorship of public information and indicates the degree of panic among the governmental Brass demonstrating. And while it's going on, in an embellic attempt to keep the ocean from coming through the hole in the dyke, Henry J. Taylor broadcasts the most comprehensive data over ABC night upon night. VALOR will make a summary of this, in an early issue.

True Magazine affects to come out with an utter "expose" of the fallacy of the Frank Scully book, *Behind the Flying Saucers*. A calm and discriminatory reading of one Cahn's articles discloses not any particularly proving that Scully has been a liar but that this Cahn is terrified out of his boots that the Saucers' arrival portends complete expose of the extravagant claims of certain religious minorities, therefore books upon Saucers must be smeared at all costs.

That's a familiar story.

The fact does remain that with two associates of the Soulcraft Headquarters staff assuming to sight Saucers within the past week, the phenomena are nothing to laugh at nor discount.

For all we know to the contrary, the arrival of these Saucers may fit in with the plans or program of the Celestial Hierarchy to give The Great Avatar practical assistance in his forthcoming measures to regenerate earth conditions.

Mayhap before another six months have passed, all Christians throughout the globe may be delirious with joy that the Saucers have come.

Think that one over.

But VALOR can't accept that their existence is etheric.

## Autumn and Legalities



THE MOST perfect summer that Indiana has ever known has become a sequence in history. True, there was dearth of rain in many areas, but during August, Nature remedied that. In California occurred two portentous earthquakes but they merely confirmed psychical predictions instead of wrecking widespread damage. September is with us—the Great September of 1952.

On Friday, August 22nd, the *Indianapolis Star* carried the following dispatch which will interest Soulcrafters nationally—

"United States Asks Pelley Appeal Dismissal—A motion to dismiss the plea of William D. Pelley, former Silvershirt leader, that his conviction for war-time sedition be set aside, was filed in Federal Court yesterday by United States Attorney, Marshall E. Hanley.

"Hanley contended that points raised in Pelley's plea, filed with the court recently, generally were those that should have been, and were, raised on appeal to



a higher court. Pelley's sentence in 1942 by the late Judge Robert C. Baltzell was upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals.

"Pelley, who now lives at Noblesville, was convicted on charges that his publications were treasonable and retarded the war effort. He is now on parole.

"Hanley's motion also contended that Pelley filed his plea under "prisoner in custody" provisions of Federal Court procedure. It pointed out that he is not now confined and that he holds the key to his freedom in his own hand. Hanley asked the Court to dismiss the plea without a hearing."

**N**O ATTEMPT was obviously made to refute the withering accusations which the Pelley counsel brought against the Federal Government affecting movant's conviction. The points raised were *not* of previous review before the Seventh Court of Appeals—the Seventh Court of Appeals got a petition that had first been carefully edited into innocuity by the Federal prosecuting attorney. Pelley was *not* convicted on charges that his publications were treasonable but that he spoke seditiously of Soviet Russia, our war-time ally. And Mr. Hanley's "answer" contradicts itself without his being aware of it, in that it says in one breath that he is not in custody and in the next that he holds the key to freedom in his own hand. What freedom, if he is not in custody?

Remarked the Pelley counsel on reading the foregoing—

"Can we make hash of all that! . . . don't worry, everything is under control."

This week and next of this "Great Autumn of 1952" indicate the course that this remedial litigation will take in the next few months.

But it's been a lovely summer—never so many earnest visitors going through Headquarters . . .

## Shanti Devi

(Continued from Page 7)

joyful weeping, and fondling of them both. Gradually as she returned to normal, Kedar Nath began to put intimate questions to Shanti about their previous lives together, about details of their former domicile in Muttra, about the events leading up to her former "passing".

Never once—reported the investigators—did the child make an error in replies to this questioning.

It was most disturbing. Here was an 11-year-old daughter of strange people in Delhi, insisting on being taken back to her former husband's home in Muttra, deporting herself like a 33-year-old young mother—as her age would have been had she survived her son's birth.

**N**ATURALLY the case broke into the papers, even in India where belief in serried earthly visitation is the common acceptance of the masses. Nevertheless, here was a case where its facts were being demonstrated. So sponsors and funds were not lacking for the Mathur family to make the trip to Muttra, taking Shanti and the investigating committee with them, and observing what further confirmations might presently be disclosed.

As the train approached Muttra, Shanti became joyously excited at sight of familiar landmarks which she had known in her previous experience. She pointed them out and named them. Released on the station platform, she led the two families directly through the town, and straight into the street and up to the house in which Kedar Nath had lived—the house in which the demise of her previous body had occurred some ten years before.

The highlight of the whole investigation came when little Shanti darted into the room in which she had previously "died" and began to search earnestly in the depths of a closet for something she obviously wished to regain.

"But it's gone!" she cried, half-angrily, when the mysterious search proved futile.

"What were you after?" she was asked.

"I left a hundred and fifty rubles buried in this 'galla'," she maintained.

Thereat it was Kedar Nath's turn to keel over. "She's right," he told the Mathurs and the investigating committee aside. "I found one hundred and fifty rubles secreted in this hiding-place about a month after I buried her former body!

The visit was one long series of perfect confirmations.

Little Shanti knew every nook and cranny of the house over which she had obviously been the former mistress.

She recognized and called by name her former father-in-law, an old Brahmin, 75 years old. Asked to point out the well she talked so much about in her baby years in Delhi, she ran to the small courtyard in the house and was suddenly perturbed not to find it there. But she con-



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replied a recent correspondent who had the big Soulcraft story, ROAD INTO SUNRISE called to his attention. He went on to say, that what spare time he had for reading must be given over to the most serious esoteric study only. This was commendable, but what difference does it make whether "the most serious esoteric study" is presented in dramatic story form or the deepest of philosophical books?



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### SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

fidently asserted that the well should be there.

"There was a well there," Kedar Nath conceded, "but I had it stoned up about five years ago!"

She was a sorrowful and badly perplexed child, who could not understand why she should be compelled to go back to Delhi and not be allowed to remain as mistress of the home in Muttra again, caring for the son whose body she had created though it had cost her her own in the previous visitation. Kedar Nath had remarried in the interval, however, and it would be somewhat weird for a "mother" to resume her place who was only one year older than the son she had parented. And so the strange case lies on the earthly books of Cosmos.

One "scientific" committee after another has visited the child and questioned her. She seems to have no memory of the incident of her dying, and if she recounted her experiences and sensations between October 4, 1925, and October 12, 1926, they have not been made public.

She "lost consciousness" during the complications following the delivery of her baby, and regained it as the occupant of a little girl's body in the family of people named Mathur, with whom she has no conscious affinities in any way as graphic as those applying to Kedar Nath.

THIS CASE from the standpoint of the Esoteric Adept is of course unusual, in that this girl returned to the physical state in a period so short as a year and eight days from her previous demise.

*(Continued Next Week)*

### Raising the Dead

*(Continued from Page 6)*

and able to glance back and see the "sleeping" form of its own body still upon the bed.

Sometimes there is a sudden "floaty" feeling, and a buoyant ascension in the direction of the ceiling. Somehow or other, the subliminal body manages to "turn over", and there below it is the prostrate physical self. Immediately a great panic seizes upon the experimenter that abruptly ruins further manifestation.

Has he unwittingly "killed himself"?

*(Continued on Page 15)*



# SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .

**I**T was strange about the celebrated hauntings in Calvados Castle, Normandy, back in Jan., 1876 after the Premonstrant Canon of the Church had been sent to the premises to witness the demonstrations at the command of the Bishop. From the moment the Canon arrived, a sudden and absolute calm set in. Nothing happened either by day or by night. On January 15th, as recounted in last week's VALOR, he made a religious ceremony. "From that day," wrote the owner of the Castle, one Monsieur du X, "we heard some isolated and unusual noises in the night, but always from places too far away for the Canon to hear. He left us on Monday, the 17th, but—

*"His departure was followed immediately by the wildest set of new phenomena that had ever preceded his coming.*

**"A**ROUND 11 p. m. of the night of the 17th we heard a noise as though a heavy human being had fallen to the floor in the downstairs hallway, followed immediately by the 'rolling ball' previously described. This seemed to bring up with resounding repercussion against the door of the green room. This was followed by a prolonged stampede on the second floor. Twenty knocks came on the walls of the upstairs passage and eighteen downstairs. At 11:35, five great blows were heard in the green room and fifteen dull ones moving up the staircase. Then came a *kicking* against the walls of the second-floor landing, making everything around us shake . . .

"Blows, blows, blows, together with the stampeding hither and yon, picked up once darkness had fallen the next afternoon, some of them causing the sashes to rattle in my wife's room. My wife has been unable to keep up with all this in-

explainable bedlam and has gone on a visit to my brother.

"Around one o'clock of this same night, with my wife absent, new phenomena occurred. Around two in the morning, with loud blows being delivered against the outside walls, cries resembling human beings in great distress, begging for entry and succor, came from a level with the windows. Then inside came sharp strokes as though from a wand or cane going down the length of the banisters. When this ceased, someone or something started an incessant drumming on the boards of the second floor. This seemed interminable. It was as though this provoking entity was determined to prevent us from any slumber whatsoever.

"As the night went on, blows sounded incessantly from every part of the house. That the possessing spirit was determined to drive us forth was apparent, though the reasons therefor were unknowable. It seemed incredible that such racket could maintain after our fortnight of quiet. There was nothing we could do. We were completely at the caprice of this unhallowed prankster. Times would come when all the phenomena which had happened separately would suddenly be precipitated in unison, making the house unlivable. How but one entity could do so much was beyond accounting. But how many entities were there? When one has listened to, and counted, fifty **resonant blows that rattle the window-sashes**, one begins to wonder what is being gained by remaining in the place."

The owner records that he did, in fact, decide to take a respite in Paris and let his wife, who had returned, keep the diary of the manifestations. But where the Madam picks up, the program of stampedings and rollings, and knockings, shows small interruption. Then came the night of the 25th, with the Madame in the place, accompanied by the servants. At 4:30 of that afternoon there had been such a rumpus apparent in Amelina's, the maid's, room that an inspection seemed advisable.

"We found," records Madame de X, "both the servants' beds completely turned over—strangely enough in an absolutely identical manner. It would have required four strong men under normal circumstances to completely invert the position of these heavy pieces of furniture. Yet there it was—accomplished by these Invisibles."

After observing the disorder, Madame went down to the red room where further rumpus was audible in progress. Trying to open the unlocked door, she felt a force as though someone inside were holding it. Calling a servant and getting his assistance, a long line of the room's armchairs was discovered to have been placed one against the other, so that the entire line had to be pushed to get the door open. Nevertheless, the strong servant managed it. They were no sooner in the red room inspecting the displacement of the furniture, than the rumpus transferred to Monsieur's study. The wildest havoc, judging from the noise, must be precipitating in the study. Asking the servant to accompany her, the nervy woman went into the study.

As she entered the door, a heavy picture hanging on the wall, catapulted off its hook, journeyed through the air, and struck her with full force in the front of the legs. There it clattered aside and lay flat. The room truly was in the craziest disorder. Prints and books had been thrown about as though two groups had engaged in a paper bombardment. All the chairs were upside down and heaped with papers, maps, books, and ornaments . . ."

The outcome of this whole affair will be concluded presently.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

OUT OF THE MAIL

(Behold Life) "This book will be one of my priceless possessions. The end of *Behold Life*—"be of good cheer my Sister, the Piscean dark is ending", seemed so personal to me. I feel quite encouraged."

M. Buckley, Conn.

# .. COGITATIONS



SOMETIMES the quaint query thrusts itself into my mind, "What's become of all the people in my long, active, and colorful career whom I've happened to contact for one high-voltage moment only, who then proceeded to go their ways as though neither of us thereafter were in existence? . . . and what life experiences did they encounter thereafter and where is each at this moment?" . . . The thought comes to me again and again when I begin thinking back over my many travel-experiences up and down America, covering a life-period of 62 years. They were normal flesh-and-blood folk, living their lives and thinking their thoughts, precisely like myself. Yet we met and spoke and passed—out of one mist into another—and life-in-the-world encompassed us both. Can it have been possible that they may have remembered the contacts, even as I've remembered them, and providing they have, so what?

o—o

I ACQUIRED my first motorcar in 1916, a creation called a flivver, made by one Ford in Detroit, who distinguished his noisy product by providing a brass band vertically, horizontally, and vertically, about its radiator. I bought it second-handed, continued to spend pence recklessly for explosive fluid to go in its gas-tank, and steered the Thing hither and yon about the Republic under the delusion I was motoring. When it had run over my person and almost killing me cranking it one midnight off on a country road, I traded it in for a Saxon-Six. Then progressively I continued to have delusions about motoring, and ride and trade, until I had owned and driven a Hudson Supersix, two Dodges, (upon separate occasions), a Packard, a Mormon, another Supersix, a Jordan, and two Buicks. Of this roster of mechanical contrivances that carried me along terra firma with reasonable degrees of celerity—and racket—only the last of the Buicks remains. It holds an honored place upon blocks now in the Soulcraft garage, acquiring dust which I wipe off periodically and tenderly else Smart Boys bethink to write *Pa Kettle's Car* along the top of its

hood. I'm keeping it as souvenir of my wild free days when one could be an American in speech and activity and not a satrap of Ignited Nations. However, I started to write about people . . . Twenty-six times I drove entirely across this continent before I gave up counting, not to mention zig-zagging up and down until my trail has resembled an economist's chart of currency fluctuations attending upon the various Deals—New, Fair, and Raw, everything but Square. In over a million miles, people have figuratively walked out of the roadside brush, exclaimed Hello or other salutations, and gone north, south, east or west. Some of them I've overtaken on the highroad, some have overtaken me. Thank Divine Providence I've never bumped one or otherwise Assisted Him upon His Way by violence. Looking back on the list of them, no one seemed to pay me much attention when I was driving the Ford but when I began to come up in the world and impress society with a Saxon and a Hudson, I was increasingly accosted by the fecund greeting, "Say, brother, how fur you goin'?" . . .

o—o

MOST OF my early adventures happened in New England, that being the region of my domicile. Thus do I recall the summer afternoon in upper Vermont when I was kicking up much roaddust to get me from Burlington down to Bennington. Halting as motorists sometimes halt to go back and take another look at that last roadsign, I was accosted by something elongated and human, consisting mostly of Adam's Apple and feet. "Say, brother," he greeted me, shuffling up and bringing himself to a halt, "how fur you goin'?" . . . I looked him over and was intuitively cagey about taking him on. "Oh," said I, "just down to Manchester," which happened to be some ten miles south. "Care if I ride along with ye that fur?" and before I had opportunity to answer, he was opening the door of the Hudson and ascending into its tonneau. The Madam, in the front, looked startled, but the tonneau was as big as a houselot and it wouldn't discommode us to give Turkey-Neck a ride ten miles. I made sure of my road,



started up and reached Manchester. "Well," said I—after my rustic hitch-hiker had surveyed the landscape like owner of the car and I the chaffeur—"we're stopping her for quite a spell." I was using Vermont grammar, fearing he mightn't understand the other kind. "Quite all right," says he with the wave of a toil-gnarled hand, "take as much time as you want. I'll wait." . . . He'd wait! . . . I wasn't stopping there for quite a spell, I was getting on down to roads permitted. However, the Madam and I went into a drugstore and had a soda, hoping Turkey-Neck would decide to get out, see the civic glories of Manchester, and forget further journeyings. But no, he was immovable in the back seat when we returned. We reached Arlington and had it over again. Finally we got to Bennington. "This is as far as we go, brother," I told him in relief. "S'all right," said he, "I just as soon put up with you folks as ennybody. Where do you live?" . . . "Put up with us!" I gasped. "Where on earth are you headed for?" . . . "No place," he informed us. "You just put me up on a couch ennywhere . . . I'll make out" . . . Put him upon a couch! Here was something new in the line of hitch-hikers—when you gave him a lift, he married you and was expected to be supported the rest of his life. Probably he would be very, very sore if I failed to remember him as well in my will. I had to get very tough with this scraggy-necked person. Either he quit the spacious tonneau or I'd have him heaved. He got down finally, emitted a sigh, snapped a suspender against his chest and looked as though he'd arrived at the crest of mortality. "Anyhow," he consoled himself, "before I go somewhars and hang myself, I've had a ride in an ottermobeel." And he trudged down the sidewalk and I was shut of him. That's New England lingo,

too. Where is he today? Probably looking smug and self-satisfied overriding the world on a cloud . . .

o—o

**T**HERE'S the lad who appeared out of nowhere on a windy autumn morning on the prairie outside of Salem, Illinois, when I'd stopped with my carburetor afire, doused the dangerous blaze by burying my carburetor in gravel from the highway, dusted his hands, refused to take the banknote I proffered for the aid and kept on down the road till the skyline took him . . . There's the cow-girl who *Yip-Yipped* alongside me on her pinto down in New Mexico of a spring afternoon and wanted to race me, and I raced her and let her win, merely to watch the glorious sight she made on that doughty beast as she and horse coordinated for a mile with her handsome single braid flying behind her in the wind . . . There's the water-melon truck-owner I found by night crumpled on mountain tarvia in West Virginia, whom I told about last week . . . There's the family of Polish citizens who loomed up in night-fog of western Massachusettes, scattered over the pavement with their car overturned and the handsome young mother needing to be rushed to the Greenfield Hospital because the accident had started delivery of her baby—and who puzzled me when I'd gotten her there by refusing to enter the place, telling me she had a date to accompany Admiral Byrd to the North Pole and setting out to keep it as very unmaternal sprint . . . Where are they all this moment, I wonder? . . .

o—o

**B**UT ONE of the queerest encounters happened up in northern New Hampshire of a summer afternoon while changing a tire. Old Sheriff Crafts rode with me that afternoon—a local character who'd given me material for more real life Vermont magazine stories than ever I imagined for myself. The Sheriff straightened from helping me with the tire jack and demanded, "Fer Pete's sake what comes?" We listened to mechanical noises that resembled, not the shredded-wheat factory going *over* Niagara Falls, but attempting to climb from Whirlpool Rapids back onto Goat Island. Our tire had blown near the brink of a hill and something was climbing this hill and approaching us under great mechanical difficulty, coming from the north and traveling south. To our astonishment what came in sight was a brand new Chevy—when Chevvies and tin cans

were more or less synonymous—driven by the oldest and grouchiest-looking tycoon I'd ever seen surling up behind the wheel of a locomotive conveyance new or old. On his right was a prim New England grandma, obviously his spouse, in her "best Sunday-go-to-meetin' black silk", half-fingered mitts, smellin' salts 'n everything—not forgetting her immaculate black bonnet. "Father" wore his best black suit, flat-topped derby hat, and had his whiskers trimmed for either di-

vine service or the undertaker's. But the Chevy was acting up, not with ordinary red ants but as though seven army mules were tied beneath the hood all kicking their way out with steel-shod hoofs. Old Gramp stopped opposite my stalled car on the shoulder. "Hey, boy," he cackled, "you know anything 'bout these dang things?" . . . Thereby I realized he was probably not going to divine services but perhaps might improve in both vocabulary and temper if he would. My vanity

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was touched, however, that I was being asked to contribute mechanical knowledge in respect to horseless carriages. "Something's wrong in your engine," I opined. "I'll say there is," he agreed, "it's the blankity-blank-blankest ordinary contraption I've ever set my blankity-blank seat to ride in for ten year." Whatever grandpop's business, he had obviously perfected himself in various kinds of plain and fancy adjectives while pursuing it. I asked Grandpop to get out while I got in. I tested the levers. I looked at what dash-board instruments the tin can offered. "For heaven's sake, Pop," said I, "you've got a bone-dry engine."

THE OLD man blinked. "A dry what?" he demanded . . . "Engine," said I. "You're all out of oil!" . . . "What-ta yo mean, young feller, I'm all out of oil? This car was properly oiled, I'll have you know, 'fore we ever set out from Lancaster." Lancaster was fifty miles north. "Maybe so," I remarked, "but you're still all out of oil. In fact, to break the news to you as gently as possible, my personal opinion is, you've already burned out two bearings and are on the way toward burning out four more." The old man did a formidable thing. He reached into the rear where a bag of tools clanked, fumbled a moment and pulled out a murderous-looking wrench. "Now then, young feller," he announced, "we're goin' to have this out. What'd you say I was all out of?" And he brandished the wrench as though he intended to knock my brains out. Old Sheriff Crafts galvanized at that. "Whoa, whoa!" he admonished. "Mind what you do with that tool, Ol' Spit-fire." At which Gramp turned on Crafts. "Didn't you hear what he said?" . . . Crafts nodded, puzzled. "He says you was out of oil, and accordin' to my eardrums, I'd say he was right." That tore it. A man of years confirmed it. Gramp shook the wrench and glanced around the hilltop as though trying to recognize something he could shatter. He gave growls of ferocious rage as he did this. His spouse wore an expression of wanting to growl in her own right, only feminine growls which were sharper and fiercer. Had a pair of aged lunatics appeared on that hilltop? Why all this pother because they'd run out of oil? Crafts showed his badge—a Vermont badge, by the way and we were in New Hampshire as aforesaid—but it did the business. Gramp

subsidied and began to sob. "He sez . . he sez . . we ain't oiled this car and all the while we got the oil-can empty to prove it." This was a poser. What can and where? "Show him the can, Maria," the old man implored, holding now to the cardoor and continuing to sob. Thereat Maria fumbled around in the back and brought out the can. It was a little gill-sized can such as you fill with 3-in-1 oil to lubricate your sewing-machine. "See!" she demonstrated, put-putting the bottom. No oil came forth and they thus proved their case.

I WAS patient with Grandpop. I sat him down on the running board and explained the facts of life insofar as they concerned newly purchased motorcars. Every time he filled the tank of his brand new Chevvy with gas, he was supposed to get his oil checked, with possibly a quart put into the oil vent. I even went so far as to demonstrate the oil vent. And Grandpop stared incredibly. Did I m-mean, you actually poured oil in such wholesale quantities into an engine? I I confirmed that you did. I even went so far as to show him the oil-vent on my own engine and tell him how much my Supersix ate. And Grandpop rose up. "Never!" he roared—in a voice so frightful that even the profile of the Father of His Country on top of Mount Washington gave a startled look downward. "Never will I waste lubrication in such extravagant quantities! I'll be blankity-blank-blank, but the dealer can come and get his blankity-blank-blank contraption right whar she sets. Not a drop of oil will I use but in the bearings . . and Maria's sewing-machine can is good enough for that!" . . . Sheriff Crafts sprang into action then and seized Grandpop. "Hey!" he expostulated, "what you aimin' to do?" . . . "Do"?" cackled Grandpop, "I'm gonna make junk of the whole expensive contraption right here before your eyes!" I was glad for once I had a sheriff with me. He slapped Grandpop good and brought him back to sanity. Grandpop jammed in under the wheel and got his clankity-clank motor into action. He nearly broke Maria's neck starting the half-wrecked machine to continue southward. He—like the rest—drove out of my life cackling, "Danged if I will!—Danged if I will!" till the clanking of his engine drowned it . . . Queer world we're asked to live in, and salvage. But maybe God thinks I'm just as queer in other respects as anything I've encount-

ered in any of these motoring contacts.  
That often crosses my mind as well . . .  
—THE RECORDER

## Raising the Dead

(Continued from Page 11)

Is this the disembodied state called Death? Instead of going ahead and completing the levitation, all is forgotten in the mental upset to ascertain if the body can again be occupied.

Instinct instructs the psyche to "climb up on the body and fall into it" . . .

Having reestablished occupancy again, the experimenter is usually too upset and not a little terrified, to "monkey" with that sort of experiment promiscuously.

So the experiments go klunk.

But the strong purposeful soul, having a definite reason for so experimenting, persists, whether the body seems to be detached or not. It knows that the vacancy is not permanent. It disregards the bizarre condition in which it finds itself, and concentrates on the place where it "wants to go" . . .

Thereupon it arrives and consummates its errand. Having consummated its errand, the "return thought" pulls it back unerringly to the physical mechanism which belongs to it by right.

But the question remains: Why attempt these matters unless there is an errand outside curiosity to be achieved?

We therefore are brought back to our first proposition: Would You Raise the Dead—If You Had the Knowledge?

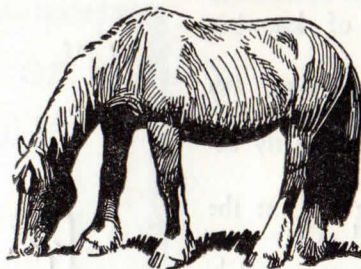
Would you postulate unnatural conditions in this mortal octave simply to show yourself smart, or gratify your curiosity that such conditions may be attained, or strictly because you would help someone in a quandary with which yourself as personage has nothing to do? Because if precocity or curiosity is to be your main motivating factor, you've got your own subconscious psyche in the way of its performance.

Subconsciously, knowing that it is "against Nature" to mix up the manifestations of the many octaves, you will hold yourself back from any exhibit of cosmic hoydenism.

For what PURPOSE do you want to accomplish this psyche levitation, that would warrant such violation of the regulations of the octaves?

Advance a purpose worthy of it, and the thing may occur when you are least expecting it to happen.

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# T h e P A Y O F F

**I**F YOU can start out on an automobile trip with the certainty of knowing where you're going—

If you don't have to stop every ten miles to look at your gas or oil—

If you make every turn correctly according to the road map—

If you are driving along at just the right speed for comfort and safety—

If you're certain you know precisely what causes every squeak or rattle in the old bus—

Turn and look in the back seat, poor man. The chances are ten to one she's either fallen asleep or you've lost her out.

**T**HE SMALL SON was about to be spanked. He demanded, "Father, did Gramp spank you when you were little?" "Yes," said the irritated father, "he did."

"And did Gramp's father spank him?" "I suppose so."

"And great-grandpap's father spanked him, too?"

"Yes, the whole line of us got spanked. What makes you ask?"

"I was wonderin' . . . wouldn't you say it was about time we put a stop to this inherited brutality?"

**T**HE HEAD of the firm called in the salesman whose expense account had grown overly heavy. "How come, Jones?" he demanded. "This item for meals is fantastic."

"I was only entertaining prospective buyers, sir."

"Does it occur to you that this company happens to be selling tractors?"

"Of course, sir."

"Tell me what a lady of the chorus would use it for, if she bought one."

**T**HE COP demanded, "Didn't you hear me whistle at you to stop?"

The motorist said, "I certainly did not."

"Didn't you see me signal?"

"I certainly did not."

"Did you know I chased you a full block to get you to stop?"

"I certainly did not."

"Well, I guess I'd better go home. I don't seem to be doing much good around here."

## The New Autumn Program of Electronic Broadcasts of Soulcraft



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Challenge  
of the  
Crisis!"**

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## Attend or Start a Chapel

**H**E WAS doing his best to fit his key into the front-door lock. He was making so much noise that a window went up overhead and a human head looked out of it.

"Go away, you fool," cried a voice from the head, "you're trying to get into the wrong house."

"Shows how much you know about it!" the inebriate returned. "Trouble with you is, you're tellin' me out of the wrong window."

And he went on plying the key.

**T**HE CHURCH was jammed for the wedding and after the ceremony came the rush to kiss the bride. Finally, after favoring a strange man, she realized what had happened.

"I don't know you," she cried. "Why do you presume to kiss me?"

A hush fell upon the attendants as he proceeded to acquaint them with the astounding truth.

He answered, "Search me, lady. When I joined the line outside, I thought it was for hamburger."