

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

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## TOMORROW'S BABIES ARE OUR RESPONSIBILITY

FEW and far between would be the parents who would view with any sort of equanimity the prospect of their baby children growing up in a state of society where religious instruction was taboo. Certainly 100 percent of parents would rebel at the thought of their precious youngsters facing a life of hard labor in a Soviet slave camp. Yet renegade public school education under UNESCO, that emasculates nationalism—and certainly patriotism—with malice aforethought, is equal to the first, while a lifetime of earnings-handicap, to pay off the financial follies of the 1930s-1940s, is equal to the second.

Holy Writ mentions the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children.

What moral right have adults to induct children deliberately into the mortal world, consciously recognizing the sort of living conditions awaiting them if today's pernicious practices are permitted to go unchecked?

THERE IS, of course, a saving prospect to this last suggestion, although it may only be appreciated by those who have gone deeply into the hypothesis of earthly rebirth. Those who have graduated from orthodox theological belief into, say, Christian Science, Theosophy, or Liberation-Soulcraft, are aware of the redeeming possibilities of each soul being an integral part of God, and as such, electing its own earthly experiences. But that

**L**T'S an easy thing—particularly for the womenfolk—to be sentimental about the babies. It's quite something else to carry that sentiment onto the octave of mature concern for what's being bequeathed the current generation of infants in the way of economic and educational institutions, warped or prostituted to fit the Marxist ideals of the internationalists. Also it's quite something else to handicap them with a trillion-dollar public and private debt . . .

cannot possibly be excuse for finding the parents being born into a free and reasonably secure and prosperous country, permitting their liberties and properties to be taken away without protest, and turning the same country over, looted and captive to a Luciferian collectivism, their children going with it.

There is likewise another redeeming possibility, . . . that rather than inherit the titanic burden of debt that they in no wise contributed to creating, the children of another generation may repudiate today's obligations en toto. But the moral damage that can be done through today's UNESCO programs of mongrelization of the races, under the fallacious banner of Human Brotherhood, is something else again.

There are still millions of parents unaware of the pernicious doctrines of interracial amalgamation and liaison—white with black and either with yellow—that are being instilled into the minds of impressionable little children in many of the pro-Marxist teaching manuals of the present, that they would make short shift of, did they investigate them intensively.

The whole situation boils down to Tomorrow's Babies being our definite responsibility. We cannot expect to inherit a paternal mansion from our elders yet turn over to our offspring when the time comes, a befouled house, considering that we have had no responsibility for its befouling . . .

**T**HE AVERAGE young married couple, of course, rejoicing in the arrival of their first baby, are incapable of visualizing into what they may have called the beloved child, if the great fight against the Machiavellians should be lost by the Christians. Here and there an exceptional couple may be perturbed at the mischiefs afoot in industry and academics as they are brought to such couple's attention. Generally, however, the reaction shows in a certain skepticism on the unenlightened father's and mother's part that events are actually due to carry so far as crusaders warn them. Things will turn right side up sooner or later. People just can't believe nor accept that human life is utterly bad as a permanent program.

Perhaps it's just as well in the long run. Nevertheless, there has been country after country up the world's history

where ordeal or vicissitude made small allowance for the helpless children's suffering.



**N**OW FOR the benefit of the esoterically enlightened, there is a point in this national and world-wide situation that should not be ignored for the tranquillity and progress of their spiritual selves. *That is the Karma involved*, when a given race or group of persons deliberately let a land or a culture go to wrack and ruin through indolence or cowardly fear of reprisals arising from protest. Especially can we surmise that very grave karma indeed is incurred when children come into earth life at any given period expecting certain benefits to accrue from such earthly visitation, only to find that sterility and ordeal await them for which they in no wise had contracted.

This raises the question of Karma not alone for the individual parent who has been remiss in protecting his offspring's opportunity for spiritual enhancement, but for the influential personage at the head of affairs who is derelict in his duties toward the State, permitting agents of mischief and spoliation to work unchallenged.

True, Karma in the main is the effect of causes set in motion more or less deliberately and with intelligent realization of the cruelty or spiritual retardation resulting if the high morality of the body politic be not sustained.

Undoubtedly the roster of the world's notables is inclusive of incredible numbers of influential and affluent folk who have placed terrific creditors over themselves for their deeds of omission toward the minor residents of a State who perhaps may be required to go through many cycles of lives to breed out of their characters the effects of some especially atrocious sequence of political, economic, or social affairs that can be directly charged to those officials who ruled it.

In a great advanced civilization like

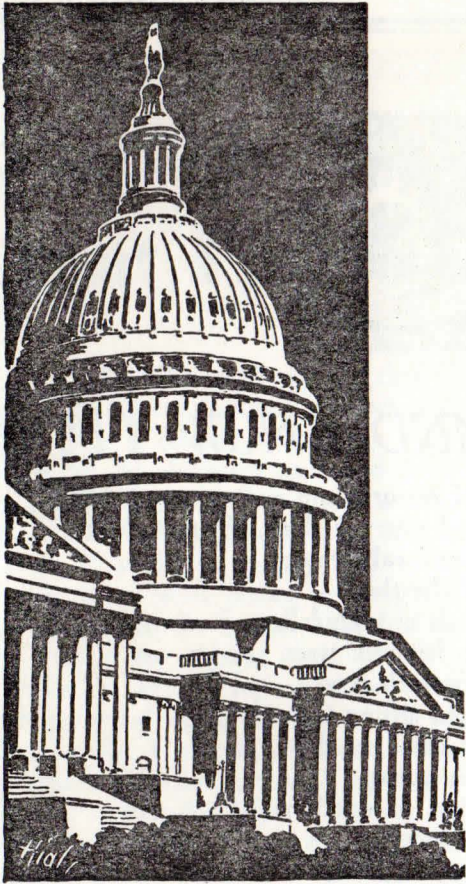
America's, the obligation and involvement in karma is doubly rigorous for those who have callously ignored what they should have done to restore order, equilibrium, and decency to public life, when great predatory rascals have disarranged humble lives by the millions. For karma can be of the negative or reactive kind, as well as the positive or personally compensatory variety—

**I**T IS a terrible consequential thing—at some future day universally recognized and realized—for a given soul to expend one hundred to two hundred years on the Higher Light Planes planning and arranging the details of his next educative excursion into flesh, making all the karmic appointments with those who will also be in flesh and to whom he has debts owing and debts owed, then discover when the ordeal of birth has been passed that mischievous subversion and corruption is fated to make the expected gain a loss. That, however, in the present state of society's spiritual ignorance is something that merely wastes space to discuss. It is only to be lived, and the compensations carried over.

But today's parents, assuming to hold affection for the souls it has summoned into life in persons of offspring, who knows evil or corruption is prostituting his children's chances for success in life and yet is too shy or indolent to take effective interest in their social welfare, actually seems repaid too often in tragedy that is by no means wholly merited.

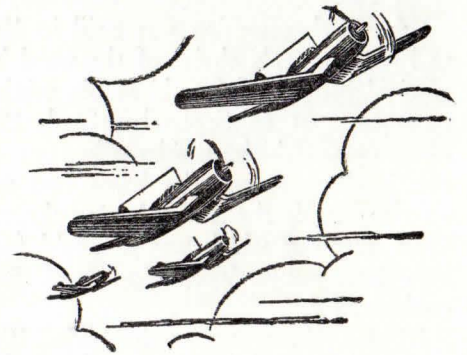
How many times in life we meet bereaved parents who weep bitter tears over the "loss" of some departed child-soul, and let themselves become embittered at Divine Providence for "taking their darling away", when if we could really know the truth from the Ageless Wisdom that the life and career the parents were providing was by no means what was arranged for, and the child-soul itself—who was a child only organically—secured permission in its excursions back to the Light Planes during slumber to return permanently to those Planes and call the whole thing abortive and useless. Of course such permission would not be granted when an earnest man and woman, merely economically handicapped, were doing their level best to make good on their contract. But the parent who weeps crocodile tears after losing a child,

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# The Probable Truth about Russia's Possession of the Atom Bomb . .

notice anywhere was contained in a broadcast made over ABC on February 2, 1953 by General Motors broadcaster, Henry J. Taylor, but how many Soulcrafters may have heard it? As General Motors sends copies of Mr. Taylor's broadcasts regularly to VALOR, the latter assumes they are for purposes of quotation, giving proper credit to Mr. Taylor. So here are the pertinent parts of it, giving the enlightenment most welcome to VALOR readers . .



complicated mechanism together to make an A-bomb work."

"What does he mean?"

"I WENT down to our secret Atomic Center at Oak Ridge, Tennessee in July, 1948 and was permitted to make the first broadcasts ever made from there, a series of four broadcasts, in fact, which were then reprinted in the *Reader's Digest*.

"Such an experience and investigation shows anyone the bottleneck to which Mr. Truman refers.

"For a separate and gigantic engineering and construction problem does occur after the raw material has been manufactured at Oak Ridge, Hanford or other places producing atomic material. It is little known but it concerns the assembly of the material into actual bombs, at Los Alamos, New Mexico and other locations.

"This assembly—this packaging—consists of an incredible amount of secret precision machinery which is in fact the bomb itself. This mechanism weighs several tons—and all that complex equipment is required to hold the atomic material together properly and convert it into a workable bomb.

"In fact, improvements in our A-bombs, giving them vastly more power today than the first bombs dropped on Ja-

**C**ERTAIN great international matters are of prime importance in that they dictate the relations between nations, and thus the economic lives of everyday citizens on every continent for better or worse. The greatest of these important and policy making matters is the truthful answer to the question, *Has Russia the atom bomb or has she not?*

If Russia does not possess the atom bomb—not merely knowing how to make it on paper but actually producing it—what's all the titanic military preparation about? If she possesses it, what can be restraining her from demonstrating that she has it, openly and unmistakably, thus increasing her diplomatic prestige and giving uncontestable weight to her words when she treats with foreign nations?

Liberation-Soulcraft people are interested in the truthful answers to these two queries as having the most vital bearing on the ultimate ushering in of the Golden Times as promised and prophesied so positively in the *Golden Scripts*. Where to turn for solution?

Well, the most comprehensive information on the matter to come to VALOR's

**T**HE ANNOUNCER asked Mr. Taylor, "What do you regard as the big news of the week?" And the General Motors ace broadcaster responded—

"Excluding, of course, President Eisenhower's vital State of the Union message this afternoon, the big news was certainly what Mr. Truman said out in Kansas City about the atomic bomb.

"Probably no ex-President, fresh from the White House, ever made such a world-complicating statement.

"We're perplexed by it—a dozen ways from Sunday. But do we realize the enormous implications—and complications—resulting from these words?

"Knowing the secrets, and with the world listening, Mr. Truman now states: *"I am not convinced Russia has the (atomic) bomb."*

"Our whole White House national and foreign policy throughout the past years—since September 23rd, 1949—has been based on the assertions from the White House itself that Russia *does* have the atom bomb.

"Yet now Mr. Truman himself throws even more than a general doubt on the truth of this, so vital to us all.

"He is even specific in the technical area in the latter part of his statement when he says: 'I am not convinced the Russians have the know-how to put the

pan, have not been due primarily to improvement in the basic atomic material itself—U-235 or Plutonium—but, instead, to great improvement in assembly and detonation, so as to make the material far more efficient when exploded.

"In short, the assembly mechanism which ex-President Truman now says the Russians have not achieved has always, from the very beginning, been the important question in making the atomic explosion a big thing and not a dud.

"THAT'S the real answer to why so much attention was paid in 1949 to Mr. Truman's choice of the word 'explosion' instead of 'bomb' in his original announcement on September 23rd, 1949—an event which, incidentally, our secret intelligence agencies knew had taken place inside the Soviet Union the previous July but which was withheld from American public knowledge until September 23rd.

"Three times—not twice—Mr. Truman told us officially from the White House itself that the defense of America and the world had been fundamentally altered by this Soviet achievement. He said this on September 23rd, 1949, October 3rd, 1951, October 22nd, 1951—said in short, that our country and the free world could be hit by Russian atomic bombs.

"Every move, every statement, every money appropriation, every step in American national policy has then proceeded—so far as we know—on the basis of what Mr. Truman announced repeatedly while President.

"Yet should Russia not have the atomic weapon—as Mr. Truman now says—our entire strategic and geopolitical position compared to Russia, our relations with our allies in NATO and elsewhere, and our ability to negotiate with the Soviet Union would be fundamentally and totally different than we thought it would be or thought that it is.

"NOW, as you know, Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Gordon E. Dean and others protest Mr. Truman's Kansas City statement, saying: 'The former President must have misunderstood. We have announced on various occasions that Russia has exploded three atomic bombs.' Notice the use of the word 'bombs,' not the word 'explosions.'

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## BE STILL AND KNOW



WHEN days seem full of discord, and every moment brings  
Its share of strife and worry, I think of quiet things;  
Quiet things and calm things,  
Lovely things like these:  
Cool dim woods at nightfall,  
The moon on hemlock trees.

A cherry tree in blossom, cobwebs hung with dew,  
Golden leaves that float to rest, sunlight sifting through.  
Behind closed lids I see them,  
Again and yet again;  
Long grey wisps of woodsmoke,  
Violets in the rain.

A field of sun-kissed clover, poppies bending low,  
Wild geese homing southward—God tells them where to go.  
Katydid at twilight,  
Doves cooing in the loft,  
A meadow lark calls sleepy mate  
With notes so loving, soft.

The soothing song of rapids beside a mountain stream,  
Which laughs down through the starshine where fragrant lilies dream.  
Soft winds across the lowlands  
Waft tales from off the sea;  
A lazy gull glides shoreward  
And calls so plaintively.

Quiet things and peaceful things, they lull my soul to rest,  
I find my God in quiet thought—for peaceful thoughts are best.  
Our God knows naught of discord,  
His plan for each is true,  
He talks to me 'midst quiet things  
As He will talk to you.

By quiet mountain brookside, in starlight from above,  
I gaze up through the lace of leaves and hear a song of love.  
Fret not about what senses tell,  
All five we find untrue;  
The quiet, peaceful thoughts are best,  
They bring God's thoughts to you.

Soft summer wind at twilight, sweet honeysuckle scent,  
A dance of golden daffodills when summer day is spent.  
Child laughter in long shadows,  
Cowbells in upland dell,  
A midnight cloud 'cross silver moon,  
All say that all is well.

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# Enigmas of Orthodoxy that Puzzle the Most Pious



ONE would assume that if conventional theology vigorously denied any probability of men and women having lived earthly lives before those of the present, it would be equally sure of its premise as to what occurs to bring the Life Germ into the human body for the first time in any current birth.

When the average logical person takes a strong stand upon an opinion, an explanation for a process, or a conviction, he usually has had personal experience with, or observation of, the factors involved and has seen them work out in the pattern that he defends.

The Fundamentalist, the orthodox religionist, the supporter of conventional theology, says arbitrarily that intelligent existence before the present life is sacrilegious absurdity.

It is East Indian paganism, he says.

The soul of a man or woman "starts" in this mortal world when any woman has a baby that is born "alive" . . .

This soul, having been born alive as a normal infant, proceeds to live the agenda of its childhood, its youth, its maturity, and its senility. Finally, tired out with years, there comes a morning when the physical heart ceases to beat. There is a certain display of sorrow on the part of surviving relatives, the mortician prepares and directs the funeral, the worn-out body is buried in the ground, and the person who was once a very vital and influential unit in society is as vanished as though his parents had been childless. The sentient spirit has not perished, of course. By some process or other, the sentient spirit has quitted the body—to find itself in a dubious custody as orthodoxy would have it.

Celestial sheriffs obviously have it in charge, and it is no longer free to go and come until it has appeared in the divine courtroom and been judged.

Just how the celestial sheriffs put handcuffs upon a disembodied spirit that has

## *Shouldn't What Makes Sense on this Plane Make Sense on Any Plane in Cosmos?*

no physical wrists is something that theological experts fail to inform us. Perhaps they are not necessary. Perhaps the disembodied soul is so terrified at finding itself under arrest and about to be "judged" that it goes along with the celestial bailiff peaceably. One might assume that the souls of persons who have been lawless in earth life would obey their reflexes and make an attempt to bolt, whether the cosmic officers are celestial or not. If such bolting ever has been resorted to, however, the doctrinal writ has never recorded it.

The disembodied soul goes along with the celestial officer straight to the heavenly police court. And there on the Bench sits God, waiting to pass judgment on its eternal status.

It is the Moment Terrible, on which divines most lavishly expatiate.

IT SEEMS to be the general acknowledgment that ever since the Garden of Eden the Almighty has done very little else but occupy the celestial Supreme Court Bench and hand out sentences for weal or woe. Week after week, year after year, aeon after aeon, He is fated to sit up there on that hard Bench—or maybe it is a well-cushioned bench, so that Jehovah's anatomy may not become overly fatigued—and hear all the details of each personal life rehearsed before Him. And He has just two sentences to pass out: "Eternity in heaven!" or "Eternity in hell!" There is, of course, no such thing as appeal from His decision. It is final, irrevocable, quite as inexorable as the decisions of the ancient Sanhedrin from which the whole notion was derived.

Having received his sentence, the lucky



or hapless soul is dragged out to make way for the Next Case.

About 70,000 persons shuffle off this mortal coil every twenty-four hours in the United States alone, the century around. This would seem to have it that the Almighty hears 70,000 courtroom cases in eight hours every day in the year, Sabbaths included, that accrue from America—letting alone similar numbers of cases that arise from the fifty-eight other nations of the earth.

Only a few seconds could be devoted to each case, at this rate.

In a matter of seconds all the good and bad deeds must be marshaled and presented, the evidence weighed, and so awesome a thing as a sentence for a soul that covers all eternity must be passed out.

Moreover, this is the eternal grind of jurisprudence to which the Almighty has committed Himself, world without end, so long as mortal men and women come together down in the earth state and manufacture this perpetual Niagara of new infants.

Of course our Catholic friends believe that the Almighty's Beloved Son conveniently spells the August Parent on the Bench and the split-second pleading for each soul, and the defending, are done by a Most Gracious Lady. This probably allows God time off to create new worlds somewhere in Cosmos, or attend to the running of the cosmic machinery. But Protestants are more particular. They want the Supreme Justice Himself, or the courtroom scene is "out".

**E**XACTLY where the Elysian Field is, to which the fortunate prisoners are delivered by the celestial bailiffs, or where the regions of eternal pyro-technics are located to which the hapless are consigned, is beyond all orthodox assumption. Astronomers have never located either, anywhere in Space.

One part of the Doctrine has it that the fortunate are merely taken out and equipped with comfortable white garments and a harp, whereupon they turn right around and come back to aid God at holding court. They take their seats on the benches in an ever-compounding audience and twang away in praises of the whole legal system.

Just how God decides the cases with the billions of harps twanging, what pieces the fortunate souls play on their harps and who designates them, what fun it would be to twang on a harp in praises after about the thirty-seventh year of it, also are ignored in Fundamental explanation.

Another part of the Doctrine says that the unfortunate are tossed off into the Outer Darkness where there is wailing, gnashing of teeth. Another part says they are dropped into fiery regions where they sizzle like steaks till the termination of Time. Just how there could be Outer Darkness and Plutonic Fires of Hell both in the same locality, is another trifling contradiction that is conveniently ignored. It must be that the Fires of Hell do not radiate incandescence as do fires of earth. Fiercely they burn and roast the recalcitrant yet never giving off a spurt of light.

**T**HEREFORE we have this proposition advanced as the basis for our Conventional Religion: The earth's population is set at two billions, evenly divided as between males and females; these billion males and billion females are all at work the century around manufacturing culprits for the Celestial Judge to pass upon as to their ultimate fate; and that fate is rigorously and arbitrarily defined each prisoner becoming a celestial chorister or a perpetual sizzling sausage.

The human soul starts in its earthly cradle and it ends in heaven or hell!

Of course this same Doctrine ignores all this in another part and says that after all nothing of the sort happens: All the deceased are "Asleep in Jesus" and will not awake to enact the Courtroom Scene till one great Day of Doom.

Whereupon the Almighty is going to do His judging in one compounded sequence.

That, considering the numbers of humans who have expired since the Year One, piles up a bit of work that will be harder for the Almighty to get through with than as if He had done His judging at the rate of seventy thousand times forty-eight per day. But this bothers the prevailing theologian not at all. He merely dismisses the matter by declaring that "all things are possible with God" and lets it go at that.



That contributing to, not to mention hearing harp music over uncountable thousands of years, might offer a worse hell to the principals than going down to the Furnace Room and beginning the agony on an honest and courageous basis at once, is another little point that gets no rationalization.

There is the Celestial System set up, and you can take it or leave it. But if you leave it, God help you in that Courtroom Sequence! And after the deacons have passed the collection plate, the audience will arise and sing, "Pull for the Shore!"

To all of which the sanely thinking mortal asks: "Can you prove that any of it happens?"

The dominie has the intestinal vigor to respond: "I don't have to prove it, but God help you if you don't believe it!"

"But it doesn't make sense from any angle!" protests the sanely thinking mortal.

"It doesn't make sense," is the argument returned, "in that you're a Sinner!"

"Maybe," says the S.T.M., "yet all the same, it's preposterous. You've contradicted yourself in your own Doctrine in

a dozen places. You've ignored all the laws of Nature and Nature's processes. Most preposterous of all, you're truly maintaining that any besotted man or woman in existence has the celestial capability to create a Human Soul. In fact, you're advancing the argument that a billion pairs of parents, good, bad, or indifferent, are in a position to manufacture courtroom work for God till the crack o' doom, and there's no getting out of the tedium of it for God—thereby making a billion pairs of parents God's perpetual employers!"

"Employers!" the dominie will echo, aghast.

"Whoever furnishes labor for another is his employer, is he not?"

"I suppose you think you have a better explanation for it all?" the theological expert may superciliously suggest.

"I have, at least, an hypothesis I can prove!"

"What do you mean, prove?"

"I can prove that parents do not create the spiritual souls occupying their children's bodies, by demonstrating that all sentient men and women occupying those bodies, have had prior mortal existences."

"How can you demonstrate it?"

"By the testimony of the people concerned, themselves, when they are reduced to a mental condition where their present sense-equipments no longer register distracting worldly stimuli in any way upon them!"

**N**OW the Hypothesis of Serried Existences, and progression through octave upon octave of more transcendent consciousness, makes no parents—besotted or otherwise—God's employers; it entails no courtroom application on the part of the Resplendent Originator of the Universe; it does not circumscribe the arenas of activity in which the soul shall spend eternity. It says simply and rationally that faint units of Thought-Energy evolved out of the great ocean of Universal Spirit, and life by life, aeon by aeon, encountered pleasure-pain experiences in various patterns of sentient bodies, until finally self-awareness is developed that goes on and on into fecundities of celestial performance so stupendous that souls in the current mortal status have no equipment for grasping their potentialities.

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# Why the Passing of Stalin Means the End of an Era

**T**HE MOST evil genius this world has known since the days of Genghis Khan has come to the end of his role. By cruelties incredible for their magnitude he erased the lives of his fellow men by millions. The orthodox religionist sees the Devil coming up from the fiery Pit to welcome personally this outstanding satrap. The Soulcrafters see him called to the bar of karmic responsibility for his acts, with those whose lives he took awaiting to confront him when he no longer has an impenetrable Kremlin or Red guards to protect him. Josef Stalin is a soul accursed because he has made his own hell of venom and astral assaillment. An orthodox God has no need for judging him. His victims are now eager to take that role upon themselves.

But in the mortality he leaves, it means the close of an era.

Within the Soviet perimeter there is no one of his stature to succeed him. Before global Communism reorganizes to adjust to his loss, new forces will be strengthened to treat with any duplicate.

**M**AKE NO mistake about it, the world is better not to have this intellect alive and functioning within it. Those who are going about America this week concerned as to whether the striking down of this despot means more turmoil or less of it, forget that it takes time and much world history to build up a prestige—evil or otherwise—to Stalin-esque proportions. And Communism, despised and excoriated by all spiritual men everywhere, actually is on its way out, no matter how long delayed may be the date of the ultimate Armageddon. Forces of reaction are everywhere in ascendancy. The revolutionary sequence in Russia enters its final phase.

Scarcely anywhere in history is it of record that any great despot was followed upon his demise by any greater despot. Stalin himself was not the exception because while both Lenin and Trotsky were theoretical autocrats, they had by no means achieved to such gargantuan suzerainty. At Genghis Khan's death, his dominions were divided among three of his sons—no one of which exhibited the faintest trace of his father's dynastic tyranny. Robespierre, the small, Stalinesque lawyer of the French Revolution, was aped by no successor. Rome had many evil emperors but none that approximated the reprehensible stature of Nero.

The capacity for gigantic and wholesale evil is ever an eccentricity of individualism. God seems to have patterned the world that way.

**T**HE KEYSTONE has been knocked from the wicked arch of Marxism and there is no longer time, nor propitious worldly circumstance, for any lesser character to hold it upon his shoulders. Many may attempt it. They are nominating themselves too late in cosmic time.

But one thing seems confirmed by the passing of this Red Lucifer—he was not

the Man of Evil, foretold of Scripture, whom many current cabalists identified because of his career since 1917. All he did was project Russia as a Freak of Circumstances among the nations, industrializing her although he achieved it by blood. And in the change in the personalities of his hierarchy are now bound to come other changes making eventually for Kremlin collapse.

A monstrous human roadblock has been removed from the shining highway unto the Golden Times. If any of his prospective successors essay to precipitate conflict with his restraining hand removed, they but bring the crisis quicker, and the sooner that crisis, the sooner the Golden Times come actually.

No, the world has never found itself the worse off by having any of its major historical blackguards subtracted from it.

**V**ALOR places extraordinary significance on the epochal announcement that made the morning papers on Wednesday, March 4th, in brief press dispatches because it came in so late. The Editor had retired around 11 p. m. on Tuesday, March 3rd. He was reading before he slumbered, peculiarly enough,  
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## BE STILL AND KNOW

*(Continued from Page 4)*

My peace comes back through quiet thought, these visions God has blessed,  
The lift I get from quiet thoughts lifts high my heart to rest.

God's universe is full of God  
Where matter is unknown,  
We listen close with spirit ears  
And hear God's overtone.

The homing call of pigeons as day drifts down the west,  
The closing of the lilies that float on Nature's breast,  
Quiet thoughts, peaceful thoughts,  
Of Hope and Truth and Love,  
Untouched by aught but Love Divine,  
Free gifts from God . . . Above!

*through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL*

# Valor

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## Great Tanglefoot



IF WE want to follow our beloved Great Teacher in being "wise as serpents but harmless as doves" we might begin in the present situation throughout the world with trying to understand the size of the sheet of international tanglefoot onto which our nation has been carried, at the same time keeping our judgment from going to extremes in the matter of Republican officialdom.

It is probably just as erroneous to circulate the careless assumption that General Eisenhower is the fair-haired boy of the international tanglefoot spreaders as it is to declare that he was raised to his current elevation because he was dumb and didn't realize the gravity of the job he was being handed.

VALOR is persuaded at this writing, and in consideration of all sources of information, that General Eisenhower is no more conspiratorial in his thinking, to the detriment of America, than he is any infant lost in the large forest of international plot and counter-plot.

General Eisenhower is merely the follower of a given school of very orthodox thinking—that authority itself is more or less sacrosanct in that it is authority, and those who gain to it must be acknowledged from the sheer credendo that they have it. How they came into it is secondary. It may be likened in his thinking to the legal adage, "Possession is nine points of the law."

A man of this ideology is always a "safe" man, for in a time of crisis he will always think—and presumably act—

with due weather eye to those to whom possession of power and expectation of obedience is a habit. Obtaining his commitment to a pernicious program in advance is as absurd as it is unnecessary. If he will react in a given way to traditional arbiters because such have been his lifelong habits, the traditional arbiters have only to shape a situation as they desire it and their Chief Executive will follow through. And that is all they need provision to have happen.

The United States as a once self-governing Republic has been borne out into the gargantuan expanse of the present global flypaper, and the more moves it makes, the stickier does that dilemma become. United Nations, Foreign Aid, and the Korean conflict are some of these moves.

General Eisenhower must react to them after the pattern of his school of thinking—which is one of absolute realism. His military career has made him the realist. The habit of his mental processes must be—What does the higher command wish executed? And when there is no higher command in the military sense, he having reached the apex-position, he must supply the deficiency in his thinking with great economic or financial sa-traps.

Likewise remember that under the aegis of realism, it is always the Situation that controls the man, not the man the Situation. When the man controls the Situation, that is Idealism.

So the General will perform according as his psychological training reacts to the conventions of Power and Economic Authority—which means as well that given a state of complete collapse in this country, with the public order endangered, he should not hesitate to use military high-command powers, or army disciplines. Meaning martial law.

So that too, is what the traditional arbiters count upon.

So the General is neither a plotter toward anything in particular nor can he be called a victim of circumstance. He seems thus far to be showing himself a man of reasonable integrity and sense, merely functioning according to the school of thought that is his alma mater. He is not ashamed to say upon occasion, "My mother taught me to believe, etc., etc. . . ." when the times and extent of the tanglefoot really demand that he abandon such adolescent psychology and

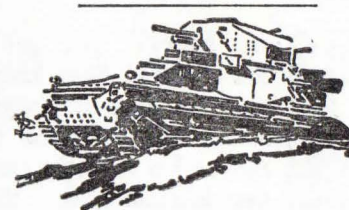
conduct himself after his own beliefs that have resulted from independent and mature investigations.

Let alone, he would make a more-than-President.

But the times are not conducive to his being let alone, which means that before his official tenure may have run, he may do anything.

But he won't do it maliciously. He'll do it obediently.

Obedient to his school of thought.



## Korean Morass



THE PRESIDENT would see the Korean Morass in the light of realism. Certain "unfortunate" moves were made in settlement of the Second World War, which put Asiatic Russia into Europe. A group of nations banded together to see if they could offset the effects of this, and the Hiss-Thing resulted. Out of the Hiss-Thing came NATO as a sort of side product, American sponsored. And while he was working to make it effective, the Chinese Communists were successful, joined with Russian interests, and produced the Korean embrangement. And while the world's attention is riveted on the Korean embrangement, NATO falls apart . . . if it ever were otherwise.

It is always as dangerous as it is presumptuous to describe what lies within any man's mind, making him react to circumstances as he does. But one thing is clear by what Mr. Eisenhower leaves unsaid, . . . it isn't the spread of the Korean stalemate into World Conflict by attempting to suppress Russia, that worries him. Mr. Eisenhower as military expert, getting his own reports on Russia's true effectivity, must know that Dame Columbia could thrash Russia to stay thrashed, with one hand tied behind her.

No, it is the utter crackup of the European NATO and the nations composing it, those who have been constitutionally our allies becoming our adversaries, that gives him pause. Meaning Britain and France. Meaning practically all the con-



tinental powers toward whom we have been the most lavish with aid.

The U. N. Chinese War is immensely profitable to such erstwhile benefactors and the traditional arbiters of Britain, and the continental powers who regard Russia with about as much trepidation as a kitten beneath a stove, might be found going over to Russia-China to make business even better.

Remember, this great global war period has lifted war to the status of major commercial business.

The Washington columnists are saying that when Harry Lundeberg, head of the A. F. of L. sailors' union, left the White House the other day after a conference with the President, he declaimed we ought to "blow those ships right out of the water," meaning those bottoms that are running military supplies from every country on earth and obviously reflecting what had been discussed with the Chief Executive a few moments before.

But it's too naive to ask if the President or Mr. Lundeberg were unaware that the main run of the ships to be so destroyed were British, with the Japanese second, and even the Danes getting in on it. The biggest tanker carrying oil and gas to the two Soviets is the Danish *Aspheron*, that can and does lug millions of gallons of gas every year to the enemy air force. Blow British, Japanese, and Danish ships out of the water? The realist in the White House knows those countries wouldn't like it. Even if those ships of theirs weren't totally destroyed, they'd be repaired in the shipyards of our friends abroad—for which we, ostensibly, supply the working capital to conduct. One dispatch from the Far East declares it's no longer any secret that the British have been chartering ships for the London-Shanghai-Manchurian run ever since August. And a thousand ton Soviet freighter, two 1500 ton freighters and three 210 ton fishing craft were recently repaired in the shipyards of the Japan we have just rejuvenated.

All of which makes no very pleasant reading for the fathers and mothers whose sons must take their chances in the Korean hell to keep this "realist" military commercialism going. War isn't only good for business, war *is* business.

And this week comes over to these shores British Chancellor of the Exchequer Butler who will tell Treasury Secretary Humphrey that England must

again ask for a big dollar fund to support convertibility of the pound and a significant liberalization of tariffs.

We not only finance our own defense measures to keep the peace by sending our sons to Korea to be slaughtered; we likewise finance the nations who supply the forces that supply the munitions to do the slaughtering.

And so hopped up with economic "narcotics" has international trade and finance become, that almost nobody thinks to see anything wrong about it. If our great basic industries, such as steel and motor parts, not to mention aircraft, didn't have war orders, how could they operate? And if they couldn't operate, how would 151 million of Americans eat? Eating, you must realize, is a most serious problem, even if other men die that it may happen.

So! . . . whether we be realists in the executive mansion, or realists at the editorial typewriter, we discover that behind both lies Economics.

The nations of the earth blew up or burned up the accumulated savings of 400 years in two earlier world wars, so now they must embark on war as a business, drawing on the earnings of their children's future to pay for it.

The whole earth is striving to establish universal peace by conducting universal war, because the prairie fire of psychopathic economics has gotten beyond control. And the Traditional Arbiters behind the scenes pull the strings on this nation or that, as they continue to allow themselves to be manipulated to prostration. But to get back to Eisenhower.

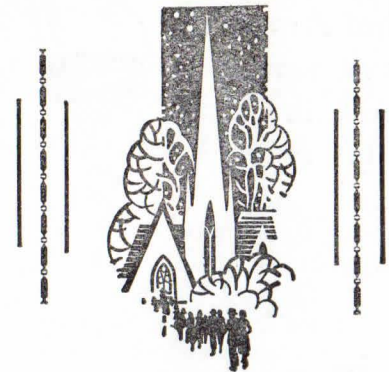
Such being the global economic Situation which he has inherited, he must run true to his orthodoxy and treat with that Situation in terms of its psychopathies. He wouldn't be a "safe" man if he did otherwise.

But the payoff arrives, of course, when the resources run out. And speaking for America at least, with a \$70 billion annual budget, that crisis is not far off. Christian Economics?

They're merely economics based on sanity, humane compassion for victims of such *diablerie*, and altruistic order in industry and commerce. Those things Christ espoused, though the world adroitly forgets it.

England is supposed to be, of course, a Christian country. But all the Wrong People have saddled themselves on Eng-

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land in the artificial preservation of war controls and brought about a situation where her concern for Communist China goes deeper than the prospect that Hong Kong's white buildings would be blown up in any strife—probably by explosives stored in their cellars by the Reds. Upton Close, who knows Asia as he knows his pocket, declares that the Hong Kong Banking Corporation is the only branch of the Bank of England which has material assets and these depend upon the safety and profit of shipping and trading companies on the China coast. Should these be lost, *the Bank of England itself might not stand and the remaining value go out of Sterling exchange.*

It's as serious as that, ladies and gentlemen. And if the Bank of England cracks, she will swing away from us into the Russian-China orbit.

Are you willing to let your son die in Korea for the Dear Old Lady of Thread-needle Street? Mr. Eisenhower's attitude toward Winston a month or so ago, showed that he isn't.

Christian Economics . . . ho-hum! . . .

## Atom Bombs

(Continued from Page 4)

"The grim need to try to answer and overcome the Kansas City statement?"

"Look at Communist propaganda abroad. It constantly claims America throws her weight around by threatening to use the atomic bomb while Mother Russia does not.

"For example, go to Vienna as I did. See painted on Viennese walls the Red slogan all over Europe: 'WELTSAT CONTRA ATOMBOMBE'—'World Government or the Atom Bomb'—the great international Communist slogan everywhere abroad.

"In every way ex-President Truman's statement makes it enormously harder for the foreign policy of the new administration to function at all.

"Many of our allies abroad would like to remain neutral if they could. Others are building their own defenses grudgingly at best, and mostly at our prodding and at our expense.

"We constantly tell them Russia threatens them with extinction unless they re-arm, whereas many of them, by wishful thinking or otherwise, don't fear Russia as much as we do so, they feel within

themselves, why give up so much of their own for their own defense?

"Accordingly, this statement from an ex-President fresh out of the White House provides a tremendous excuse for our allies to let up—to argue that in event of war it would be a war between the United States and Russia.

"But without Russia having the atom bomb when America has a stockpile of A-bombs and the Hydrogen bomb besides, it runs through their minds that Russia is not going to go to war anyway—so why should they, our allies, break their necks to help form a big, expensive defense system of their own? You can practically hear countries abroad saying that already.

"HOW hard it will be now for American officials to convince country after country abroad that all our top military officers, our secret weapon specialists and scientists—with only a few possible exceptions—our intelligence agencies, Army, Navy and Air Force alike, absolutely and entirely agree and believe they have irrefutable proof that Russia does have the atom bomb?"

"It drove President Eisenhower into making an addition to his State of the Union message today, saying the United States has incontrovertible evidence that the Soviet Union *possesses atomic weapons.*

"No matter what he said, the effect of the statement by the ex-President is going to be enormously hard to undo abroad at the very moment when new American officials are trying to bind the countries of the free world closer for our own protection and for the security of all."

"WORLD Government or the Atom Bomb!" Mr. Taylor tells us it is chalked all over the Vienna fences and walls. What connotation can be put upon such a propaganda maneuver but "Communist World Government or the Atom Bomb!" But this might be a mere warning that all European countries had better go communist in a hurry or the atom bomb might arrive from America as the major international threat.

At any rate, Russia is far from deporting herself as truly having any atomic bomb in portable shape to threaten America for some time to come. As Henry J. Taylor said, the mechanism weighs



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several tons and a highly developed stratosphere bomber is necessary to transport it to where it will have any military effect. And aviation experts say Russia possesses no such bomber.

The H-bomb has been designated as so indescribably powerful that exactly four of them, exploded above the four quarters of the Chinese Empire, could wipe out every Chinaman on the continent of Asia!

If Russia had exploded an H-bomb in Siberia, half of Siberia would have been wiped out—just as one of our H-bomb experiments in the South Pacific is reported to have caused the disintegration of an entire South Sea island.

Has half of Siberia been wiped out?

QED: Can Russia have perfected one and demonstrated it?

In an unpublished *Golden Script* which reposes in VALOR's archives, the Elder Brother declares that He has no intention of permitting such a force to come to exercise.

VALOR still contends Russia will crack up in result of events that begin this present year.

And that's the data to date. Fascinating, what? And that's about all. Stop worrying—if you are.

## Tomorrow's Babies

(Continued from Page 2)

who was "too busy" while the child was alive to look after its spiritual, cultural, or academic welfare, may have no one but himself to blame if the child of its own election chose to remain longer, wasting time in sterilities.

This to the stubbornly orthodox person, who refuses to accredit the rebirth hypothesis for earth life, is but irrelevant necromancy. But the departure of the child itself, in result of improper execution of responsibilities, was by no means necromancy when it happened.

**T**HE PARENT who callously refuses to interfere in a local school system, for instance, when the worst type of mongrelized subversions were being subtly implanted in the child's tender intellect—causing its adult life to become a career that never was intended and that does more harm than good to the eternal soul itself—can well be inviting the departure of that youngster.

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Suppose we take our charge more seriously and cultivate those righteous indignations that translate themselves into remedial achievements.

## Stalin's Passing

(Continued from Page 7)

a copy of Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*. A line of Mrs. Eddy's caught his eye on Page 40, "Did the martyrdom of Savorola's make the crimes of his implacable enemies less criminal?" He lowered the volume and fell musing on some of the world's martyrs and their "implacable" enemies. Suddenly he was conscious of an invisible presence near his bed. Then a clairaudient voice spoke, saying

"Tomorrow! Tomorrow!" Tomorrow what? he wondered, raising himself perturbed upon an elbow. "One of the great dates in modern history," the intelligence came. "Especially affecting your own fortunes for the better."

That was all. No details. No repetitions. He lay back after awhile puzzled by such prediction. What was due to happen on the morrow? He thought of stock market crashes, saucer men, Sarajavos making for fresh world wars.

Arising late, he mentioned it to his associates at breakfast. One said, "Haven't you seen the black type press dispatch on the front page of the *Star*?"

No, he hadn't.

"Stalin's had a stroke, and may be already dead!"

So! . . . "One of the great dates of modern history, especially affecting your fortunes for the better!"

Verily a man of great evil has fallen, and there are none to mourn him. Passing no further judgment on him, let us lift up our heads and be glad.

Our deliverance draweth nigh!



# “Garden of Prophecy”

Second Volume of “Door to Revelation”

## CHAPTER I

**T**HE VISTA is bright that now spreads before me. I believe that we shall emerge from these times of great heartbreak. We shall know a new country . . . the Promised Land, indeed. But that is another story, a tale to be written. I have come unto mankind to spread a great compassion. I have come unto mankind to aid with a harvest. I work for a Harvester who has said as a compact: He who attests of Me before men, of him will I attest before the Father. I have faith in that compact. I have faith in my sojourn.

*God has trusted me with myself!*

**T**HERE at the end of Chapter Thirty-Two, page 481, of the *Door to Revelation*—the first volume of my autobiography—is the paragraph I have above reprinted. It closed 243,867 words of a life story that had to break off of an afternoon in June of 1939 with my fiftieth birthday just a half century of living—in sight.

“God had trusted me with myself!”

The real headache about writing an autobiography lies in the fact that unless one gives up the ghost at the exact instant the book finishes, there is apt to be an awkward hiatus of event that never gets recorded. I have in mind the case of Benjamin Franklin. His autobiography, surpassing piece of literature that it is, turned out to be the story of only one-half his life. And the reason for that was, that he never got around to writing its second—and most significant portion.

Thirteen years bygone, it was, that I penned that final page of the *Door to Revelation*. Of an evening in March,

1953, I find myself beginning the first page of those baker’s dozen of years, to carry the story as far progressively as life-circumstances permit. When I closed *The Door*, the Silver Legion was a power in the land. The plant of Pelley Publishers on Biltmore Plaza in Asheville, N. C. was a model of architecture, equipment and efficiency. I open the gate of the first chapter on the *Garden of Prophecy* in a rustic studio of another publishing plant on the edge of a wholesome, little American town, in central Indiana. It is part of the premises of the headquarters of *Soulcraft—Liberation-Soulcraft*, I often term it—that has become a national spiritual teaching, numbering its adherents in every State in the Union.

And my 63rd birthday is only ten days ahead.

If I entertained the self-congratulatory notion up to 1939 that I had “lived” and told a story in consequence worth the effort of writing, how can I view the 14 years that have passed since that June morning, when I parked my Buick in front of the Biltmore plant, carried the last of the *Door to Revelation* manuscript inside and forthwith gave orders that the book should be started?

I tell myself in all sobriety and contriteness that it might be meritorious to view them as an historical epoch—at least an historical sequence in the life of my country—in that I participated in much that was consequential.

Just a month previous, Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini had announced a military and political alliance between Germany and Italy, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth had entered the United States at Niagara Falls for a visit to Washington, and within another two months Nazi Germany and the Russian Soviet were to sign a ten year nonaggression treaty that was to implement World War II. On September 1st, Germany would declare war on Poland, and the second global carnage would be loosed upon the world. Where would I spend the most of those war years?

I would spend them as a political pris-

oner of the Administration in power, mainly in Washington’s District of Columbia Jail as clerk of its Receiving and Discharge Department.

Should I say that such predicament entailed much Americana?

Verily.

Kismet picked me up, embroiled me in three great legal trials, and set me down finally in the very proton of the American military atom, where I saw the war through the eyes of the nation’s Capital police.

Again and again I have been opportunely to write the inside story of those trials—those trials and their aftermaths—but not until the present has the occasion been propitious.

I find myself, as I enter upon the 64th year of my age, functioning as progenitor of national SOULCRAFT. But I also find myself with its weekly journal VALOR offering its pages, to print the story serially.

And I assume I can keep it in narration as long as VALOR and author endure.

**I** SHALL grind no axes in writing it, however. Nothing I shall write shall savor of vengeance or recrimination. I have mellowed much, in respect to the fortunes of my country. I have seen the Rooseveltian coterie come and pass, even its successor—the Fair Deal of Harry Truman—voted into ignominy in favor of Republican successors. More than all else, I have seen the sentiment of America alter completely in respect to the elements that bethought to erase me by incarceration. I have won my freedom from durance vile, won vindication in two Indiana courts from the vileness of the sentencing meted out to me by the courts of North Carolina, and am on my way toward winning complete exoneration from the 1942 persecution that presumed to imprison me for “speaking perniciously” of one Josef Stalin, our ally in time of war. I have likewise seen the sentiment of America completely reverse on the Russian Soviet bloc in my government that I once fought so vigorously. Now I would make an official version of my per-

sonal reactions to those years, those trials, and those reversals of condemnation.

I have ten thousand friends who desire to know "the inside story of what really happened." With malice toward none, with charity toward all, I would narrate in these sunset years of a rich and volatile life just how it has been with me, and why I name the second volume of my autobiography, the *Garden of Prophecy*.

God had trusted me with myself!

I think I shall be preserved to write the record of how I have tried to be worthy of that trust. If not, . . . oh well!

CHAPTER II



HAVE YOU ever noticed how you mark off sequences in your life by recollections of outstanding happenings?

I shall always think of the Twelve Iron Years—from 1939 to 1951—embracing over a decade of continuous persecution, as opening that workaday September morning in Cincinnati when I emerged from a restaurant with Norse my driver, and heard a newsboy hollering my name.

"Pelley Fugitive from Justice!" he proclaimed to the world. "Read all about it!"

What now? What for was I a fugitive from justice? When you are spear-heading a great national crusade against the Moscovite Fifth Column, you must expect anything to happen, and any kind of charges brought against you—as they unerringly will be. I tossed the boy a dime, overpaying him by five cents, and bought the biggest packet of incredible information I had acquired in my life.

"Norse," I told my companion, "they want me down in Asheville on a capias."

"Who wants you?"

"The Zeb Nettles bunch, you know . . . the New Deal politicians."

"What's a capias?"

"Used to be a simple bench-warrant, when I was in the daily newspaper business."

"What do they want you on a bench-warrant for?"

Vainly I sought down the text of the article. "Not a word of explanation. Just the usual smear."

"You must o' been indicted for something."

"No, . . . here it is! . . . Judge Zebu-

lon Nettles of Buncombe County Court, said when he issued the capias that he wanted the Silvershirt leader brought before him for examination to determine whether he had been guilty of any conduct that would reinstate the sentence against him which Judge Wilson Warlick of the same court suspended after a trial in 1935. Pelley was convicted in the same court that year for allegedly violating the North Carolina Blue Sky Securities Statutes. He had published in his monthly magazine a statement of his publishing corporation's assets and liabilities, which is contrary to the statutes. After a 13-day trial, in which the jury found him guilty as charged, Judge Wilson Warlick refused to impose a State Prison sentence, fined the leader a technical fine of \$1,000 and costs, and turned him loose on a five-year suspended sentence—which the statutes provide at the magistrate's discretion. In justice to Pelley it was brought out at the trial that he had neither sold stock nor offered to sell stock to anyone in the State. However, the publishing of the corporation statement had not been sanctioned by the State Commissioner of Corporations. The present judge, who issued the capias to have Pelley brought in and examined, was county prosecutor, who had conducted the case when the verdict was brought in and the fine imposed."

"Ain't that illegal?" Norse demanded.

"Isn't what illegal?"

"Ain't it against the law for a judge to act in any case where he's once been prosecutor?"

"I know it's unethical. I don't know that it's illegal. I heard Zeb had resigned his office as County Prosecutor and been elected Judge, but . . . wait a minute, here's more to this (AP) dispatch . . . 'Deputy sheriffs of the county, visiting the plant of Pelley Publishers on Biltmore Plaza, were told by executives of the plant that Chief Pelley was somewhere in the north on Silver Legion business. Nevertheless, they insisted on making a search of the premises. When no signs of Pelley turned up, and two or three reports of his being in other parts of the county had proved fallacious, the unserved capias was carried back to Judge Nettles, who promptly issued a statement to newsmen designating his former defendant as a fugitive from justice. Pelley gained national notoriety in 1933 by organizing The Silver Legion in

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many northern States, ostensibly to fight Communism. It is not known how sizable its membership has grown but he seems not be lacking for supporters and affluence."

"Go on," said Norse when I stopped.

"There isn't any more."

"But he hasn't charged you with anything."

"Apparently not. Unless he's gotten some secret Grand Jury indictment he isn't talking about."

"What are you going to do about all of it?"

"Let's get in the car and wheel up to Indianapolis. We can be up there by noon."

"I've got Attorney George up there. He'll give me the low down on all the legal aspects."

We unlocked our parked sedan, got inside, and headed out of town.

Fourteen years bygone! I couldn't appreciate it then but my leisure and peace of mind were gone from that hour. Never once in the fourteen years ahead was I to be free of the gall of an Oregon Boot of some sort of court persecution. Having made myself a menace to the Red Fifth Column, they were out to get me thereafter by fair means or foul . . .

(Continued Next Week)

## Enigmas that Puzzle

(Continued from Page 6)

Each pair of parents starts biological processes to work that offer temporary enhousement for such unit of Thought-Energy. That temporary enhousement is called the Mortal Span.

The temporary enhousement supplied biologically by the parents is composed of more materials and attributes than commonly meet the eye. It really is a series of bodies, each of finer and finer integration of materials, each confined inside the other, the final outer shell or covering being the gross fatty overcoat that at physical demise is conveniently buried in a grave for decomposition and return to its elements.

The process known in mortal life as Dying is merely the business of extracting the more tenuous bodies from the gross outer encasement, and continuing to go on living in them until the next-outer covering is exhausted.

Thereupon the sentient spirit "dies" out of that one also, and lives for a span in the next.

Finally it arrives at the status of Pure Spirit—spirit utterly without a mechanism of any sort but its own capability for self-awareness—when it is ready to go the physical body round all over again.

How do we know that this is so?

Because those more tenuous bodies can be seen under favorable conditions—even *photographed!*

They frequently make themselves known to mortals not yet arrived at physical demise of their outer coverings. They discover methods for so exercising force in those more tenuous bodies that they open material doors, perform the phenomena of sounds upon material substances, cause people in their mortal encasements to feel "discarnate" touchings of the more tenuous fingertips. They carry on tacit conversations in those more tenuous bodies with those who have yet to arrive at them.

We can get so-called discarnate souls to recount the utmost privacies of their lives when they had organic shell bodies—facts not known to others still living—and upon checking, the survivors or investigators will discover the reports to be infallibly correct.

In one instance such a Discarnate has been successful in imprinting his "spirit" fingertips in materialized form in hot wax and the subsequent mold has checked perfectly with his physical fingerprints in life.

In short, they demonstrate by every material test that could be imposed upon a soul with its gross outer mechanism still alive, occupied, and functioning, that they are still in existence and performing in the Greater Universe.

Whereupon the ignoramus shrieks: "Spiritualism! Phantasmagoria! Demonism!" and asks for his Fundamentalist Expert to pray for the "salvation" of all those who note it.

**IT HAS** been observed in many psychical research instances that the body of a pregnant woman is many times surrounded by necromantic pin-points of lights—aspects of sheerly disembodied consciousness in units, each perfectly aware of himself, and "waiting to get in" to the physical and infantile mechanism that is on its way toward ultimately delivery.

In one interesting case, a Boston woman was made aware of the tacit identity of one of these which announced its forthcoming occupancy of the maturing child within her womb, the soul that anticipated being born through her even going so far as to give her a set of symbols to preserve until it had become a resultant child of understanding intelligence in such matters, the symbols to become as aids in recalling its prenatal self and identity.

The author has on record the remarkable case of a celebrated woman obstetrician of Detroit who vouches for the fact that she never lost her prenatal memory during the business of acquiring her present mechanism. In her early years she utterly confounded her mother, her older relatives, and even the doctor assisting her mother's delivery, by reporting to the minutest degree all the incidents that happened preceding and following her mother's confinement and travail. As a small child she still manifested the mental maturity of her prior existence, and was even able to produce with a pencil the lacy design on the nightgown worn by her mother in her delivery-bed—a garment that had long since been discarded while the subject was still physically an infant.

That the fables of Fundamentalism—derived exclusively from Hebraic folklore—must ultimately give way to these modern and scientifically-attested evidences of the succeeding octaves of Consciousness, is inevitable.

There seems to be a definite Cycle of Life Repetition which all mortal people follow in dying and being born again into higher and more expansive octaves of self-realism. Benevolent Nature—call it God if you will—seem to have provided this symposium of integrating bodies that the shock of the transition from the carnate into the completely discarnate may not be too severe on the psyche.

There is nothing complicated or monstrous about it.

Hell has no place in it.

What could be simpler or more beneficent? But the dominie will disagree with you. If his exhortations couldn't go toward "saving" people, from hell or for heaven, what in the world would become of his employment?

It's hard to appraise him—but he says so himself.

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# T h e P A Y O F F

**C**URIOS ideas about anatomy prevail in the press. It was stated in a recent article from Kentucky that "the Colonel died after being mistakenly shot in the ticket office." Another paper announced that a respected citizen died after being shot in the suburbs. "He kissed her passionately upon her reappearance," said a play critic. "Mr. Jones walked in upon her invitation," "She seated herself upon his entering", "She spanked the child upon his return", "Apparently she sat down upon her being asked." "She fainted upon his departure."

**A** POOR, struggling musician married an extremely homely woman. It couldn't be called a love match; the lady was wealthy. But at every subsequent party the musician would bring his wife. Eventually a friend remonstrated.

"Alfredo," said this friend, "I can understand your marrying Celeste for her bank roll but why must you take her with you everywhere you go?"

"Because," the musician said, "I find it less revolting than kissing her good bye."

**A** SCHOOL boy was making a speech about the national debt. He said in part—

"It is too bad that future generations cannot be here at this time to see the wonderful things we are doing with their money."

**"T**ALK about luck!" cried the hunter. "I shot fourteen ducks in one day."

"Wild?" asked the friend.

"No, but the farmer who owned 'em was."

**"M**AY I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"I'm not experienced."

"Ah, but you're not home yet."

**M**EN and women in earthly life seem to be so constituted that all things are supernatural or extraordinary that they cannot prove by the evidence of their sense. And they have almost none of it.



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