

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 25

STRENGTH IS BEING FORGED . .



HERE is a point reached in screamings of catastrophe when the mature intellect reaches quietism.

Quietism is a state of being non-excited, non-agitated. It is not tranquillity, it is far from being stalemate. It is imperturbability based on *knowledge*, or better still, Vigilance in Bivouac.

Actually we have begun to pass through mighty times. Little men read them only in terms of other personalities—competent, vicious or inadequate to treat with them, as the case may be. Average men judge them by development of events. The exceptional intellect, rich in esoteric wisdom, sees Great Ideas in crucible, and strength being forged on Anvils of Drama.

The only thing that truly merits getting excited about, is one's own capability to weigh properly all three, appraise the objectives being arrived at, and feel secure in the spiritual consciousness that Right itself is in process of demonstration . .

TO PERUSE the bushel-baskets of vigilante literature being issued and circulated at this particular period would lead to the conclusion that, without question, every last detail has now been fixed for the complete "take-



over" of all culture and morality, that the bottom goes out of the world presently with a roar, and all factors of civilization are about to slide into the Pit of Avernus like a child's Christmas toys off a dining room table when a hoodlum upsets it. (over)

Specifically here in the United States, one would gather from the avalanche of *expose* brochures screaming of cataclysm—terrestrial, economic or civic—nothing is wanting now but the election of one of two satraps to the highest national office to produce the Time of Trouble such there has never been since there was a nation. *Scarcely one constructive note in the garrulity of the whole of it!* One would conclude that the entire human race has been piling up its ingenuities and moral gains for the last five thousand years a purpose to provide a show sizable enough to permit of real spectacle as the Toboggan Slide to Hades begins "as soon as election day is out of the way" . . .

In the light of History, things don't happen in that manner.

THE 5th day of November of this year, as all years that have ever been, will doubtless dawn as serene and uneventful as any day in the years gone before.

What actually we see happening is a humanity waxing dramatic over the difficult pay-off of two psychopathic world wars that burned up the accumulated savings of 400 years on the continent, with certain racial and economic elements striving with the courage of desperation so to secure themselves in the bedlam or entrench themselves dictatorially before the whole world pestilence begins to mend, or they as individuals be held to accounting.

The real predicament of the American would the more astutely seem to be that the politicians have gone hysterical—meaning slightly aberrational—over some method for maintaining a fallacious economic structure that won't work any longer, because the collapse of such structure certainly carries them off the scenes of directorship. It is possible Loss of Power that is corroding their gizzards. Thus do they dance the Witches Dance of Desperation—in a self-pity they misname Cataclysm . . .

The true cataclysm therefore, is politically personal.

God has been so inconsiderate as to give this earth-scene too much of everything and the politicians would handle it as they once handled situations where there wasn't enough to go 'round.

Of course these politicians need a scapegoat and whipping-boy for their own stupidity and ineptness. So it's Marxism.

And a world racial minority, as artful

as it's crafty, is up to Britain's old technique of Dividing and Ruling—or Playing Both Ends against the Middle—incidentally cramming everything that is not nailed down or locked up, into its pockets, bethinking to use it later to buy immunity from responsibility or bargain its way out of the General Mass occasioned from nothing but common stupidity wedded to misinformation . . .

HAVING geared the economy of this great Republic to wholesale armament manufacture at swollen figures befitting major emergency, there must be perpetual military menace to maintain such status quo.

The greatest hell that could happen would be for the Iron Curtain veiling Russia to go down in one gigantic flop of broken and twisted cables, like a mishap in an opera house, and reveal the general clutter and confusion of props and mechanisms behind the scenes.



Without a world military enemy—or rather, without international conflict—to keep the performance operating, the whole drama slides into gargantuan burlesque.

The sedate mind views all this with reasonable equipoise and waits for such values to sort themselves out . . .

Actually, while the bedlam is in full tilt, sizable segments of the race are learning strength and balance.

Strength and balance are what they need most.

THE GREAT heebie-jeebies called up next to keep American humanity's bedevilment at the boiling-point—Soviet Russia doing little else than hypocritical-

ly wheezing for Peace—is the Coming of the Man of Evil. This malodorous super-character follows the Flying Saucer controversy at bidding for public alarm. Of course the possibility that Hitler is still alive isn't overlooked. The whole vast whirlwind of halitosis blows hither and yon, seeking to asphyxiate whole continents.

Isn't it about time that somebody stepped forward and depicted the Devil Himself running about in shorts—producing the abdominal merriment so sadly lacking among a humankind with nothing else to laugh at but itself?

However, there are certain developments that mankind *can* count on, particularly in United States, and they have little to do with fabricated calamity, produced for the purpose of scaring all nations into fits.

First, there's the sensible probability that wholesale deflation of a spurious war economy is on the cards. Actual cash-money is running out in America, due to the squanderbust policies of various Administrations resulting in tax levies that the public purse can't stand.

Second, the millions of Asia and the East—particularly the Near East—are suffering economic privations, from war, civic stupidities, or locust swarms, that sooner or later are going to drive them to desperate measures, upsetting alignments of States and creating chaotic conditions that start China's masses toward the Mediterranean.

Third, this one-world United Nations thing may attempt to move in upon the internal affairs of chaotic Americans and dictate to intelligent freemen, of a high order of general culture, how their affairs shall be run. And the issue must come to focus and be acted upon, . . . *When and How* shall it be scrapped?

Outside of these, there's nothing to worry about.

KEEP YOUR eyes on these three—Deflation bringing economic readjustments;

Oriental famine making new international alignments;

United Nations attempting to enact the role of Dr. Fixit for the earth, and enraged Americans driving the whole meddling caboodle into the Atlantic and other oceans with barrel-staves, and establishing a cordon of vigilant poodles from Rockport, Maine, to Miami, to see that none of the sorry mob swims back.

Men with their heads screwed on tight—
(Continued from Page 11)

The World Deceiver and Man of Evil . .



MAN named Hollenbeck seems to have written a book. He calls it *The Super-Deceiver on the World Horizon*. Harry G. Gardner of 1044 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, is the publisher, and it sells for one of Mr. Truman's deflated dollars. VALOR gives the work this gratis publicity because it is apparently worth reading it for no other reason than to develop spiritual vigilance for something that the *Golden Scripts* declare to be very real and substantial before this Piscean Sequence is finished.

The book by Mr. Hollenbeck affects to give his personal experiences with one Prince Abdul Baraba Baha who is declared to dwell somewhere in the Near East—in a palace on the banks of the Euphrates, to be specific—and the author was able to visit him because he was a friend of this Prince's cousin, King Feisal of Iraq.

The general information thus given out to this bedeviled world has it that Abdul is without the slightest doubt the Evil Person and Anti-Christ mentioned in various scriptures since time immemorial. Said to have been born in Mecca in 1894, making him now about 58 years old—certainly old enough to have more sense than to try to play the role of any Anti-Christ—he is depicted as an illegitimate descendant of the Sultan of Turkey.

Among Abdul's capabilities, it is alleged, he has a super mind, can raise the dead, command the elements, and convey himself anywhere within an instant of time. Stalin is thought to be one of his cohorts. Abdul, it is, who will take over, says Hollenbeck, when things get so bad that people do not know what to do excepting jump in the river. Then he will come forth as a Savior—not, however, out of any river—to help them after he's won their confidence by accomplishing much good.

But after three and a half years of accomplishing much good, Abbie is going to run berserk. He will turn on earth's

Is He Prince Abdul Baraba Baha . . and So What?

millions and use his evil genius to mess global matters up worse than ever. In proof of it, the information is conveyed that the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem is one of his agents and he's accepted by both Arabs and Israelites as the Messiah who "is to come." Said to be a direct descendant of Abraham, he'll try to bring the whole world into thrall.

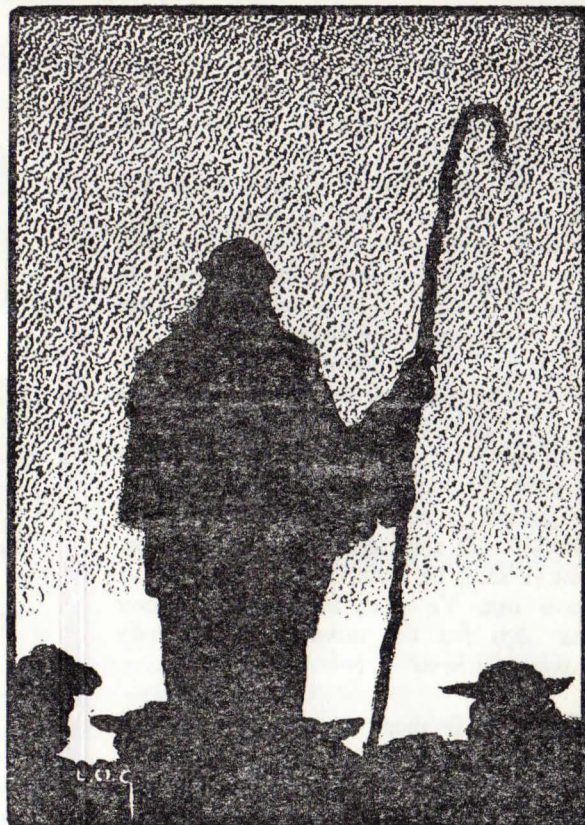
This being duly heralded everywhere about the earth, all scared cats will kindly take to the side streets and peek around building corners.

Someone should capitalize on the whole of it and give Abdul a comic strip between Dagwood and Buck Rogers.

MAYBE there is such a party and maybe there isn't. VALOR wouldn't know.

But VALOR does know plenty about the entire roster of workers of iniquity on the five continents, and it knows what the *Golden Scripts* have to say about Anti-Christ as a personage. All over the country the letters are coming in, asking if this is indeed the personage mentioned in Chapter 249 of the *Golden Scripts*, page 819. Suppose we review the significant portions of this chapter and see how the Elder Brother regards the real Man of Evil who is to come suddenly. Chapter 249 says—

"My Beloved, I adjure you . . I tell



you it cometh to pass that an evil man shall rise up and address you; behold, he shall say, There are those who would stand in the way of my conquest; there are those I would murder that my will have obedience.

"I tell you it is reported unto Me that a great blindness shall descend upon the nations in that this man stalketh among humankind. He cometh swiftly, he cometh suddenly; I tell you he cometh without giving warning. Thus do ye treat with him—

"In the moment that he cometh, make ye no pretense of challenging his vauntings. Say unto your minions, It behooveth us that we go not out to meet this man for presently he falleth; lo, from his own defilements doth his power dethrone him. He taketh an evil glove and gloveth an evil hand. Behold he shall feel the sting of the adder in the glove and his hand shall be pierced by that which doth fell him.

"So be it, beloved. I warn you in season. I say unto you, Go not out to confront this man, but abide in your tents till the moment arriveth that he falleth. Then shall his falling be your signal for a great inrush of the cohorts of righteousness.

"Not until then, I tell you, beloved. Let the man come first.

"Thus is it Written.

"Let the nations resort unto armings, verily let them come to their misunderstandings. Let them rant, let them rave, let the man pursue his calling.

"I tell you that he falleth. I say the nations fall also, by his wickedness. They shall be as those that are cast among ferrets; verily the weasels shall burrow in their vitals, they shall sting with a pain that is mighty in its sharpness.

"Be ye not concerned. Be about your labors. Do your goodly deeds. Encourage ye the righteous. Have ye discourse with those who are of principle. Say ye, We prepare the way for the Lord's coming, we go out joyously to meet and to greet Him . . . It shall come to pass, beloved, that ye shall be ennobled in ways that ye know not. *Ye shall have a song upon your lips for the moment of correctly making anthem! . . .*

THERE is more to this chapter but having little or no concern with the Evil Man. The fact that he is some sort of forthcoming factor in the events of earth is deemed of sufficient importance, however, to make a specific reference to him in such a compilation of great sacred manuscripts.

VALOR, let it be repeated, has no means of pronouncing whether or not Prince Baha is the personage indicated. It would appear odd, perhaps, that the same source dictating the warning as above should not be equally available for supplying identifications. The unlearned in such matters would decide, why cannot corroboration or denial come through in flat terms of "This is the man indicated" or "This is not the man indicated?"

The answer to this would be, that bona fide Higher Sources do not interfere with any mortal's faculties of discrimination, or do aught that would lessen the powers of the individual and discernment. If this were not so, one would soon find himself living his life with "the Other Side" doing all his thinking and deciding, and the feature of judgment and decision that much weakened. "Familiar Spirits", not high-principled mentors, are usually those who readily accommodate with such identifications too readily. The impairment of the faculties of vigilance is another item to be taken into consideration.

It is the divine brevet, apparently, to give the warning that the evil character,
(Continued on Page 14)



UPON what scented epitaphs in graveyards sere
Are cut all dares of those the earth writes
dead?

Where are the jailer's records, with all souls
released

And sins entombed by Memory in Time's head?
What are these mocking bastions that each life must scale
But sterner segments of new fancy's winning weave,
That we, by prearrangement, seek such earthy vaults
The phantoms of all soul-aches to deceive?

Are we not sworded might that each life's whims embrace,
To make all headstones dance with laughs sublime?
Have we not princes' garb displayed in vassal marts
To price all wares of Love in pence of Time?
Hand up the Harp of Anguish with its sweet strings taut
To ballad wares of Mercy at Grief's door,
That we may pay our charge to Constancy's sweet troths,
And by the paying, learn to pay the more!

What waltzing lyrics would a crippled poet sing
That we must bear his coarsened note of hate,
When underneath the velvets of a castle's coats
He brings all thrills of cotter's garbs to mate?
These, then, our winnings from all Past's in manifold
When Beauty's door unlocked is, by God's Key,
And underneath the blooded spill of careless ire
Brings home the melt of Understanding Eyes to me!

These then, our sweepstakes from all Games of Loss,
These then, our arrows barbed with Peace Serene!
High on all mountain tips of Youth's aspirings missed
We have the eagles in all zeniths seen.
Come, rest then, Soul, and let all moons go down,
Each dawn will pay its fated changing score,
There must unerring sunrise light each dredge of dreams
That every morning's sun shall pry Love's heart-tight
door!

.. ANAGRAM

The Meaning of Existence Outside an Organic Body



THE question is bound to arise in the mind of the layman who is being introduced to these apparent fundamentals of Cosmos for the first time: "If Consciousness in the utterly discarnate state has the appearance of a blob of Light, and in a manner of speaking that blob of Light can 'think' or be aware of its own ability to perceive, of what possible use is it to itself or to the universe? Lacking any sort of mechanism by which to get effects on materials, is it not quite as badly off as though it had no awareness at all?"

An interesting and logical inquiry is propounded here. It harks back in a handful of words to what appear to be the very causations of the materialistic universe.

There is one school of thought, not so erudite in cosmic processes, that holds the earth to have been created for Man, for his profit and pleasurable development.

There is another school of thought, founded upon what appears to be the more logical discarnate testimony, that holds the earth to have been created for Life in the self-conscious sense, no matter what the form in which it manifests, and that Man as we know him in this stage of his unfoldment is but one highly-advanced exhibit of such life.

Certainly the latter hypothesis would seem to present the better confirmation of the findings of the geologists and anthropologists.

If nothing but algae lived upon this planet for thirty million years, and then for another fifteen million years nothing lived upon it but jellyfish and invertebrates, it smacks of provincial bombast to maintain that such interminable periods showed such Life exhibits merely to prepare for the appearance of a creature called Man.

Such an argument might make a certain crude sense, were Man as we observe him today a final and finished product. True, he seems not a final and

Another Paper Aiding You to Understand Why Life Is What You Find It . .

finished product. True, he seems to be the most facile and astute display of Life that the earthly scene presents at present. That, however, is but a curiosity of development and not the end of development in itself.

Man as we observe him today is still continuing in biological and spiritual alterations and enlargements. Both as an individual and a species he is changing from moment to moment. The fact that the changes are so infinitesimal that they can only be discerned after the passing of decades or "ages," does not deny the fact of their occurrence.

In the National Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C., there are said to be instruments so fine that they can measure the outward "give" of a two-foot brick wall when an ordinary 150-lb man rests his shoulder against its surface. Ninety-nine out of a hundred people would not suspect that a two-foot-thick wall moves at all by the leaning of any person against it. But the fact that they cannot perceive it, does not alter the fact that the instruments prove otherwise. And by the same token, the developments and growths of mortal existence, both biological and spiritual, are happenings without instruments' being in existence by which to gauge them over definite periods of time.

MAN IS not a final or completed product. He is a spiritually motivated exhibit of biological change in operation. And this being reasonably apparent, the earth as we know it must have been projected as an arena for such operation and not a product as at any time

recognizable. Because there is no place at which the operating stops!

As stated previously, Man in his state of development or unfoldment a million years hence, may be a physical performance of Consciousness as far removed from the jellyfish of the Paleozoic Period.

Thirty million years from today, the Life Exhibit known as human may have become something not conceivable to our intellects in the present.

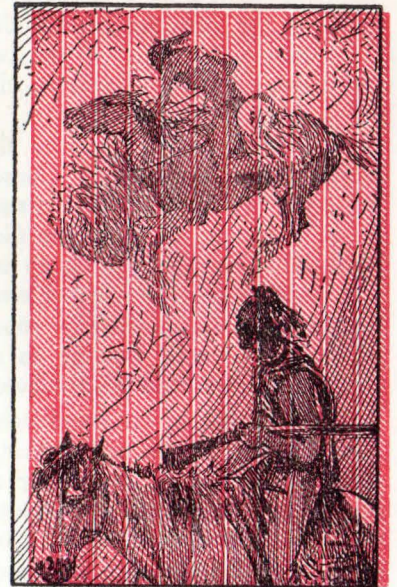
So the safer way to consider it is to allow that there is some connection between Consciousness and the time-space arena in which Consciousness operates to get effects upon itself.

This being conceded, it next follows that Consciousness must participate in all progressing forms composing such time-space arena, in order to make that area understandable for what it is at all.

And as one interminable organism would be impractical in which the individual unit carries out the evolutionary or growth processes—due to accidents which result in injury or erasure of the one interminable organism—it follows that there must be a program of successive forms provided, and processes made available, by which Consciousness can participate in each and all of them as they manifest distinctively.

SO we have biological forms made and provided, and their evolutions charted, and we have spiritual essences periodically occupying those forms as they offer distinctive experiencings to the essences so housed.

Considering the layman's interrogation, therefore, as to what possible use to either



itself or the universe utterly discarnate Consciousness may be, we can put down the premise of our answer in this manner—

"Use" does not enter into the proposition when considering Consciousness for what it is within its intrinsic self. As well demand of what use God is, to Himself! God IS! He is, so to speak, a conditioning in—or of—Cosmos. So likewise is Consciousness a conditioning in, or of Cosmos, insofar as any one spiritual essence unit be involved.

Consciousness in its completely discarnate periods is the self-realizing sum-total of all its educative experiencings up to—or at—any given measuring-mark in Eternity. As such, it may in a sense be called an Accomplishment. And an accomplishment does not have to justify itself by standards of profit or loss, since of itself it is a standard.

UTTER discarnation might be accepted as the periodic interlude in progressing achievement when spirit-essence takes inventory of what have been its profits during incarnation, with a view to determining what additional experiencings looking toward further unfoldments, are to be.

It is not a static state, neither is it a wholly meditative state. It is merely a state divorced from all subservience to educating Form, wherein it can observe itself devoid of the slightest inhibitions or influences affecting it outside itself.

As such, of course, it not only would require no form, but Form would render imperfect the state of such self-discernments.

THE ACCEPTED theory—or hypothesis—of most orthodox metaphysicians is, that the human spirit-essence "dies" out of more than one body before its discarnation is complete and it is in a condition where it can start the reincarnational cycle anew. The first "death" is spiritual evacuation of the common mortal vehicle, which, after being so evacuated, is called a corpse or cadaver. But Consciousness in the human sense by no means finds itself in utter discarnation at once. If it did so, it would suffer a bewilderment that in time might injure or even destroy its appreciation of self-identity.

According to the most logical attestation we have upon the subject at this stage, Consciousness evacuates the fleshly vehicle into a more tenuous, and phys-

ically imperceptible, mechanism known as the Pattern Body, or "cosmic architect" of the physical body, sometimes described as the Light Body. Our most advanced scientists and physicists have now recognized and identified this Electrical Design—and measured it—as a factual integrity unto itself.

In this more delicate vehicle, so extracted from the first gross material body, Consciousness resides for a second life-span, and, in the case of spirit-essences that "die" in mortal childhood, even bring such more tenuous body to a norm of maturity. This succeeding existence in the Light-Pattern body is what is commonly recognized as the orthodox Hereafter.



Even our Bible, take note, refers constantly to a "second death". And while this occurrence is steeped in superstition and allegory, it must have some sort of premise in tacit happening.

The metaphysical assumption is, that "death" or evacuation by the spirit takes place out of this Pattern Body as well—which has maintained itself as a sort of sublimated replica of the body first shaped and used on earth.

As to what the series of bodies may resemble out of which the spirit-essence "dies" by evacuation, we have no reliable testimony at the present moment, or in our current unfoldment of Consciousness. Some of the eastern religions depict them as high as nine, and offer details concerning each.

For practical consideration, the number is immaterial. It is the "purpose" of the process in which we are interested.

Viewed from the angle of existence in any one of those life-bodies, Almighty Providence seems to have provided a means by them, that to all intents and

designs offers easement of shock of self-aware spirit as it proceeds from acknowledgment of itself in the physical sense to realization of itself in the discarnate sense.

NINE OUT of ten people, when considering themselves at all, envision themselves as being what is reflected in their mirrors when they put themselves in front of those mirrors. To plunge them into total discarnation, or a state of Abstract Consciousness at a stroke—or by a single operation—would leave them in utter panic, or a hapless state of not being able to identify themselves at all.

But by serried states of dying, and easing each time into a vehicle that more nearly approximates discarnation, they arrive at the essence of spiritual abstraction in their separate rights by assimilable degrees.

Finally, when the cycle and its conditionings of spirit have been fully comprehended, and they have become oriented to a Consciousness-condition that truly requires no vehicle-condition to function, they are ready to synchronize their abstract vibration with the biological vibration of the pregnant mother and the developing contents of her womb, take control of embryo or fetus, and go through the body-occupying program anew.

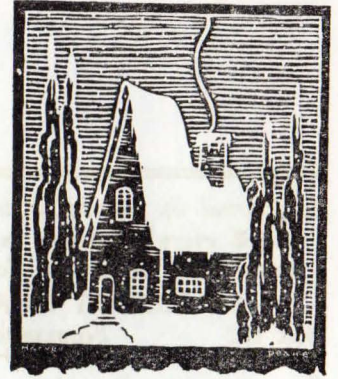
LIFE outside the fleshly vehicle, therefore, is obdurate in this: that it always runs its course distinctive of the situation or conditioning in which it is supposed to manifest without detracting in the slightest from an inherent capability to self-awareness, and having performed the rite unto itself on each occasion, it subjects itself to the next phase or conditioning of the cycle-process at hand or available for its performance.

You cannot have Life totally extinct as to consciousness in *some* form. But you can have life extinct as to consciousness in the sentient form—that is, the capability of profiting from experiencings through direct and swift processing from the senses.

We go and come in each conditioning as it is presented to us for immediate natural involvement; but no matter what our state or orientation, always we are witnessing miracles and wonders that leave impress on the maturing or expanding Character. Which in turn is the constant sum-total of ourselves in demon-

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SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .



THE ANNALS of the French Psychical Society follow closely the records of the British Society for being the repository of rich data of phenomena above earthly physics in nature. The American Society falls far behind in striving to make accurate records of similar cases in the United States—for reasons that cannot be entered into here. These matters are of interest to Soulcrafters chiefly in this, that those of bona fide nature disclose not only the existence of other planes of conscious activity contiguous to those of the mortal but disclose what connections may maintain between them. As we determine these, we determine what the many phases of conscious life may be, or rather, what the many aspects are which consciousness may take.

For instance, referring again to the annals of the French Society, consider the phenomena occurring suddenly in the little French village of Valence-en-Brie, a peaceful little place of 700 inhabitants—phenomena obviously from discarnate sources that produced a human voice of unprecedented volume from the deep cellar on the premises of one Monsieur Lebegue. Lebegue, by the way, was not interested in any way, in psychical research.

The Lebegues, an elderly man and wife, with grandchildren living with them, had a maid-servant who went into the cellar after coal one morning, carrying a candle. The candle is reported as having been suddenly snuffed, and a gruff voice, very loud and uttering coarse abuse, was heard, seeming to arise from the earthen floor of the cellar beneath her feet. The girl screamed and fled back abovestairs, awaking master and mistress. They listened, and plainly heard the deep, gruff voice continuing in the cellar even though the maid had gone out of it. It was the commencement of a couple of weeks of the most violent antics in the house, resulting in no little

property damage. For what purpose? It seemed to have no purpose.

However, it isn't the purpose behind such occurrences which interests us, but the nature of the performances that intelligence out of organism can display upon properties in our material world . .

IN THE DAYS following, the "voice" in the Lebegue cellar continued to be heard. The whole thing happened before the invention of radio, and was too sustained and steady for any local prankster to have kept it up merely for the sake of mystifying or terrifying the old couple. The Voice made such an uproar that neighbors soon overheard it and were drawn to the premises. Soon, to the Lebegues' consternation, it transferred out of the basement of the modest little structure and began to spread itself all over the house. Investigators who came to take notes on it confirmed the fact that a week after the commencement of the phenomenon the Voice could be heard not only in the cellar but even in the vestibule, in the kitchen, at the front door, and in all rooms of the first floor *at the same time*. The same voice, in other words, was reproducing itself, first in one place and then another, even while auditors were present and listening.

A Doctor Encausse, who made a detailed record of the happenings for the French Society, declared that in each instance the Voice seemed to come out of the ground, "but," said he, "the tone is so distinct and it breaks out in so many places that any trickery seems impossible."

Thereupon kinetic phenomena began.

SOME enormous planks, as well as a cask, too heavy to be manipulated by any single person, were on three occasions moved from one end of the haunted cellar to the other, an unoccupied room on the first floor in which furniture had been stored, had these articles lifted, moved, turned upside down and general confusion done among them. Two weeks of this sort of thing, keeping up steadily both night and day and suddenly the

window-panes of the house began to fly to pieces.

This last started to happen at four o'clock of an afternoon, in broad daylight and under the eyes of the bewildered tenants and fascinated neighbors. Further, a large mirror was broken in such a way that it would have been impossible to reproduce the destruction artificially.

It was determined that this mirror, and in certain cases panes of the window glass, showed very clean circular holes, not like holes made by a bullet or projectile having struck them from a distance, but with a convexity originating from *within* the glass, some internal condition of the material causing it to explode outward as from an electrical discharge.

With all this unearthly manifestation assailing the modest home, Lebegue's wife collapsed and had to be removed. The children staying with the couple were removed as well. The maid was sent elsewhere.

Here was a strange feature of the manifesting, however, . . when Madame Lebegue was transferred to the house of a neighbor, *the phenomena followed her there*. Her bed was pushed about and almost turned upside down with the terrified woman in it. Furnishings in the neighbor's room began to display animation. Fifty reliable witnesses attested later in court to the actuality of the whole of it.

THE LITTLE Lebegue property was almost ruined by the borings and excavations that authorities carried on, to determine whether mischief makers or ventriloquists could have been responsible for the mysteries. No electric wires nor

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Leadership



SOMES TIMES get tougher, the greater the percentage of human intellects—apparently—who allege to feel the urge toward doing something about them. Doing something about the times takes the aspect in majority of cases of addressing the human race in terms of, "Do as I suggest you do, and your troubles end." Strange that few persons feel the urge to point out better ways of living to the race when times are good and everyone is making money. Undoubtedly this last can be rationalized by the explanation that when times are good and everyone is making money, the human race has no real troubles that need solving.

The spiritual progress of a people at any given time in cosmic history is rarely the cause of particular concernment.

A digest of the instructings in the *Golden Scripts* would have it that true leadership—a grandiose term for mentorship—is merely the carrying out of a compact made before entering flesh. On any such basis, it pays no particular attention as to whether the times are good or bad. Its concern is executing the errand for which it came into flesh.

Legion are the numbers of souls who feel a divine dissatisfaction with the earthly society into which they have come. They desire to see the mundane world patterned more along lines of the higher octaves. Just as a constitutionally neat woman flies into an indignation at being asked to dwell in a slatternly house, and rolls back her sleeves and starts the dirt a-flying and the clutter going out, so too many gestures toward what is called

Leadership have the same motivation. It isn't necessarily mentorship of the race, it's personal indignation at clutter and confusion.

Nevertheless, there are the souls who feel strange galvanisms of conscience to do something more for society and its bedlams than merely rant at them. These people cast about for "what they can join" that seems to hold practical possibilities of social improvement—or economic improvement, or political and civic improvement. Choosing the likeliest—meaning the movement that bestirs least animosities in their own temperaments—they roll up their sleeves like the indignant housewives and prepare to make the dirt fly. But soon they run against idiosyncracies of individualities in those who have formulated the current gesture, and when they open the wrong window to throw out certain debris, or fail to clean some particular corner in the manner that the founder of the enterprise approves, they are off upon a different tangent to discover someone who approves of what windows they open or their methods of cleaning corners so that dirt does not abide.

What has Prenatal Compact got to do with any of it?

Feeling the urge to make the true gesture with Prenatal Compact the basis is something that happens strictly within



the secret depths of the being, and whether society at the moment is doing good or ill is wholly irrelevant.

Verse 10 of Chapter 81 of the *Golden Scripts* declares, "These things are good and profitable, that men must have a leader in all ways wiser than themselves; they must have a leader who harkeneth to the counsel of perfection in affairs; he must know his own godhood that he may tell men of theirs."

How many of the social busybodies, who are "going to clean up this situation", are so acutely aware of their own godhood that they can tell men about their own? The average social busybody isn't aware he's got a godhood; what he's got is a vanity demanding exercise. Verse 41 of Chapter 80 tells of the real emoluments for leadership: "Teach men, and in teaching profit; help them, and in helping, receive; ennoble them, and ennobling, know the blessings of service which are compensation."

Never was greater leadership in demand than in times of the present, but it comes of inner illumination after long and sincere cogitation—or rather, Memory of the Pact comes after long and sincere cogitation.

What is the criterion of true leadership?

We might put it that leaders are identified as those who have gone all the way through with teaching, helping, ennobling, whether the times be good or bad, and are still going on in advance of the human procession long after the mere "indignant housewives"—male or female—have shut the windows on what seems to be a clean household and pronounced, "Now we'll live in a place that's fit for something higher than a pig."

Time Running Out



SENATOR Pat McCarran of Nevada declared in Denver on September 23, "there is danger of a direct attack on the United States by the forces of Communism." He made the statement to the western division convention of the American Mining Congress. "For the first time in our history," he said, "we are faced with the threat—and I mean threat in the sense of recognized possibility—of a direct attack upon our homeland." Then he went on to expound that "attacks by Communism from within, already have made fantastically successful progress in the United States."

This startling bit of information comes somewhat in the nature of anti-climax. Pelley of The Silver Legion was saying that same thing back in 1936, only saying it more effectively in fact that McCarran's own Democratic Party led off in screaming "Fascism!" and McCarran stood by and uttered not a word when and while Pelley was being dispatched to

prison for actualizing his perspicacity.

McCarran is a good senator. He is head of the Senate subcommittee on internal security. But what is he doing to actively aid men like Dr. John T. Wood of Idaho, who has the grey matter to recognize that the greatest and most pernicious feeder to Marxism which we confront in America is the nefarious United Nations, the secretary-general of which was for years Josef Stalin's personal agent in Norway? What is he doing toward evicting from American soil this pestilential Moloch of confusion and bemusement with a charter written by a convicted felon upon pattern of the charter of the U. S. S. R.? What is he doing about the real brains of Marxism ensconced in some of the highest departments of Washington government, possibly the Supreme Court? The most effective directing heads of Marxism by no means are so infantile as to go about with membership cards of the Communist Party in their hip-pockets along with their driving licenses.

Langer of North Dakota was the only senator with the moral fortitude to stand up in the Senate and inveigh against persecution of the anti-Communists by McCarran's own party and McCarran's own chief Executive. McCarran should get excited at this late day when the colt is well-nigh out of the barn.

Nevertheless it's nice for the American Mining Congress to be let in on the 1936 secret that Marxism in the United States constitutes a clear and present danger. Maybe in 1968 Brother McCarran will arouse himself to tell the American Mining Congress that practically the same interests using Marxism for the dissolution of the United States were the personages pulling strings on the Democratic and Republican candidates behind the scenes.

Time is running out, Senator.

By 1968 it may have run out entirely. Fascist!

Locusts



SAYS Manchester Boddy in the Los Angeles Daily News—

"Last Tuesday, from the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization's headquarters in Rome, came news of a disastrous plague of locusts that may alter the entire nature of the course of

events in Asia and the world. According to FAO—

Tens of millions of desert locusts have swept from their East African breeding place with dramatic rapidity since the start of the year.

Vast areas of French Somaliland, Eritrea, the Sudan, Aden, Yemen, Saudi Arabia, Oman, Kuwait, Jordan, Egypt, Israel, Syria, Iraq, Iran and Pakistan are infested.

Present swarms are now breeding and "a new generation of young locusts soon will be on hand threatening the cotton and grain of the Nile Delta on one side and the rice fields of India on the other.

FAO estimated that between 500 and 600 hectares (1.1 to 1.3 billion acres) of Iran, running from the border of Iraq to that of Pakistan, are infested with desert locust eggs. That means a new plague for the future.

On the day this news was released, the India Food Relief committee (N. Y.) sent out an appeal marked "urgent" that said famine and trouble have struck 10 million people in Madras province, India, where for seven years there has been insufficient rainfall.

At the same time, the *Daily Express* of London was voicing concern about the spread of hoof and mouth disease in Britain. It noted that since the present outbreak started 34,000 animals have been destroyed in an attempt to stamp out the devastating disease.

The hoof and mouth disease is still on the rampage in Canada where it is taking a heavy toll of beef. During the last five years more than one million head of cattle in Mexico have been destroyed during the fight against the dread disease.

The world's population continues to grow. Every morning more than 68,000 new people appear at the world's breakfast table. That is the net increase of births over deaths. Since World War II broke out in 1939 it is estimated that the world population has been increased by no less than 200 million people; in other words, by more than the entire population of the United States! And the increase continues at an accelerated pace.

This means that, in terms of people, a new population greater than the population of the United States, will be added to our already crowded world every 10 years. And these new people don't wait until the 10th year to appear. New stomachs are added every day!



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Hundred of millions of dollars have been expended in efforts to learn, as exactly as possible, how the world population is fed. While many conflicting interpretations and conclusions have come from these studies, on these points there is complete agreement:

Two-thirds of the world's people are undernourished and a large proportion are constantly threatened with actual starvation.

The rate of food production has been and is actually lagging behind at rate of population increase.

Much of the world trouble—especially in Asia—is caused directly by the constant threat of starvation.

With such facts in mind, the vital significance of news from Rome that the worst plague of locusts in a hundred years is threatening food supplies in Asia becomes apparent.

Food is the most precious thing in the world today. Properly used, it can do far more to preserve peace in the world than any number of atomic bombs, war planes, tanks, cannon and soldiers.

As Sir John Boyd Orr, head of the UN Food committee, put it:

"It is evident from this survey that about half of the world's population was subsisting before the war at a level of food consumption which was not high enough to maintain normal health, allow for normal growth of children, or furnish energy for normal work.

"World hunger is a far greater danger to civilization and mankind than the atomic bomb could ever be. . . . If the food problem is not solved, there will be chaos in the world in the next 50 years. The nations of the world are insane. They are spending one-third their national incomes preparing for the next war. They are applying their energies to building up a war machine instead of applying world steel and industrial production to conserving resources of the land, in arresting erosion."

SKEPTICS sniff contemptuously when the proposition is seriously advanced that God Almighty can take a hand in this worldly mess and alter conditions for man's improvement or change of social trend.

The change of international trend, at any rate, in the Near East, can have the most basic repercussions from universal famine beginning shifts of whole peoples this way or that—presumably westward.

We shall probably hear much made

of the Locust Swarm. American food will be requisitioned to lay relief on the line, with economic effects on our hinterland farmers. We shall be asked to pay the bill—when our national moneys are running out to pay *any* bills.

By the way, if Russia is so big and so altruistic, why doesn't *she* come forward in a mass gesture of altruism to help the Near-Easters? . . . providing sovietism isn't so powerful in Washington as to put the inquiry in the category of sedition? . . .

Discarnate Life

(Continued from Page 6)

strable aspect. All of which adds up to this—

We find the units-of-Consciousness that are our thinking or considering selves precipitated into arenas of Form that are mundane situations, or even physical predicaments in order to arrive at still more enhanced considerations of our perpetually-discovered possibilities as we progress upward through all conditionings of Matter.

This being the accepted conclusion, it follows that Life without any fleshly vehicle must hold precisely as much "meaning" as Life occupied with, or operating in, any physical incasement, since both are renderings of Eternal Spirit for keeping all forms of so-called evolution perpetual.

Let no one be so childish as to assume that Life, as Life, can ever be totally unconscious, or unaware of itself as a demonstrating phenomenon. Even when we seem to be engaged in so-called dreamless sleep, we are nonetheless thinking about ourselves. Because "thinking about ourselves" is the very essence of physical occupancy or earthly habitation.

Travel where you will in any octave of self-confessed Reality, always you will discover there the ability of occupying units to think of self objectively.

Even subjectivity of Consciousness is the child of objectivity.

It seems to be for the purpose of arriving at subjectivity through objectivity, that we have the phenomena of Consciousness operating in—or bothering with—mundane aspects of formal worlds at all.

The lesson is a deep one and not to

be lightly considered and then ignored. The very essence of our being on earth in the evolving spiritual manner, has its premise in this great law of possession and evacuation of that which educates via experiencings in Form.

Take that away, and even the very thought of self-performing careers is abject senility.

What difference does it make "where" you are?

The thing that counts is "what" you are—in the light of what you have endured as a three-dimensional world has inexorably "shoved you around"—and the conclusions you have drawn from the control exercised over you by circumstance!

Forging Strength

(Continued from Page 2)

ly are actually fearful of nothing developing anywhere on this planet.

What truly seems happening is, that God Almighty is putting enough squeeze on the species in general to make it run out of breath for its cacklings and give serious thought to who, or what, is creating all the international disturbance and why, and become a little more amenable to a caste and corps of wits that can still think dispassionately and make readjustments that get our own Republic through this bottleneck.

As for the bushel-baskets of so-called *expose* literature, it all says one thing in a hundred varieties of screeching, viz . . . Barney and Felix and Herbert—not to overlook Anna—now have everything in the bag and it's only a question of time before an odd hundred-million of native-born Americans are to be shot against the walls as kuliks, to give Barney, Felix, Herbert and Anna unobstructed sway.

Barney and Felix and Herbert—not to overlook Anna—are being greatly overrated. They exist mainly in importance because of all the notoriety in such propaganda, and can be yanked off the scene permanently, as one David was this past week, by God Almighty, without so much as a *Now-you-see-'em-and-now-you-don't*. Meantime, with or without them, the human race still has troubles requiring intellect to solve.

Let's stop thinking in personalities and and get big enough to think in ideas and nobilities.

There certainly is plenty to worry a-
(Continued on Page 15)

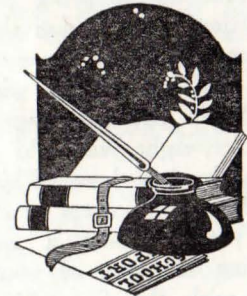
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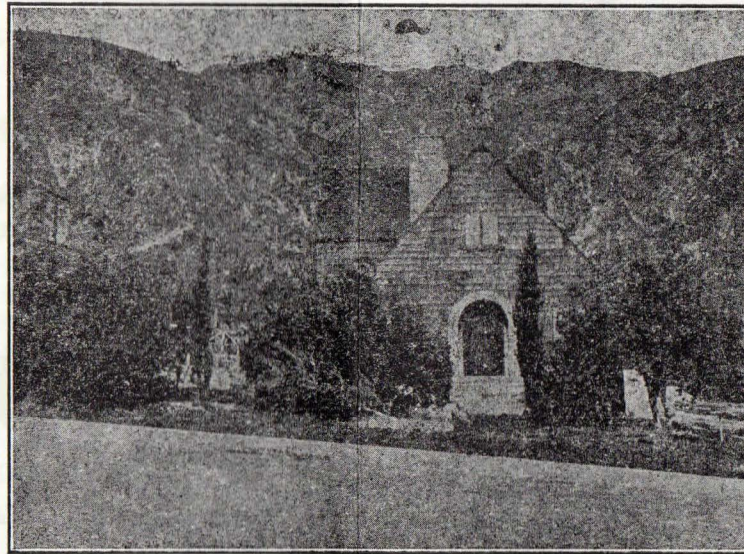
.. COGITATIONS



THIS WEEK we've been quickly reprinting *My Seven Minutes in Eternity* here at the plant, while I've been struggling with the closing chapters of *Something Better*. I did have to take a little time out to bring *The Aftermath* up to date. And it was the fourth time I've brought *The Aftermath* up to date. I had an odd feeling when I realized that *Seven Minutes* happened when I was thirty-eight years old and that now I'm nearly sixty-three. Which means that *The Aftermath* covers practically twenty-four years, almost a quarter-century. Speaking to those of you who are familiar with the *Seven-Minutes* story, I marvel that details of the discarnation are still as graphic in my mind as though I'd experienced them last night. Must be that when eternal mind functions in this more splendid dimension—devoid of the tricks or drawbacks of strictly physical brain—impressions are sharper and therefore more lasting. But living the spiritual adventure again, by reason of editing and okaying the story for the final time that I shall probably ever do it, the truly difficult thing is to accept this psychomortal plane with anything like the seriousness it commands. After you've gone through an adventure like that, you wonder how people can become obsessed with the notion that the only reality is carrying on an existence down in the cellar, amid the gloom and odor of the coal-bins and turnip crates, absolutely denying any more pleasurable experiences can be possible on floors above, and calling anybody a little balmy who also says there's a life on the very roof itself where one can at all times see the Everlasting Sky. However, if you've taken a job to clean out a few coal-bins—to make life a little more bearable for a couple of billion people who do have to exist down there for a time in order to appreciate the contrast of life on the Roof—you still keep at it,

and take good care that you don't tread on old garden-rakes and get your forehead bashed in, or slip on a couple of overturned syrup tins and break your *E Pluribus Unum*. What I started to say was, that reading through the typographical detail of the new printing of *Seven Minutes*, carried me back into that period of twenty-four years ago and gave me a slight feeling of nostalgia at seeming to lose touch completely with the persons who were my intimates then. Maybe a bit of reminiscence about it ought to go into the record . . .

o—o
THE BUNGALOW itself, wherein I experienced the discarnation, went into possession of a local Altadena physi-



cian with property adjacent to what had been mine, when I pulled up stakes and moved east permanently. The reports that have come to me disclose that he sold or leased it to people who presently painted the structure white. Back in 1927, when I had been the first tenant to occupy it after erection, it had been covered with a layer of sturdy, warm brown cedar shingles. It was situated on the left-hand side of Mount Curve Drive, which you find at the top of Lake Avenue hill in Altadena, and in my day was numbered 3336. This number, I understand, was subsequently changed, but those of you who go to California and want a glimpse of it, can locate it as the house nearly

opposite Oceanview Avenue, where the latter thoroughfare comes up into bisecting with Mount Curve. By the way, I left a perfectly good ivory-painted bedstead in the upstairs bedroom at the back—being unable to crate it and ship it to Manhattan. Whoever came into possession of it, came into possession of the literal bedstead on which national Soulcraft can be said to have been born. My sympathies, however, went out to the good family who next occupied the residence, because callers must have been incessant after the publicity concerning it went out from New York. Laska, the big police dog—who, by the way, had happened to be a granddaughter of Peary's lead-dog when he was reputed to have discovered the North Pole—I presented to a friend with a ranch down Imperial Valley way, and she passed her days as a Coast Defender, New York being no humane destination for a canine whose ancestors had mushed all over the top of the world. True New York has been celebrated for its frigidity in the estimate of persons who have gone there and run out of money, but Laska was spared. Doubtless she has long since had her own *Seven Minutes* and been sensible enough not to come back o' morning. She never sent me so much as a bark on a post card after I parted with her to take the train East. Too bad, . . . I wish now I'd kept her and boarded her in Jersey so that in due time she could have ruled the Indiana Roost over Emma, Fritz, Butch and Buzzie. These Soulcraft pooches of the present have never been to the North Pole, but Fritz and Butch bear scars to indicate they have been everywhere else . . .

I MOVED through to New York and took the apartment in West 53rd Street, on the south side of the thoroughfare a couple of doors from 6th—or the Boulevard of the Nations or some such fol-de-rol which they renamed it the moment I quit the place and went to Washington, North Carolina, Terre Haute and other American localities where wisdom is to be absorbed, take it or leave it. Odd about this 53rd Street flat, too, they pulled it down for a parking-lot one or two years later. You hunt for Number 56 today and you bark a shin on somebody's Westchester Cadillac. However, to the second-floor walk-up apartment that now isn't there, I brought most of the furnishings of the Altadena bungalow, sans bed, in fact I've kept almost every article and they are all about me this moment here in my Indiana studio at Soulcraft. But when it became necessary to transfer my personal activities to Washington, D. C., and then to Asheville, N. C. I seemed to pass out of the auras of the psychical group who frequented the place, as though it had never existed. I had Mary, the assistant editor of *The American* who had been most responsible for publishing the article, out to dinner a couple of times on my visits to Manhattan after moving to North Carolina. But presently she departed New York herself and our paths did not cross further. Hazel went to Minneapolis and that's the last I heard from her. The minute you go from New York, apparently, the hinterland eradicates you. Talbot Mundy, the men's novelist, went to India—and died. Mrs. Leslie's son—the mother being so accurate as a clairvoyant—I last heard from as editor of a psychical monthly that folded. Maybe he is somewhere about the world, like Mary, still thinking his thoughts. But when I became the hottest thing in the New-Deal Bag o' Worries, and had all the Commies in America yowling for my gore, it became on the whole not the discreet thing to say you'd known me—although the pendulum is swinging in the opposite direction now until friends are looking me up I never knew I had. Connie, my lawyer-buddie, is still slugging it out in the courts of New York, and he writes me when he can afford a postage-stamp. But in the main they're gone, all gone . . . insofar as they figure in current embroilments. I always had reason to suspect that Tom Beck, who came to the Chairmanship of the Board of Crowell-Collier, was able to borrow the



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Noblesville, Indiana

money to get stock control, by approaching ecclesiastical interests in New York that were ready to lay it on the line providing he guaranteed that no more hyperdimensional articles told about the dead going to any other place than Purgatory or Judgment. Anyhow, immediately on Tom's ascension, everyone who'd had anything to do about publishing *Seven Minutes* seemed to get the bounce, or rather "their services were no longer

required"—new people went in, and *The American* hasn't been heard of since.

o—o

I'D GOTTEN on the writing staff of the magazine in early 1917 by doing a short story called *Their Mother* that sold the magazine out to the last copy long before I repeated the performance with *Seven Minutes*. John M. Siddell, a doughty Scotsman from Cleveland, had taken a moribund mag with a 200,000



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circulation and begun to add a couple of million to its circulation. Bert Boyden was his Assistant back there 35 years ago. Bert died in the Argonne while I was in Russia, and John passed in 1923 of cancer. When I sank through the Blue Passage I describe in *Seven Minutes*—ten earthly years later in respect to Bert, and five years later in respect to John—it was Bert who engineered my orientation, and my memory of the change in John Siddell, as he appeared among the visitors to the patio in the second half of the experience, was one of its highlights. Funny thing about John, believe it or not, I distinctly recall he was sporting a walking-stick and by no means limping upon it, either. One night in West 53rd Street, during the period when I was recording the major portion of the *Golden Scripts*, John entered my writing room in the invisible, greeted me in the clairaudient manner and began to hold forth in characteristic sulphurous remarks on what his successors were doing to *The American*. Hitler in Hester Street, New York, back in 1937, would have rated higher than these later editors in Old John's estimation. I still have the message—and it smoulders. As I happen to own stock at present in Crowell-Collier, and owned considerably more before I sold it because Soulcraft needed the money, I can talk thus about my own company if I choose . . . As a matter of fact, by the points of sheer seniority, I guess Bruce Barton and I are the only staff authors now alive who remember the set-up of the American office when it was down at 381 Fourth Avenue, and *The American* as a periodical was a monthly sensation on the newsstand, and I'm still Hitler-in-Hester-Street to Bruce because of his New York advertising clients . . .

o—o

OH, WELL! . . . Time Marches On! As the movie bazoo reminds us after we've watched the latest in Marxist propaganda on the screen. I was in at the start of *The American* success, and I was in at its finish. As I tell in the current *Aftermath*, one noon at a luncheon to Dr. Robert Norwood, pastor of St. Bartholomew's and author of *Sunset Over Nazareth*, the Managing Editor as of 1930 sat across the board from us in a private home uptown and advised Dr. Norwood for my benefit that "publishing *Seven Minutes* was the greatest mistake *The American* ever made. We could

not turn the magazine into an esoteric monthly," he griped, "even if half its reader list was eager for Pelley to write more along that line"—what he was trying to say was, that the Romanists were raising 'ell about the article ever having been published at all—"and on the whole," concluded the M-E, "a darned good writer's been ruined to make a second rate metaphysician!" . . . Ho-Hum! . . . Ruined! . . . Contemplating my pile of unanswered morning mail here at Soulcraft twenty-four years later, it was a funny kind of ruin. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of *Golden Scripts* given away absolutely free last year—in 844-page books—all stemming out of *Seven Minutes* . . . well, I suppose Abe Lincoln was a ruined man after John W. Booth shot him, and George Washington was a ruined man after the doctors got through bleeding him, and even Christ Himself was a ruined Man after Pilate's strong-armed boys fixed Him up out on the Hill of the Skull. Tell me, just what is ruin? . . . At 36, I knew. Darned if I know when the birth-figures are reversed . . .

—THE RECORDER

Man of Evil

(Continued from Page 4)

whomsoever he turns out to be, is a factor in the forthcoming world situation, and the stipulation is one of counsel as to treating with him. Prince Baha may be an entirely respectable potentate, and there must always be care exercised that his own mortal adversaries have not launched the libel in order to discredit him in the field of international politics, particularly with the Near Eastern situation developing swiftly as it is.

But the greater conundrum maintains, as to why a character professedly so accomplished in the higher occult arts lacks the perspicacity to discern his own futilities in such alleged role. If our own *Golden Script* adjurations originate in the Sources we have every reason to believe they do, and the ultimate failure of this personage to achieve his designs is known reliably in advance, why not be equally known reliably in advance by the Evil One himself? And why expend himself on any program marked by failure in the end?

Also there is the question, how any American, no matter how well-traveled,

can speak with truth about the Prince's esoteric achievements. How much of this evil repute is mere hearsay? Those who in the ramifications of Near East politics recognize the intrigue and counter going on constantly, the chief basis of which is by no means everyday power politics so much as covetousness of the stupendous chemical wealth contained in the Dead Sea basin. This chemical wealth has been scientifically estimated to lie in the neighborhood of three trillion dollars. There are those believing that the new State of Israeli was established to secure and dominate it.

Workers of iniquity are not the only persons with the sagacity to discern such Near East power values.

Certainly it would seem to be the height of folly for anyone aspiring to the role of World Messiah, acceptable to both Arabs and Israelites, to have his origins in the lineage of the Sultan of Turkey and live in oriental splendor and luxury prior to exercising his claims to such messiahship.

The whole thing reeks of propaganda for some clandestine purpose.

It is well to suspend judgment upon it until the indications are clearer as to how much it can be credited.

Forging Strength

(Continued from Page 11)

bout, but there's nothing to get hysterical about but humankind's perversity against facing accurate issues.

It requires brains and fortitude to squeeze through this bottleneck, but cool heads and steady nerves can achieve it.

The Payoff is in Strength for an entire people.

Again VALOR declares, only that which hurts, educates! So come on, Hurt, we can take it, and master it.

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

acoustic apparatus of any sort were turned up.

M. Hainot, mayor of Valence, the local schoolmaster, and the village priest, all heard the voice phenomenon and saw the levitations of articles, both in the Lebegue home and in the bedroom of the neighbor.

Then, as quickly and sharply as it had

all begun, *the whole thing stopped*. Expert psychical researchers have determined in many similar sequences in other places that there seems to be indication that some entirely innocent individual may be the cause of the happenings, motivating them subconsciously or supplying the kinetic power. But in the Lebegue Case, when the phenomena ceased, all the inhabitants of the house returned as before, set about repairing the damage, and there was no reoccurrence.

The mystery then lies in why any discarnate—if it be such—should have the capability of working the upset for a limited period, or why it should have selected the Lebegue home in this instance for its manifestation, or gotten bored with the effects it was causing and gone elsewhere.

Poltergeists, or "mischievous spirits", have been known up through civilized times as either children or aberrant persons out of organism who have found it possible from their dimensions of Time and Space to exercise material force on objects in our three-dimensional world. Whether this force is magnetic is debatable, inasmuch as it can affect materials that do not respond to electromagnetic impulses—such as wood or china.

But the proposition advances itself, if by "taking thought", people themselves in organism in this dimension can project from their minds thought materializations—such as objects whose contours can be ascertained by such an instrument as Cameron's Aurameter—why could it not be possible for such thought-forms to contain energy of themselves and perform acts from the invisible that are less effective merely because the human eye cannot see them?

If a thought-form, for instance, took the shape of a completely organized or assembled steam engine, could it not pull a rope that overturned a table and the table respond even though thought-form engine and rope were not discernible? . . .

It is something to think about in connection with Thought Forms.

JONES was proudly exhibiting his art treasures to a friend "who had known him when" . . .

"See this exquisite big jar? You know how much that cost me? Just for that one jar I paid \$1,200."

The friend was impressed. "But what on earth did you do with all the marmalade?"

"MARCHING SPIRES"



The Stories of the Thirteen Civilizers

DO YOU remember the unique magazine "Little Visits with Great Americans", published under the Soulcraft auspices in 1941? It had run to something like 40 numbers when the Recorder was prohibited from furnishing further manuscripts. But two volumes of numbers had been collected and bound under the titles of *Bright Trails* and *Cabin Smoke* . . . The third volume was about to appear under the title of *Marching Spires* when the Soulcraft work went into holiday. Now 340 copies of *Marching Spires* have been completed in deluxe burgundy bindings and are available to those who want to make their shelf of Pelley Writings as complete as possible.

There are 340 copies of this book now available, \$4 done in leatherette: . . .

Soulcraft Press, Inc.

T h e P A Y O F F

A MAN applied for job as driver for a drygoods house. References were demanded. He turned the matter over in his mind and finally sought out a brother driver at the place that had last employed him. This teamster was willing to help the jobless one get the employment. His letter of recommendation said—

"Sirs: This is to let you know that Bill McGinnis worked for this other firm four months. His honesty was proven again and again. He was arrested nine times for stealing in them four months and every time he was acquitted."

A FARMER, making his first visit to New York, came out of Grand Central Terminal to the rush and roar of 42nd Street. Standing bewildered, he risked his neck in the traffic to accost the policeman, who happened to be having his hands full.

"Officer, officer," the rural one interrupted, "I want to go to Central Park."

"Do you?" said the officer, "well, you can go this time. But don't you ever ask me again."

THE REAL estate salesman was holding forth on the health of the district where he was trying to sell a house. "I tell you, sir, the death-rate is lower in this suburb than anywhere else for miles around."

"Shouldn't wonder," said the sour customer. "Anybody who'd be found dead in the place oughta have his brains examined."

THE CLERGYMAN demanded of the proud father, "You've named your new baby son Percy Montmerency Oswald McShaddie? Why on earth give the poor little tad any such name?"

"It's this way," said the father, "I always wanted a son who'd grow up to be a prizefighter. I figure that with any such name as that, he will!"

THE EDITOR demanded, "You mean to tell me you wrote this poem yourself?"

"Yes, sir," said the other. "Every word of it."

"Glad to meet you, Edgar Allan Poe. I thought you died in 1849."

30 Bound Copies

of Volumes I and II of VALOR are available to those Soulcrafters who desire unbroken files of the publication from the beginning.

They are not dog-eared returned copies but issues set aside for binding as printed. They have been bound, 26 issues to the book, in blue covers, with title on back edge done in goldleaf.

These first two volumes are priceless as mementoes They cost \$7.50 per volume--Two for \$15.00 in a set

Order filled as received. If number available has been sold, remittance will be returned

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

CITY EDITOR Chapin of the old New York World held a reputation for hard-boiled irascibility. Reading what he thought was an inane story turned in by a reporter he had never liked anyhow, he went into a dither when the man appeared in answer to his summons.

"I never read such a piece of tripe!" he raged. "You ought to be back in the grammar school writing Friday afternoon compositions. In fact, any reporter who'd take up a newspaper editor's time with this drivel, has something wrong with his

brains. I'm not only firing you for being non compos mentis, I'm firing you for being just plain crazy!"

The editor turned and resumed work. The discharged man got his money from the cashier, headed straight to the Psychiatric Ward of Bellevue, paid to have an examination and got an official certificate of perfect sanity. He brought it back to Chapin.

Chapin read it and deflated. "Now," said the reporter, "you get one."



PAUL REVERE RODE HIS NIGHT RIDE JUST ONCE

TIME WAS, when the perturbed American patriot, sensing that his home or liberties were in hazard, "flew to arms"—as the saying has it. The smooth-bore musket on pegs above the fireplace was as much a part of the furnishings of the American home as the spinning-wheel or churn. No permit was required to own that musket. Strangely enough, by the way, history doesn't record any widespread tendencies on the parts of individual Americans to grab said muskets promiscuously and use them to liquidate personal enemies.

Today, without being cynical, looking squarely at the world scene as well as the current American scene, the perturbed patriot who senses his home or liberties in hazard, doesn't fly to arms. He flies to pen and ink.

ITS AFTER the specifications of indignant human nature to relieve the pressure of emotions resorting to something physical. The colonial patriot relieved the pressure of emotions—as he did the night that Paul Revere came galloping in from Charlestown with news that the British were coming ashore—by grabbing for the fireplace musket and the King's troops with black powder and slugs. A less primitive culture of today permits of no musket over the fireplace, so to get the same emotional relief from intolerable encroachments on liberties, men buy so-called linotype slugs instead of musket slugs and shoot them into the air in a continual series of Lexington Greens