

Valor

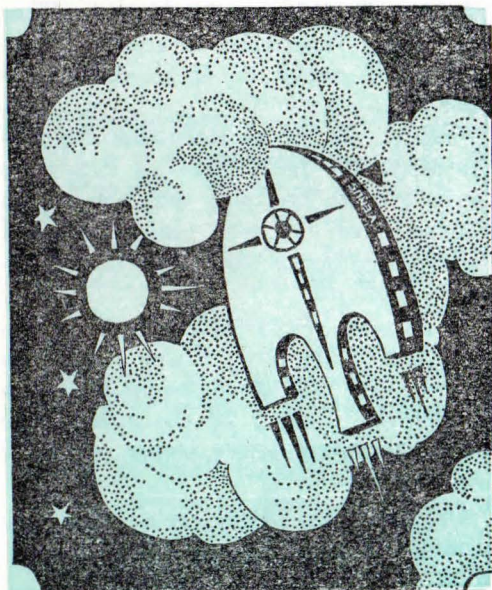
The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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FLYING SAUCER THEORY OF LIFE

ANTHROPOLOGISTS solemnly tell us that comparing the age of the planet to the time-span of a twenty-four-hour day, this so-called human race has only been around—from Miocene times up to the present—a matter of the last nine minutes.

Nine minutes out of twenty-four hours!

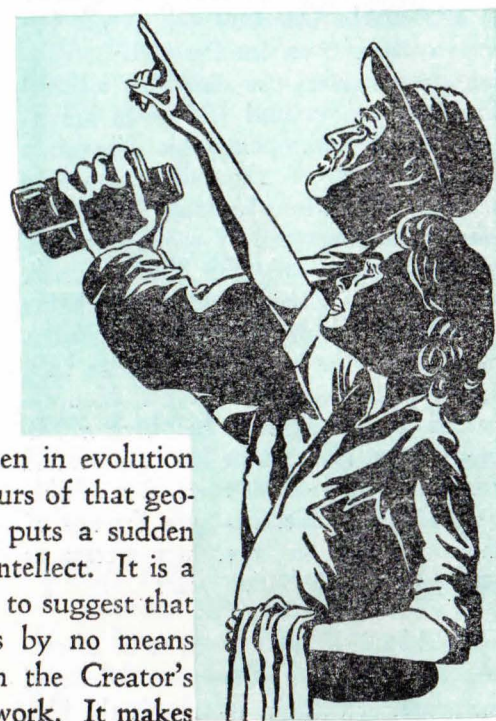
As for the time required to arrive at the first feeble aspects of anything approximating modern Civilization, the comparable time would be about the last five minutes. Man of today is only a mere tyro in the experience of physical living.

To have it suggested, therefore, that out on other interstellar bodies might be civilizations that have been in evolution for six to eight hours of that geologic twenty-four, puts a sudden numbness on his intellect. It is a preposterous thing to suggest that perchance Man is by no means the Last Word in the Creator's most recent handiwork. It makes

BY a system of the most clever handling of publicity, it seems to be a fact that the general world public has accepted the advent of interplanetary craft into our segment of Space without panic resulting. There has even been a sort of journal established to report on them. While two schools of thought exist—whether the Saucers are actual or whether they are various kinds of optical illusion—the lay citizen is at least willing to acknowledge they may be real.

However, it does startle John Q. Public to have it intimated that perchance the Saucers, or some craft similar to them, have been paying visits to our earth-system for ages.

It discloses the childish vanity of nondescript human beings, that they resent crediting that so-called Civilization on our particular planet is only a matter of the last few thousand years at the most. They want to accept that their own antiquity is the only antiquity, and not be disturbed in it.



him a devastatingly inconsequential creature and provokes his ire that he isn't as aged or mature as he imagines he is.

What if Civilizations on other planets have been perfecting and enjoying aircraft for the past ten thousand years, or even fifty thousand years? The visits of today might even be routine affairs merely to check up on how the pattern of biologic life on earth was shaping. Granted it stands many of the hypotheses of modern Theology on their heads, Man is obviously due to see that involuntary acrobatic stunt performed in the normal evolutions of Science, anyway—granted contemporary civilization lasts long enough and doesn't blow itself to smithereens with atom bombs.

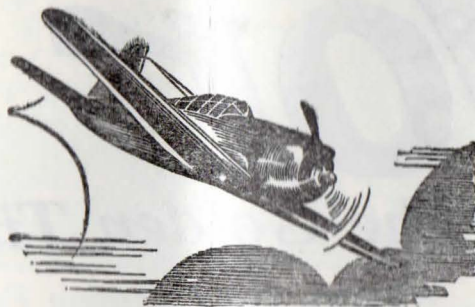
Still, that's not the point of the present discourse.

The *Golden Scripts*, and the Liberation Doctrine of Soulcraft, propound a startling and unique—although entire rational—explanation for human life on this planet.

Both enlighten us in the fundamentals for the coming to this planet of several great "migrations" of souls across interstellar space, and the acquisition of materialistic or fleshly bodies of a quasi-animalistic nature in Miocene times—a period and an experience that is blindly recorded in Holy Writ as the "Fall" of the Angels.

In other words, say the *Golden Scripts* and the Liberation Doctrine, the real Garden of Eden, specifically considered, wasn't on the planetary orb at all, but apparently afar on another globe, revolving about another star-sun. That a literal first-man was molded and given animation by an anthropomorphic Jehovah a mere handful of thousand years ago somewhere in Trans-Jordania, is so overwhelmingly disproven by geology and anthropology that only the illiterate credit it. Records of Sumerian kings antedating known history, are decipherable on stone markings in the Near East that go back 435,000 solar years. However, if Man appeared on this planetary ball back in Miocene times, it means he has been around for ten to 17 million years. But reliable geologists and scientists give the age of the earth and our planetary system as something like 2 billion years . . .

THE POINT that seems to be of moment is, that the most advanced metaphysical thought disregards the phe-



nomenon of Space and suggests that what we know in current biologic forms as physical and material reality is merely a Condition of Recognition by our capabilities of consciousness. Vibratory rates of substance in Matter have been lowered down to a point where they have become recognizable as materials, but that by no means indicates that there may not be a thousand forms of substance in Matter, of a higher rate of vibration, not perceptible to our senses in any aspect.

We might almost draw the analogy that there is Matter in some form existent between all planetary bodies in the whole stellar galaxy, and that it might be compared to a Broad Highroad easily accessible to spirit-consciousness for traveling. But your consciousness, or powers of perceiving must be of a nature that it assumes as much "reality" as the atomic materials of our common earth world.

Today, when upon reading a book like *Star Guests* we hear of migration of units of human consciousness from one planetary system to another, we form the picture-image of vast hordes of entities flying through absolute Nothingness. And we suggest to ourselves that some form of rocket or jet propulsion of vehicles must feature such excursion.

Now, as Man burrows into the construction of the atom—the basic unit of which all material is formed—he learns that substance itself is obviously constructed of naught but varying forms of electrical energy, and perchance to spirit the literal vehicle does not require to be supplied.

However, if it did require to be supplied, consider this—

Suppose that to higher forms of intelligence, meaning further evolved capabilities of consciousness, it were possible to vary the destiny of what we view as materials. Thereby it would by no means be nonsense to consider that ve-

hicles of a sort might exist but that they could not become visible—or even tangible to our low development of sense—until they entered into earth conditions.

This is the phenomenon that so many metaphysical or psychical bodies describe as today's Flying Saucers "coming out of the Etheric."

The Etheric worlds may not be distinguished by ether that is a form of gas or invisible atmosphere, but ether that is a condition of the rates of molecules. Thus the Flying Saucer phenomenon could seem to appear and disappear at will of the interspace travelers. They do not actually resolve to Nothingness. They alter their frequencies of atomic composition and change the aspect of their reality.

Still, it is not to rationalize the phenomenon of the Saucers by intangibles to our senses becoming tangible, but to account for the true genesis story of man's appearance on earth, that this article is offered.

The same phenomenon that is producing what seem to be Flying Saucers in our current generation, might have produced the presence of the human race from distant planetary bodies in remote generations.

The *Golden Scripts* explanations may by no means be fantasy.

IN OTHER words, if visible interspatial vehicles stand any chance of appearing within our earth's aura in the Flying Saucer form, why could it not have happened earlier in our earth's history and such sojourners from distant and older planetary systems been the forerunners of the human species as we now know about it? Furthermore, while considering such entirely logical possibilities, mightn't the various "races" on earth have acquired their racial peculiarities from having been former denizens of widely separated planets in their turn?

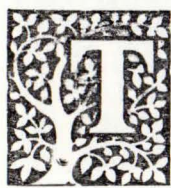
In other words, if this planet became a general rendezvous for forms of intellectual life from widely varied planetary systems, mightn't their Light Pattern bodies have reproduced as we now find them on earth, as they occupied or crossed with, the subhuman ape species, crossing mankind with the "beastly" forms of the Bible, in the *Golden Scripts*, and in the chapters of *Star Guests*?

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THE ENIGMA OF LIVING FOREVER

How the Scientific Discovery of the Pattern Body Sheds No Light on Physical Animation by the Soul



THE pictorial magazine, *Look*, published a remarkable article on March 24.

It was entitled, "You May Live Forever", from the pen of William L. Lawrence, Science reporter for *The New York Times* since 1930. And it contended that "Science" was now offering immortality for all men and women now living, and that Death will merely mark a stage in man's physical existence.

This promise of rebirth and resurrection for the individual, "and that applies to all living creatures," explains Lawrence, "even your favorite dog", has become a potential reality, he presumes, as the result of a series of remarkable studies that were begun over thirty years ago by Prof. Ross G. Harrison of Yale University and Prof. Jan Spemann of the University of Freiburg, Germany, and continued by their pupil, Prof. Oscar F. Schotte, at Amherst College, Massachusetts.

Through the pioneer studies of Dr. Spemann, for which he was awarded a Nobel Prize in Physiology and Medicine, it was revealed that there exists in the early stages of embryonic development a "chemical organizer or sculptor of life" that molds and shapes the aboriginal clay of protoplasmic matter into its own image, forming the various organs and tissues of the body and organizing them into the complete living creature, in the pattern of its progenitors.

Boiling down three pages of *Look Magazine* into one illuminating paragraph, what does it all mean? . . .

Soulcraft has long had the answer.

AS VALOR comprehends the statements of these scientists, it appears to mean that if a molecular particle of scar tissue—even scar tissue forming over the flesh wound of an adult—be isolated and removed from the wound before curative growth has proceeded too far, that bit of scar tissue will proceed to develop, or its cells will begin to multiply, into the factual reproduction of the entire organism from which it has been subtracted.

In other words, such cells left to multiply independently, a wholly new body will proceed from it after the finished pattern of the old, providing the removal from the healing wound is accomplished before a certain time-period has passed. If the cells in the scar tissue remain too long in such healing wound, this potential to reproduce the whole organism will disappear and naught but the usual skin tissue result.

Mr. Lawrence describes it, "Dr. Spemann . . . took a microscopic bit of the early embryo of an amphibian—a bit that, if left undisturbed, was destined to form skin—and transplanted it to a place destined to be occupied by the still unformed brain. In this way, he showed

that the 'sculptor' already present on the spot of the brain-to-be, transformed potential skin tissue into brain tissue."

Further studies along this new frontier of life led Schotte of Amherst to a far-reaching conclusion—

This ability of the individual experimental animal to create an exact duplicate of itself to an extent unlimited in time, resides not only in such lowly creatures as salamanders and tadpoles but is a universal law, present wherever life manifests itself, from the lowest to the highest, up to and including man.

Dr. Schotte had already shown that the microscopic bit of scare tissue transplanted into the regenerating tail of an adult salamander, possessed the power to transform this primordial clay into organs of entirely different parts of the body, including eyes, ears, nose and mouth—in fact, practically an entire head.

This revealed for the first time that the "sculptor of life" does not step out of the picture after initiating the work of embryonic development, but remains in the adult body throughout the life of the individual. It seems to be there in a state of what might be described as hibernation, unable to carry on its work because it has no more elemental clay to work with, and because its working conditions are no longer propitious to continuing on the grand scale.

THIS NEWLY discovered "seed of perpetual life", in other words—verily the Fountain of Youth sought in previous ages—has been identified by Dr. Schotte as the regenerative scar tissue



that keeps the body in constant repair throughout life. It is these phoenix cells that rebuild every cell and organ in each of our bodies—with the sole exception of the literal brain itself—every seven years.

And the conclusion is being jumped at, that if a microscopic portion of regenerative scar tissue from the healing wound of an adult, can be segregated at the proper time and under favorable conditions, the cells in it will gestate a complete new organism in precise pattern of the original. The conclusion is presented therefore, for serious consideration, that if such a personage as Winston Churchill wished to repeat on his physical self, he would submit to a cut on his wrist, the scar tissue be permitted to begin to form, the microscopic portion be subtracted and placed under incubator conditions for gestation, and in course of time a second Winston Churchill would literally be "grown", possessing every physical attribute of the original. The skeptic might of course inquire what would happen if two, three, four such microscopic parts be subtracted and isolated from two, three or four such wounds? Could two, three, four replicas of the present Winston Churchill be brought to reality?

God forbid!

So, first of all, what are these scientists trying to confirm, that those of us fairly adept in metaphysical principles do not know already?

What but the fact of the literal existence of the Light Body, or Pattern Body, which is an age-old fundamental acceptance in orthodox esoterics?

MR. LAWRENCE of the *New York Times* seriously discusses the possibility of duplication of entire living organisms—human organisms—by such artificial means in another century, thereby indicating that because a body is thus artificially duplicated, the soul or personality must be similarly duplicated. Thus, contends Lawrence, should duplicate personages be reproduced and cheat The Reaper of its inevitable lethal harvest of the present.

The scientists are proceeding up a blind alley, of course, because they will cling to the orthodox pathological notion that it is the physical body and its growth that creates the occupying or energizing soul.

The medical scientists have long since
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. . Little Things . .

THE LITTLE things that go into Life's Book,
Each kindly word, each gentle gesture, and each look
Of gratitude for some small service wrought—
These little things have oft great lessons taught.

One's gratitude to God for sunlight or for rain;
Spontaneous joy for quick relief from pain;
The uplift of the heart from smile of friend
Who clasps your hand—and stays until the End.

The joy that comes to one at breaks of days
In silent prayer to Him who cares always;
The thought held close in walls of memory
Of some small kindness done with none to see.

The story of the tares among the wheat;
The washing of the Twelve Disciples' feet.
The feet of traitor, also cleansed, were there,
And she who dried my Lord's feet with her hair.

A little sobbing child with broken toy,
The tiny heart brought back to life and joy
By quick attention, understanding true,
These little deeds mean life to it and you.

The crack in prison walls lets sunlight in;
The mind of man alone finds place for sin,
While Truth, garbed in the glory of God's mind,
Will raise the dead, will heal the sick, and find

The little heartaches and all fear dispel,
From heart of him where little lovelights dwell.
These little things will fill the Book of Life, . . .
Lift consciousness to peaks above all strife!

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

What Role Does Initiative Play if Life Is a Payoff of Karmic Debts?

Concluded from Last Week



LAST WEEK we were discussing the case of an average woman who has met "the younger and handsomer man" . . . and who promptly finds her prosaic husband intolerable. She goes to the orthodox metaphysician seeking counsel. Is the younger and handsomer man her affinity and does that account for her sudden attraction to him? What sort of karma might she be incurring if she found cause for divorcing the prosaic husband and marrying her Dream Boat? Had she planned to meet and marry the husband before coming into life, and if so, why does the Dream Boat come gliding glamorously into her affairs?

Practically all marriages—and to a degree liaisons—are prenataly arranged for. But prenatal arrangements as to mortal relationships may be made without the underlying purpose being the paying off of anything in kind.

Suppose we examine the triangle more deeply . . .

THE WISE metaphysician would diagnose such a Triangle Situation as being what might be termed Incidental Karma, or cause and effect in this current life based upon the incident of a propinquitous romance. Meaning this—

Such a woman as we have described, by the very nature of her broader viewpoint and wider interests in the affairs of life, is essentially in mortal existence to aid or mentor those less advanced in spiritual unfoldments than herself. Her brevet in life is one of altruistic help unto anyone or all of those with whom she may be cast into contact.

The Problem of Free Will and Its Part in a Life-Pattern

The mediocre man in such cases appeals to such a woman from galvanizing of her maternal instincts. She is fundamentally fearless in the face of life and its demands upon her, and shrinks from no situation which calls for her understanding service. She met this man, youthful though she was at the time physically, and married him because she sensed his need of her.

She would have married any personable man who happened along under similar circumstances and exhibited a similar need at that particular period.

Of course the intimacies of matrimony in the meantime have drawn them together after a fashion, but the fact that she has developed a great dissatisfaction or withering boredom in the continuing relationship, indicates to the wise cosmic psychologist that she has ceased to receive spiritual enhancements herself, even from the act of her mentorship.

This fact in turn indicates that she has done all for that man which she feels capable of doing, and anything further continued in that regard is a sort of waste of her time and personality. The fact that the husband has become stodgy, phlegmatic, and complacent toward her and her services to him, likewise indicates that he too has ceased to imbibe spiritually, and what started out as commendable and profitable relationships between the two has now degenerated—or is degenerating—into a profitless stalemate.

Such marriages "go on the rocks" as a



natural and normal denouement because having nothing to sustain them, there is no spiritual warrant why they should continue.

They are not marriages, anyhow, but legalized cohabitations.

Real marriages are the union of Spiritual Complement with Spiritual Complement, that has endured and been repeated over countless lives, where the man and woman partners are literal halves of the completed Soul Whole.

Such people never tire of one another's company, never cease to imbibe spiritually from one another, and would no more consider going out of one another's lives than they would consider parting with a hand or foot.

For our woman in question to consider that she must "serve her karma" with John, when in her soul of souls she feels no karma toward him—and John is too stupid anyhow to know what karma is to begin with—and permit the situation to go on till death or open infidelity on John's part effects her matrimonial release, would be the sheerest cosmic mischief.

WHERE we get the application of the correct cosmic law, constructively and wholesomely, in the foregoing situation, is in being able to recognize just what the prenatal program arranged for, how far it applies in a continuing relationship—that is, how long such relationship is supposed to continue—what

the concrete profits from it are supposed to be, when it may be conscientiously and not capriciously terminated, and what methods may be employable to bring it to its end.

Anesthetizing a person's mind to endure a given situation never yet worked a cure that was wholesomely lasting. The product or condition resulting is vicious Repression.

Knowing precisely what factors are involved, knowing Conscience for what it is and the role it plays in such a dilemma, looking at the point of true spiritual morals in all sincerity and constructiveness, and then deciding to continue in a given line of action until a given quandary has been untangled with intelligence . . . this is what is implied by the impersonality that raises a person above all hecklements of circumstance.

And Initiative plays its part in solving such quandary quite as much as Patience.

INIITIATIVE is the business of giving constructive thought to a challenging situation and taking aggressive action in full recognition of all the values having a bearing on the outcome. Initiative, like patience, is always positive. It presupposes that whether the dilemma be economic, domestic, or abstractly moral, it commands a sympathetic treatment by the reasoning faculties and a decision rendered as to what is best to do to arrive at a better condition. If such were not true, why has humankind been given such faculties at all?

Too many people hold the idea that everything their lives and careers comprise is karmic. If a wheel comes off their automobile, it is karmic. If a rich aunt dies and forgets to mention them in her will, it is karmic. If they reach up for a patent medicine and take down a bottle of toilet water—drinking the same to the great beautification of their insides but not to their stomach's tranquillity—it is karmic.

All of which is nothing of the sort. We start karma into operation when we willingly and knowingly do things which we feel that we shouldn't, which hinder or prostitute the spiritual growth of others, to receive values from them for which we neglect to compensate.

Such people forget that there has to be a time when karma starts—in this life as well as in past lives. People may easily be manufacturing new karma for them-

selves with every present day that passes. Initiative in its true sense, properly exercised, well might halt the manufacture of such new karma—if the truth could be foreseen.

If, therefore, karma is made willingly and knowingly, it can be forestalled or nipped willingly and knowingly as well.

Let us suppose our woman decided that she had to forego marrying Alfred, return to John and sink into a spiritless and lustreless existence as the wife of a hopeless nondescript.

All her spiritual faculties rebel, of course. She becomes short-tempered, slovenly, vindictive, envious of friends whose future is more inspiring. Everyone with whom she comes into contact turns aside from her with a disquieting shadow cast upon their worthwhile ambitions and illusions. She gradually disintegrates into a destructive social influence in the circles wherein she moves. Suddenly one night, in her own soured pique, she decides that if she can't have happiness neither shall her daughter—and she finds excuses for smashing the said daughter's lovely romance.

That is making new karma with a vengeance and the results of it must be paid in kind. What then, has her sacrifice brought her in practical ennoblement?



ALL OF this is by no means counsel to those married people, bored by the commonality of an uneventful matrimony, to start forth looking for some new personality—male or female—to give them thrills. People who still have true karma to pay off toward one another in the matrimonial relationship,

usually do stick together till it is run—and sometimes beyond.

What is being arrived at, is the more constructive diagnosis of a case where a woman-person is perplexed as to how far she should endure an insufferable situation, and what her mental attitude should be in the matter of its continuance or disintegration.

We "stand up to situations" because deep down in our subconscious minds we are carrying about with us the most minutely worked-out and acknowledged program of what our individualistic life-errands should comprise. When we depart from them wilfully or capriciously, a strange distress ensues.

We call it Conscience.

But Conscience is truly a self-upbraiment that we have shown a tendency to depart from the prenatal program allotted to ourselves, or agreed upon by ourselves, to get the lesson from life which we dared mortality to get.

We speak of a "hardened Conscience" when what we truly mean is "a disregarded Life Pattern" or a moral defection unto ourselves to take the longer and more permanent gains in lieu of the profits or satisfactions that appeal at the moment.

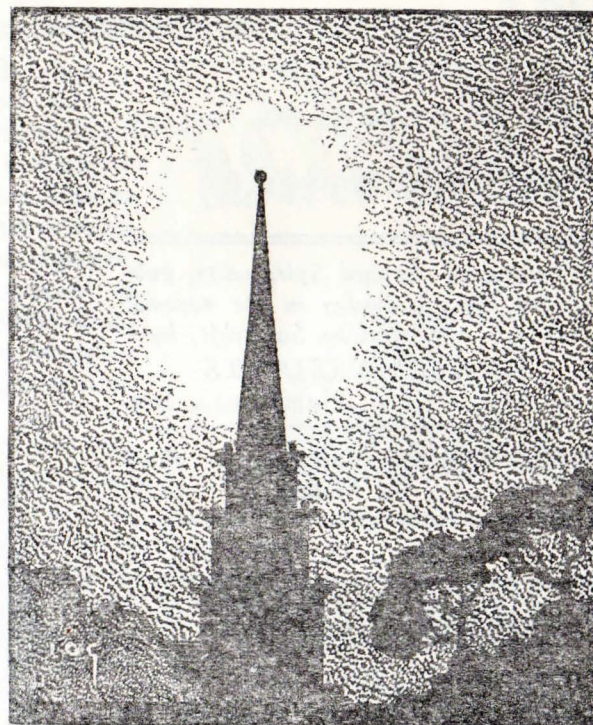
There is an old adage, and a wholly mischievous one, that says: "What you don't know won't hurt you." But the exact opposite is true. It's the things that you don't know that do hurt you. When you know consciously, you take care to avoid the conditions making for the hurt. And esoteric fundamentals do just that! When deliberately accredited and employed, they settle dilemmas without the distresses attending on ignorance. They are revealed to man to make life easier, not to make it hard. But man must utilize them.

Instead of asking ourselves the blind question: "What ought I to do?" or "How long should I put up with this or that?" the more proper question should be: "What are the factors involved in my predicament, and when I recognize and balance them, will deliberate action taken bring me the spiritual exercise and moral wholesomeness I seek?"

Always remember that Life is proposing situations, almost hour on hour, which test and try us to ascertain how much we have gained in spiritual unfoldment from all the experiences we have endured to the moment.

Aren't You Pastor of Your Personal Church Without Grasping It?

Something for Students of the Liberation to Reflect upon in the Easter Season . .



EASTER season is an excellent time to review—or examine—our personal attitude toward, and understanding of, the earthly institution known as

The Church. The average person merely accepts the Church as he finds it in western world society and does not give it an analytical thought from Easter to Christ Mass. He is quite certain, however, that he would have no desire to live or raise a family in a community without the institution of The Church.

Suppose, in all due sympathy with, and approving of, The Church, we check up on ourselves in our estimates of The Church. Is there much about it we could discover to our profit?

First of all, what is a church—a any church? The church of no particular creed is hereby specified.

We find by consulting the origin of words that it gets its name from the old Anglo Saxon term *circe*, and describes "the Lord's house."

NO MORE than that. The Lord, figuratively speaking, has a domicile provided Him amid earth society. As the letter C in most Anglo-Saxon words was pronounced soft, like "sh", the Saxon pronunciation was similar to "shirsh", which we of the West have since hardened to "church." The Lord was provided, figuratively, with a house amid pronunciation was similar to "shirsh", and the official host at this house was a Pastor, Clergyman, or Minister. And those who maintained this "house for the Lord" were worshipers or parishioners.

So the sum-total of these became a religious society that in the broader sense

also took the name Shirsh, or Church. When we talk about the Methodist Church, the Baptist Church, the Roman Catholic Church, today, we are therefore making reference to an aggregation of people all of one religious faith. "Faith" in this sense means, "credenda or doctrines to be believed concerning the nature, purpose, and destination of the soul."

In other words, a given number of persons hold certain convictions concerning the Creator of the universe, and the function and destiny of Man in it, and when organized under a chairman—or pastor—and meeting collectively from time to time in a building designated as the Lord's house, they institute, as well as constitute, a Church.

As a social gesture, of course, it evolved from the eastern ideology of the divine Temple. All eastern countries and peoples have temples, but they by no means have churches.

There is a difference.

WHAT we too seldom take into consideration in our present status of the world is the fact that churches as such are distinctively western and distinctively Christian. And this means in turn that they are a specialized factor in the social or community lives of only one-quarter of the populace of the earth.

Three-quarters of the populace of the earth gets along without them. It is difficult to credit.

And the main reason why almost three-quarters of the populace of the earth get along without them—at least as they are conceived and actualized in America and Europe—is because there are little or no major divisions of religious technicalities, or denominations, among them.

There is little or no quibbling over details of Divinity and the Afterlife, so to speak.

Three-quarters of the people of the earth, outside the "western" countries, merely accept the Divine Idea, accept the fact that the soul of man returns into the fleshy occupancy again and again until its spiritual education is complete, accept that God will remain God and perform as He pleases regardless of Man's notions about Him, and feel no particular personal relationship to His Being. The Church outside of the western world is no part of man's social, economic or political life.

CHRISTIANITY has evolved and perfected an institution from Hebraic templeism and synagoguism that is a moral society within a secular society, based on a more facile religious ideology. Given people exercising spiritual evolutions alike, become congregations and feel sanctification when they adhere together and profess faiths in common. All this is generally accepted, and trite.

What is *not* trite is the challenge: Exactly what service does any Church render?
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Planned that Way



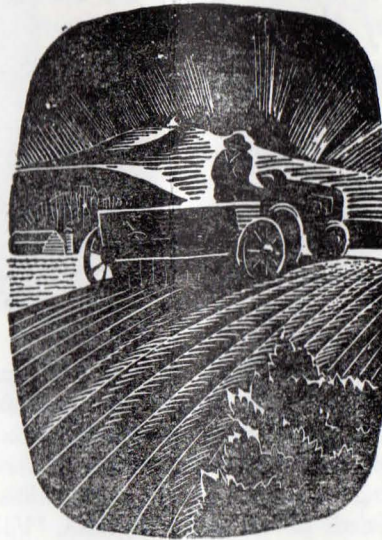
RECENT article in *Cosmopolitan Magazine* recorded the highlights of an apparent flagrant waste of manpower by the American armed forces, which, as *The Indianapolis Star* remarks, "is stripping homes of our youth without any proportionate increase in our armed strength." A Navy tanker, for instance, operating in the Pacific, is authorized to have a crew of 12 officers and 270 men. Privately operated commercial tankers, maintaining the same watches keeping the same records, and doing everything the naval vessel does except refueling other ships at sea, is manned by a total of 43 men.

The Air Force uses 1,688 men to put a wing's 75 single-seat jet planes in the air—or over 22 men to a plane. If they were there to handle the needs of the 75 pilots and planes, that would be one thing. But the table of organization shows that the wing includes six officers and 52 men on "personnel work"—whatever that is—"career-guidance specialists," "senior personnel specialists", and so on. One out of every 29 men in a jet fighter wing is engaged in personnel functions.

The Star goes on to comment that "it is bad enough to break up homes and interpret the careers of our young men in order to defend ourselves. But to waste this precious time and strength on low-paid years of doodling is inexcusable."

With one of the country's ablest generals as President, and a top production man like Charles Wilson as Defense Secretary, one would hope that this dream-

and-drift heritage from the New and Fair Deals would quickly be reversed. But obviously other purposes must be in the way of getting served that perchance neither Eisenhower nor Wilson are equal to controlling. Where to find them? It might be well to turn the telescope—or the microscope—of investigation up to the Hiss Thing in New York, and learn if we can what man power policies we are letting it make for us, and why?



Stalin said before his death, remember, that all the Soviets had to do was sit tight and keep out of trouble while the American "capitalistic" economy went crack. Then the Communists could take over without much opposition. Of course nobody would know anything about this instructing his lieutenants to do all they could to help it toward "going crack". United Nations, which we have allowed ourselves to be carried into, God knows why, seems to be dictating our national policy in other fields. By what exception should it keep its alien nose from our military?

Then, of course, the next step is to inquire who happens to be determining policy for United Nations.

After all, it's not so enigmatic as it appears to the Man in the Street . . .

God Disposes



IT'S AN intriguing thing now, to read the dispatches and books written by European news correspondents back in 1938, in which the Hitlerian invincibility was pointed out in

despairing phrases. Britain was lethargic, France was impotent, America was indifferent. As for Russia, well, Uncle Joe was floundering around in one of his futile 5-year plans. And through it all the revitalized Kaiser's army was sounding with renewed goose stepping—and who or what was ever to stop it?

God stopped it.

Douglas Reed, Vienna correspondent of the *London Times*, did one of the most pessimistic books of the pre-war days, *Insanity Fair*. It ran to something like 34 printings and he was far from being a pro-Nazi propagandist, either. The book, in fact, was banned in Germany.

But Reed gave one of the most graphic descriptions of the Nazis' taking over of Austria that came out of the whole terrifying period. Hitler was unstoppable. He could capture any country or any government on the continent and no force existed, seemingly, to bring him to task.

Does anyone care to argue that he was not brought to task?

And today the same eagle-screams are heard about Russia. Now it's the Soviets who can capture any country or government with no force in existence to bring them to task. And everybody over ten years old in army circles knows that Russia hasn't one-tenth of the military and mechanistic know-how to duplicate the Hitler potentials of 1938.

Insanity Fair still continues to exhibit on the continent of Europe. But there's a comfortable conclusion we can draw from it. What the Almighty doesn't want done, in the rise and fall of nations, *does not get done!* England came out of her doldrums quickly enough, with Hitler seizing Czechoslovakia. And America stopped the dictatorial grabbing of continental countries and governments cold.

We well may see history repeating itself as to the cohorts of Russia.

But it well may be on the cards that instead of Soviet bombing attacks on American cities, it's the ultimate drying up of Federal tax revenues that prostrates America and does the thing that the military divisions of the Nazis or Reds failed to accomplish.

Other interests in the world besides the Nazis of 1938 or the Commies of 1953 obviously bethink they have the global situation in the bag via the instrument of United Nations.

Maybe they're making misjudgment as

great as Douglas Reed and other continental correspondents made in the days prior to September 1, 1939.

Perhaps a Republic more magnificent and sound than the forefathers had any capacity for envisioning, comes out of this brief Dark Age through which humanity is passing. The *Golden Scripts* tell us so. The stronger the faith we place in them, the more likely the actuality of materialization of their predictions.

Anyhow, if they're wrong, the United States and the world will be intolerable to exist in, anyhow.

The nation's true worry is whether or not it has the Bright Souls in sufficient numbers to function in the top echelon positions when the need for their services arises.

Charles Wilson says that he goes home at night and sleeps calmly in his bed, despite the yowlers of calamity who see the Russians landing in the New Jersey meadows any time after Thursday next.

Actually, the tension of the world has begun to level off with the demise of the Butcher, Stalin.

Note if that didn't mark a Turning Point . . .

Rest in Peace



COMES the news out of Wyandanch, N. Y. on March 16 that "Former Ambassador" Herman B. Baruch, died at his home there at the age of eighty.

He was brother to Bernard M. Baruch, "presidential adviser" in two world wars, Sailing W. Baruch, financier, and Hartwig Baruch, retired broker and stage actor, who died March 1st. A native of Camden, S. C., Dr. Baruch practiced medicine for several years before entering financial business in 1903. Baruch, a Democrat, was named Ambassador to Portugal by President Roosevelt in 1945 and Ambassador to the Netherlands by President Truman in 1947.

Bernard is now 83, in case anybody is interested.

And this is 1953.

Queen Mary of England left us this week. Stalin is history. Soon it will be Winston Churchill who will Go Away. Presently the entire Old Guard of the fulminating Roosevelt Days will be memories. How much peace will they rest in?

One wonders.

Best Intentions



THE AMERICAN Committee for the Advancement of Western Culture is being formed throughout the nation. Its progenitor is announced as

H. Keith Thompson, New York businessman, who served last year as public relations counsel for the rightist, anti-Communist Socialist Reich Party of West Germany. The Committee has been formed to serve as "an Advisory Group to the American people" and a political action group on questions pertaining to the United States and foreign affairs, international relations and policies. Names of prominent Americans are being courted, to give it the necessary prestige and affluence.

VALOR suspends judgment on this project and offers it no comment. It may be an entirely laudable Rightist enterprise. But if you turn back to Page 3 of your issue of this publication for July 26, 1952 you will find expression of opinion as to the uniform futility of these "policy" organizations. Soulcrafters who are querying VALOR about the ACAWC have their answers contained in that two-page article.

Veteran judgment extending over a quarter-century brings the conviction to those wise in the ways of human nature and any secret police that there are two—well, possibly three—routes which any sortie of Americans may follow in making any such gesture of moment—

One is that of sheer expose propaganda . . . that follows the orthodox methods of damning this or that racial or economic bloc in sensational printed matter so long as the dues or contributions for paying the bills hold out;

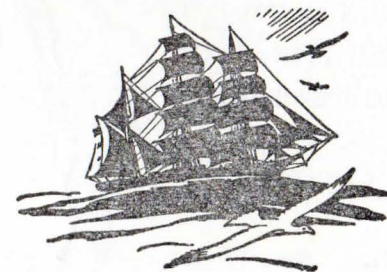
The second is that of formation of a quasi-militarist underground avowing to serve in a vigilante capacity and eventually confronting genocide as an ultimate solution to major woes;

The third is that of assembling a nationwide support of congressional lobbying, arriving at objectives through education of law makers to enact measures tending toward corrective ends.

In respect to the effectivity of these, this is what happens—

By the time the expose propaganda really exposes, statutory measures are enacted under the guise of public peace and

The Stories of the Thirteen Civilizers



"MARCHING SPIRES"

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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back in
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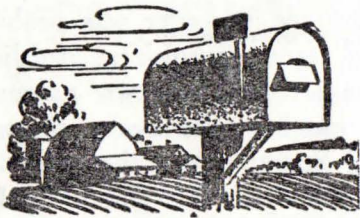


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decorum making it felonious to cause "mental harm or perturbation" to any racial group or contingent; the several State "Hate Laws" serve to intimidate the timorous against giving offending organizations any wide support;

The formation of a quasi-military underground produces a condition where the overthrow of orderly government is anticipated—at least the breaking of the clutch of political power is anticipated—and the records and personnel of such a Movement are swiftly and effectively haled into Congress for investigation and condemnation; regardless of either the merit, patriotism, or clean intent involved, the gesture is pronounced un-American out of hand and subjected to all the prosecutions and persecutions visited on forthright subversives.

In respect to creating an effective lobbying organization, the personal histories of Joseph Kamp, Mervin K. Hart and William Dudley Pelley, are notable examples of how a politically powerful plutocracy moves to inflict discipline on those who work outside orthodox channels of the status quo.

In nine out of ten cases, hotheads or would-be actionists of immature or unsophisticate judgment, are usually the movers of these general public gestures to "organize against the prevalent Situation." And one adolescent overt act involves and damns the entire rank and file of respectable citizenry that has lent its names and support to the purpose.

Every free republic is strewn knee-deep with the papered litter of organizations brought into being for the objective of seeking mass support to some prevailing distemper. No adversary really fears them until they evolve into actionist assemblies. Thereat the crack down on them arrives electrically. It is, of course, totalitarian dictatorship by elected authority but no less totalitarian for that. Given the semblance of parliamentary portfolio all repressive measures become legal—in the interests of what is named Public Tranquillity.

So one may take his choice as to which route he wishes to move to the inevitable crack down that is the price of prominence.

The real success comes in the capability to survive crackdown. Thereafter it is anybody's fight and history will call it insurrection or revolution.

Veteran vigilantes know all these things and shake their heads dubiously at the zeal of the youngsters. They will learn.

Then can nothing be done?

Yes—but not by "arousing the public." The public rarely "arouses" under the forced draft of the mass propagandist. The public can be *educated*—bona fide— to the point where sentiment is more or less of a natural, whereupon its spokesmen fall in line with the prevailing clamor.

But after all is said and done, it is truly the concentrated missionary work that scores—concentrated missionary work on strategically placed individuals. This the Marxists have learned, and employed. It is doubtful that any human being of real intelligence was ever made a Marxist by receiving a tract or even reading a book. Marxists uniformly are unable to read anyhow, not English at least.

However, if the boys want to blow off effervescent emotion in print or speech, by all means let them do so. But when they view their results from the perspective of two or three decades they will come to realize that the only thing that could have truly counted would have been employment of force.

And force is un-American.

Okay, okay, go ahead and learn the hard way. But if one is truly looking for trouble there are many easier ways for finding it.

Aren't You a Pastor?

(Continued from Page 7)

der, to either God or humanity, other than supplying a given quota of spiritual intellectualists with a "family feeling" or sense of safety in numbers?

If a man were a professing Christian for thirty years of his life, or even a working Christian—in that he sincerely put the precepts of Christ into practice—and in his thirty-first year were cast upon a desert island to remain there out of touch with his kind for the next three to four decades, would he be any less a Christian by not having a church structure to hand in which to "worship"?

Is it not a fact, when we come right down to it, that spiritually considered, every man and woman alive is actually a shirsh unto himself or herself? Can any

two people, no matter how joined in a religious community, have religious beliefs that are as alike as two garments cut and sewed from the one master pattern?

Aren't real religious beliefs always a matter of the sum-total of one's personal opinions and conclusions respecting life and Cosmos based unqualifiedly on one's peculiar individual experiences in the world and with the world?

And is it not a fact that no two people have had precisely the same experiences in all Cosmos, and that actually there is as much religious dissension—if the truth could be known—as there are individuals with inviolate personal fingerprints?

CAN WE not conclude this Easter Season, therefore, that whether one cares to acknowledge it or not, he really is pastor of his own individualized *shirsh*—insofar as he adheres to his own spiritual convictions based on individualized experience? Why blink the matter? Are not denominations merely categories of souls whose fundamentals are sufficiently similar to permit of interassociation without fights developing? When fundamentals become dissimilar of too great an extent, are not fights the reaction? What otherwise are schisms?

The conclusion to be arrived at from all this is, *that you are a denomination unto yourself whenever and wherever you speak to another soul in respect to details of your religious beliefs!*

Actually you are a pastor of your own individualized denomination. The Church as an architectural structure does not matter. It is merely a building with a spire made of upright planks, terminating at a vertical point, perhaps surmounted by a cross.

Every church therefore, is merely a spiritual credendum of personalized conclusions and convictions. To say that it is any *more* divine because it is formally organized, financed, and publicized—like some sort of commercial theatrical company—is to treat in intellectualisms that will not stand analysis. The credenda of personal conclusions and convictions—always based on individualized experience, remember—do not acquire formal organization, excepting as great numbers congregating together on common fundamentals may offer a given quantity of defense against persecution.

"FIGURE YOURSELF OUT!" . .



The New Liberation Handbook on . . NUMEROLOGY . .

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
Noblesville, Indiana

IN THIS simple statement of the situation, we have at this Easter commemoration of the Resurrection, the reasons advanced why the Liberation doctrine of Soulcraft will not organize into the churchly form. It is purely a matter of *personal* realization that the fundamentals of Liberation align with one's personal reactions to the eternal verities, and not a thing beside. Formalizing it, ritualizing it, would be adolescent. Forms and rituals ever appear in any "faith" when the spiritual essence of that faith has been lost and religious dignitaries carry on with physical motions, and blessings of banners, and swinging of incense-pots.

Every espouser of the Liberation doctrine of Soulcraft is a complete church organization unto himself—is the accomplished way of viewing it.

It is all a matter of intellectual attainment.

Which confronts us, of course, with the realization that Liberation is actually an individualized ideology, espoused by

those who have arrived at the mental capability for comprehending it.

A shelf of books may be its only sacristry.

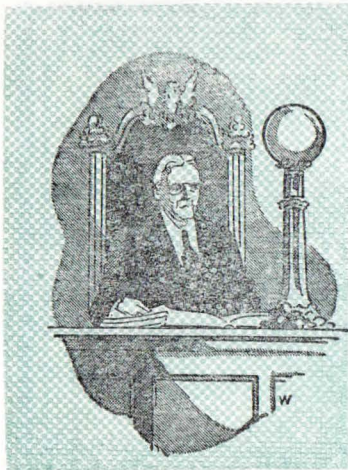
But what's wrong with that?

It's what *you* feel to be true, from your own personalized reactions to life up the worlds, that counts . . and all that you will truly believe, anyway.

Must you have a lot of spirit kith and kin congregated around you, in order to make it seem of consequence? Then the kindest thing that can be expressed is the conclusion that your spiritual evolution has not yet risen high enough to assimilate it. Perhaps you won't reach that status much before the year 2553 A. D., six hundred years of lives further on.

Whether you can remark on and espouse spiritual realizations without the congregation about you, is what marks your true religious seniority.

Such is your criterion after essaying the works of this world.



CHAPTER V

CONGRESSMAN "Jake" Thorkelson was a sizable Norwegian, bald of pate, with a jaw like a paving-block. He might have come from Butte, Montana—according to election returns—but he was one of the few congressmen who represented the United States of America in the House during the Roosevelt Administration. His eyes popped visibly two mornings later when, arriving at his office early, he saw me appear at the door. "Where have you come from?" he exclaimed.

"Out West," I said largely.

"Now," he pronounced, "you're being smart!"

"What's this all about?" I demanded.

"Dave Mayne sold a batch of phony letters to some of our best Reds and they hate being swindled. Hook of Michigan has jammed up the Rules Committee so the House can't operate."

"I never thought," I grinned, "I'd be powerful enough to throw a monkey wrench in the Congress of the United States. What do you advise me doing, now that I'm here?"

"First tell me why you've been hiding out."

I told him about the Buncombe County bunkum.

"How many days did you say the time had to go, to clear you on your suspended sentence?"

"Five days—the twentieth."

"What you'd better do is get a subpoena issued for you that'll hold you in town till after the twentieth."

"Now you're being smart. Think you could fix it?"

He reached for his intercommunicating

House telephone. "Gimme Joe Starnes' office," he told the girl, "Starnes of Alabama."

"Why Starnes?" I asked as he waited. "With Martin gone, that makes him subchairman."

"With Martin gone where?"

"Texas. Things seemed to be getting too hot around here. Dies went South for a holiday."

"How about letting Cox of Georgia know I'm on the premises?"

"The Rules Committee can't issue you a subpoena that'll hold until Monday. The Dies Committee can. Boy, is there going to be a popping of camera bulbs in the Joint this morning!"

"Well, you better tell Cox I'm on hand, just in case."

He got Starnes. "I'm in personal touch with Bill Pelley," he announced. "How about him getting a subpoena from your committee that'll hold him in the clear until Tuesday?"

Starnes wanted to know why. Thork told him. Finally he hooked the receiver.

"Joe says, come up to the Rules Committee room. He'll meet you there. Want me to go along with you?"

Thork said it as though I needed a bodyguard. "Come along if you want to play games," I said, "but I don't need a nurse, thanks. What number's the Rules Committee and how do I get there?"

The soles of news and cameramen were scuffing up sparks on marble flooring as I emerged from Thork's office. *Pop! Pop! Pop!* the flashlight experts laid down their first barrage . . .

I went upstairs gathering newsmen and camera sharks like a honeypot gathers flies. Where had I been? Had I written that letter to Martin Dies? What did I think of Roosevelt? . . . Hitler? . . . the situation in the Balkans? I got upstairs to the door of the Rules Committee and a tall, suave blonde stepped forward.

"Pelley?" he asked.

I admitted it.

"I'm Starnes. Come in with me."

We bored a tunnel through the news-hawks and went in.

The Rules Committee was gathering officially. Chairman Cox gave me a grin and shook my hand warmly. I recognized Ham Fish and old man Sabath. The others were strangers. Old man Sabath was walking up and down the filling room with a glare in his myopic eye and a copy of *What Every Congressman Should Know* clutched in hot fist behind his back. It was one of the Pelley booklets—what Dorothy Thompson had described as the "poisonous" Peelley booklets—disclosing the names of all the fellow-travelers in the Administration and in what government departments they might be found. Why it should be upsetting old man Sabath—of Chicago—thus, was enigmatic. But he certainly was upset. Perhaps at my daring to show up.

They gave me a seat on the eastern side of the big Rules Committee table, with Starnes on my left. Presently they brought in Mayne. Dave was pushed down in a chair at my right. He'd been arrested, it seemed, or he would be arrested—presumably for obtaining money under false pretenses or something of the sort—if my testimony went against him.

"Dave," I demanded, "what the 'ell?"

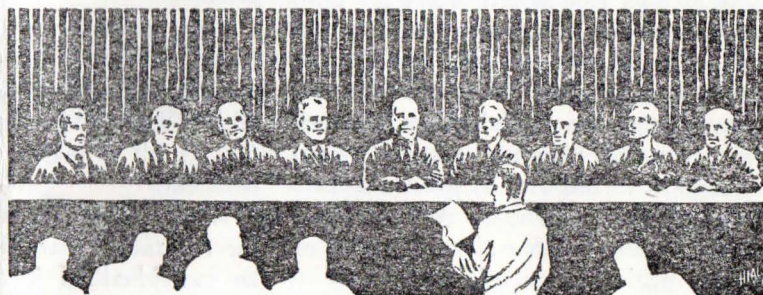
He grinned. "I got these Red louses right where I want 'em," he confided.

I said, forgetting decorum, "In a pig's eye and other places."

"Well, if Hook isn't advertising he's a Red, what's he so wild about?"

Cox rapped for order.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Pelley



tells me that his real reason for not coming forward and helping clean up this letter business before this morning, was his attorney's advice to remain in seclusion until a certain controversial suspended sentence against him had expired in North Carolina. He's taking his chances in appearing before us this morning, and for that we're grateful to him. Now then, Mr. Pelley, I'll show you this photostat of your signature to a letter. Did you ever see such a letter, did you dictate or write it, and did you sign it?"

The photostat was passed across the table to me. Ham Fish made some remark at which nearby congressmen chortled. It was not at all a hostile gathering. Most of these gentlemen knew where I stood in the matter of opinion toward the current Administration. For the first time then, I read the famous—or infamous—photostat.

I said, handing it back, "I never saw this letter before in my life."

"That isn't your bona fide signature?"

"It's one of my Silver Legion letterheads and it's my signature. But the text of the letter itself is bogus."

"You swear it under oath?"

"I swear it under oath. That photostat is a forgery."

Hook was on his feet, the Jackson party trying to pull him down.

"Then, Mr. Chairman, I demand—"

"Sit down!" ordered Cox, and his gavel rap was sharp.

"Dave," I directed. "Tell 'em."

Dave Mayne did tell 'em. He leveled his finger up the table at Hook and Jackson as he did it. I never did hear the end of it because the place was in an uproar. Hook was hollering, Cox was adjourning the Committee for an hour, officers were coming in to tote Dave off to jail, and Starnes was tugging at my elbow to follow him out and up to his committee office . . .

They arrested Dave—if he hadn't been arrested already—took him to court a week later, found him guilty of something or other, and Judge Proctor sentenced him to a year in jail . . . which was as promptly suspended. I wasn't asked to testify against him. I was glad of that. I'd always liked Dave. But he could think up and get into the darndest messes.

I MET J. Parnell Thomas, for the first time, I met Dempsey of New Mexico,

and Casey and Mason and Jerry Voorhis of California . . . who now holds down a top job as general publicity man in Chicago for the nation's Consumer Co-ops. He was then a fledgling congressman who carried a perpetually worried look that indicated he didn't know exactly what it was all about. Bob Stribling was there. He was the clerk whom Roosevelt later tossed into the army between sunrise and sunset. I think Doc Matthews was there and another investigator, George Hurley. Later Hurley was to fall downstairs up in a New York apartment and break his neck.

All seemed happy and good natured but Thomas and Casey. These gentlemen, I was presently to learn, didn't smile, on principle. They wanted to know exactly what I'd been up to, in the recent four months.

I made it clear to them.

"Okay," they laughed. "You go with Joe and whatever arrangements you make with him are all right with the rest of us."

They broke up for the morning and I went along with Starnes. We got to his office and barricaded ourselves in the inner room against reporters. He pulled out the lower drawer of his desk and shoved his feet in it. This is what he said to me—

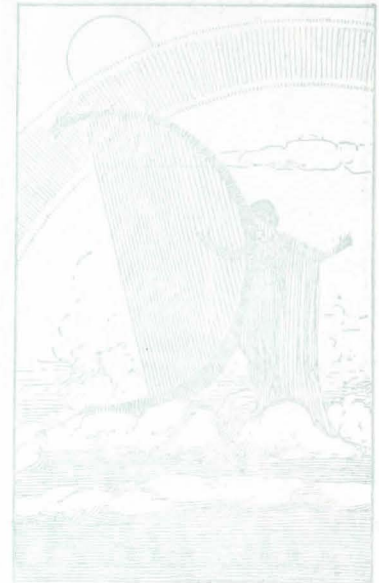
"Frankly, Pelley, we're up against it. We don't know where we sit in all this Commie investigation business because we're not experts. What we'd like to do is have you put on a show for us, or for the public, so that it looks like Grim Business. Are you willing to work with us instead of against us?"

"After four years baiting the Reds of this nation singlehanded, I should work against you? How do you get that way? . . . But first of all, how's about fixing up this subpoena business? I've got a hunch that if Buncombe County learns I'm up here, in the open, its coming up sizzling."

"What have they got you on?"

"Nothing—that I'm aware of. But I have a bit of a hunch that a batch of Red boodle was left down in Asheville, in escrow, to be paid over to somebody or other the day I entered Raleigh Penitentiary. And some of it's still there. Unpaid. What I'd like from the Dies Committee is a subpoena that specifically holds me in Washington until the 21st

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or 22nd. Then I'll take my chances."

Starnes returned largely, "Dictate any subpoena you want. And I'll sign it."

"Fine! I wired my Asheville lawyer, Mr. Hatfield, to meet me here and he should arrive by noon. Let him draw it. Now how can I cooperate with you to go to town?"

Starnes pulled his lip under. "What's wrong," he suggested, "about your getting off in a hotel somewhere with, say, Doc Matthews and George Hurley and drawing up a list of questions that the Committeemen can ask you in tomorrow's public session? We're just feeling our way into this Commie business. We'd like you to sound off on it. Use the witness table as a platform and give the Commies hell. Wake the whole nation up on it."

"Suits me fine," I approved.

"Let's see . . . today's Tuesday. We can hold sessions in the Old Caucus Room tomorrow, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Strib, get hold of Doc and George. And if a lawyer named Hatfield comes in here looking for Pelley, tell him he's here and fetch him in."

Dr. J. B. Matthews and George Hurley—likewise a youngish "investigator" whose name I think was Stebbins—thereupon went into huddle with Starnes and myself. It lasted until lunch with Hurley and Stebbins. When we got back, Floyd Hatfield had arrived. Floyd Hatfield was blind. His wife was his Seeing Eye. But Nell was almost as good a lawyer as her husband—and her husband before his loss of sight, and conversion to Silver Legion principles, had formerly been Jim Farley's Man in the Seattle, Washington district. It just goes to show you what the Silver Legion could salvage when it got the breaks.

I introduced Floyd, and Nell drew the subpoena. It called for my continuous presence at the Capitol and under the "protection" of the Dies Committee until Tuesday the 22nd.

Mr. Starnes signed it.

It wasn't worth the paper on which it was printed . . .

(To Be Continued)

"I'M SORRY to tell you," said the fortune-teller, "that your husband is soon to die a violent death."

"Will I be acquitted?" asked the client eagerly.

Soul Enigma

(Continued from Page 4)

determined that hereditary genes are somehow passed along from paternal organisms to the organisms of progeny, accounting for a continuity of physiological traits. But apparently there also exists an element of Light Body continuity, that supplies the pattern for cells to grow around, forming the physical personality of each conceived infant—which with years and experience becomes the mature adult of given character traits.

But no scientist has as yet confronted the possibility of reproducing an exact living Soul by projecting an exact living Body. And no scientist ever will be able to do so, because he must ultimately discover what the metaphysicians have long since discovered, *that spirit animation is an individualized occupancy, not a biologic development.*

In other words, all this talk about creating a second Winston Churchill from a microscopic bit of scar tissue subtracted from a wrist wound of the original, provides no assurance that because a body is thus separately duplicated, the Thinking Spirit or Personality of the original can transfer along into the the new body or bodies thus gestated, and thus a current and original Winston Churchill continue on forever.

If this were conceivable, what of that period when the new Winston Churchill were coming along in the protoplasmic incubator while the original were over here in this Western Hemisphere trying to borrow more American dollars? If the elderly Winnie returned home and walked up beside the incubator in which his Second or Repeat Self were progressively hatching, would he be inspecting his duplicate self thinking thoughts about what had just gone on in Barney's flat across the Atlantic in Manhattan, or thinking a lot of new thoughts incident to his infantile status?

At that point—that does not present itself in current biologic phenomena—would the original Churchill "change over from one to the other"? And when the phrase "that does not present itself in current biologic phenomena" is used, the meaning should be clear.

All people "change over" from old and worn out adult forms to new infantile forms as of the present. Only they

do not forever "change over" into bodies that are in every case the exact duplicate of their previous physical selves. Indeed, why should they?

Some of them might find themselves eternally weary of seeing the same old countenance every time they glanced in a mirror up a couple of thousand years.

It is difficult not to be facetious in consideration of the whole of it . . . because what these scientists appear to be discovering is so very trite and ancient.

ESOTERIC Science says at the present time that biologic continuity and spiritual occupancy of newly gestated organisms proceed along two separate lines of activity. The body and soul, in other words, are separate units, performing in separate media and for separate reasons.

What causes the hereditary traits to transfer from one organism to another up a given period of time, might be interesting to learn but it would be immaterial to this hailed Continuity of Existence. Continuity of Personality exists at the present time, and always has existed. Spirits enter into new embryos at given stages of gestation and thus acquire new vehicles for the worldly educating experiences. Perpetuating exact physical duplicates of the self, to do the performing life after life and thus "cheating death" as the magazine articles call it, achieves nothing of practical value.

What these scientific wiseacres are not aware of is, that Death in the accepted sense is "cheated" every time there is a common funeral. The conscious soul has not perished, else it could not regain atomic covering under certain conditions and present itself in every aspect of physical appearance and memory-equipment that composed the personality in its most recent physical life. Merely to avoid the transfer from one elderly and worn out organism by slipping into newly gestated scar tissue organism and calling it that Death has been circumvented, is empiric nonsense.

What these scientists would discover in reality, if they would first abandon their materialistic concepts of Death, would be the perturbing recognition that what they are working so hard to "prove" was already determined along a more rational line of observation several centuries before Pythagoras.

If they would apply themselves with

equal zeal to proving the continuity of Personality irrespective of the enhousing vehicle, life unto life, they would be achieving something.

But they can never do that so long as they take as an acceptance that the Conscious Spirit is a product of physicality.

Ten thousand seance rooms prove nightly to the contrary.

Flying Saucers

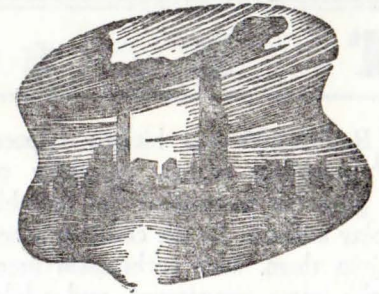
(Continued from Page 2)

Supposing, to make it clearer, that one of the Flying Saucers as commonly described in these hectic years and months, landed in Arizona or New Mexico, containing crew or passengers who found they could move about without distress under our global atmospheric conditions. Supposing these beings from some other planet—no matter how ancient their civilization—discovered it possible to cohabit biologically with the Ute or Apache Indian women, and in a spirit of bestial curiosity or lust, did so. Might not a new type of human species be the progeny?

By the same token, if the true human species similarly journeyed through the etheric reaches in times immemorial and mated with the higher anthropoid apes, mightn't the animalistic attributes of many present races be thus accounted for?



Fascinating as the story of what may have happened is, today's Flying Saucer phenomena may by no means be new. That the Adamic species in remote times



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may well have been "Sons of God", who looked upon beastly female forms indigenous to this earth-planet and decided them "fair", and took "wives" of them, raising up "giants in the earth, men of renown," gives a far more logical basis for the human life theory than the commonly interpreted orthodox hypothesis.

Sooner or later, at least, the identity and origin of the Space Men will be determined. Then we may have wonders disclosed to our intellects that make our commonly accepted biologic origins appear as childish as Mother Goose.

By the way, if you haven't read the Soulcraft transcripts published in book form as *Star Guests*, a few copies still remain at Headquarters that are available for your library. But the supply is very limited, and it will probably be a considerable time before the work can be reprinted . . .

T h e P a y o f f

GRANDMA was bitterly opposed to gambling games, especially poker, but gave her permission for the children to play authors. So the children asked her to join them. Her enthusiasm increased as the game progressed, and while she knew that the cards used were authors she had to abide by the instructions given by one of her grandsons as to how the game was played. Father came home and discovered a hot game of poker in progress, with authors, with grandma enthusiastically playing Whittiers wild.

A FATHER said, "Now, my son, start saving the pennies and put them in this yellow box. When you get five pennies, give them to me and I'll give you a nickel and you can put it in the blue box. Then when you get five nickels, you given them to me and I'll give you a quarter and you can put it in the red box."

Seventeen years later the boy discovered that the red box was the gas meter.

THE SPINSTER was trying to gossip over the fence with the glum bachelor, spading his garden.

"You know, Mr. Bobbs, I want my fortune told but I don't know whether to go to a palmist or mind reader. What would you advise?"

"Go to a palmist," growled Bobbs. "It is obvious you've got a palm."

THE TEACHER was having her trials. Finally she wrote to one small boy's mother, "Willie is the brightest boy in class, but I'm sorry to say the worst behaved. What do you advise doing about him?"

The mother wrote back, "Do what you please with him. I'm having my own troubles with his father."

BOBBY, on the train, cried, "Mama, what was the name of that last station we stopped at?"

"I don't know," cried the exasperated mother. "Don't bother me. Don't you see I'm trying to read?"

"Gosh, it's too bad you don't know. 'Cos little Brother got off at it."

Latest Photograph of Valor's Editor



SINCE Soulcraft Chapels began the weekly Liberation-Soulcraft broadcasts, there has been a demand for a camera-study of the Recorder that could be framed and hung in meeting places. Eric Olson of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, finally caught a snapshot while on Headquarters' visit this winter that gave a perfect presentation. Copies 10x14, suitable for framing, can be had at cost of reproducing. These are genuine photos, not engravings. Mailed flat, ready to mount and frame, \$5 each.

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
Noblesville, Indiana

“WAS I fast! Listen, guy, when I played for the Giants, every time I hit one of my many home runs I reached first base before the bleachers heard the crack of my bat. Then when I rounded second, the baseman usually said something that made me sore, so I slapped the third baseman in the catcher's mouth. Not bad, eh?"

A LITTLE Miss of four, looking out the window, noticed a small spaniel whose tail had been cut off, leaving only a short and inexpressive stub. She called her mother's attention to the pooch.

"Tell me, mama," she exclaimed, "do you think that dog broke his tail off, or did they drive it in?"

SHE FLAMED at him, "What are you, anyhow, a man or mouse?"

He retorted, "A man. Because, lady, if I were a mouse I'd have you up on the center of the table right now, screaming bloody murder!"

“WHAT is that bird?"

"It's a magpie."

"It's not my idea of a magpie."

"It's God idea of a magpie."

SHE insisted on taking innumerable frocks with her and they arrived at the station loaded with baggage.

"I wish," the husband growled, "we'd brought the piano."

"Don't try to be funny," came the frigid reply.

"I'm not trying to be funny. I left our railroad tickets on it."

A MOTHER sighed to her husband, "I'm afraid Robert is burning the candle at both ends, John."

"Huh!" growled the dad. "That boy has cut the candle in two pieces and lighted all four ends!"

BESSIE came running to her grandmother holding a dry, pressed leaf, obviously the relic of a day long past.

"I found it in the big Bible, Grandma," she said. "Do you s'pose it could possibly have belonged to Eve?"

THE BRIDE asked, "Now, Jack dear, if I do all the cooking the first month, what do I get?"

"My life insurance and your freedom." Whereat the honeymoon ended with a crash.