

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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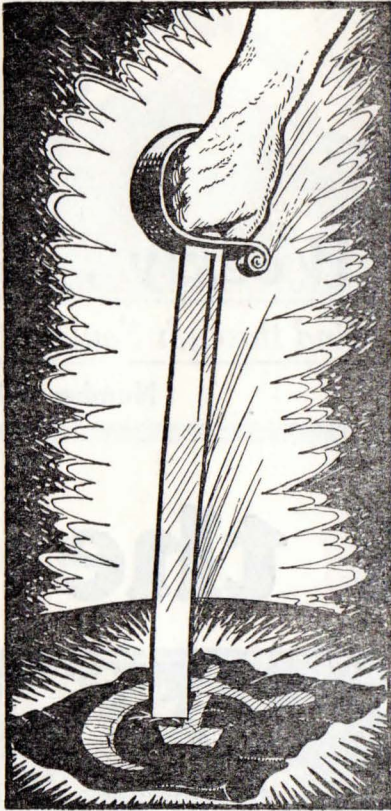
## The Collapse of the House of Stalin

**M**AKE no mistake, the great laws of immutable Retribution are operating at last in the Russian Scene, repaying the butchery of Czar Nicholas and the Romanoff royal family in 1917. But do you know what apparently is bringing it to pass? No, it's not brilliance of diplomacy or the cleverness of conspiring politicians. It's not any thrashings that we've administered to Bolshevik forces in the war in Korea. Startling to some, it's not even the removal by the Hand of the Grim Reaper of Josef Stalin, the world's super-gangster and international racketeer.

*The thing that's pushing the collapse of this House of Stalin's is alteration in the global weather of this planet! And in that lies a story that few*







“ . . . the Almighty may be interfering in the diableries of statesmen through a change in world weather, more deliberately than nonreligious humanity dreams!”

comprehend. For some reason, with which sun spots—or at least internal solar conditions—may have more to do than atom bombs, the temperature of our whole planet in all hemispheres is climbing. Particularly the heat zone of the world is moving northward—just as below the equator it is moving southward. Whether this comes from the aforesaid sun spots or from cosmic conditions further out in space where alteration in positions of heavenly bodies could well have been known thousands of years ago by the higher beings who constructed the Great Pyramid of Egypt with its prophetic significances, we must still wait to learn. But in the case of our own United States—in fact the whole North Temperate Zone in which both China and Russia are located along with ourselves—average mean cold is giving way to warmth. This means more than a shift in the habitat of birds, animals and fish. It means that great areas of our own terrain nearest the equator are having their water content “burned up”. The whole Southern part of the United States is becoming the hottest that history has ever known. A warm, dry cycle from Southern California across to Mississippi is ruining normal crops and killing off herds. Texas, we are having it reported in the papers, is hit to the extent of a

national catastrophe. What conditions may be in Mexico and further down the line, we pay small attention. The devastation in our own southern States is becoming too appalling.

But what has not yet become generally known to Americans is, that this condition of drought stretches across the oceans. Russia is getting it also in the East. China is getting it in the West.

*The thing that is bringing about the collapse of the House of Stalin, and bids fair to erase Bolshevism permanently from both East and West, is drought—drought that produces famine, that eliminates the trouble-breeding countries by death to mass populations.*

**D**ESPITE the Iron Curtain, translations of key surveys by Russian scientists carry the significant import that the whole Caspian Sea area in southern Russia is drying up worse than our own Texas and Southwest. The area drained by the Volga River bids fair to become arid desert. This has been to date the famous bread basket of the Communist countries. It means the Kremlin is faced with a greater headache from this major weather catastrophe than anything being precipitated in East Germany or Czechoslovakia.

Russians and Siberians cannot exist on the fertility of the limited land to the north, in either Europe or Asia.

How are the 200 millions of Russian and Asiatic Communists to eat?

The answer seems to be that Divine Providence, operating through Nature—which of course is Divine Providence in global guise—is calling the turn on further rampages of the godless Bolsheviks by giving them the counter-irritant of empty bellies, and tormented throats.

Starving people are not going to have much zeal for promoting abstract international mischiefs.

And likewise, from the Pacific regions, comes similar report that this hot, dry

cycle is affecting China. The position of both Russians and Chinese is becoming so desperate that they have almost no choice but to sign an armistice in Korea. Carry on the Korean War longer they cannot.

In Chinese cities the unemployment situation is reported to be the worst it has been within the history of modern times. As regards food, absolute famine conditions exist throughout all of North China. Some sort of new blight, cultivated by hot arid conditions, is said to have affected nearly 16 million acres. China's crop outlook for the current year is nil.

And in Russia and China both, this condition is aggravated by the colossal failure of collective farms. Wherever the Reds have put in collective farms, so that the individual farmer does not reap the rewards of hard manual toil, the man will not work—unless someone is standing over him continually with a rifle or a lash. So food production suffers. *Every farmer cannot be furnished with a guard.*

**T**HE AVERAGE Communist at home, in either Europe or Asia, quickly loses all interest in any political theory or economic utopia if he doesn't eat. And all of a sudden, in this year 1953, he is not eating enough to sustain him at common toil. Incidentally, it is a condition due to become worse before it improves. If collective farming passed from the whole Marxist pattern tomorrow, millions still face starvation.

The Orient, in addition, faces still more economic hardship in this change of global weather bringing about another shortage—that of fish.

Fish have well-nigh disappeared from most American waters and gone north. People in the United States do not become excited, because fish is by no means any staple item of their diet. But up and down Asia, where a similar fish phenomenon is happening, the effects are catas-

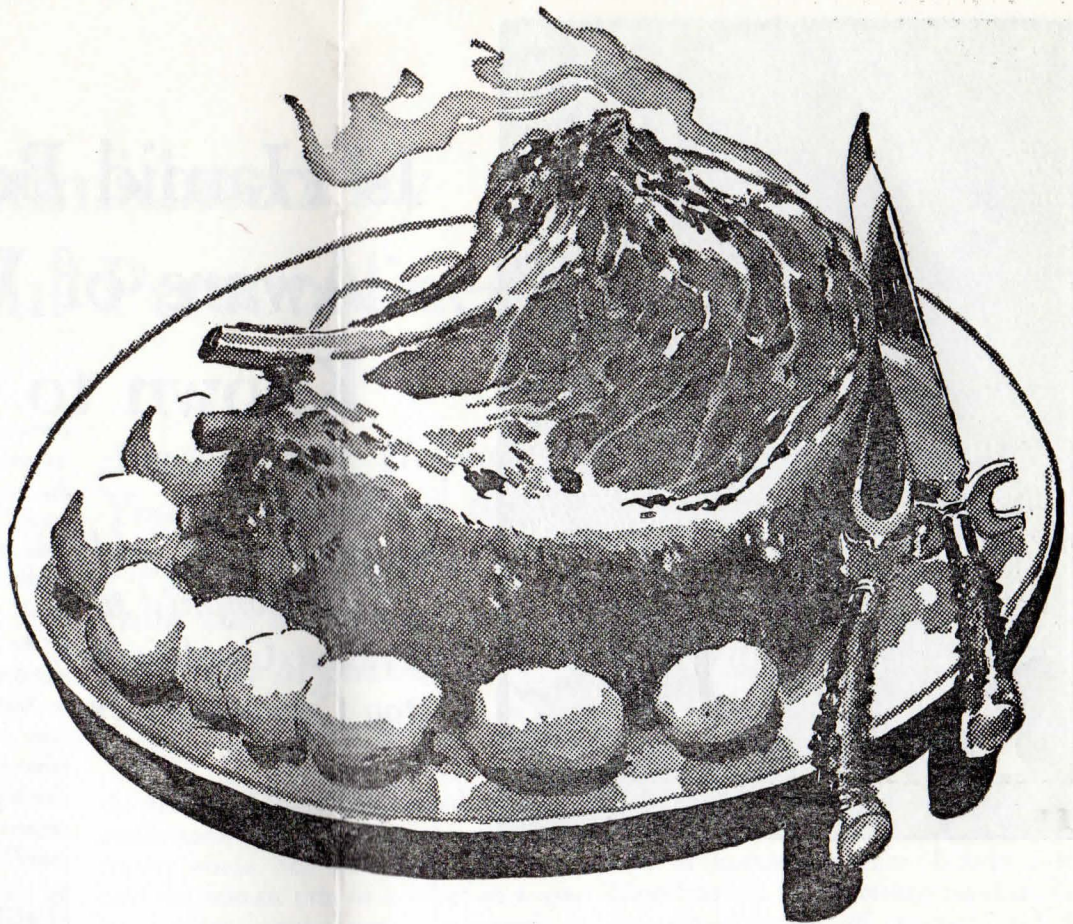
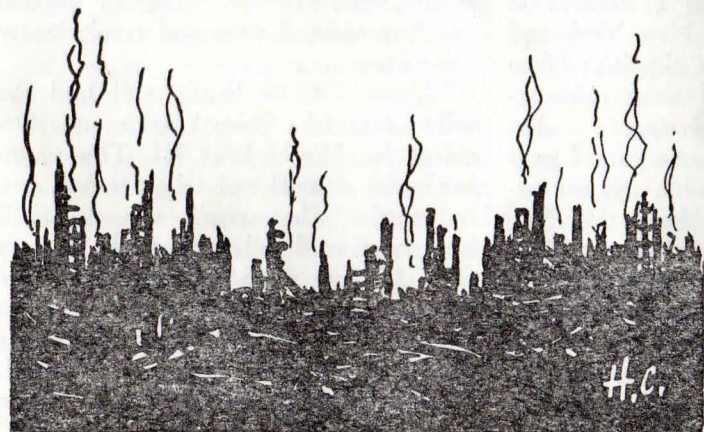


trophic. Visitors to Japan come back and report that the tuna boats, the crab boats, and other Japanese and Chinese fishing craft, return to port empty of hull. We of the United States can partially overcome this alteration by importing our fish from Canada, Greenland and Iceland—which we shall probably be under necessity of doing for the remainder of this generation. But the Chinese are stricken in a wholesale article of diet because importing from Japan or Kamchatka is out of the question. The millions of those countries have no extra fish to export.

The drying-up of China is, of course, bound to be more influential in shaping Chinese history in the immediate years of the the future than anything we may develop in the way of atom bomb strategy. Disentangled from the the Korean situation—which is as much a headache to our opponents as it is to ourselves—the weather-change may mean a great exodus of Chinese millions from their own parched soil, through India on the one hand or Turkestan on the other,

Remember, there is still the Great Mopping-Up to come, adjacent to the Eastern Mediterranean.

**T**HAT the real troubles in East Germany and Czechoslovakia are truly food troubles more than ideological or monetary troubles, is no longer any secret to well-informed diplomats. Collective farms, whether in Russia, Poland, East Germany or Czechoslovakia, *simply do not work.*



This is the same thing as saying that Communism itself does not work. But it takes the agony of much turmoil and bloodshed for it to become apparent to the combination of bandits and political theorists who assumed they had an invincible instrument for overthrowing western civilization and letting the Levantine racists work their will on the Christians.

VALOR has been crying consistently from the beginning of its publishing that no such international catastrophe was to be permitted by the Higher Guardians watching over Christian humanity. Now the evidence becomes literal in international deployment that what has been precipitated by vast food failure *means the beginning of the end for the two great Marxist phonies.*

The Reds have been whining that American intelligence agents were the cause of the troubles of the past fortnight in East Germany. As one clever New York

commentator said this week—

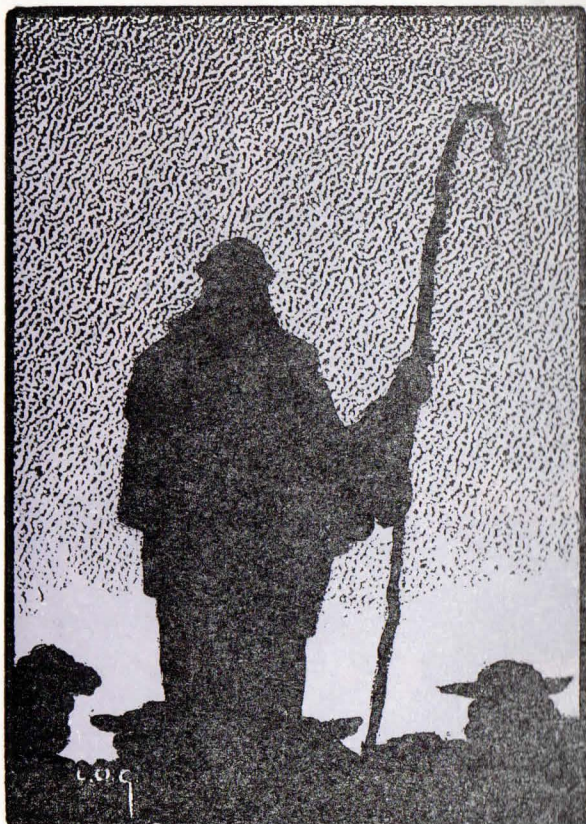
“Well, if they did not help start the trouble they should be fired at once as being utterly worthless.” But we should not overlook, either, that these Communists who have been specialists at such dirty work are only showing by their complaints that they can’t take it, when the shoe is on the other foot and agents of other countries are “doing it to them.” Probably American intelligence agents did have their hands in the East German and Czechoslovakian troubles. At any rate, we behold the successors to Stalin in a panic, knowing naught what to do but march troops hither and yon, shooting and trying to intimidate the very people on whose efforts they depend for food.

It is Luciferian paradox gone to seed.

We can put it down without alibis, that no matter how far the American intelligence units are responsible, the Soviet system of food production has broken down, not only in Russia proper but in satellite countries. Farmers to an amazing percentage have been able to flee Soviet dominated lands. So food riots in East Germany and Czechoslovakian cities are coming into the open. The original

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## Is Hamid Bey's Master Aware of What Is Known to Authorities?

### *Prophecy of World Events Confined to Present Conditions too Conventionally*

which will be so bad that people will finally learn peace through the abolition of rival groups, he put as Germany, Austria, Italy and Japan against England, France and the rest of the world."

Granted that Bey's accuracy of prophecy regarding World War II was all that is claimed, does it mean that what he says about immediate events is likewise unchallengeable—and what does he say?

BEY seems to agree with the progenitors of Soulcraft, both visible and invisible, that popular acceptances regarding Great Pyramid measurements are by no means accurate and that 1953 marks no particular "end" of the current dispensation. He says—

"The ten years from 1946 to 1956 I predicted as a period of internal revolutionary conditions and numerous smaller wars. The sound of cannon has reached our ears from the Near East, China, Indonesia, Latin America and Korea. Smaller wars, yes, but all heading into the struggle between Russia and the western powers which seems destined to break out into active fighting but which will end in 1956, thus bringing to a close the twenty years—1936 to 1956—of internal and international wars and revolutionary movements . . .

"About 1967-69 Russia will lead the yellow race (the Orient) against the Occident for World War III. This promises to be a racial and religious war, truly atomic. The atomic weapons shall have been used only tentatively in wars from 1951 to 1956. Christianity, as we know it now, will fight with its back to the wall against, not the heathen, but the united zealots of Communism. Mercifully, this shall be a short war, as an atomic

(Continued on Page 10)

**T**O WHAT extent can *Prophecy of World Events* by Hamid Bey of the Coptic Fellowship of America be considered "reliable"? This is an inquiry turned up increasingly in VALOR's national mail. *Prophecy of World Events* is an 18-page, closely typed monograph that is purportedly enjoying a large sale at present. Hamid Bey, well-known mystic and lecturer, has been so uncannily accurate in clairvoyant predictions in times past, that his claims concerning events still to come command serious attention.

Passing judgment upon a mystic's or clairvoyant's "reliability", however, is an utterly fantastic enterprise. It is not far removed from conjecturing on the reliability of a gaming enthusiast. Hamid Bey is no gaming enthusiast. It means that one can only pass judgment on the probabilities of what is predicted or prophesied in the light of what one may know which the prophet does not, or at least which he does not mention.

Generally considered, *Prophecy of World Events* is as rational a forecast of events just around the corner of months and years as has been issued from

a responsible source in a considerable period.

Bey says early in the manuscript, "Eagerly, yet fearfully, I am so often asked, 'Will there be another war?' Always, my answer is, 'No, not another war, the same war, for we have never truly ended the war of 1939-1945.' Sometimes what we call 'new wars' are but further outbreaks of the same old international festering. In 1936, during my return to Egypt, I received interpretations of prophetic messages embracing events for the next forty years, especially those pertaining to the destiny of America. After returning to adopted homeland, the United States, I lectured in Philadelphia, Richmond, New York and Chicago. I still have the clippings taken from the newspapers of those cities reporting my prophetic messages . . . Everything I predicted came to pass. I gave the actual lineup of nation against nation. This quotation is from the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* of May 8, 1936: 'Speaking last night on "The Prophecy of the Pyramid and Causes of the Ethiopian Situation", Hamid Bey predicted the worst war yet for 1940 . . . 1936 to 1956 is marked as a period of intense unrest . . . The lineup in the next war,



# Are You Intimidated by Powerful Personalities?



THE AVERAGE American accepts that the difference between the character of one person and the character of another person, either is inherited from the progenitors of both, or else "just happens." How a character-trait, or a whole compilation of character-traits making up a person's temperament or nature, can be inherited, he doesn't stop to examine. He has heard it said that traits are inherited, or passed along from one generation to another, and because the physical features of a given father or mother may be duplicated in his or her offspring. Mr. Average American takes such inheriting for granted. When a child bobs up in a given family that doesn't copy either parent in the slightest degree—thus upsetting the whole hypothesis that Like produces Like—the nondescript observer shrugs his shoulders and says the business is one of those "natural mysteries" of which probably we won't ever have explanation.

That character in a given human being "just happens," is even a greater enigma—and absurdity. No rule nor reason applies, Mr. Average American accepts, for one person's having one sort of temperament and another person's being possessed of quite opposite attributes. We just arrive at our dispositions by the wildest circumstance, and in a world thus thrown together—insofar as its human nature is constructed—the devil takes the hindmost.

Geniuses and great savants are born into hovels—of fathers and mothers who never had a single original thought in their lives—while parents who have lived in the upper brackets till they are accepted as natural aristocrats, will have progeny that are morons, dunderheads, or car thieves.

ALL OF IT comes, of course, from error, ignorance, and deception. If

## *Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Practical Mysticism . .*

the real truth were determined, hosts of comfortably-placed theologians and professors would lose their jobs. They have sold the human race to a belief in a system—which is not a system but merely a faulty rationalization—and so it must be perpetuated or the crowd of them lose face, not to mention salary.

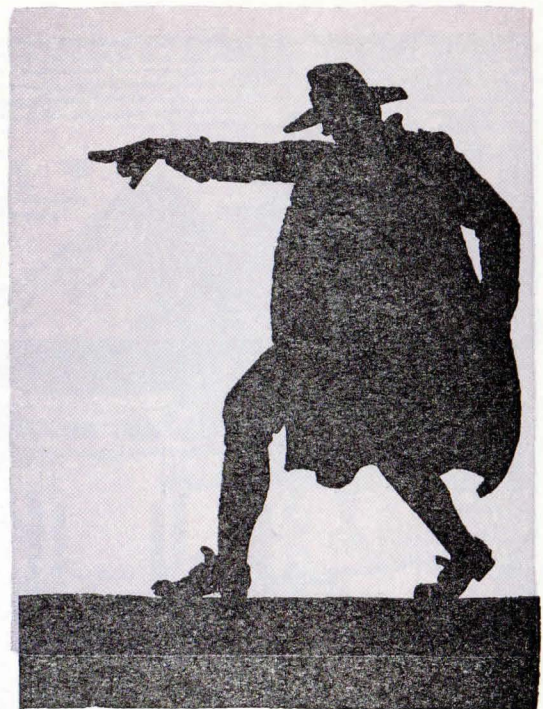
The basic error behind all their so-called logicizing consists of the fact that they willfully refuse to recognize any difference between Spirit and Materiality.

Material things they can contact with their senses. Spiritual things must forever appear intangible—or become manifested only by tangible results. They concede that there is such a thing as "Life," because the moment that it departs the material body, the latter is worthless and commences to decompose. But that it may have an existence and a consciousness apart from material body, is generally held to be unprovable and hocus-pocus.

Nevertheless, there is a difference between one man's character and another man's character, and in a world of law and order otherwise—where every result is directly traceable to a cause—there must be an adamant principle in operation that accounts for both.

The spiritual scientist, so-called to distinguish him from the material scientist, says from the profundity of his research that the explanation truly is quite simple.

Spirit is an "essence of consciousness" that has an independent existence apart



from materials, and when enshoused in materials is commonly recognized as a unit of human mortality. Individualized Consciousness by no means perishes with the demolition of physical vehicle, but keeps on and on, following the principle of the ratchet-wheel that can turn in but one direction: forward!

Individualized Consciousness enters into a long series of physical bodies, generation after generation and cycle after cycle, and adds to the quality and facility of its consciousness—or degree of intelligence—in each.

The more lives it has lived, the more intelligent it becomes, the more self-reliance it displays, and the more adroit it shows itself in general social contacts.

The intelligent person is merely the long-lived—or aged—person, cosmically!

People who thus display themselves are given the description Old Souls.

The types of fathers and mothers through whom they make their worldly reappearance in new infantile bodies, have little or nothing to do with the grand accumulation of character-increments that such souls have acquired along the routes of their serried careers, with a single exception—

It is a law of the universe that Like attracts Like. So in nine cases out of ten, when a soul considers making a re-entry into mortal affairs, it naturally tries to arrange that it shall have parents with whom its spirit and general inclinations

*(Continued on Page 13)*





# Caodaism Gets Its First Pope at Direction of Invisible Mentors

*This New Religion  
Developing in the  
Orient Commands  
Our Interest . .*

to the Phu-Chieu, who had to guide them in the religious way as an elder brother. This man having been so ordered by the Great Master, welcomed them most cordially. He immediately put them in contact with his first co-religionists. The Caodaist group thus formed was composed of a dozen members, all of French culture and most of them employees in various administrative departments in Saigon.

**T**HE SINCERITY and disinterestedness of these pioneers soon attracted to them an increasing number of adherents. The Caodaist religion then came out of its limited circle to spread among the populace at the beginning of the year Binh-Dan (1926).

The Phu-Chieu, accustomed to his solitude, was annoyed by the influx of adherents who bothered him. As an official conscious of his responsibilities, he decided from then on to keep himself free of this great religious movement. Mr. Le-van-Trung was thereupon named by the Great Master to replace him at the end of April.

Spiritualistic seances became more and more numerous at individuals' homes but mainly in meeting-places organized in each of the following centers: The towns of Cholon, Can-gioc, Loe-giang, Tan-dinh, Thu-duc and Cau-kho.

Two mediums were appointed to each place to receive the teachings of the Great Master. The admission of new members was also decided there. Adherents came, amounting to hundreds of new enrollments at each seance.

The new religion was rapidly extended, received with much enthusiasm, especially by the masses. Anxious to act openly and keep themselves in the strictest limits of legality, its leaders made an official declaration signed by 28 persons,

*(Continued on Page 15)*

**T**HE CONVERSION of Le-van-Trung who was to become Pope of Caodaism, was one of the great events of Indo-China's history.

It was also in 1925 that Le-van-Trung was living in the city of Cholon. Given to diverse enterprises in the tumult of that town devoted to the worship of money, he had a spirit completely adverse to religion. One evening, at the invitation of one of his relatives, a convinced spiritualist belonging to a religious sect called, "Minh-ly," at Saigon, he went to a seance that was to take place in the suburb of Cho-gao.

At that meeting, it was the spirit Ly-Thai-Bach that manifested. Taking van-Trung aside, he revealed to him his spiritual origin and at the same time announced to him his future religious mission. He then exhorted him quickly to submit to the regime imposed by the new faith. Moved by grace, Mr. Trung without hesitation, sustained by his faith, had the courage to cease smoking opium and follow a vegetarian diet; he also left his business enterprises in order to consecrate himself entirely to religion.

The conversion of that man, the day before still attached to wealth and pleasure, is so striking that we may ask ourselves whether the spiritualistic seances

organized at Cho-gao had not been inspired by missionary spirits with the unique aim of bringing back Mr. Le-van-Trung into the way of the Law. In fact, when the latter had made up his mind to live according to the new faith which he had adopted, they ordered the dispersion of the spiritualistic group, to the great astonishment and sorrow of its members.

**I**N SAIGON, the Great Master, feeling the time had come, united the mediums of Le-van-Trung. He then sent two of these—Messrs. Cu and Tac—to the newly converted group, with the order to organize there a seance during which he should give him instructions.

Mr. Trung although he did not know these mediums, yet accepted their proposals when he understood their motives.

An evocatory seance took place. The Great Master, besides other teachings, announced to Mr. Trung his great mission in the new religion he was going to found to save Asiatic humanity.

That revelation confirmed the allusions of various spiritualistic messages that Mr. Trung had received at Cho-gao with other mediums. It fortified his conviction and encouraged him to consecrate himself without reserve to religious exercise.

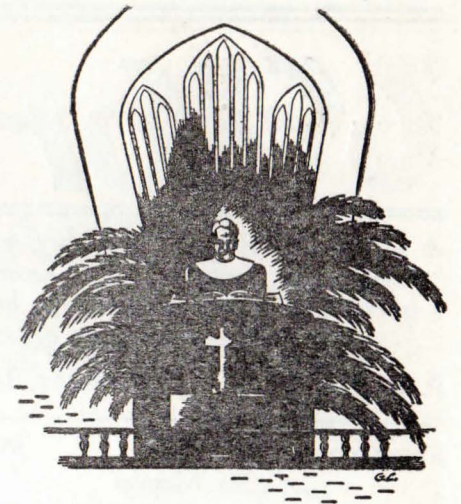
Some time after, the Great Master sent Messrs. Trung, Cu and Tac close



# Soulcraft Rostrum . .

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## Accountability . .



ing of His challenge in the New Testament, "Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel." For the true Gospel is "Good News"—the good news of man's eternal worth alongside Christ's eternal message of man's dignity and destiny. No greater service can we render than bringing knowledge and understanding to those who live in darkness of intellect regarding man's potential possibilities. Man is a god in the making. That's good news. It deserves the best we can give.

And, in this hour of world turmoil, what better service can we render than to call people back to a realization of man's real destiny? What is greater patriotism in our great and grand America than to help enlighten its citizens as to our fundamental purpose and high destiny?

I WRITE this article in front of a beautiful, framed picture depicting an open Bible, laid on a pulpit, and by which there is a lighted candle. The American Flag stands draped by the side. In the background, framed in a stained-glass window, is a masterful picture of Christ the Good Shepherd. Underneath the picture, these immortal words of Benjamin Franklin are penned:

"I have lived for a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men, and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?

"'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.' I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall proceed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel."

**E**VERY person who strives to be of service to humanity experiences the constant pull of conflicting forces and influences. In a measure, this is true of all humankind. But, particularly, is this true for those who desire to live more than the ordinary, humdrum, day to day way of mere existence. For these are the people that desire, not only to live abundantly themselves but, that others know fuller and finer lives.

Now, the minute one seeks, in any way, to render earnest service to another, that minute one runs up against antagonistic forces. It seems to be a quirk of human nature that there are always those who, if they do not think of the service first, or if they are incapable of doing the thing themselves, take delight in obstructing one who would do it. Their obstructions take many forms. Sometimes it is a word of deprecation concerning the one to be served; sometimes against the one who would serve. Or it may take the form of opposition to the method used, or the medium of service, namely, the kind and the source of the philosophy or teaching used.

**I**N THE Fourth Chapter of the *Golden Scriptures*, the Christ aptly delineates this problem we face in rendering Christian service, and in bringing enlightenment to those who need it. There are always those who ask, "What are your credentials?" (Verse 5), or, to use the idiom, "How do you get that way?", meaning a number of things; "Where did the movement start and who started it? I don't believe you. It contradicts what I believe, and what I've always been taught", and a hundred other more or less beside-the-point queries.

These, and other methods of downright opposition, we inevitably meet up with. Some spring from motives of sel-

fish interest; some from lack of understanding and the ability to discern the truth, regardless of the instrument or source of truth. But always, and in a thousand ways, we encounter opposing forces and opposing voices that pull and tug at our faith and concern.

**I**N THESE experiences, we need to ever remember the gracious words of Christ in verse 6, "Ye are accountable only to me." That is sufficient for those who love Him, and who truly would follow Him. What difference does it make that others oppose? His word is authority. His will and way is our shibboleth.

It is altogether right that we hold keen affection for great human leaders and teachers, but none must take precedence over our Christ. Moreover, none can give the fulness of answer that the Elder Brother gives as He speaks through quiet hearts who listen to His voice. No one of us need be afraid to face opposition, or the pulling influences of distracting forces, when we live with that Voice that surely speaks to the open heart.

**N**OW, one who truly loves the Christ, and knows His ever present reality, is ever conscious of the need of others. Christ's own fine spirit was always aware of others' needs. While He walked the roads of Galilee, he uttered that urgent adjuration, "He that is greatest must be servant of all." And in this *Golden Scriptures* chapter, He reveals His own concern, "The world hath a heavy burden on me—I do a great search for the godhood within you."

Jesus the Christ was more aware of the inherent goodness of men than are we. But as we arrive at an understanding of every person's essential godhood, we shall likewise visualize our part in bringing mankind to a knowledge of that godhood. That is surely the mean-



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## Obscene Scramble



THE TIMELIEST editorial of the week was the following apt comment in the *Indianapolis Star*—  
“While the Red Chinese continue their senseless and callous expenditure of thousands of human lives in the ‘last minute’ offensive in Korea, a group of twenty British industrialists and businessmen are enroute to Peiping to discuss prospects of boosting trade with Mao and his murderers. They go with the full knowledge of the British Board of Trade, which, however, has given them no official status. The eager traders, off to fire the first shots in what is described as an international battle for the Chinese market, represent England’s best-known engineering firms, machine toolmakers, electrical equipment and auto manufacturers. The British are hurrying because Red China has just signed a \$56,000,000 trade pact with France and, let’s face it, if there’s a buck to be made, they want to be there firstest with the mostest.

“The Britons, it is interesting to note, are led by Lord Boyd-Orr, who once headed the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization. Apparently his training and background as an official of an organization fighting a desperate fight for its life against a malignant and implacable foe, will not hamper Lord Boyd-Orr in his pursuit of Red Chinese currency. The Chinese market for machine tools and heavy engineering equipment is especially hot right now when strikes and unrest are sweeping the Eastern European domain of Red captive

states, which would normally supply these essentials for the Red Chinese war potential.

“Surely this exhibition is the last word in soul-sickening obscenity. It doesn’t matter that the blood of our men and theirs is not dry but is still being shed. It doesn’t matter that he pledged honor of our country and theirs will be questioned with that of the West. These are the people who vaunt the superiority of their culture over the American Dollar materialism, who cry that cocoa-colonization violates their loftiest traditions.

“But this low, we have never sunk.”



WHILE one may compliment an American newspaper like *The Indianapolis Star* for its spiritual discernments in the current Chinese-British situation, alas none of it solves the headache of Britain as Britain, built up from 300 years of colonization and colonial trade.

The truly big statesmen’s problem is the circumstance of 50 millions of human beings marooned on a tiny island at the portals of Europe no bigger in area than the combined States of New York and Pennsylvania, faced by the necessity of somehow subsisting by international commerce. Suppose a great terrain cataclysm suddenly engulfed the two American States of New York and Pennsylvania with limitless ocean, yet left a third of the population of the North American continent on them, how would those fifty millions proceed to make a living? Agricultural acreage never would permit it.

Britain in the past has lived and had her day of debatable glory by perfecting a great naval establishment, and sending ships and soldiery to the remoter parts of the earth where defenseless populations had to disgorge their national and natural resources to distant Britain’s increment. Britons have sustained them-

selves on this commercial loot and seizure.

The system is known as colonial empire.

Now, suddenly, all the great colonial countries of the world have become powerful enough to order these Europeans to go back where they came from, and confiscate no longer. Ireland, India, Australia, South Africa and now Egypt have come into semblance of self-government. At any rate, no such treasure comes home to England from India or Rhodesia as formerly supplied the Queen’s coffers, and Englishmen are “up against it.” How are they going to live and eat regularly with their Navy no longer of consequence as the facilities of the Piscean era give way to the airborne traffic of Aquarius?

There is an old saying that “Hunger has no conscience.”

Fifty million Britons cannot be expected to perish of famine while there is a shilling’s worth of commerce possible on any basis, to underwrite the food supply.

It isn’t, in other words, strictly an ethical question with the people on the Tight Little Isle. It is one of calories.

What is truly due to solve it, over a period of time, is an enlightened world conscience that takes note of populations in such predicaments and finds methods for more equitable spread of the globe’s economic assets.

The world is coming to that . . . perhaps sooner than we dream.

It’s not a matter of taking a quart of milk away from the family in Topeka—by taxes or any other ruse—and shipping it overseas to the Hottentot. It’s a matter of sensibly and constructively adjusting global economics so that obscene traffickings with Luciferian countries are no longer imperative in the name of survival.

Again VALOR declares that it is not United Nations coalitions of armies and navies to go about the earth killing people or enforcing the dictates of the stronger at the expense of the weaker, but Cooperativism on the international clearing-house scale that takes due note of predicaments like Britain’s.

Give humanity time.

It must come to it.

Meanwhile abusing Britain for chasing that disappearing shilling around the seven seas, gets nowhere. Americans as a mass must awaken to the insufferable



demands for a more comprehensive statesmanship.

When the whole earth organizes on the proper economic—not political or military—basis, we shall have the Golden Times as a matter of reaction.

### Controversy



PROPOS of the article on Russian aviation in last week's VALOR, the news items from Korea on July 1st report that American Sabre jets knocked 15 MIGs from the skies on the final day of June without the loss of a Sabre. Yet Major James Jabara, world's first jet ace and third-ranking MIG killer of the Korean War, gives out an interview in which he declares the Communist jet planes in Korea make the F-86 Sabre jets "look sick." He had just returned from the "turkey shoot" in which the MIGs came raining down in fragments all over the Orient.

Several things the Major didn't make clear, however. He didn't make clear that Russian MIGs aren't Russian at all, but English, and that they're stripped of much armor plate for faster manipulation with utter disregard of the life of the pilot. Pray tell us, Major, how these flying hornets under the Red banner are so superior when you and your buddies make junk of 'em at the ratio of 15 to 0?

Must be the American flyers are superior, if he cares to admit it. Russians are notably slow in their reflexes. If Russians weren't notably slow in their reflexes wouldn't they have done better about tangling with the American military setup at all?

Anyhow, if American Sabres are so inferior that they knock 15 MIGs out without a miss, by all means let's go straight ahead producing such inferior product.

We should thank God, incidentally, that the situation isn't the other way around.

### More of Same



AND ON the same subject, Victor Reisel tells us in his column that last year the Carl Byoir public relations agency took on an aircraft company as a cli-

## VINCIT AMOR



MY heart is singing, night passes, comes the day,  
I glean no more the pathway of the vanished years,  
For Love has come to me, through laughter and through tears,  
Its peace is mine, great peace, for I have found the Way.

World wars, that purge with embers and with strife,  
Against the laws of Love men wrest again,  
Vast heinous outrage by the sons of men,  
This carnage multiform, this sacrifice of life.

Shall it not pass that all may know and kneel  
Before the altars of All Lessons Learned, and then  
The Brotherhood of Life be full and fine again  
With one more cycle turned upon Life's holy wheel?

The Battle? Not alone on earth and sky and sea  
This struggle vast that finds man in its reach,  
The Love which wins, lies in the heart of each!  
And Victory? 'Tis within us deep, in you and me.

Today we view Destruction's red display,  
Forms passing like the motes before a storm,  
While hearts are ripped asunder and the form  
Of Discord's full destruction holds its sway.

Each human heart within this mortal span  
Shall purge its dross and lift Love's standard high;  
The Battle real? Not fought on earth, in sky,  
But in the head and heart of every breathing man.

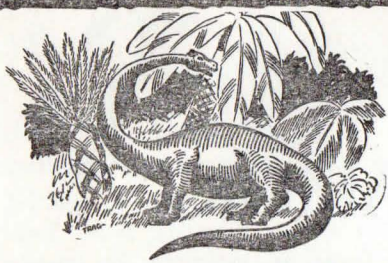
The heart is singing, e'en though nations fall  
And blood of millions fertilize earth's plane,  
That poppies and that Love may bloom again,  
The Law revealed, the Love for one and all.

The Hand that holds on high the Milky Way,  
The Hand that makes the snowflake and eve's dew,  
Is closer than the breath of life to cohorts new  
And orders that World Peace shall come to stay.

Know this, thou loved one, who may scan this line,  
Thou hast more value to the Heart of Love  
Than all the constellations hung so high above,  
For thou art Child of God, and God is thine!

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL





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NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

ent. Because that client was working on a new hush-hush jet fighting plane, the FBI had to clear Byoir, his wife, and the twenty-two Byoir vice presidents and their wives. Also scores of the client's executives. When the investigations were completed and all found to be 100 percent trustworthy, the public relations firm got started. Meanwhile the jet job had been begun and finished, and the jet plane sent abroad. Whom do you suppose got it? Tito, the Red Chief of Yugoslavia.

That's one for the book.  
Leaves a person wondering.

### Ollie and Ora



URNING from aircraft to Soulcraft, Ollie Jadwin began first excursions last week among the faithful in nearby Ohio cities. Came back and reported

that he was pleasantly astonished at the high grade of persons encountered in Ohio chapels visited to date, interested in Liberation-Soulcraft tenets. What he had expected to find is a mirthful bemusement. The I-Q of the average Soulcraft-er is required to be high, to register the more delicate points of the doctrine. When the Recorder had told Ollie that Soulcrafters—taking them as they come across the whole nation—represent the "cream of the spiritual crop" intellectually, Ollie had thought it a matter of pardonable pride where a little exaggeration was permissible.

He is discovering a metaphysical aristocracy and seems to be gratified. He will expand these excursions in a wider and wider arc.

"By golly, Chief, you've really got something in these people!" he exclaimed with a quizzical expression on his face. "They leave me with a feeling of being put on my mettle."

The Recorder responded, "Wait till you really meet the big rank and file of 'em. You haven't scratched the surface yet."

"I believe it," agreed Ollie.

And there the matter rests for the present.

Incidentally, when his local household arrangements are settled, he is to be accompanied on many of his executive missions by Mrs. Jadwin—Ora to her intimates—who is the type of wife who gives

keen and loyal attention to whatever activity interests her husband. Soulcraft wives generally have a penchant for that sort of thing, it seems. Ora is the practical-minded, companionable sort, never at a loss, with a ready sense of humor, who gave it out in a recent conversation that nothing supplies her more enjoyment than donning woods clothes and accompany her husband on autumn hunting trips. If such doesn't mark the exceptional spouse, then the alternative is the \$64 quandary.

The women of the Soulcraft national audience will find Ora a kindred spirit and take her to their hearts.

So a toast to the whole Soulcraft personnel—

"Good people are scarce!"

### Hamid Bey

(Continued from Page 4)

war must be if any of the human race is to survive. In 1970, after near destruction, America will finally emerge the victor, ready to embrace, not the ideology of Communism, but the revived philosophy of a new Christ-Consciousness that is to dawn upon the world with the advent of a new prophet like unto Moses, Elijah, Jesus and Mohammed. The horror and terrorism of World War III shall have prepared the people for a nation-wide rebirth of the spirituality which had fled their hearts.

"Many of the coastal areas of the mainland shall fall to enemy invaders. The Capital will be moved inland, perhaps to the Rocky Mountain region. The seat of the British government shall be set up in Canada, since the British Isles, ever vulnerable, will fall early to the invaders. Gunfire will melt arctic snows and blood will trickle on jungle verdure. Armageddon shall be upon us. Nor shall our eventual victory be entirely that of military achievements, for the enemy shall become hard pressed between the wall of our fire in front and the wall of the peoples' hatred at home. The common people, not the military leaders, shall bring to a conclusion the holocaust of 1969-1970. So let these words be noted and voiced abroad, that our leadership may be wise and provident, and that our people may ever be mindful of their true destiny . . ."



IT IS Hamid Bey's contention, likewise, that the "new Messiah" has already been born on November 11, 1949 in a locality somewhere between San Francisco and Seattle in a town with "an Atlantean name", which he wishes not to specify. In all other respects, Bey's predictions align almost 100 percent with those of Soulcraft, particularly in the matter of the Great Golden Time opening for the world, in which the United States is mentor and arbiter.

Liberation-Soulcraft has always entertained the greatest respect and camaraderie for Hamid Bey—who declares unabashedly that the greater part of his information comes from "his Master in Egypt". Therefore to stack up the equal claims and contentions of another group of Mentors responsible for the Soulcraft tenets, would seem to be dealing in imponderables and constitute a somewhat silly enterprise generally. But some of the most vital factors and elements, Hamid Bey and his "Master" appear to avoid.

For instance, one does not require to have recourse to mysticism to understand that long before 1967 and possibly before 1956, Russia as the parental hot bed of world Communism will have ceased to exist. It is known behind the scenes of State even at present, that the Iron Curtain in both Russia and China is on its way down, and it is the arena of United Nations in which the supreme tussle for power is to be fought out.

Bey makes no mention in his prophecies of the significance of United Nations, or events of major consequence to climax there.

This year's turmoil in eastern Europe and China are to spell the bankruptcy of the Marxist war and industrial potential. As for its propensity to "make an attack" on our American east coast cities, so that the Capital has to be moved back to the Rocky Mountains, Bey's mentors have obviously not apprised him of outstanding developments in the perfecting of guided missiles—in which Russia and the Red satellites have long since been fatally outdistanced—pointing to a total impregnability from invading overseas aircraft as well as the pin-pointing of targets half-way around the world, the threat of which can halt further wars before they begin.

There is the equally colossal Zionist and Israeli issues to be settled among the nations, which Bey never mentions, doubtless fearing reprisals or wishing to avoid

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the most controversial of controversies.

Lastly, there is the over-blanketing fact of the total alteration in the climates of this planet, which are altering the entire economic line-up of the civilized nations of the earth.

Of the esoteric significance of the Flying Saucer phenomena, the less said, the better.

BEY and his Mentors proceed on the premise that economic and scientific conditions throughout the globe in 1956 to 1969 are to be approximately as they are here in 1953. And the entire picture is changing so fast that one can scarcely keep up with the newspaper headlines. We shall already be living in a totally altered world by 1969, even if no mystical motif were injected into the clairvoyant picture in any aspect. As for a "new Messiah" being born in the vicinity of Oregon, to come to his majority somewhere around 1970, may the inquiry be respectfully propounded, "What need have we for a new Messiah when we have not yet finished with the entirely competent and omnipotent Messiah we already possess?"

Ever and anon, and without any particular partisanship zeal, we fall back on the tenets of the *Golden Scripts*, and discover everything in them that aligns with scientific and political advances unknown to the rank and file of laymen generally.

America has a complete economic deflation to experience, based on the paralyzing costs of two earlier World Wars and a return to sanity in financial policies, both federal and individual. Out of the denouement of such fiscal readjustment would appear to come the balancing of the books of karma with the racist elements who formerly thought to employ Communism on a world-wide scale to gain their ascendancies over earth's contemporary races. Until this racist megalomania is solved and settled, the world can know no peace.

The Soulcraft Mentors have made these developments of major importance in their futurist counsellings from the first.

The development of jet air travel, which will place any spot on the earth but a few hours distant—not to mention

(Continued on Page 14)





**T**HE REVEREND Cuthbert B. Custis arose in his pulpit of a recent Sunday morning and announced to his flock as follows—

"Dear members of my congregation, among whom I have labored so hard and so faithfully, tomorrow I am leaving you. I am going from this vineyard of iniquity. Time, with its ceaseless tread, has stolen upon me unawares. Truly the moment comes deservedly to every sainted soul to feel the unlocking of the shackles of endeavor. Next Sunday, the Sunday after that, when you look upon this altar and consider its holiness, you shall not see me. Your shepherd shall have gone to a sweeter, cleaner pasturage, though the water may not be still alongside which he wanders. Think of me kindly and bear with one another. Console yourselves with sanctity. Put on the whole garment of godliness and preserve yourselves from worldliness, even as I, your servant, have preserved myself from worldliness. Tomorrow morning I begin my annual vacation in Atlantic City, and I shall not occupy this pulpit till the second Sabbath in July!"

**U**NDoubtedly it can become a terrific strain upon any man to pursue holiness as a vocation. The theological definition of holiness is, "completeness of moral and spiritual purity." When any living, breathing, suffering, aspiring soul has not only attained to

## COGITATIONS

completeness of moral and spiritual purity, but sustained the completeness a matter of fifty weeks, it is time to be tolerant and consider him with sympathy. If he wants to go to Atlantic City and kick up his heels for ten or twelve days, he should not be thought of harshly. As a matter of fact, anybody who has attained to completeness of moral and spiritual purity should not be thought of harshly, no matter where he kicks it.

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see the Board Walk sword swallows, the diving horses, and the Wall Street stenographers in handkerchief bathing suits! Still, that is not the point.

**A** MAN can throw himself into his work so utterly that he subconsciously accepts himself as *being* the thing that he does for his sustenance. Nine tenths of the dominies with whom I have had an acquaintance seem to have accepted without much argument that they were lifted a couple of octaves above the general run of flesh, and most of them contemplated the Atlantic Cities of the world merely as locations where they could check up on themselves.

The average run of name-calling and eye-gouging mortals accept that they were born in sin and conceived in iniquity

and that they can wallow in ocean-side license without moral reservations.

But the man who acknowledges that he is holy, or admits—even secretly to himself—that he has attained to completeness of moral and spiritual purity, has a Sword of Damocles above his cranium, pointing downward through his halo.

Not, however, that he minds it.

**O**NE of the most enlightening conversations I ever experienced, from the psychological standpoint, I held with the Rev. Christian Reisner while he was pastor of Broadway Tabernacle in New York. He had called at my office to ask me to fill his Sunday evening pulpit. He was not going to Atlantic City to check up on himself. He had assumedly preached from the angle of the scribe and the pharisee for so long that he toyed with the idea of letting his congregation hear from a publican and sinner. It was to be a Sunday evening service anyhow, and he would be present. If the publican and sinner jumped the sacred gun, the scribe and pharisee could get a loud hymn going and preserve the decorums.

Anyhow, we had lunch and then fell talking about this and that, as scribes and pharisees will when they come down a couple of octaves and contact the publicans and sinners. Presently we had fallen waist-deep into an argument about Temptation. Which man was to be most commended, the one who didn't succumb to temptation, or the one who fell into it with a loud splash, staggered out reeking of its effects, and deliberately made up his mind that he didn't want any more of it because of the lesson the weakness had taught him?

I took the position that the second man was to be most commended. The Rev. Reisner maintained that I was wrong. The man to be most commended was the one who showed the moral stamina never to give way to temptation in the first place.





"And where," I asked, "could you find such a man? Every mortal, at some time or other, has succumbed to temptation."

"No," the Reverend corrected me, "I have never succumbed to temptation."

"Are you serious?" I gasped.

"Of course!" he answered tartly.

I had a mind to inquire into details. Then I thought better of it. He might, for the first time, succumb to temptation and punch me in the eye. He was piqued that I should doubt him.

I preached his Sunday evening sermon for him on Common Sense in Religion. The shaft went over his sacrosanct head. Throughout my delivery, I kept my eye on hat and overcoat.

When you loiter in the place of business of a personage who has never succumbed to temptation, and exults in it, you are taking all kinds of chances. You never can tell when he may make his first slip and discover how much he has missed.

Anyhow, the Reverend Reisner expired a few years ago and peace to his ashes. He had raised five million dollars for a church in New York, and collected most of it.

Perish the thought that after providing such an expensive environment for his pulpit, he was too undefiled to fill it.

**THE THING** afflicting most of us is lack of a sense of values.

Some men never do get themselves in the proper perspective. There is no myopia like myopia of the spirit.

It is my studied opinion that the greatest temptation into which we fall, is the temptation to indulge in this fling in mortality. We learn all about mortality by so doing and after thirty or forty thousand such flings, we are pure enough to sit upon a cloud.

However, there must be people, I suppose, who procure Life's Answers out of a book.

My own sins don't bother me now, as they did when I was younger. I recognize most of them to have been lapses in silliness. What worries me more, is what I got out of them!

I have lived a half-century and experienced about every sensation that can come to a man—including love, war, and prison. A cloud might welcome, provided I could balance on it.

Maybe I need a couple of weeks at Atlantic City, myself.

## Personalities

(Continued from Page 5)

are compatible. When this happens, the nondescript declares that its traits are "inherited."

But it does not have to happen, and in millions of cases does not happen. So it is no particular enigma for a father and a mother to have an occasional child as opposite to either of them in temperament and appearance as night is different from day.

**BY THIS** token, it is not difficult to understand why some souls are more self-reliant than others, and exert a dominance over those about them that becomes such a mystery to the fanatical materialists. Further, it is not difficult to understand why certain souls acquiesce to domination, or the spiritual influence inexorably exerted, by others around them without in the least degree surrendering their individualities.

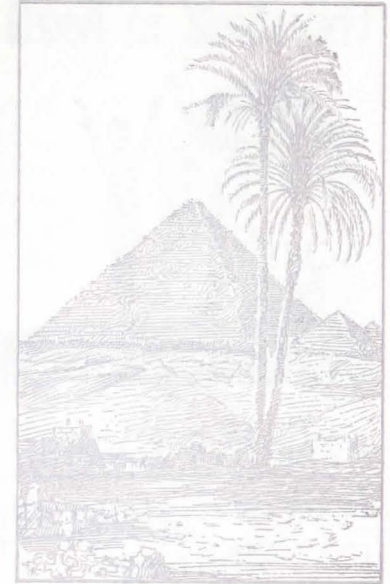
All of it is strictly a question of natural grading according to age!—Cosmic Age!

The dominant souls are the self-reliant souls. And the self-reliant souls have become that way by the longer and more consequential experiencing. That is to say, they have functioned in more human bodies, and lived more careers, than those whom they so easily influence. We might put it that they have "found their way about the world more times" than their dependent brethren, and gradually come to accept the great truth that in all the universe there is nothing to be afraid of. So they are not handicapped by the fears and inhibitions that identify the great sheep-flock of humanity, making its members nondescript and average. They plow right ahead, relying without reserve on their inherent capabilities. And the sheep-flock personalities about them, that have not lived so long, nor had such experiencings, nor made such discovery that nothing exists in all Cosmos for Spirit to be afraid of, subconsciously acquiesce in their subtle mentorship.

It is really as simple as the youth's instinctively taking the counsel of the mature man, or whole nations of nondescripts agreeing to follow the recommendations arrived at by senates of gray beards.

When you find yourself subtly influ-

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enced by some outstanding personality in your personal vicinity or scheme of things, therefore, it is naught but childish, therefore, it is naught but childish to plunge into a funk, or grow an of assuming that your own character is "weak." What you actually are doing, when you bow to the more forceful personality in mortal association with you, is making acknowledgment that subconsciously you are recognizing its greater cosmic age and gamut of experiencings.

"This soul has lived longer than I have in the spiritual sense," you are admitting to yourself. "It has been functioning longer as an individualized spirit-particle out of the great ocean of Universal Spirit. I am simply bowing to its display of greater experience."

No one considers falling into funk or developing an inferiority complex in youth or middle life because there happen to be individuals who have lived more years, seen more of the world, or had the longer time to perfect their social adjustments. Age is venerated because in the nature of things the longer the career, the vaster the store of knowledge that must have been acquired.

By the same token, no matter who or what the soul, always there will be those younger in cosmic experiencing who are clustered around it, and toward whom it will exert some form of domination.

Mr. Average American, griping at life generally at forty-five, has never had this basic principle of Cosmos brought to his attention. He thinks he is "weak" by comparison with "stronger" personalities, whereas he is only "young." As he goes on attaining to greater and longer cosmic age, he too will gradually assume a dominating role, because the nature of his contacts with humankind in the mass—and God in the abstract—will bring home to him that he has all capabilities of development within himself, and that the universe contains nothing which he need seriously fear.

To accept this principle and not be downcast at the spectacle of cosmic age manifesting in associates, means taking a conscious step to shake off one's mediocrity. A person is simply being unfair to himself, to compare himself continually with people more cosmically mature, instead of making his comparisons with those in his own orbit or octave, or even those still younger, beneath him.

It is always the mark of the adolescent

to feel cast down because one's worldly knowledge is not on a par with that of persons who are older. And the endeavor of such a one to appear older is often as pathetic as it is absurd. Of course, the adolescent is fooling no one but himself in thinking that he is succeeding.

Now being young in years and experience is nothing to be ashamed of, in mortality. Why then should we feel at all ashamed of our youth or inexperience in the cosmic sense?

Are you subtly influenced by Stronger Personalities?

What truly is happening is, that you are instinctively recognizing and acknowledging the greater number of times that they have essayed the profiting sojourn.

They are more familiar with Earth!

When you have gone through as many lives as any one of them, you too will be as dominant!

## Hamid Bey

*(Continued from Page 11)*

chemical discoveries that make discarnate persons visible without mediumistic auspices, thus entirely revolutionize present religious achievement that cannot help but alter civilization and culture as we know it.

The kindest criticism which VALOR can make of the Hamid Bey's advices, prophetic or otherwise, is the suggestion that they are already too archaic in both premise and character to fit the expanding international scene.

This globe is still the stewardship of the one great and paramount Messiah. Jesus, and Hamid Bey's "Masters" should be aware of that fact if they be of the mystical perspicacity to advise him with competence. Furthermore, there are those in the American Scene in audible converse with such Messiah, and His words have never yet spelled contradiction or the slightest deviation from accuracy of realization. This fact is unchallengeable. How account for it?

No, the general purport of *Prophecy of World Events* is by no means comprehensive enough to cover matters already of mighty consequence beneath international activities known to outstanding laymen.

Nevertheless, the monograph is worth \$1 of anybody's money sent to the Cop-tic Fellowship of America, 2015 Beverly



Boulevard, Los Angeles 4, California.

VALOR recognizes and greets a truly massive Soul in Hamid Bey, but wishes he would be more factual in matters whereon he professes to pronounce with prophetic finality.

No offense, Sir Hamid. We are one with you in spirit.

### Caodaism

(Continued on Page 6)

which they sent on the 7th of October, 1926, to the Governor of Cochin-China. Also enclosed was a list of signatures of 247 members present at the ceremony announcing the official existence of Caodaism.

AFTER having made the declaration which was courteously welcomed by the local government, the leaders of the "Great Way" organized missionary projects in the interior.

These were three, one for the provinces of the East, one for those of the Center and one for those of the West.

In less than two months, over twenty thousand persons among whom many native notables were converted to the new religion. It was on account of Spiritism, and especially to the infinite kindness of Divine Providence who always appeared to manifest at each invocatory prayer that the messages had a decisive influence over spectators, and Caodaism began to meet with mass conversions. This great success was also due to the form of the new worship which had nothing contrary to that of the principal religion practiced in the country.

Since the 10th day of the tenth month (October 14th, 1926) the missionary tours were interrupted. Every effort of the leaders was concentrated on the festival of the advent of Caodaism. This took place on the 14th, 15th and 16th of the tenth month of the year Binh-Dan (November 18th, 19th, 20th, 1926) in the pagoda Tu-Lam-Tu, situated at Go-Den (Tay-Ninh). The Governor General of Indo-China as well as the Governor of Cochin-China and high-placed European and native officials were invited.

Celebrated with solemnity, this festival gathered a considerable number of believers from all the provinces of Cochin-China. It also attracted thousands of curious, come simply to observe. The pres-

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### Soulcraft Chapels

ence of Captain Monnet, a great French spiritualist, was also noticed there.

It was during this festival the Caodaist sacerdocy was instituted and the new religious code was established and promulgated.

(To Be Continued in an Early Issue)

### Weather Change

(Continued from Page 3)

plan of Stalin's successors was to make a grandiose gesture in favor of European unification, but it's far too late for that phony act now. The quicksand empire that Stalin assumed he had built, falls apart on all fronts.

*We shall see exposed irrefutably the Luciferian hoax that the American people need to be kept busy producing armaments, night and day, to fight a Marxist system that can't even produce enough food so that its own people can eat!*

YES, a change in the weather was "the last thing in the world" that the international plotters expected would interfere with their strategies for the "taking over of Christian civilization." In Wash-

ington the news reports carry the wheezy incitements of how we must spend ourselves into bankruptcy to build up an army to fight the Red giant. But it will not be long before the same news reports out of the same Capital will be concerned with the problem of having "relief" ready to clothe and feed the millions whom Stalin's stupidity has impoverished.

The far-famed and racially-touted House of Stalin has been a house of filthy, blood-stained cards that now is collapsing—just as the *Golden Scripts* assured us it would collapse.

After a time even some of the strictest materialists among us may concede "there may be something to it" when adepts in the Ageless Wisdom declare that constructive-minded, God-fearing people have guardians not of earth.

*What sort of a world shall we confront that no longer holds foes whom we must dread?*

THE WELL-MEANING sexton was showing the bell to a party of church visitors.

"This bell," he declared, "is rung only in case of a visit from the Bishop, a fire, a flood, or some such other calamity."



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## A f t e r t h o u g h t

**I**T IS bromidical to observe that the dramatic things that can happen in real life may surpass any dramas presented in fiction. I have been reminded of it this week by the visit to Headquarters of Ben and Edel Sweetland. West Coast Soulcrafters, particularly those domiciled in and around the San Francisco district, require no identifications of Ben and Edel. To the rest of the nation, particularly in the East where KYA does not carry, they are an outstanding married team of radio broadcasters and television personalities.

Back in those years when my reputation was unblemished, when I had toppled no ivory towers of political immunities or assailed no racist proclivities, when my heart was in the highlands and my feet in troughs of magazine and movie money, I chanced to publish in *The American Magazine* the account of a certain esoteric experience of mine that had occurred eight months earlier in Altadena, California. The account was titled, *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*. It is barely possible you may have heard of it. And among the 30,000 responses the narrative invoked in readers came one on the crinkly letterhead of an imposing 5th Avenue advertising firm—the Sweetland Agency. Requested the Sweetland Agency, would I call up at their place at my convenience and make the acquaintance of its owner-proprietor, its brains and its bankroll, to wit one Sweetland whose first name was Ben? I would and I did.

Thus met I the beetle-browed master-mind of the snazzy Sweetland Advertising Agency in New York, a gentleman some two years surpassing myself, who sat in an Elizabethan English office high in a Manhattan skyscraper and pontificated over sundry acres of employes. Said he, "This Seven-Minute story is one of the great narratives of our times. And you should tell sizable audiences more about the experience from the platform. I happen to be head of one of the biggest Unity groups here in the city. How's about walking audaciously out before my six hundred to a thousand Unity communicants and making known the fact that if a man die yet shall he live again—and double for the ladies?"

I came away from Ben's sumptuous quarters enlisted for the Duration.

Thus was Ben actually the first human genius of record to lift a finger in the dissemination of what presently was to become Liberation-Soulcraft . . .

**T**HAT was back in 1929. And 1929, by all the best calendars, was mathematically 24 years in the past. Twenty-four years in the past lacks exactly twelve months of being a quarter-century. Much may happen in a quarter-century. Much happened to Ben and much happened to myself.

In 1929 and 1930, however, I played about Manhattan with Ben and his lady and spoke before audience after audience which he managed and provided. We had meals in quaint res-

taurants and saw life eye to eye. Before one of Ben's audiences it was that the famous episode occurred of the Busted Garter. In case you have never heard of the Episode of the Busted Garter, I can give it to you in a paragraph . . . Behold that in proclaiming prenatal Liberation-Soulcraft before one of Ben's biggest audiences, my garter holding up the sock on my right foreleg became unfastened and dragged disgracefully as I moved about the platform. What to do? Begging my audience's indulgence, knowing that the Busted Garter was bothering it quite as much as myself, I hoisted said right foot, planked it against the pulpit, pulled up my pant-leg and allowed all present to see the operation of connecting the garter where it should be connected. It was worse, far worse, than a black cat walking across the platform during an impassioned public address because it was more personal. On the other hand, it was easier to remedy, in that no speaker could ever plank a cat against a pulpit and fix it by hooking before an audience numbering six hundred. Quite a number of black cats could be thus fixed in New York if it were, providing someone furnished the audiences.

Ben referred to the incident night before last. He'd recalled it across a quarter-century lacking one year, claiming that the Boston Garter people should have given me a bonus for putting on a public demonstration of their product before so sizable an audience on the Lord's Day in the evening. Ben likewise recalled that he'd been one of those favored persons in Manhattan whom I'd advised of the Stock Market Crash that was coming in October and to get out of the Market to save his shirt. He'd taken my advice, gotten out of the Market, saved his shirt, and decided that the Seven-Minutes author knew his stuff . . . what he'd done with the shirt after he'd saved it, he didn't mention. He was wearing a new one—silk!

**S**O, AFTER twenty-three years, nine months, and three days no-seeing, did Ben and Edel jerk the safety brake of their four-thousand-dollar Nash in a halt on the Headquarters' motor-apron and walk through the works of a June afternoon to discover me deep in the mazes of *Adam Awakes* proofreading on the west patio overlooking the acre of Soulcraft lawn. Long since had he shelved the New York advertising business for more lucrative pursuits in radio, and now he's one of the big shots of KYA, while Edel, his gracious lady, does her stuff on television. Ben doesn't do his stuff on television; probably with an eye on not disillusioning his listeners.

We had one of those reunions you read about in novels. Ben is particularly interested in the *Golden Scripts*. "They ought to be on the radio in a national hook-up!" he declared.

Naturally I agreed with him. Let's see what Ben does about it. It was a relief to converse with a radio commentator who wasn't secreting a shiv for my gizzard.

*Pellegrini*