

Valor

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

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Number 15



LINCOLN'S REACTIONS

to His Own Passing . .

"IT IS scarcely necessary to allude to the manner of my death, as that is well-known to the public. The feelings that attended my 'taking off' affect me even now. There is something truly awful to the spirit, in being called from the scene of active life without a moment's warning, without opportunity to bid adieu to friends, to embrace long-tried companions—with not one brief moment afforded for settling affairs of life and transacting necessary business before a final departure from the Shores of Time. Mine was truly a sublime and awful exit."

(over)

" ——— *A New Birth of Freedom
and that this Nation, under God, may not perish
from the Earth.* "

Thus began the opening statement of a voice that was apparently Abraham Lincoln's, spoken in the presence of the mediumistic Mrs. S. G. Horn of Philadelphia, back in 1876, which caused no small sensation throughout the country when published along with a number of other attestments of celebrated folk under the title, *The Next World Interviewed*. The volume has since become exceedingly rare. Accepting the authenticity for what it may or may not be worth, the words themselves are significant as it is now well-known that Lincoln during his life belonged to no orthodox church but was vitally interested in Spiritualism as it was then propounded. Moreover, it is reliably known as well that the entity obviously recognizable as Old Abe materialized constantly at certain psychical sittings in Detroit in the closing 1920s whenever the late Henry Ford was present. Lincoln gave constant counsel to the great motor car manufacturer in the conduct of his extensive affairs.

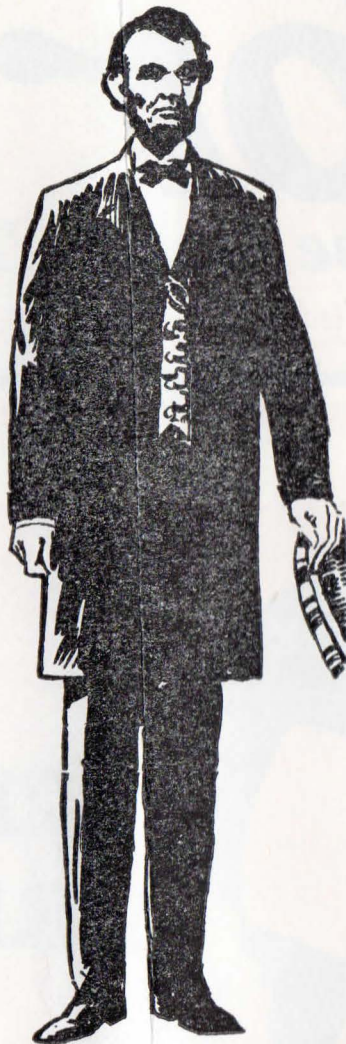
But to go on with the Lincoln statements made to Mrs. Horn and her group—

"Mine was truly a sublime and awful exit, I say. Not that I was entirely unprepared. I had long felt that a dark cloud overhung my sky. I had forebodings of some dark, undefined calamity awaiting me. I felt it when I entered that theatre in Washington . . .

"SOME morbidly pious individuals, who undertake to think for the good Lord, have considered my assassination as a judgment upon me for visiting a playhouse, but they will discover when they reach This Port, as a good clergyman remarked concerning the recent great disaster at the Brooklyn Theatre, that it matters not if a man leave for his Eternal Home from a theatre or from a church, *providing he be prepared for the journey*.

"I was prepared, inasmuch as I believed that every public officer should hold his life in his hand, ready to lay it down in the nation's service, and from the moment that it was revealed to me that I was chosen to release the slave from bondage, from that moment I felt that I was foredoomed. Yet I was willing that my life should be sacrificed for that necessary accomplishment.

"ON THAT fatal night which ended with my life's tragedy, when



I must have slumped, mortally wounded in that theatre, and after a few moments of anguish—a brief time of mental despair followed by soul-unconsciousness—I awakened to find myself in what the earth terms Spirit-form, and to realize that I was being crowned with a wreath of laurels by no less a hand than Washington's, and that I was surrounded by an innumerable company of which no man could remember? Whereupon I next heard grand vibrations of the most celestial music surging through the air, filling my soul with an ecstatic bliss beyond mortal comprehension. Next a great weight seemed lifted indescribably from my heart, and I experienced a happiness I had not felt for ten long years.

"Residents of this Next World, I now know, are intimately connected with mortals, how intimately I never realized until I became a resident of it myself. Then I found that inhabitants of a realm that is anything but shadowy—as the earthly ignorant think of it—were

perfectly familiar with my life, and under the direction of a wise power they had raised me from obscurity and elected me to be the Liberator of the southern slaves. They had foreseen the dangers which encompassed me and had used every effort to notify me of the plot in preparation, to take my life. They had warned me again and again through mediums *and through my own clairvoyance*. They knew the danger but failed to avert it . . ."

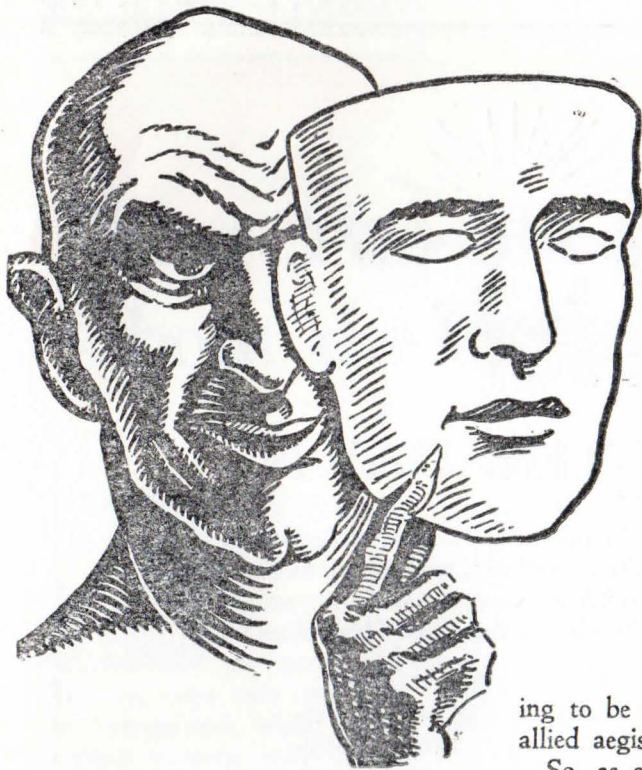
IN EXPLANATION of this last circumstance, some fifty years after the Horn communication, Lincoln purported to make himself known to the editor of VALOR and rationalize the Ford Theatre tragedy. By the time of these New York communications in the 1930s, Old Abe's Eternal Memory had awakened within him to the extent that he declared the Booth assassination "as something he, Lincoln, had coming to him," giving as his reason that he had shot a man in a previous incarnation and the karma had to be cleared. He did not state specifically that it had been John Wilkes Booth whom he had shot.

"My higher friends," Lincoln goes on in the Horn communications, "had seen the long train of evils that would follow the emancipation of the Negroes, blighting the fair South and producing temporary destruction to effect a future state of progress.

"But, such we find, is the order of life! The field must be mowed down before it can grow another and better kind of grain. A plantation looks bare and unsightly when the white cotton has been stripped from the pod and sent off to the looms. But it returns again in the form of a beautiful fabric which will clothe multitudes. So I believe it will be with the South. She is like a stripped plantation now, but she will receive benefits untold in the form of new energy and freedom from debasing tyranny. It shall no longer be North and South, but one people. The Northerners must help the Southerners rebuild their factories, lay their railroads and strive in every way to aid them in reconstructing their fallen fortunes . . .

"I WISH to say a few words about my wife . . . it has given me a great grief to see her treated as a person men-

(Continued on Page 11)



What Stalin, Former Bank Bandit, Did . .

ing to be the best-off people under any allied aegis.

So, as soon as 1945 hostilities ended, here's what the Master-Mind of the Kremlin did—



SUPPOSE we take Russia's behavior in Germany and analyze why, at the beginning of 1953, there is every indication of the complete failure of the

Communist program in Germany. Unless the colossal stupidity of the Russians is understood—in their dealings with other nations—the internationalist propaganda will make us continue to regard them as supermen. As well talk of Mexicans being supermen!

In the first place, the Germans, east or west, had always been citizens of a great industrialized nation, with one of the highest standards of living in the world. By hour-to-hour exhibits of temperament they were, in their mechanical ingenuities, the Henry Fords of Europe. The Russians, on the other hand, had the lowest standard of living of any people in Europe and absolutely no mechanical knowledge. A grindstone, to thousands of them, was a complicated piece of mechanism.

Well, the pro-Russian Crowd in the White House handed 18,000,000 eastern Germans to the Kremlinites on a silver platter. These 18,000,000 Germans were going to have the celestial state of Communism demonstrated to them. The Russians believed they could not only make enthusiasts for Marxism out of these people, but show them how they were go-

HE STARTED taking over and dismantling 200 of the largest industrial plants in East Germany. Among them, as reported in VALOR last week, was the Ziess Optical Plant at Jena, the Meissen porcelain factory, as well as textile, paper, and other fabricating industries. Americans heard of this happening and visualized the Stalinites capturing rich industrial booty for free transfer into the Soviet Union. Following the American trend of mind, this picture of what was happening included a careful, piece-by-piece transport of all the machinery and equipment of these factories to waiting structures in the Soviet Union. No American paused to wonder about the buildings that might be erected and ready to receive all this equipment. The average American saw only the Soviets going into the East German zone, loading the stuff onto freight cars, and hauling it over the border, deep into the heart of Bolshevia where buildings were ready to receive it, belting it up to power and starting manufacturing with it in Russia's interest.

The truth of the matter was, that Russia had no such buildings—being an agricultural and not a mechanical nation—and furthermore her railroads were of different gauge than those of Germany. Every piece of machinery—the Ziess plant was 70 percent dismantled—that

was loaded on freight cars, had to be hauled to the borders of Poland, then, if it was going to be of any practical benefit to the Russians, transferred onto other freight cars of the Russian gauge. For transport *where?* Is anyone so naive as to suppose that broken-down and impoverished Russia, that couldn't provide shelter for her impoverished peasants, had miles upon miles of up-to-date and modern factories ready to receive all this delicate machinery, built to exact size and all set for the immediate utilization of that equipment the moment the trains pulled into its freight yards?

No! Russia began dismantling the East German plants, loading the stuff on narrow-gauge German cars, and shipping it toward Bolshevia. The moment the roadbeds altered gauge, the stuff was summarily dumped overside. Russia didn't even have the proper goods-cars to receive it. But tons on tons of priceless machinery was unloaded off the German goods-cars and stacked along the railroad rights of way—meaning it was piled or scattered any old way in Polish or Russian fields, some of it covered, most of it left uncovered, to deteriorate and rust in the Polish-Russian weather. It is there at this moment! On the other hand, the lighter-weight and more sensitive machinery in crates, was simply *thrown* overside. No buildings were ready to receive it. It was merely hauled out of East Germany and forgotten . .

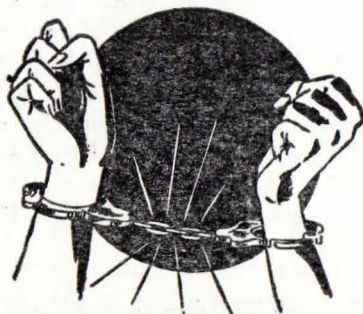
THIS roughshod dismantling went on for about a year until it dawned on the stupid Russians that none of this was profiting the Soviets in the slightest, while the loss to the wrecked German industrial plants was great. East German citizens had no ways of making their living, and taking away their plants to decorate the rights of way along Bolshevik railroads left the Soviets only with the

problem of feeding the resultant workless German millions.

So, it is reported, one Dr. August C. Clodius, a renowned German trade expert, was located, who argued the Soviets into seeing the wisdom of halting such wholesale sabotage and starting up what plants remained untouched on a basis of the Russians getting 50 percent of the resultant revenue and the East Germans 50 percent. They formed what was called "mixed companies", for the exploitation of the occupied territories. According to Clodius' plan, thousands of shops that had been earmarked for dismantling could continue to operate, but with the new owners, officially, the Soviet State.

The management of these "mixed companies" was located at Weissensee, near Berlin. And they employed something like 300,000 German workers. To guard and "supervise" these conquered Germans, 100,000 Red soldiers and Commissars were brought in, and "commissions" affected to run the works in typical Marxist style.

Imagine placing 100,000 farmers and dumb "secret" police over 300,000 expert German technicians! The East Germans quickly came to hate the Russians with an ungovernable hatred. This was especially aggravated by the 100,000 police soldiers and kommissars living like an aristocracy on these skilled Germans. They comprised a class of their own, prohibited from mixing with the local population, enjoying luxuries they had never dreamed of at home. If this was the "celestial" state of Communism and the paradise of the proletariat, the Germans failed to see it.



And all the time this asinine performance was going on in East Germany, the West Germans under the Americans and British were being allowed to go ahead and operate their undismantled plants with their customary Teuton efficiency. The fact of the matter was, that instead

(Continued on Page 10)



I AM THE DAWN

THE NIGHT has run its calm and up from restless foam
High leap the shafts of anthem-glory known as Dawn,
Upon the massive citadels of mansion-cloud
When silence of all void has fled, New Day comes born!

I pause at ocean's spread, upon old sands of Time
To there absorb the grandeur of this birth of day,
Which comes again to consciousness, to Peace Within,
And sweeps earth's tiny scores from discord-hearts away.

Vast fields of purple iris, bloom here by the sea,
Windswept and kissed by Eon's lips with scented dew,
From heaven's harvest of the clouds and storms and suns
Shall I not dance in windrows, flowered bright, like you?

I feign would know these secrets held by flower and flame,
Would let the cheek of Spirit caress this soul of mine,
To be absolved by restfulness and peace complete,
To perfect love and lore, mine intellect resign . . .

All thoughts, all knowing, gained from earthborn sense,
O lift me, Light of Day, to choirs supreme above,
That riotings of colors may sing their hymn of praise,
And hymns and hues and light-shafts make the score of Love.

Why should this sense-torn breast such zenith-hunger know,
This famine vast, above all climbing pulse of thought,
This great, enveloping, exulting thirst-desire
That yearns beyond this mountained glory Dawn has brought?

What do I here, indeed, 'mid iris in the Dawn,
Are human hearts, too, colors edging flowered seas?
Do patterns of all petals lift in Choir Sublime
Though some should sing from stalks and some from human knees?

No! . . . I to earth may, of holy choice, fling back
All baubles of this flesh and wing my flight,
I, of these earthy, have the gift of Time to use,
I have the eyes that Will may quicken, to greet Light!

Yea, Night has gone with void and up from rocking wave
Strong shafts of Splendor leap to scream the Dawn!
I come of choice, my Father's majesty to serve,
I AM THE DAY, that in Eternity is born!

WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

What You Should Know about the Age of Chivalry . .



VERY little while you encounter a person who bemoans the cheapness and shallowness of our present culture and sighs for the good old days of Chivalry, when men had more "respect" for womanhood, when women made a business of being ladies first and female mortal creatures second, when fine deeds were glorified and life moved in a simpler and blunter pattern. Of course nothing is said about lack of bathrooms and toilets back in those halcyon days, of drafts in the castle o' nights that made morning arising an icy ordeal, of household filth heaved generally in the public streets, of both black and white plagues, and all the rest of the social discomfitures that marked an elemental stage of society.

At present, Emily Post counsels all "gentlemen" when sauntering forth on the public streets with any reasonable specimen of the so-called Fair Sex, that the former should always give the lady the inside of the walk. People who do not know how this bit of manners originated, think that it must be a generous gesture for the man to take the side nearest the road in order to offer himself as first target for runaway horses or autos with broken steering-gears, and protect the Dainty Feminine from the dangers of road traffic.

All the best historians in these customs, however, declare that gentlemen started this sacrificial position when sauntering abroad with a feminine companion, to protect her, not from the menaces of the road but from the menaces of the air. In Ye Goode Olde Days before some benefactor of civilization invented the septic tank, the average medieval household had a pleasing little practice of opening the front chamber

windows and heaving all slops into the street below.

Underneath all society's crudeness in such matters, however, we must admit that a somewhat higher social code was practiced otherwise. Ideals operated closer to the surface of humanity's activities than they appear to do today.

Crude of mold though those distant forebears of ours were in cases, yet they preserved and sent down to posterity a candor of character that wins plaudits.

We are told that the world once knew an Age of Chivalry.

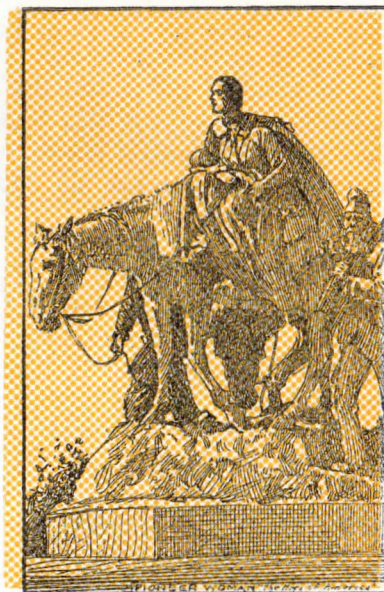
What precise thing is meant?

THE AGE of Chivalry was an age of reasoning greater than today, strange as the assertion sounds in the light of modern learning. Men reasoned simply, it is true. But none the less they reasoned. And the reason that they reasoned is not hard to find.

Humankind today has largely discarded the practice of Reasoning in favor of Imitating. It gets its pleasures vicariously. It works in mass production—which is employing another man's reasoning who heads a great enterprise. If it wants entertainment, it does not bend muscle and sinew in physical contest. It watches a spectacle and gets pleasure—and what profit it can—in living the experiences of the participants in imagination only. It imitates the story of behavior in story-book or dramatic characters in the mirrors of its own fancying upon the screen.

It enters into nothing tacitly itself excepting its own worries.

Thousands of men roared in wildest approbation when Babe Ruth knocked a homer over yonder fence. They do not give the slightest thought to the fact that the reason they roar is because it indulges



them in a secret complex left over from boyhood on the sand-lot diamond to do exactly that thing themselves and be acclaimed by their companions.

The result of this piebald exuberation of activities is, that man in the main has become a circumscribed animal. He is taught not to think, for the trend of the age—mainly encouraged by the forces in control of agencies of publicity—is away from all thinking.

Thinking would stop men from being human machines in an age of mass production. Thinking would halt the pernicious practice in politics and government of permitting a megalomaniacal five percent of our population securing an economic ascendancy over the other ninety-five percent.

And so thoughts are censored, or at least held to a minimum.

The student of cosmic behavior is aware that this produces a race of mental pigmies. Individuality is crushed. Man must be considered as a unit in the State, whether or no he enjoys it in his spirit.

This being true, it follows that periodically the Godhood in him rebels.

He wants action—old-time action—the tilt of lance and clang of shield, the following into battle behind glittering banners, the joy of combat, the exercise of the physical self wedded to a conscious realization of why he so behaves in any given campaign or contest.

The trend of the present day is not away from war, no matter how hysterical

cally the forces urge it so as not to be obliged to go themselves.

The trend of the present day is away from the kind of war that kills a man by a bullet that arrives unseen, or a gas-cloud that permits him no opportunity to strike back.

WE OF the present think of the Age of Chivalry as a time of fair damsels rescued from distress by knights in heavy armor, of tiltings in lists, of following leaders who led in their persons, of the pledging of vows and the hurling of challenges, all the panoply of heraldry that gave color to existence. Existence was, perhaps, too colorful. It is painted in hues too extreme for acceptance, in case after case. The rhyme—

The knights are dead,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust! . . .

—is the picture of an age when mankind lived hard, fought straight and in the open, scorned chicane, loved vigorously, hated royally, and withal made a pretty picture of an order of society not without its merits.

It is because that we of today are creatures of habit and increasing government mendicancy, that we turn our eyes fondly toward the days of chivalry, not because life was any better then, or because there is not an equal demand for gallantry on earth at present.

From every angle of Cosmos comes this shouted assurance—

The one-time Age of Chivalry is coming back in a purer and better form than the world has ever known!

IT IS coming back at a speed exactly proportionate to man's awaking to his stupidities at letting himself be used as the dupe of racial exploitation and the tool of machine production.

These things move in cycles. Mankind thinks and acts in cycles. Ages of great industrial activity are always followed by times of spiritual distress and apathy.

Spiritual apathy in turn produces a metamorphosis of character that turns man back to his Lost Beginnings, sends him back for his social cues, and generally makes him realize that it behooves him to examine wherein he departed from spiritual rectitude.

A great teacher has said rightly that

as the soul of man thinks, so moves the nation of which he is the unit.

Over the past three generations, the soul of man in America confined its thinking to industry and acquiring personal riches. The United States became the world's outstanding nation commercially in consequence.

Again and again, however, the Mentors who sit above humanity and contrive at times to communicate speech and counsel to those capable of hearing them literally, emphasize the following: "We tell you that a Rebirth of Chivalry is coming upon you!—not as fair tilt of Love and War, not even carnage in the better sense, but carnage perished and the soul of man allowed to grow and expand upon its own efficiencies, not at the instigations or corrections of its neighbors!"

We of the present day are exercised in our hearts at the general dullness and inaptitude of our so-called leaders. We are appalled by the dearth of great statesmen, social champions who truly counsel us with no racial or personal axes to grind, arbiters of moral destinies who keep us supplied with visions making us to expand in our lives and renew our perspectives on the times and their trends.

But even as we deplore our missing leadership, so are we preparing our lives for a rebirth of all of the chivalrous instincts! And its coming is not so far off as some think.

Great programs of mystical instruction are being made plain to us. But greater than the exposition of any mere tenet, doctrine, or sublime elucidation, no matter how popular, no matter how sordid to those who cling blindly to orthodox notions, is the stupendous fact of the regeneration of the human race in temporary fires of social prerequisites.

People see themselves armed against the alien, who comes to them threaten-

ing them, compromising them with this or that financial or political strategy, upsetting their racial complacencies. Great social tumults are rife indeed. Those who sit on the Vantage-Points look upon a world hacked with strife into the doldrums, poisoned with many artifices as to the true intent of this or that people in national affairs.

But they preach a mightier sermon.

They say that humankind never stood upon the threshold of a mightier Golden Age than that which is being ushered in with all this chicane and concernment, these strivings, these misunderstandings and even moral putrefactions.

A great stench pervades the earth today—from a carrion over which men struggle as bedraggled vultures. It is the carrion of a set of social standards that have well-nigh wrought their own destruction. The corpse of economic greed, animal appetites in industry, is a corpse indeed. But mankind will not recognize that it is quite dead and ought, in the interests of moral health and the weal of nation, to be buried.

Do not misunderstand. This is no counsel here to the absurd claim that mankind has already overturned all the institutions that ought to be overturned in the interests of his spiritual pocket-book and treasure-chest of the moral scruples. Mankind has as yet overturned very little.

But mankind is learning through suffering of a most peculiar sort that he has surfeited himself with inanimate luxuries, unorthodox machineries, involatile and disgusting lecheries upon his civic body in the matter of the conscienceless gunman, the racketeer, the scheming politician, the statesman who is mere stooge for the Dark Racial Element in humanity.

Until man is ready to have done with these by swinging out of his orbit of vicarious acceptances—or the practice of having everything done for him even to his recreation and his thinking—he will continue to suffer that prostitution of intellect that manufactures a prostitution of his armors of righteousness.

Say the Mentors again: "We tell you to be prepared for another Age of Chivalry by becoming chivalrous in the higher sense of the personal lives you are living as souls in mortality. By higher sense we mean the individual acting and par-



(Continued on Page 15)



Saucer-Man Talked with Californian, Says Meade Layne



SAUCER episode, seemingly too incredible to be fabricated by persons of repute, comes from southern California under date of November 28, 1952, sponsored by Borderline Science Research Associates, Meade Layne, director. The story summarized, first appeared, it is reported, in the *Phoenix (Ariz.) Gazette*, under date of November 24, 1952, written by one Len Welch.

"Its principals are four Arizonians," this story declares, "a Valley Center, California Professor, his secretary and another woman, both from Valley Center. The Arizonians are: George Williamson, 25, of Prescott, a Federal employe; Mrs. Williamson, a medical technician; A. C. Bailey, a railroad employe, and Mrs. Bailey. In addition to these, the group included Miss Alice K. Wells and Miss Lucy R. McGinnis of Valley Center, and Professor George Adamski.

"The party had driven to a point about 10 miles east of Desert Center, and stopped for a picnic lunch. At 1:30 a large cigar-shaped object was sighted, moving eastward at great speed or at times motionless. It disappeared only to return in five or six minutes.

"Professor Adamski then set up a telescope at an advantageous point about a mile and one-half distant from the rest of the party. About two hours later, he relates, a Saucer—or disc—landed about a quarter-mile distant and he took several exposures of it.

"It was about 20 feet in diameter, translucent, with a silver finish, port holes, and three ball bearing devices underneath. It hung about three to four feet off the ground.

"Adamski then saw someone motioning to him from a nearby elevation and he walked toward that person. The man

'spoke some English' and also something that sounded like Chinese. He appeared to be about 23 years old, round of face, tan or ruddy of complexion, with grey-green eyes and long, sandy hair. He wore red-brown slipper-like shoes, pants tied around the ankles and a brown jacket.

"ADAMSKI asked, 'Is this your ship?' The visitor nodded. 'Is it interplanetary?' Adamski asked next. Again the visitor nodded. 'What is your purpose here?' The visitor seemed to understand and pantomimed with his arms to show mushroom-shaped cloud (was he having reference to an atom-bomb cloud?) . . . He further pantomimed, at any rate, to show great concern about such cloud. Adamski wanted to enter the disc, apparently the space-man refused permission. The visitor described the first cigar-shaped craft as a mother-ship and said that he came from it. He said that he came from another planet but gave no indication which planet. He indicated that the mother-ship hung suspended about 500 miles up, that it could be reached in a few seconds. He refused to allow 'any pictures of personalities right now' . . . but he shook hands with Adamski, climbed into his disc and took off. Adamski had noted 'a young boy or young woman' peering out of one of the port holes. The visitor repeatedly indicated that his footprints had some significance, and Adamski later took plaster casts of them.

"Other members of the party, at a distance, saw a flash of light at the time of the take-off of the saucer. The account agrees in essentials with other reports of close-up observations of landed discs and of humanlike occupants."

BSRA was careful to emphasize in first reports of the landing that they did not guarantee the correctness of any

statement in the *Gazette* article, but Layne in a bulletin to BSRA members stated that photographs, casts of footprints and corroborative statements of the whole party appeared to make an unusually good case.

What gives weight to the whole narrative, however, is a lengthier release of a BSRA document, 1-B-53, being transcription from stenographic notes taken at Palomar Gardens, January 3, 1953, with about a dozen professional and scientific people present, the conversation lasting some three hours, and Adamski and Williamson being quizzed among others by Sgt. Baker of the Air Force, Dr. Scott Nearing, writer and economist, and Meade Layne himself. Especially is the space-man's understanding of English taken up.

This document, consisting of 12 pages of closely spaced type, VALOR does not feel free to quote from, it being a private BSRA transcript for members only, or for those who purchase it from the Associates. VALOR's copy was supplied by Dr. Layne. But it relates some startling incidents, among them the landing of 32 men from a saucer in Nevada, who entered a desert restaurant and ate a meal. It is claimed that the Pentagon in Washington is acquainted with this incident. Oddly enough, this number for a saucer crew coincides with the crew size described in the Scully book. Scully it is reported, by the way, is entering heavy damage suits against *True Magazine* for libeling his veracity in his controversial volume.

VALOR readers who have special interest in the Saucer investigation that BSRA is making can undoubtedly get upon their mailing list for these reports by sending such donations as they feel free to make toward the work of the Associates, addressing them to Dr. Meade Layne, 3524 Adams Avenue, San Diego 16, California.

Dr. Layne's statement respecting its cost was as follows—

"We have not made a fixed charge for this brochure but have asked associates to contribute something toward the cost of getting it out."

A \$3 charge for this particular brochure would be reasonable in VALOR's estimation. It is a valuable contribution to the growing saucer data but only to those particularly interested.

The episode is worth investigation.

Valor

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Studied Risks

IT IS too early to determine which world interests are dictating the Asiatic Situation, but VALOR is by no means ready to identify President D. D. Eisenhower as the willing tool of those interests as President Franklin D. Roosevelt so distinguished himself, almost as soon as he had ascended into office. There is little of Roosevelt's oily duplicity in Eisenhower. He would have a hard job to dissemble so that he fooled the American masses overlong—granted he were inclined to fool them. He has a forthrightness and a candor that are already registering, that registered most to date in his first address to the Congress. True, he seems to be about as badly crossed up on the United Nations thing as he could be, but perchance he knows more about its progeniture than we give him credit for knowing.

The point that should engage us more than it does, is *Britain's* reactions to Eisenhower's policies. The veteran analyst can value whether we have drawn a good or a bad President by the points on which Downing Street takes issue with him. Britain has by no means abandoned her hoary Divide-and-Rule policy. What the astute observer should watch is, who is Britain dividing now in order to rule? And what is her overall objective?

Too many of us get lost in the bo-constrictor hypnosis of the Handlebar Moustaches and fail to keep track of what's happening out of the British Foreign Office.

Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden declared this week that Britain fears that

Ike's deneutralization of Formosa "will have unfortunate political repercussions without compensating military advantages." Likewise he declared that "the British government hopes the United States has no intention of allowing the neutralization policy to go by the board."

What can this gobbledygook mean, translated?

May VALOR readers be pardoned if they conclude it means that Great Britain is the greatest supplier of armaments to the Red Chinese—on our foreign aid funds—and doesn't want its profitable commerce in that line upset. That this supply of armament reaches Maio Sei-Tung through Russia is neither here nor there—the chances are that it does not. British or neutral ships tie up at the Southern China's Red docks and unload the stuff that promptly goes northwest to slaughter American boys from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Kansas . . . all in the name of international trade. As a matter of fact, anyone who knows the transportation systems out in that part of the world—as VALOR's editor



does by having ridden over them with U. S. courier dispatches in his belt in World War I—recalls that there is no network of railroads to take munitions to the Chinese-Korean front in such tremendous quantities that they stand off the American armies to past and present extents. It has to come in through Hong Kong and other southern ports, and the Seventh Fleet under Truman saw to it that nothing interfered with this Luciferian shipping in the name of British income.

Eden is evidently telling Ike in diplomatic yak-yak that he'd better watch his step in shutting off that traffic or he'll be throwing Britain into the perimeter of Russia. Despite all the United States has done for Britain, she's already closer in to Russia's perimeter than she's within

our own. The British Foreign Office and traditional policies work that way.

This would seem to be the real studied risk that President Eisenhower is taking. As for his personal attitude toward United Nations, did you catch his heavy reference to that international body by its absence? Eisenhower addressed the Congress on what *we* were going to do, not what we were going to do through United Nations. That omission was terrifically significant and may forecast a policy.

However, throwing Britain into Stalin's perimeter carries its irony in lieu of the fact that Soviet Russia, by all the signs, is now breaking up. Having Britain in his perimeter would alienate the whole Arabic world and hand Old Moustaches the *coup de grace*.

It's a pretty kettle of fish, no matter how you look at it—made so not by integrity to principle but by British traditional expediency.

However, it's not hard to discern what the sudden liberation of Chiang Kai-shek from Formosa is going to mean, with Britain stopped from landing her war wares on the South China coast in the Soviet interest. If Maio Sei-Tung has to pull out of Korea in a hurry, and up from South China in a hurry, his alternative field of operations must be west by so'west—which means pressure on the Indo China front and across Afghanistan toward Palestine.

What the Kremlin may do in its final desperate gamble to survive is on the knees of the gods, but at last Britain finds herself in a pincers movement, no matter which way she turns.

Try to conceive of an international world with the Soviets gone.

That's due to happen, and earlier than we think.

It well mean that international Britain—committed to her archaic policies in a cooperating world—may also find herself gone, along with troublesome little Israeli. Then what?

Then we have the West, meaning ourselves, aligned against the millions of Cathay and India, with both collapsing ultimately due to that fatal little item of industrial potential to maintain their armies in the field.

Actually, the risk Ike is taking is not so studied as one might think.

Let's give Ike all the breaks because, diplomatically, there's only one direction in which he can lead us—and that's up!

Queer Business



THE EDITOR of VALOR wishes it known that starting around midnight of December 31st-January 1st he became aware for the first time of distinct vibratory fluctuations that could not be explained. But they had constant reactions on himself and work at Soulcraft Headquarters amounting at times to almost negative hiatus on executive activity. The word hiatus comes from the Latin term *hiatus* and means "to gape"—an opening, a break with a part missing.

This odd influence has worked toward suspension of energy application, causing work of literary nature to be started that evidences little or no value warranting its completion. Again and again addresses and discourses for the electronic reels have been started, only to make their cumulative intelligence of little import. This sort of inertia has now been manifesting in increasing strength for the past 30 days. The Recorder decided that for some unexplained mystical reasons the Powers That Be did not wish further dissertations on current themes to be broadcast. Either that, or he was overloading his intellect and energy and his work in consequence was falling off in diligence or quality. Despite a certain loss of morale in the integration of the Soulcraft Sunday-night gatherings—when no new reels were forthcoming—this arcane condition has had to be faced.

Again and again psychical impressions seemed to be conveyed that the Editor-Recorder was being "warped" into some different line of personal activity, perhaps presaging basic alterations for the year. There has been neither "green light" nor "tailwind" approximating 1952's aspects of activity. Was it some subtle type of flu thus exercising? . . . little or no physical discomfiture has been felt beyond a most aggravating lethargy.

In the midst of all of it, the new book, *Something Better* has been biting hold of the national market in the most gratifying form, so much so that Headquarters has been hard put to it to underwrite the avenues of promotion woefully needing money to facilitate.

What is happening, and what can it portray? Have higher influences decided that enough esoteric doctrine has been transcribed and that from here on out

the great duty devolving on us is to get what has already been written, before the eyes of a wider public?

Try not to break ranks until the mystery is solved. If there is intent behind what is transpiring, it points to the fact that any great and sudden enlargement of the Headquarters staff at this time is frowned upon. Perhaps a test of a sort—of students—is under way, determining how much of that which has already been imparted has been appreciated at its value—and how Soulcrafters in general would react if they were required to go on with what they have already received.

At any rate, VALOR and a *Soulscript* will come out weekly, but if there is delay or confusion over other means of communication let it be set down to causes outside the temperamental intent or desires of Headquarters' workers. Astrologers are acquainting the Recorder with the fact that from now until July 11th, planets are moving into juxtapositions in his chart that will not happen again for 27 years, and their influences betoken the most fundamental alterations in the life of the nation and his relationship to it.

Certainly up the past 24 years no such mystical lethargy has ever been notable in this work. Some of it lends color to the following letter received from a writer by no means acquainted with the extent of the inertia upon the Recorder—

" . . . I did some rather heavy praying last night before the wonderful framed picture of the Elder Brother . . . and as I get answers many times in symbols, I wish to give them to you for what they may be worth . . . I saw you, Chief, grinding out chains between two massive stones, with great expenditure of effort. I said to you, 'Chief, you cannot grind those iron chains with stones.' You looked up at me, smiled, and said, 'These chains are not iron, they are gold, and the people want gold, so we will give it to them in plenty. Look at all these heaps of gold chains.' . . . 'Well,' I said, 'then there must be an easier way to do it than that.'

. . . You shook your head. 'No, we are required to do the job the hard way, that we may inject our love into the work, forgetful of self and the toil in so doing.'

. . . I get it that your needed supply will be forthcoming surely and suddenly, and that the load on the back of your neck will be lifted shortly. The chains which bind us to earth will be broken in the

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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.

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effort of service, even though it be in the hard way spoken of."

All of which is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

But an odd business, all of it.

What Stalin Did

(Continued from Page 4)

of stripping their country of mechanical equipment and leaving it to rust and rot just over the skyline, the Americans and British were pouring millions into the West Zone to "bring Germany back."

Stalin and the Kremlinites were "shown up" at every stage of the proceedings for the dunderheads and incompetents they were.

THIS SORT of thing has been going on for five years now. The Russians have succeeded in making an utter wreck of the whole East German industrial scene, whereas the West Germans have been brought back to economic normal. No East German plant of consequence has ever been transferred to Russia, set up, and caused to run efficiently to the profit of the Soviets. All is rubbish, rust, and chaos.

This mighty Soviet Government, that was advertised in the propaganda as being ready to overrun Europe at a stroke, couldn't even operate conquered East Germany efficiently. The result has been, that West Germany has come back industrially until it is the most dominant industrial unit on the continent today. And East Germany under the Reds is a shambles.

Something like 9,600,000 East Germans found ways of getting out of the Soviet paradise in the years immediately following the war. And they not only got profitable employment in Western Germany, they became the most active antagonists of Soviet Russia that existed on the continent.

WELL, after wrecking the industrial system of East Germany which had required two generations to construct, the Russians finally came to the conclusion first, that their methods were making Communism extremely unpopular among the eastern Germans, and second, that East Germany was really more of a liability than an asset. So what did the "smart guy" in the Kremlin do?

He started making new machinery in Russia, even buying machinery in prodigious quantities from other countries, to replace the machinery he had ripped out of East Germany and left to rust on the plains of Poland, so as to put the East German industry back into action.

Even mines in Eastern Germany, from which the Russians badly needed ore, were so senselessly stripped of their equipment—also left to rust in Poland—that they could not be worked. But as if this wasn't enough, it is reliably reported that the Russian-made equipment, supposed to supplant the ripped-up equipment, had been so wretchedly constructed or improperly installed that it was, to all intents and purposes, useless.

This is Sovietism in all its decay and incompetence—a system that never was supposed to work, but only to undermine and traduce the other countries of the universe.

But it is also the Sovietism that scares the Pentagon so badly that congressional appropriations amounting to the billions must be forthcoming to "combat" it.

VALOR has reliable information that a very large percentage of the 15,000 monthly refugees who have escaped Eastern Germany to get into the American sector are skilled workers, technicians, scientists, medical people, and civilians on a high IQ list. *Practically all the young and capable people who could get out of Eastern Germany, have come out.*

The Commies in Eastern Germany right now are desperate men. Their whole brutal and stupid system has proven to be a complete bust, and Gerhardt Eisler, whom VALOR's editor had the pleasure of fingerprinting in Washington Jail of a night in 1945, is being held accountable for the complete collapse of Marxist industry, now said to be on the purge list.

What is due to happen in the Germans, of course, is an early consolidation of East and West Germany, and the withdrawal of the tottering, blundering, incompetent Kremlinites—an industrially defeated nation.

Americans who "fall" for this "invincible Russia" stuff deserve precisely the disillusion they are due to get. A nation of serfs, working in piles of rubbish and offal, are merely serving international propaganda purposes as whipping-boys—but when the hoax is exposed, the American economy goes kapoot.

So faulty is the American economy that without a great program of military preparedness, American factories cannot run. Stalin and his moronistic crew are merely employed as the bogies to scare Americans into assuming they must have a 1941 military machine or Americans shall all be bombed in their beds.

It is time to revalue the whole of it. Russia has *not* stripped Germany, nor Poland, nor Czechoslovakia, to her invincible armament; she is a country of junk, filth, incompetence, and *neechevo!* . . . and when Americans find out they have been bilked—in all but diplomatic craft—the reaction must be painful.

President Eisenhower is not so naive nor ill-formed, that he does not know these facts.

Why does he not tell them to the American people?

Lincoln Speaks

(Continued from Page 2)

tally unbalanced in that she claims still to be in touch with me. Some thought that I too was not altogether 'right' because I had peculiar dreams and visions of things to come that unerringly matured, or visited mediums or allowed them to visit the Executive Mansion. I must inform these that those who scoff at such matters are far more insane than those who are convinced of them.

"If any cause could render a woman insane, the distressing events which attended and followed my sudden departure were sufficient to have made my wife so. But her belief in spirit communication held, and upheld and sustained her, and it was only through a misunderstanding of spirit-direction that she placed herself in a situation whereby she could have such a charge brought against her. However, we hastened to her rescue and inspired some receptive and noble minds to secure her release from a living tomb.

"I do not know that it is necessary for me to speak about the present difficulties of the country or to applaud General Grant's course, though I heartily do.

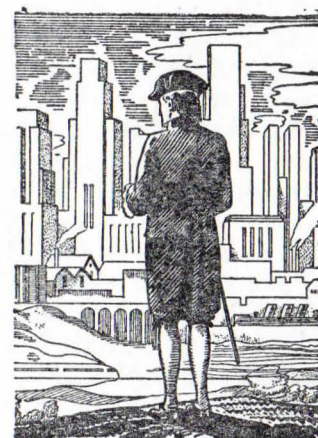
"IT IS possible to put this country back on its onward march of progress, but bad men will arise from time to time and hold office. It is *not* always

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possible to judge between a demagogue and a true lover of his country. One who makes the loudest assertions, swears the strongest, and promises the greatest—that one will naturally attract the ignorant.

"Boys will always turn from a rising sun to look at a bonfire!"

"I remarked when I was in the White

House, how much more show was made by the liveried servant than by his master. Grant, who seems so quiet and befogged behind the smoke of his cigar, is a perfect master of the situation. Do not force him to don the livery and make a harlequin of himself, as he would do if he followed the advice of the thousands who beset him. (Continued on Page 15)



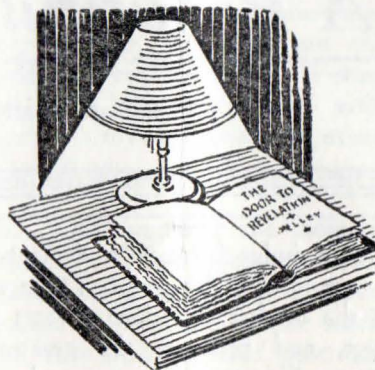
.. COGITATIONS

OCCASIONALLY I lean back in my easy-chair of a rainy evening at the Headquarters studio, light up my most mellow briar, and cogitate on the books I have written and under what conditions I wrote them. When I came back into Headquarters' activity in 1950 I sent out a circular on which I listed the titles of 100 books I had written in my so-called literary career, but only 30 of them have had book publication. Still, if ever you come to write 30 books in your own instance, you'll know you've tickled some typewriter-keys. The 70 titles that have not been printed as yet comprise not only the short and serial fiction for which I received hundreds of thousands of dollars from the New York magazines prior to publishing "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" but a long list of invaluable volumes that I wrote while in the confinement of one of Mr. Roosevelt's best federal hostilities for speaking unkindly of his personal relations with Uncle Joe Stalin. These latter repose in manuscript form in the proper safe deposit boxes, but someday they will be brought out and introduced into type. Many fine people have complimented me on the literary quality of *Road into Sunrise*, but that was only the least of the many manuscripts that perchance may never see print during my physical lifetime. I'll tell you about some of the others in a moment . . .

-oo-

THE FIRST book-length novel I essayed was *The Greater Glory*. In 1916 I'd done a "flash" piece of fiction for *The American* about an old lady typesetter in a Vermont newspaper of-

fic who'd sent six boys through college, every one of whom turned out to be a Gargantua in his particular line when he gained to manhood. Tom, the oldest, became editor of a great New York newspaper. The other five brothers all found jobs down the line that put their names in *Who's Who*. But in the press of worldly pursuits, they each forgot—as boys will—the gnarled-fingered mother up in New England, whose daily toil over a type-case had made it possible. But finally Tom was due to address a great audience of a Sunday night in the old New York Hippodrome on some patriotic project having to do with World War I, and the folks in the New England newspaper office thought it would be a swell idea to make up a purse and send Aunt Mary to Manhattan to listen to her boy's speech, without letting her gain an inkling of such speaker's identity ahead of time—not till he walked out on the stage. Then she could sit and listen to the boy she'd raised, addressing these thousands of New Yorkers and see herself as the beloved protagonist behind it all . . . Well, it came off, and the story was Aunt Mary's personal reactions when she listened to *her* boy talking to such a vast audience and telling these New Yorkers where they got off . . . and *The American Magazine* sold out on the newsstands that month to the



final copy because that story was in it. It was my first story in *The American*, just as "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" was my last, some 13 years later, and both cleaned out all copies of *The Amer-*

ican on the nation's newsstands. Then some weeks later, I happened to go to lunch with old John S. Phillips, head of Doubleday, Page & Company, the Garden City publishers. "Did you know," he asked me, "that if you'd expand that short story into a book-length novel you'd have a best seller?" . . . But with the orders for short stories I'd immediately received from all the New York publishers who'd heard about the newsstand success of "Their Mother" when would I have time to do the short opus into any book? I merely filed the suggestion away in my mind to let time handle it. Time handled it in a queer, queer manner . . .

-oo-

OF A WINTRY afternoon in 1918, in the U. S. Consulate in Irkutsk, Siberia, what should I see lying on the Consul's reading table but a copy of *The American* for the date in 1916 containing "Their Mother." The Consul was dispatching me that evening to Harbin, Manchuria, with a batch of Ambassador Francis' documents from Archangel to Consul-General Harris at Harbin, for inclusion in the diplomatic pouches for President Wilson. The trip was to consume 26 days through revolutionary Bolshevism in a goods-car, and I asked him if I might carry along that *American Magazine* to read en route. He graciously consented. But I didn't read it en route. I knew every word in it. I wanted it for blueprint in working out John Phillips' suggestion aboard ship on my way home. I came through 26 days of rampant Bolshevism unscathed, delivered my dispatches to Consul-Harris who arrived in his waggon-litz from Peking to meet me, won the plaudit of his saying when I came to depart for Vladivostok—"Mr. Pelley, you'll never know what you've done for your country", and eventually did find myself on the mighty Pacific with at least 20 days ahead of me with nothing to do but send day dreams across the skyline from a deck chair. I got out that *American Magazine* from my lug-

gaged, sat in my cabin for 18 of the 20 days, and pounded out manuscript. When I sailed into San Francisco's Golden Gate, I had "The Greater Glory" ready for the book publisher. . . But alas and alack, it only sold 7,000 copies . . . It only sold 7,000 copies because the one big sequence in it had been the remarks spoken by the New England clergyman over the remains of Tom Purse, Aunt Mary's husband, leaving her a widow with six small sons to raise, and people had gone nuts over that funeral sermon. However, the editor at Little, Brown & Company had deleted that sermon in the interests of shortening the book, and she'd wrecked the whole story. Fancy "Ben Hur" without the chariot race! Then, while the flop of "The Greater Glory" was rankling, for the reason aforesaid, Lee Brown of *People's Magazine* called me into his office one night and wanted me to write a review of a new book that had just appeared called "Main Street" by one Sinclair Lewis. He gave me a reviewer's copy of said book and expected the manuscript day after tomorrow. I took it home to my 7th Avenue Hotel, propped myself up in bed and began reading "Main Street" . . . I read ten chapters and then fired the volume against the wall—where it slid down behind the dresser opposite. "Main Street" was a subversive libel on the American people. And I knew the American people. I'd already done some hundred stories about them, in their lives in the average American small town—which had been the reason Lee Brown had given me such assignment. I called up Lee next morning and told him to use the copy of "Main Street"—that I was sending back unreviewed—for accommodation purposes in his office lavatory. I would write a book that would top "Main Street" and depict the American small town as it *was*. No funeral sermons but plenty of local color otherwise. . . Well, I got busy and wrote the manuscript on trains going back and forth to Hollywood, or in hotel writing-rooms at night. When I drew near the end, I took the manuscript up into an old New England house with snow to its eaves and typed it alone and personally, reading every line aloud to make certain of its euphony. Then I sent the completed manuscript to Little, Brown & Company, with the stipulation, "Delete nothing. Print as typed or send the

manuscript back." Little, Brown & Company deleted nothing excepting a reference in one paragraph to the title of a cook book. *The Fog* appeared in April of 1921 . . . It went into 17 printings of 5,000 copies each in as many weeks. This, in the publishing parlance of 1921, was a best seller. The thing that started it off being a best seller was its barring from the Chicago Public Library on account of its being "an immoral book." That jolted even its author. What was immoral about it? Not a lady in the story had taken off so much as an earmuff, let alone a bra or a step-in. The word came back that because it delineated the way a boy should *not* be brought up, by ignorant or stupid parents, it taught disrespect to elders. But it did sell *Fogs*. And people disagreed with the Chicago Public Library. They read into it all the stupidities their own fathers and mothers had exercised upon themselves. Anyhow, *The Fog* made me \$46,000 in some 26 weeks, with a British and Scandinavian edition that doubled it. Then I got \$12,500 for the movie rights, and another \$2,500 for supervising the movie script. You can buy a copy of it from Soulcraft Press right this moment for \$2. . . Hot on the heels of such success, I wrote *Drag* . . .

-00-

ONE SUNDAY morning I had decided to take an excursion boat ride up the Hudson to Newburgh just for the diversion of it. On the upper deck, watching the Palisades float past, I picked up a loose page of the old *Elks Magazine* containing an editorial, "How many Relatives Are You Supporting Who Should Really Be Fending for Themselves?" It had adhered to my boot heel on an upper deck. It started me thinking. I envisioned a New England lad who married a gal who brought all her relations to share her marriage. But in it I incorporated all the laughable incidents that had distinguished my own ten years as small town publisher. When I got to Newburgh I quit the boat, walked up to the Palatine Hotel and engaged a room. I set to work. Day after day I typed the story and two weeks later went back to New York with *Drag* under my arm . . . *Drag*, when published, sold 46,000 copies (strange how that figure 46 entered into all these literary transactions) and was presently sold to Warner-Brothers-First-National as the first all-

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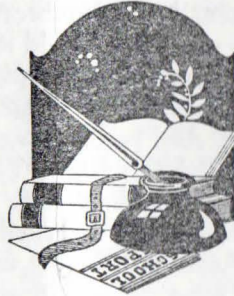
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Soulcraft Chapels

and what conditions they'll be required to comply with, it lies in my Indiana strong-box, just pencil-carbon on yellow paper . . .

WHEN WILL I ever be able to cast this mass of esoteric information in type . . . There's one manuscript of 678 pages, *Undying Mind*, that contains a digest of all the esoteric and psychical experiences that can come to mortals in life—which would prove a rich mine of information to those psychically distressed. There's *Pax Magna*, a treatise on international peace, that would startle the country if I could produce it precisely as written. There are 20 other volumes, all in embryo, because Soulcraft duties of the present deny me the leisure to put them in type. My writing revenue in 1930 was \$36,000 a year. I surrendered and relinquished it all to work for Soulcraft for \$22.50 per week—\$90 a month. Have I been justified in such sacrifice? *I most certainly have!* How are you going to estimate the worth of an effort that brings a letter from an unknown somewhere in the West, "This script that I read of yours the past week, stopped me from committing suicide. God bless you for the work you're doing." Right now I have to write begging letters to my friends, telling them how very much I desire \$600 to pay for a new mimeograph machine, and asking if they'll loan it to me. And once I could have bought 60 new mimeograph machines a year on my own earnings. "Mr. Pelley," said a lady metaphysician to me in Chicago in 1935, "you've got a great racket but you're too conscientious; you don't know how to work it." The point is, that I don't work any racket. I'm sincerely trying to keep people from suicide—and succeeding. Does that rate one new mimeograph or does it not? . . . Anyhow, I do relax with my pipe at times and meditate on the books I have written. When and how are my hundred thousands friends throughout America going to get them? What I need is a husky millionaire to take care of the anti-suicidal literature so I can concentrate on publishing these books. But then, maybe you already own a book. Then seven and a half years of producing new numbers goes for naught. That's the thought that flashes across my mind when I open my safe . . . Who cares about this stuff—excepting people who haven't read it? . . . —THE RECORDER

talkie novel ever presented on the screen. Dick Barthelmess played the role of David. And it introduced to the musical public the *Song of the Nile* that presently became a national song-hit. I got \$11,500 for the movie rights from Warners. In fact, that year, books and movies considered, I made \$70,000 . . . and only paid Uncle Sam \$2,400 income taxes. We had that kind of an American government in 1924 . . .

-oo-

OH WELL! . . . Locked up for daring to love my country and speak out against the Russophiles, I continued to produce books because I couldn't help it. I wrote 17 volumes of Lula-Day Indiana detective stories, continuing to glorify Americana, and eight to ten volumes of more serious fiction of which *Roads into Sunrise* was merely a sample. I wrote them lying on a prison bunk, with a pad of paper on my knees, pushing out each word from the tip of a sharpened pencil. And do you know the biggest work I produced between 1942 and 1950? It wasn't "Road into Sunrise". It was a

three-decker novel of 1800 pages called *Transfiguration*, that tells the story of a wealthy young scion of New England who made a fortune in the manufacturing of auto-starters up to 40 years of age. Then he was called to Colorado to hunt down his first wife from whom he'd been divorced, who'd fled into the Colorado mountains and become lost. Believing he could find her by psychical means, he went out to the Rockies and started climbing the mountain on which the ex-wife was last seen. With him he had his current wife's personal maid who was expected to care for the lost woman when found. They climbed to the top of a celebrated Colorado peak without finding the missing girl, when the hearts of both "gave out" on them. In other words, they "passed out" together. *The remainder of the book of 1800 pages is the narrative of what their experiences were in discarnation . . .* Of course I had all kinds of help in it from the Higher Side. But regardless of the fact that millions ought to read it, to know precisely what their sensations will be on making the Passing

Lincoln Speaks

(Continued from Page 11)

"A soldier is better with two legs, but if one has been cut off, he had better wear a wooden leg than none at all. The nation has lost one of its legs, the South is trying to take away its wooden one—that is, the black vote—and make it run on one.

"I tell you it will not run long."

FEBRUARY 12th we celebrate the Great Emancipator's natal day again. What does he think of his country now, up here in these pre-millennial years? It is known to only a little handful that the two-volume work *Nations-in-Law* contains more of his writing than that of any other one author.

Nations-in-Law has remained well-nigh in obscurity since its publication in 1938.

Don't be surprised if it should flare into prominence over night.

Not to be overly colloquial, Abraham Lincoln is still around. Henry Ford, during the later years of his career, was by no means the only one who had evidence of his presence . . .

Chivalry

(Continued from Page 6)

participating in life's dramas, entertainments, and civic and social responsibilities of every order. Today you earth people are all fearful of one another. You think you know one another by rubbing shoulders in the market places. Yet you have the small child's self-consciousness at standing together for a common betterment. You think there is something awkward at taking part in public affairs that would give you the power of reasoning individually where now you are but anesthetized to do no reasoning whatsoever."

Chivalry in its ideality is a wondrous thing. It cannot be explained by any other definition than that it is the power of the spirit to express itself practically and individually in making its altruisms literal. But bear in mind the greater tenet—

Chivalry really intrigues those of us who have read about it, or recall it dimly in lives long behind us, because it presupposes every sort of individualized action. And life at the present time is in a moribund state for want of such action.

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\$1

We are creatures of lassitude, with all our social experiencings planned for us, entertainments and politics spooned out to us like peas.

SEVENTY-FIVE thousand people attend one football game on New Year's Day because the excitement from the crowd and the thrills of the play are both flagellants and sedatives to their spiritual nerves. They say that there is something therapeutic about it. "It helps them to forget!" But why the necessity for forgetting anything? If they did a little reasoning, stopped being spectators at all of life's shows, and got in as participants in civic benefactions, they would have nothing in their lives to turn from in despair.

Over and over the Mentors have de-claimed to us—

"Something higher and mightier than what you know now is calling you. It is the counsel to forceful expression of your God-derived Personality. And when you stand forth and declare it against all comers, and a nation of your fellow-citizens do likewise, you will know a sud-

den and perhaps dramatic liberation from the woes that you fancy beset you at present!"

In short, our thoughts turn back to the Knights of Old because they stormed up the castle tower and rescued the beautiful princesses in terms of Action which we now fancy is denied us. But the very fact of that denial will presently work inexorable reaction.

And the moment we cease becoming spectators and mass-machine operators, ethics and ideality must come to the fore as the New Code by which the game of Individuality is played.

The Age of Chivalry indeed!

TWO COMMUNISTS were engaged in conversation. "Nice weather," said the first.

"Perhaps," the other conceded. "But don't overlook, the capitalists are having it, too."

Recommended that you take boxing gloves for hay fever—so that you can wallop the first man who offers advice about curing it.

T h e P A Y O F F

THE OLD circus hand told a friend back in the home town that he had made a great sensation exhibiting the touching friendship between an African lion and a goat.

"You mean they never quarrel?" asked the friend.

"Oh, yes, they do quarrel occasionally. But that's easy to settle. We just buy a new goat."

LITTLE Raymond came home from Sunday School in an exhilarated mood.

"Mama," he cried, "the minister mentioned me when he opened Sunday School today."

"Mentioned you!" the mother cried. "In what way, for pity's sake?"

"He said, 'O Lord, we thank Thee for our food and Raymond.'"

TWO GLUM patrons were coming out of the movie theater.

"Wonderful how pictures have advanced the last few years," remarked the first.

"How so?" grumped the second.

"Well, all you needed for pictures at first was your eyes. Then came the talkies. Now this one smells."

THEY were looking down into the wonderful depths of the Grand Canyon.

"You should understand," said the guide, "it took millions upon millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out."

"Government job, eh?" commented the easterner, looking elsewhere.

THE new benedict complained, "The first thing my wife did, after we were married, was to fire my secretary."

"That's odd," said the friend. "I recall she was formerly your secretary herself."

"Uh-huh," said the benedict. "That's why she did it."

IN MANY States a hunting license entitles you to just one deer and no more. Sounds like a marriage license.



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