

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

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Number 12

## THE AMERICAN MENTAL STATE THIS AUGUST . .

**W**E ARE squarely in the center of the pertinent year of 1953. In a little over 30 days, the Pyramid date of August 20th will have come. If Dr. D. Davidson's computations be accurate, about which much doubt exists, August 20th means "the end of an age." Whether this means the end of an age allegorically or actually, we have no way of knowing. Soulcraft Mentors say that it does not mean the end of an age actually. Furthermore, they tell us that the Davidson computations, that supply the premise for the great British-Israel Movement throughout the earth, have not been figured accurately. Crisis is reached, apparently, later in the fall of 1953. The exact date is not of so much importance. What is important is the circumstance that events precipitate which usher in some hitherto untried social order in the earth. Whatever their nature, Soulcrafters can greet them with wisdom and calm, knowing they have long been prescribed and forecast and that "our deliverance draweth nigh."

**T**HE THING interesting us at the moment is the ideology and mental attitude of the average American of today and his probable reactions to whatever matures. Suppose we take a glance around the world and note the truth of existing conditions as counter-irritant to popular propaganda.

First and foremost, we see the major constriction of the United Nations conflict in Korea; second, we see the increasing collapse of





## Playing politics with hunger behind the Iron Curtain emasculates the spirit of East German revolt and preserves the Soviet despotism so much longer . .

international Communism; third, we see a wave of approaching deflation economically in the American Scene, and to corresponding degree in the world scene. And behind and under these, we behold the temperamental reaction of the American populace to forthcoming upset as a whole.

Let us view these constructively and discern where we sit . .

**T**HERE are many things known to the Editor of VALOR that it seems inexpedient to make known to the public in general. Entirely aside from the Soulcraft Clairaudient Predictions, which have been coming true on the nail up over the past twenty years, there is grapevine information, tending to indicate that despite the change in the federal political jurisdiction, there has been no fundamental alteration in the personnel of those who have long controlled the political situation behind the scenes. We can let that go for the moment. The changes ahead indicate that those influences are due to confront karmic readjustments no less drastic than that happening to open covenanters openly arriving at their legislative enactments.

Among the matters that can be discussed is the grim nature of the developments maturing in Korea.

First, it should be understood that if a truce is signed in Korea on present terms, no American should mistake exactly what it means, and with whom it is made.

The truce now being negotiated is *not* between the United States and Chinese Communist governments—in other words, not between those two nations that have greatest numbers of fighting men aligned

against each other under the diplomatic fiction of the United Nations. It is being negotiated between North Korean puppet government and the United Nations *command*.

The Chinese government is in no way bound, nor in any way affected, by the truce. The American Man in the Street should know that unmistakably.

Red China still maintains the original fiction that Chinese "volunteers" are fighting in North Korea and that the Red Chinese government has nothing to do with them. On such Luciferian terms do nations of the moment transact their business and jeopardize the lives of their sons. Although Red China has more than 1,000,000 troops on the North Korean battle front—or just behind it—none of the truce terms now being negotiated, will bind them in any way.

*But the United States will be bound!*

Red China's hands will be free. Ours will be more tightly tied than ever. The Man in the Street will not credit this, because he will not credit that the lawmakers elected by him to conduct his ostensibly "free" government, are not their own men. They are polite captives of the internationalists, although they are first to roar and rise up and imprison those who continue to emphasize it. When the American Supreme Court rules adversely to the press freedoms in the First Amendment, and interprets sedition as merited criticism of minority racial blocs, free government is as phony as the Korean armistice is phony. American crusaders are *not* free to agitate against the interests that have taken our political leaders captive, this captivity epitomized by the admitted circumstance that no candidate can be elected to public office who openly opposes them.

In other words, the truce in Korea is between the strongest force on our side and the weakest force on the side of our opponents. Their most powerful cohorts

are subject to any terms. Although our lawmakers know this privately, they cannot protest it without calling up tragic reprisals against themselves. The Luciferian bloc, as it has been named, has first gotten us into an inextricable mess, then the price of getting out is complete moral surrender. Anything to become extricated from a military predicament that is costing far in excess of the American taxpayers' ability to pay.

But as certain cynics in an earlier Administration rationalized such plights, they were "planned that way."

Understand as well, that the South Koreans will not be bound by the truce terms. Americans should be glad that Mr. Rhee will not bind either his government or his armies to agreements that do not bind the real enemy. For if Rhee is free to oppose any eventual double-cross by the Chinese Communists, our armies in Korea will be better protected from sudden and violent attack. American fathers and mothers may breathe in gratitude that leaden slugs stop flying across the



Korean battle lines for a handful of minutes in eternity, thus increasing the chances—or percentages—of their beloved sons returning home alive. But the truce is changing nothing of fundamen-

tal character. The Chinese Communists are determined to make themselves of moment in United Nations super government. Thus do they disclose the importance they attach to future jurisdictions of that body.

The day that Red China wins to lawful place in the councils of United Nations, that same super government is preponderantly directed by the votes of the Communist nations. To such pass has either stupid or pernicious "statesmanship" brought the great United States.

*The Red Bloc runs the earth!*

OF COURSE, such eventuality has by no means penetrated as yet to the consciousness of the American Man in the Street. It is, at the moment, a lot of fantastic nonsense. If, as, and when the fateful Midnight Knock begins to be heard on the doors of American homes, with the U. N. secret police forthwith beginning to "take care of" protestors against this sell out of federal constitutionalism and constitutional law impotent to protect him, the American Man-in-the-Street will awaken to the grim significance of what has been in progress. But the fat will be in the fire.

The sellout against which patriotic and sincere men have already served time in the penitentiary for protesting, will be too utter for American citizens to do much about it—*excepting to regain their liberties the hard way.*

This too, may be one of the items of alteration written large on the agenda of events "in the times of the End." But seeing the American populace was either too illiterate or indolent to spring to the defense of the tocsin-sounders back in the early 1940s, it should grin and endure it as divine retribution in 1953-'54.

Enough of this. But it is the prime jeopardy to be met. The lads in the American uniforms are by no means due to start home next day from the Korean battle lines, once this fantastic armistice is declared.

The fighting merely transfers into the field of diplomacy, with oriental wile pitted against Christian naivete.

NEXT, this matter of a collapsing Iron Curtain.

It is a princely move, from the standpoint of Christian charity, to dump millions of dollars' worth of food into the eager and emaciated hands of the victims

of Luciferian Bolshevia in the satellite countries—entirely aside from the irony that millions of Americans are by no means getting enough to eat themselves. Alas, such altruistic gesture is the very worst thing that could be done to extract the verve from the revolutionary forces and prolong despotism that has wrought the starvation conditions.

It is hard and it is tough, but men stabbed by pangs of stark hunger, likewise watching their wives and children growing weaker day by day through lack of nourishing viands, have the courage of desperation in toppling a regime that has already stayed too long in a world nominally Christian. The moment the first morsel of food finds lodgment within them, it is opiate to a fighting consciousness. They start "thinking twice" about risking life or limb in the riotings that precede real revolt. And in that psychological instant the armored tanks of the despots clank in, and drive them back to their slaveries like sheep.

The American sentimentalist says, "Poor suffering East Germans! . . . of course give them of our largess because one should not play politics with hunger." This classifies as the ultimate word in moral degeneracy. God and Nature are not so sentimental. God and Nature are teaching the hard way, to throw off the shackles of infamy and send the oppressors packing. Millions of dollars' worth of food thrown into the emergency for the "moral effect" of western-world repute for plenty, trespasses upon the technique of Providence for settling the Soviet plutocracy. True, the Iron Curtain is having its sustaining hooks snapped one by one, but will somebody answer the \$64 question as to why the food was not offered *conditionally* on East Germans being successful in their revolt and driving the Red hordes back into Asia for good?

This talk about "playing politics with hunger" is likewise as phony as the Korean armistice. When has the international Administration done otherwise the past thirty years, but play politics with hunger in the matter of a manipulated Relief—which is hunger in an indirect guise, to "spend and spend, tax and tax, elect and elect"? Why the noble sentimentalism all of a sudden in the matter of East German stamina to go through with the kick-the-Reds-out-of-Europe project? East Germans already know



that Communism economically is a wash-out. They know the free countries of the West have plenty of provisions. Presenting them with millions of dollars' worth of excess and overproduced crops so that the Washington politicians can pour millions more of tax moneys in parities into the agricultural States and thus keep our rickety economy functioning a little while longer, is in any way concerned in it.

Yes, it's tough to see the millions of East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and even European Russia, perishing for sustenance in a world of plenty. But they have only to revolt with sufficient effectiveness, and the condition ends for all time. Under cold war expedients of wholesale American charity it is only postponed. All of which brings us to this matter of the American internal economy . . .

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# W. T. Stead, Zachary, Fisher, Harriet Pelley, Heard in California



**L**RIENDS of the personnel at Soulcraft Headquarters, particularly those acquainted with the contents of Mr. Pelley's book, *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, will find the ensuing letter received from Turlock, California, this week, to be of surpassing interest. At an epochal seance given by Bertie Lily Candler of Miami at the Wolford's chapel in Hanford, came through in materialized form the same evening, William T. Stead, the celebrated English psychical scientist and associate of Sir Oliver Lodge, author of *Blue Island*, who lost his life when the Titanic floundered. Also Miss Harriet Pelley, adult daughter of Chief Pelley of Soulcraft, and George B. Fisher, Mr. Pelley's former colleague, late of the Collier-Crowell Publishing Company of New York.

Stead, Miss Pelley, and Fisher regained to full bodily form and substance, spoke audibly and spontaneously, and made recordings of their voices on electronic tapes. George Fisher, the man whose financial largess back in the 1930s made the Soulcraft publishing plant possible, declared along with Harriet and Silverleaf—Mrs. Candler's Cherokee-girl guide—that Roy Zachary, *erstwhile Field Marshal of the Silver Legion, was also with them*. But Zachary, apparently felt diffident about taking on bodily form and speaking audibly, leaving it for a later occasion when he is more oriented to his higher condition.

Here is the California Soulcrafter's communication, furnishing most of the details—

DEAR Mr. Pelley:

"First I want to tell you that the radio broadcast over station KYA last Sunday, came in perfectly, and we were so happy to know that at last you were

## *Fisher, Harriet, Make Voice Recordings on Electronic Tape . .*

able to make your first broadcast for Soulcraft. Mr. Sweetland gave you such a fine build-up, and the whole broadcast was perfect.

"Many of our friends were disappointed that they were unable to pick it up in Bakersfield. One of them was all set to take the broadcast on tape, and then was unable to get the station.

"The second thing I want to write you about is my recent trip to Hanford, California. I believe I sent you word, either directly or indirectly through the Rev. Jadwin, that I was planning to attend a psychical sitting by Bertie Lily Candler of Miami, Fla., who is visiting on the Coast this summer.

"Well, the trip to Hanford came off as planned, and I met the M---'s and T---'s there. We all attended together. The first thing that came, after Mrs. Candler went into the cabinet, was a voice saying that his name was John Williams, and he greeted each of us by name. His voice reminded me very much of Titus Moody's, the broadcaster who gives a five-minute newscast on the Mutual network. Then appeared a materialized Silverleaf, dancing out into the room.

"She told us she would have a surprise for us—that Jo-Jo was with her, also Roy Zachary. At first we could not place Jo-Jo, so Silverleaf began asking us questions. She wanted to know if he couldn't remember who Jo-Jo was, from reading



the book, *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. Finally she mentioned "George", and we knew then to whom she was referring. It was, of course, your former associate, George B. Fisher.

"**SOMEWHERE** during the evening's seance, John Williams mentioned William Dudley Pelley in a very strong voice. You will know later where it was on the program, for Ralph asked permission to set up his electronic recorder and it was granted.

"Anyway, after a number of materialized persons came out to visit others, a young lady materialized before me and asked me to step up front, so she could talk to me. This I did. She said that her name was Harriet Pelley, your oldest daughter, then she gave us all kinds of messages to relay to you. At the end she turned to one side and said she was going to talk to you over the recorder-tape, which she proceeded to do. I heard it later and it was a very fine recording. You will be getting it by the mail, but in the meantime I will try to give you the substance of what she says upon it. She kept insisting that we get this message to you.

"She wanted you to know that she was going to help you secure more national radio broadcasts, and also help you to get free on your court exoneration, so that you can travel where you

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# Do You Know What You Might Gain or Lose by Becoming Clairvoyant?

**L**T STACKS up to the average person, almost without exception, that becoming suddenly clairvoyant would be a very fine thing, indeed. In nine cases out of ten, of course, the uppermost idea in the minds of aspiring prophets is to acquire attributes of such perspicacity that they protect themselves from participation in too rigorous experiences of life on the one hand, while rolling up vast fortunes for themselves on the other by being able to bet infallibly on the behaviors of their fellows.

In the first instance, they would sidestep every form of personal calamity. In the second, they would conquer Wall Street, break the Bank of Monte Carlo, win out in every horse-trade, and live in an aura of perpetual envy on the part of their neighbors.

It is a form of super-performance that they want to give in the drama of life, with no especial reasons—at least in the form of spiritual qualifications—why such roles should be allotted them. Desire-wish fulfillment enters into it. Thwarted caprice, even to introvert inclinations of personality, drives them to seek arenas of expression where obstruction and opposition are predictively minimized. They want eyes to see perfectly while all their compatriots are groping in fog—or wearing bandages on their eyes.

If they could discern calamity approaching, and know where it would strike, and when, they would take good care to be located elsewhere. So they think! If they could know that the Market is going hog-wild on Amalgamated Tin next Thursday, they would load up with on Wednesday and never do another lick of manual labor throughout the balance of this twelve-month.

Amalgamated Tin will labor for them.

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

Ever and always the desire of the clairvoyant aspirant is to sidestep something: if not a Kansas windstorm due to hit on Michaelmas, then the energy-expenditure of piling bricks in a wheel-barrow and trundling them seventy feet for forty dollars Saturday noon.

**N**OW the annals of society attest, without the slightest possibility of imposture, that the gift of clairvoyance in sundry persons is a fact. History tells of the seers called into the service of kings. The Bible alludes to prophets, and the founder of Christianity Himself was so clairvoyant that the foretelling of His own death and resurrection constitutes the most poignant passage in Holy Scripture. Scarcely a person is alive today—of mature years—who cannot relate some episode that has fallen beneath his observation, wherein hunches or premonitions indicated happenings that came true.

We know that there are clairvoyant persons, and we know that there are non-clairvoyant persons; in other words, for some reason not fully expounded, there is, throughout the earth, just enough sprinkling of persons with the prophetic gift to make it apparent that all do not possess it universally—at least not in workable and practicable form. Yet contrary to popular notion, there is scarcely a case on record where persons endowed with it have availed themselves of it to



actualize the effects or achieve the objectives which those who have it not, imagine it would afford them.

True, there have been instances where people have had hunches not to take trains that later were wrecked, or not to sail in vessels that subsequently floundered. But when these are examined, the student usually finds that it was not so much clairvoyance that was exercising in the might-have-been victim himself, as it was a warning projected into his consciousness by some guardian mentor who foresaw the event and knew that the karma of his ward did not include participation in the tragedy.

Where is the true clairvoyant who has discerned great and terrible trouble for himself, and deliberately packed his bags and scuttled to avoid it?

Out of all the millions in modern civilization who have definitely demonstrated predictive gifts, why has the stock market, or the bank of Monte Carlo, never been broken by Second-Sight persons?

The Wisdom tells us that a great law is working that cannot be flouted.

**I**N THE first place let us ask ourselves, what is that type of clairvoyance that enables its possessor to peer into the future? Is it a literal peering into a situation not yet integrated by form and event, or is a "remembering forward" and concocting pictures in the eye of the mind by the reverse process to remembering backward and recalling what has happened, or been witnessed, by the eye



of recollection? Insofar as the common practitioner is concerned, and the evidence he offers for examination, it would seem to be the latter, although motivated by sundry vibratory broadcasts that arouse the psychometric talents as the said event approaches.

But such conclusion calls up this: No person can remember either forward or backward, without having had some previous knowledge recorded on his consciousness of what the events so depicted should comprise.

You cannot remember anything that has not first gone into your consciousness, either by personal inspection or narration.

So, if we want to toy with the thought that clairvoyance of the predictive character is "remembering forward," we have the right to postulate that all things yet to come true must be somehow known to the consciousness of the clairvoyant—either by inspection or narration.

How did they become so known?

Here we meet up again with the probability of a charted universe, and a charted life in the personal instance.

We know—if we be truly clairvoyant ourselves—what is due to come to pass, because we familiarized ourselves prenatally with the finest detail of incidents

and episodes that in totality were to compose the incarnations that we forthwith entered.

We went over the agendum of everything in the way of experience, which would be entailed in the imminent incarnation, and studied and restudied its probable merits and demerits on spirit till practically nothing had been left to hazard.

Then we incarnated and blanked it out consciously. We put a virgin brain in the way of the eternal mind of spirit—the sense-receiving brain of the new biological organism that we were wrapping about ourselves. But the main events of the mortal performance we expected to render unto ourselves, had been consciously, and unconsciously, examined and appraised. To make any attempts toward voiding or averting those events, must throw all mechanisms of mortality out of kilter, defeat the prospects in the incarnation, and work inescapable havoc in the lives of others for which we must pay in kind in future incarnations.

**T**HIS, and this alone, is unquestionably the outstanding reason why persons endowed with so-called Second Sight make little or no attempts to side-

step or escape distressing or even catastrophic sequences that involve themselves. They may exercise themselves to side-step or escape episodes wherein their whole incarnations would be prematurely or wrongfully cut short, but that would be legitimate. In the matter of experiences developing stamina or valor, however, avoidance or escape is almost never taken.

In other words, almost never do we find the truly clairvoyant person using his predictive gifts to the damage or defeat of the purposes of fleshly life. And the more vividly clairvoyant he may be, the stronger does this hold. The more clairvoyant a person is, the more resolute is his performance in going through with the role amid events which he discerns.

All of which brings us to this intriguing proposition—

That second sight clairvoyance is the attribute of certain persons and not of others, because the first must have been more assiduous in familiarizing themselves with the agenda of their imminent incarnations, whose outstanding features have thereby made the more indelible impressions upon their spiritual or eternal minds.

In other words, they have taken their prospective incarnations more seriously, and spiritually memorized, as it were, every angle and phase—not only as to integration of events but also as to time.

This knowledge the virgin brain of the new organism does not altogether blank out, or keep dormant in the eternal mind of the incarnate individual. Again and again it is brought to the surface, as life sequence succeeds life sequence or daily episode invites daily episode.

Others may give a careless glance at the probabilities in the incarnation, say with spiritual flippancy, "I don't give a rap what it holds, just so long as I have a body to get around in, in three dimensions," step their vibrations down to exact synchronization with that of the pregnant mother and the new fleshly organism within her womb, and with a nod and a shrug push themselves back into physical conditions, with the significances of the current incarnation left to post-mortem reflection. Such souls, so incarnating, would take along no particular knowledge of signposts, of turns in the road, traffic signals, or paths alongside

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# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## Our Divine Birthright

**E**VERY normal person has a deep, abiding desire for something that is better than what he experiences in the present. Just what that something is, we may not be able to explain, or to completely visualize, but it is as natural as day and night.

One thing that is more or less common to all of us is the problem of suffering. Now, the experiences of suffering cover a broad field in human living and human intercourse. They include both the physical and the mental aspects of this material life and, in turn, these experiences leave their mark upon the eternal soul-consciousness. For all of us surely take into life beyond physical death the marks of life's experiences.

**P**ROBABLY no human being goes through life without the constantly recurring question, why? Why do I have these experiences? Why is life like it is? What's it all about, and where does it all come out? These are perfectly natural questions. Further, they are queries implanted in our being for a very definite purpose. Indeed, they come to us for definite reasons. It is for an explanation of the purpose and reasons behind and in life's experiences that we become concerned.

Every question that arises in our quandaries of life presupposes an answer. Truly, they would not arise unless the Almighty, who put them there, had an answer for us.

In the Sixth and Sixteenth chapters of the *Golden Scripts of Soulcraft*, the Elder Brother gives us some of His most reassuring promises, and in those promises we get a glimpse of the Almighty's purpose for physical life as we find it.

In the sixth chapter, He says, "My promises have I kept—until that day go

bravely. No matter what experience cometh, no matter what darkness, be sure that just beyond \* \* \* is the light of eternity struggling to break through. I say ye do learn lessons \* \* \* which meaneth radiant liberation."

And in the sixteenth chapter we have these words, "I say ye have a birthright \* \* \* that man's long home is but a little way ahead \* \* \* I bring you a basket overflowing with provisionings." And in the rest of the chapter, the Christ very clearly reveals the eternal value of every experience that comes our way.

For each experience teaches us some vital lesson that we need to learn. And in the eternal scheme of things, no lesson will be lost in its value to broaden our perspective, to give us better understanding of ourselves and of others, and to cause us to grow in the knowledge of God and His universe. We shall, increasingly, come to visualize that we have a "divine birthright", that we are surely progressing toward "that divine event toward which all creation moves", when all of us may stand again in "His image and likeness."

**S**OME Years ago, I had a personal friend who was a salesman. Let's call him Jim. Jim was a good salesman, and a jolly, well-met fellow. He always had a smile and a cherry "hello" when you met him and, inevitably, you were given a lift by the spirit of the man.

Jim had done well in his sales work, and life seemed good to him. But, in the very prime of life, he was stricken with crippling arthritis. The affliction got worse and worse until he became bed-ridden. For several years Jim was a complete invalid, until finally he was unable to move any of his body except his head, and his twisted, crumpled hands and arms. Yet, in that physical condition, his mind remained alert, and his cheerful



spirit never left him. He still greeted you with a big smile. Invariably, he would tell a funny story, or crack a joke that set you right if you were down in the dumps.

Jim did an amazing thing for quite some time while lying in that invalid condition. He had his wife make arrangements with one of the daily papers for him to become local correspondent. Then they arranged for a telephone to be installed by the side of his bed, so that the instrument could be in the bed by his side. Day by day, for many months, Jim would phone his friends, merchants, doctors, farmers, teachers and gather news for his column, until the local community was truly well covered in its happenings.

I had moved to another state and had not seen Jim for four or five years. Then, one summer, we were visiting friends back in his town. We called on Jim. He could only turn his head, and rather weakly reach out an emaciated hand and arm, but the same cheery smile was there. And after some half hour visiting with him, Jim looked me straight in the eye, and with perfect poise and assurance exclaimed, "Well, Jadwin, *God has been good to me!*"

That was all that he said.

But, wasn't that enough?

I think Jim had the answer that many of us grope for. I believe he envisioned his "divine birthright". What do you think?

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## All of an Order



AN WE truly grasp the tremendous significance of the article on Page Four? It is one thing to conjecture naively that the so-called "dead" may be alive, from a series of co-related incidents. It is quite another when men like Roy Zachary, or George B. Fisher, or a lady like Harriet Pelley, known when they were in the flesh, build up into fullest substantial bodily form and record their audible voices on electronic tape, for transfer thousands of miles distant to be heard and recognized by hundreds who knew them when mortal.

Soulcraft Headquarters is eagerly awaiting the receipt of Mrs. Robinson's recording, and in event it comes up to expectations for legibility, it will be transferred to one of the Sunday Electronic Discourse programs for hearing by all those who attend Soulcraft chapels.

There is a traditional saying, "Seeing is believing"—although no sense is easier to trick than that of sight. "Hearing is believing," falls in a slightly more convincing category, because in the case of a materialized voice, it is usually identifiable by those who knew its possessor in mortal life. Almost no one can imitate exactly the resonance and individuality of another's speech.

Harriet's voice, of course, by this time is well-known to her father, who has heard it upon many occasions—as described in his book, *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. There can now be little trickery about Harriet's personality, because uniformly, no matter who the medium may be, or whereabouts the sit-

ting is held from Manhattan to Seattle, always it's the same 41-year-old feminine person who puts in appearance . . . and usually dressed in the same pattern white frock and crocheted cap atop a flood of riotous chestnut hair. Harriet came into mortality originally, in Springfield, Massachusetts, on November 14, 1912, to immediately depart a year and a half later of cerebral meningitis. Up across the years as she had matured in spirit, she had repeatedly been reported as in company of her maternal uncle, Ernest Stone, who was one of the early casualties in World War I. Finally came the evening in her father's affairs when she walked out to him a grown woman, and proved her identity beyond question because of her long familiarity with the marital affairs of father and mother. Apparently she made this early brief childhood contact under her father's auspices in order



to do precisely the work of spiritual education in which she is helping so loyally and so cleverly now "on the bridge between the worlds." When she appears in substantial form for a half-hour of audible converse at present, invariably she begs to sing a duet with her dad, she taking the soprano and he the tenor. She usually clasps an arm behind his waist during this singing, and it is an entirely flesh and blood arm for the sequence, although it may dissolve presently as the girl herself sheds the teleplasmic covering that makes her "real". On outstanding occasions they have locked arms and done a two-step together, for the entertainment of their audience.

Consider what a stupendous thing this is, . . . dancing a two-step with a daughter that was laid away in a little, white casket on a winter's afternoon in Wilmington, Vermont, before World War I opened.

And now she lets no opportunity go unseized to give every proof that reason

and rationality can demand, of her survival, spreading the authenticity of the Soulcraft principles wherever a group is gathered and a medium is available to supply her with ectoplasm. She was a constant visitor to the cell of her father in Terre Haute Penitentiary when he was confined for political troubles.

Then there is Fisher.

"Georgie-Porgie" he was affectionately called, in those many years when his heart and his bank account were stoutly behind Liberation-Soulcraft activities. Never did the Recorder go to him for financial assistance that he refused the aid requested, and it was because of Georgie Porgie's allegiance and loyalty—along with many others—that Chief Pelley was able to put up the strenuous court battles he did against the pro-Moscovite New Dealers. Long hours in the night George Fisher and Chief Pelley rode side by side in the camaraderie of a darkened motor-car and discussed these higher aspects of soul activity. Almost ten years their intimate association lasted. Then of a winter's afternoon in 1947, George Fisher stepped out between a line of parked cars on the main thoroughfare of Darien, Conn., and a near-hit by an oncoming auto resulted in a heart attack which he failed to survive.

Of a comparatively recent Sunday afternoon in Anderson, Indiana—Mary Beattie being the medium—there stood George B. Fisher in flesh in the room again. The Chief asked feelingly, "What was the big idea, George, slipping out for a perpetual holiday in this work, when we still need you so much?" And in his own voice, a voice characteristic enough of the man to be recognized by all those present, he made answer: "Sorry, Chief. Just couldn't help it. The old ticker wasn't up to it."

Pity the millions of poor souls living their lives and suffering their bereavements utterly unaware that hearing from such "departed" relatives or intimates is actually being done—done under conditions that eliminate every shade and shadow of trickery or fraud.

But the thought he expressed to Mabel is the main point to be registered. Mabel said, "He placed his hand on my shoulder and said that all of us constituted one Order."

What Order?

Soulcrafters at Noblesville choose to identify it as the Order of the Goodly Company. And the Goodly Company is



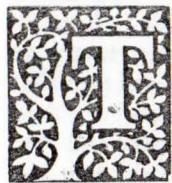
a company of Christ Workers, determined that the solace and assuagement in these matters shall become of universal knowledge, so that the sterilities of orthodoxy may be dropped and forgotten in the Journey Magnificent up the worlds.

Yes, if the Hanford recordings be legible, they will be transferred to a Sunday-Discourse tape, along with more of Mr. Pelley's personal comment, presenting them.

In time it is hoped that Soulcrafters who were intimately acquainted with Roy Zachary will be enabled to hear his jovial and unmistakable voice again. Will such convince them "there is no death" or will it not?

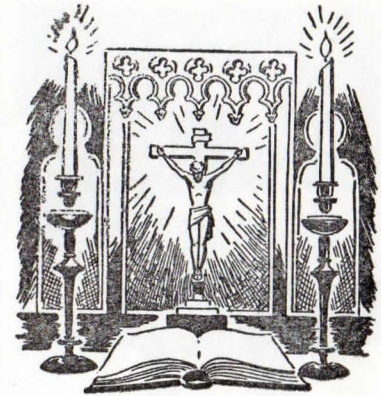
What do they want for conviction?

### Adam Getting Dressed



THE PRODUCTION of a major Soulcraft book is an event. Printing was wound up this week on the fourth of the deluxe volumes, *Adam Awakes*. Preceding *Adam* was *Star Guests*, and before that *Earth Comes* and before that, *Thinking Alive*, and before that, *Behold Life!* The first in the de luxe series, *Behold Life*, forecast the agenda of the doctrine of Liberation-Soulcraft in entirety. Then what might be called the "specialized" books began appearing. *Thinking Alive* was a book about the wonders of Cosmic Consciousness and how it had projected not only the solar worlds but the individualized life upon each. *Earth Comes* then took up the formation of the materials entering into our own planetary satellite. Next *Star Guests* went into much detail concerning the original appearance of humanized life, back in Miocene times, in thought-form bodies after the pattern of the anthropoid apes. Naturally the next great presentation of the wisdom, when primate life had been treated, was the division into the sexes, Man and Woman, male and female, Adam and Eve. And this is all elucidated in the current volume on which Page Finis was reached this week—*Adam Awakes*.

Adam awakened fully on July 12th of the past week, learned all about his Eve in the literary way, and the two departed for the Indianapolis bindery on the 15th, to get dressed in something besides fig leaves. They will come forth decorously garbed in wine-red leatherette about the



## Compensation



WHEN I was just a little tad, upon my daddy's knee,  
He spun me tales of glory, of adventures wild and free;  
He told of life in days now gone, of knights and ladies bold,  
A thousand yarns, and maybe more, my dear old daddy told.

And oft about the teachings in the Bible he'd relate  
That we should help the underdog or those struck down by fate  
Along the Higher Pathway, or those who went astray,  
For scarce are marks or sign-posts along the Upward Way.

He said to love our enemies, forgive them and forget  
The wrongs we thought they did us, even ways they treat us yet.  
But I remember asking him, as embers red burned low  
How many times we should forgive those people causing woe?

He scratched his head and thought awhile, then lovingly replied:  
"My son, the laws of living, of Faith and Love applied  
When fully understood by us, in aspects positive  
Will fill our days so full of joy, we'll find naught to forgive!"

I did not understand him then, but since I've come the man  
I've pondered on his teachings and discerned the Maker's Plan.  
That Plan is sure and perfect, and compassions never cease.  
Till all the earth shall know the truth and live in love and peace.

But in this mortal life we live, 'tis how we sow, we reap—  
If we believe that life is just—and fears and hatreds keep;  
Our "chickens will come home to roost", the olden saying goes,  
And if we harvest lust and ire, we must have planted those.

If we strike down our fellowman, in vengeance or in hate,  
Right there is when we've made our choice, and we have but to wait;  
That blow shall make its cycle and as truly will come back  
To smite the luckless smiter who first struck it in Time's track.

\* \* \* \*

As we read human history, we shall see these things are true,  
For be it men or nations, all alive receive their due!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

# "Adam Awakes"



## The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

### THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

HERE at last is the Fourth Major Soulcraft Book that rationalizes the Adam and Eve fable of Woman's creation from a rib of Man. The views of the Great Cosmic Hierarchy on mortal Romance and Matrimony are assumed to have been communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, and are being published in a de luxe volume that is now proceeding through the Noblesville plant. There will be only 1,100 copies in the First Edition.

*A Book Every Married Couple Should Read!*

*Send Your Order in Now!*

**One Edition,  
Leatherette, \$5 Copy**

**Soulcraft Chapel**

time that this issue of VALOR reaches readers.

These Soulcraft Master-Books follow a peculiar pattern. What the Recorder has done, is index six to eight hundred manuscripts transcribed clairaudiently from transcendental mentors between 1928 and 1940, into categories as to text. Two hundred and forty-seven of them, patently of sacred origin, he ascribed to publishing in *The Golden Scripts of Soulcraft*. The book ran to 844 printed pages and weighed almost a pound. Twelve to fourteen of the papers had to do with illuminations and counsellings respecting Romance, Mating, and Matrimony. Copying these first, with appropriate deletions where the references were personal, the Recorder then wrote interpretative chapters of his own composition, to sandwich between each of the mentor expressions. The result is a rounded volume of both scripts and commentaries, presenting the main views of personages in the Higher Life on the marital relation back here on earth as they view it.

It will arrive as an eye opener to thousands of married couples.

Sex can become a somewhat messy topic to discuss, at best. But the Soulcraft Mentors discuss it frankly, constructively, wholesomely, and best of all, inspirationally.

The next major book to go on the Soulcraft bookshelf will be titled, *Getting Born*. It will deal in all the abstruse complexities of Reincarnation, the function of Light in physical birth, creating the bodies we inhabit, health as it becomes a matter of Karma, the general subject of Children from every practical perspective, ending with a twenty-page exposition of why human beings select the roles in earthly society that they do. However, while *Getting Born* may also be a 1953 book for Soulcraft Chapels, it may be some months yet before it sees type.

Producing a book is not unlike gestating and delivering an infant—by the way. It takes considerable stamina to have them much less than a year apart.

*Adam*, as Headquarters refers to it, is not quite the stupendous book that *Thinking Alive* is—which, by the way, must be brought out in a reprint as soon as the market for it warrants—but it will comfort and console thousands of husbands and wives who now see their unions as through a glass darkly. Like *Road in-*

*to Sunrise*, it is a book that men will buy but women will the more astutely understand.

Its candor in passages may perturb the prudish, but its theme is constructive and utterly wholesome.

If your copy does not come to hand on schedule, start raising hob about it.

Its the kind of a book to raise hob about.

## California Seance

*(Continued from Page 4)*

wish. She said that she was with you at Headquarters a lot, and one of these days she would materialize for you there at Headquarters.

"I think there was something said during the evening about Bertie Lily Candler there at Noblesville, and I recall Harriet saying she was going to try to get her to come. She said to tell you that Silverleaf was helping her, and she had George Fisher and Roy Zachary and Aro with her. Then it was, I think, that she turned to the recorder and sent you her message through it.

"She was full of vitality and enthusiasm, and was altogether a charming and lovely person. Every little while she would tap me on the shoulder to emphasize something she had said or was saying. She thought it wonderful that she could send a spoken message of her voice, in her materialized form, on the recorder-tape, to her dad.

AFTER she had left, there were others who came, then a man in middle age appeared who called up Ralph and Laura. They talked a moment or so, then he called for "Mabel," and that meant me, so I went up and joined them. He said he was George B. Fisher. He put his hand on my shoulder and said we were all of one Order. Then he went on to tell how he had been the one who provided the machinery by which all the literature which you had published, could be printed. He said you had a big work to do, and that he was helping you to get free in the legal sense so you could do what you wished, and to convey word to you that he knew you would be wholly free very soon.

"Then he turned to the recorder also, and sent you a message in his materialized voice. He told us that Roy Zachary was there with him. However, Mr.

Zachary seemed shy of materializing. After making the recording for you, Mr. Fisher said good night and disintegrated.

"Later in the evening a personage came to someone in the audience and gave quite a long address. He told us that he was William T. Stead, and told us about his going down on the Titanic.

"You will be receiving the foregoing recording shortly. It will contain as well, when you get it, some added recordings from persons out here who have wanted to speak to you and Mr. Jadwin.

"During the evening a form came to Maxine who said she was a Catholic sister, and her guide and teacher. She gave a message of some kind, and Maxine said afterward that instead of going back into the cabinet with Mrs. Candler, she sank slowly down through the floor, precisely as you had already described in your book, *The Dead Are Alive* as having happened!

"We are all eager to learn what response you get from the Sunday broadcast."

Fraternally,  
MABEL R.

**S**OULCRAFTERS in the far Northwest will be gratified to know that at last responsible word of Roy Zachary has been received, and that he is in close association with Mr. Fisher and the Chief's daughter. The latter, Harriet, is already well-known to them, for upon one occasion she is reported as having materialized before a large gathering of Pelley followers at Redmond, Wash., and delivered a twenty-minute address to them from a platform, respecting the karma that her father was working out by his incarceration, following which she disintegrated within full view of those present.

The Aro, to whom Mabel R. refers so briefly, is known to Chief Pelley as a more or less celebrated biblical character, who declares he has never reincarnated since the times of Christ in Galilee. He too, however, has addressed Soulcraft audiences in materialized form.

See editorial on Page Eight.

This was the third time, by the way, that George Fisher has communicated with the Recorder of the Soulscripts since his demise from a heart attack in Darien, Connecticut in 1947. First he materialized at a sitting in Anderson, Indiana, in 1950, and spoke directly to Chief Pelley, although briefly. Mrs.

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Orange Beattie was the medium. Next he discussed at great length with a mutual Toronto friend—who visited Mrs. Candler's church in Miami for the purpose—the future of Soulcraft as he saw it from his enhanced situation. He sent Chief Pelley positive assurance that he had investigated and proven to his own satisfaction that the sacred authorship of *The Golden Scripts of Soulcraft* was absolutely authentic. Naturally, he would be in position to determine it.

### American Mentality

(Continued from Page 3)

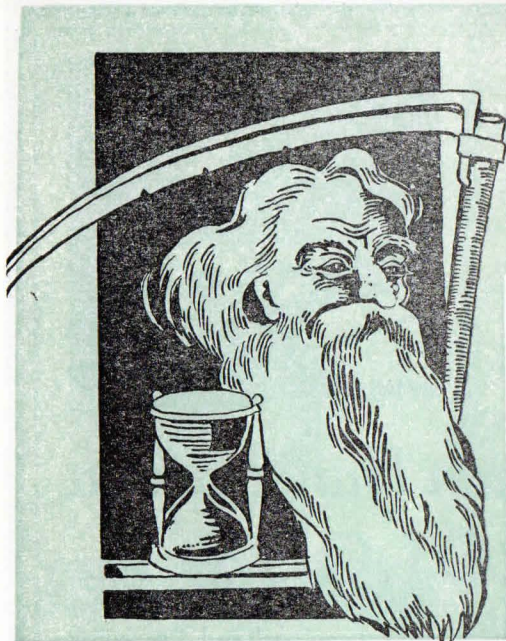
**T**HE AVERAGE man can discern hardly the slightest connection between things spiritual, things economic, and things political. He knows his tax-rate is confiscatory, that demand for manufactured goods is tapering off, that the country is tragically overproduced, and with the Federal Reserve pumping 200 millions a week into the Treasury to sustain the price of government bonds,

something is rotten financially—not in Denmark but right here in the good, old U. S. A. But things of a spiritual and religious nature he prefers to keep in a compartment by themselves.

That the possibility of the country "going through the wringer" anew, in another depression following total deflation, may have the vaguest hookup with any cosmic tutelage, teaching him a permanent spiritual lesson, is as abstruse to him as Greek. And yet what appears to be "on the make" in the vital sequence opening with August of 1953 may actually be so spiritual as to give him the effect of transferring to a cloud.

It is altogether pitiable that for 2,000 years, or thereabout, men have been erroneously instructed as to the factual significance of mortal ordeal. Earth-life is a place apart from celestuality. Having "served time" in it, precisely like any convict in a penal institution, the date of release arrives and he leaves the place, symbolically, through a trap door in the roof. Instead of going "out" he goes "up," he proceeds to forget world com-

(Continued on Page 15)



# COGITATIONS

me all my literary life. "There are no dull subjects," he admonished me, "there are only dull writers" . . .

o—o

THE SECOND literary celebrity remaining of blessed memory was Robert H. Davis of the Munsey list. He was an egg-shaped little man, born and raised in Nevada, who was czar over the lengthy Munsey string of pulp publications. Likewise he possessed the choicest vocabulary of naughty words that ever was compiled by wayward denizens of earth when exercised over lack of articulate speech. He had a whiney sort of voice, as though his bunions were continually bothering, and the ache of them got into the naughty vocabulary. I formed his acquaintance also in 1916, did several thousand dollars' worth of work for him, and was still intimate with him when the Reaper took him, ribald vocabulary and all. Then there was Karl Harriman of the *Red Book*, when it was a magazine of outstanding fiction and naught else. It was one of a string of three, published by the same Chicago publishing house, although Karl spent half his time in Manhattan. He was an undersized little citizen with an oversized head, and a prodigious pair of horn-rimmed glasses pushed on a very inadequate nose. Also he went in for ultra-modern men's wear. Never in my life did I ever behold him dressed in the

same suit twice. I sold him twenty-two fiction stories in a row, getting a thousand apiece for them as the series neared its end. I won more prizes for stories in the *Red Book* than in any other publication of yesterday for which I ever labored. Karl quit the magazine business to become general manager for a book publishing firm in Tennessee, and shortly after I read in the papers of his demise. Which leaves my fourth editor "who knew his way 'round" in the days when authors had to be Men, and the Women were glad of it, and that was John Siddell. Seven years I labored with John, until he, along with Karl and Bob and George Horace, went up to correct copy on the *Celestial Illustrated Monthly* that still circulates among all the more erudite angels. John happened to be the only one of them I encountered face to face in my Seven Minutes experience, by the way. I talked with him twenty minutes.

o—o

JOHN was the man who lifted the *American Magazine* from 200,000 to 2,000,000 circulation while the first World War was raging in Europe. He used to be Sunday feature editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. He made its Supplement a wow. Then he went East and took over *The American* when it was dying on its feet. Inside of three months its circulation had started skyward. Twice I was responsible for selling out its monthly edition on the newsstands because of something I wrote that John had published. I knew him fairly well or it couldn't have happened. John had an editorial axiom that the two-legged human race was basically interested in precisely three subjects: Love, Money and Religion. No issue of the *American Magazine* went to press without its quota of articles best described as spiritual. The thing was epochal, because prior to the coming of John Siddell, magazine editors had avoided spiritual or religious articles as they avoided leprosy. John showed 'em up, that they were wet. From

I HAVE known four great magazine editors in my time, and I mean great. Great by literary standards and their knowledge of human nature. They built their tremendous magazine circulations by sheer artistic worth—and came of a generation that the country may never see duplicated. The first and greatest was George Horace Lorimer—the personage who built the *Saturday Evening Post*. He had a face so strong that it gave the impression of being cut from rock. Atop it was a massive knot of iron-grey hair. I knew him back in 1916, after I'd made a hit with him, producing some fiction stories of Wild West Show life. He was quiet in his speech, but no employe ever started an argument with him. Incidentally, he was the first editor to preside over a publication that actually had a million circulation. Lorimer also had an idiosyncrasy that if he took aboard a young new writer on the staff of the *Post*, all his work thenceforth was to be submitted to him first. Only as he turned it down was the young new writer free to submit it elsewhere. It was my ignorance of this unwritten law of the Lorimer regime that detached me from the *Post*. I had filled him up with five or six rodeo stories in a row when I submitted my seventh to *The American*. I did much work for the *Country Gentleman* after that, but never got back in the *Post*. I remember him chiefly for his comment to me once that has stayed with



1915 to 1923 I contributed almost a story or an article a month to *The American*, the stories with my name appended but most of the articles anonymous. At the same time I was running a prosperous daily newspaper in northern New England. Every time I took the week off and went to New York to keep my editorial connections burnished, I had a session with John. He seemed to learn as much from me as I learned from him. He was that kind of editor. He wanted to know how the other fellow looked at life. The only way to know was to ask. On many a visit I went out to lunch with him, usually at the old Waldorf, came back to the office at 2:30, and sat talking with him till long after the lights had been snapped off, the office staff departed, and the scrub women started to knock the broom handles around in the adjoining precincts. John was full of arbitrary notions, and ninety-nine of every hundred were sound. Once I brought him an article on *How It Feels to See Yourself in Movies*. I thought it held human interest. This is what I got by way of counsel: "Tommyrot! The chance to see himself on the screen doesn't happen to one person in ten thousand. Furthermore, the average bohunk wouldn't have any feelings in the matter at all. People haven't got that much imagination, or rather, their imaginations don't take that turn. Do you know what I want for the pages of this magazine? I want articles about the Constant Collar-button that everyone has pressing continually in the back of his neck. Because no man or woman lives who doesn't have a Constant Collar-button pressing into the back of his neck. Maybe it's a job that's going sour. Maybe it's a woman—or a man—they can't get in a love affair. Maybe it's mother-in-law. Maybe it's a mortgage on the old homestead. But everybody's got it. Find out what it is and write about how to stop the ache of it, and you'll sell magazines by the million." So I learned to write about common, ordinary things in the constructive manner, and every author in New York hated my vitals because of the drag he thought I had with *The American*. My next article to John was the highly controversial collar-button: *Would I Marry My Husband or Wife Over Again?* John gave me five hundred smackers for it. In those days we didn't have to whack up sixty cents out of every smacker to keep the Chinese Reds financed.

JOHN made the Passing in 1923 because of stomach cancer. But nobody knew he had one but his physician and his wife. They told me after I came back from California in 1924 that John had known for months the exact date that he would die. But he kept his mouth shut about it. . . As the date kept approaching, he rushed the final magazine to completion, arranged all the articles on his desk, adjusted the curtains in his office to exact height, went about and shook hands with each member of the staff, and paused at the door for a last glance about the quarters where he had made himself the greatest magazine editor in America—with the possible exception of George Horace Lorimer. . . That was on a Saturday. He made the Passing on a Tuesday. It took stamina, yea valor, to face the Great Mystery in such heroic secrecy. John, incidentally, was so Scotch that he wouldn't smoke cigarettes with gloves on; he didn't like the smell of burning leather. . . Wonder what magazine he's editing tonight?

o—o

EVERY man or woman has a Constant Collar-button pressing into the back of his neck! It's a thought to give attention. On some human necks the collar-button presses harder than others, and unable to endure the agony of it, people jump off parapets, drink cyanide, or buy a gun and make a mess in the bathroom. But the great rank and file of the human race just goes trudging along, day after day, enduring the gall of it. That's the unwept, unhonored and unsung heroism of common humanity. Incidentally I choose to believe that it's the way that Spirit takes to prod folk upon this planet to develop Personality. It seems to be tough while we're all going through it, but learning to grin in spite of the collar-button, seems to be what counts—yea, verily! . . . Not that every human swab with a sickly grimace on his mug is necessarily demonstrating heroism, however! Most are merely peevish because they can't have their own way! Anyhow, John Siddell boosted *The American* circulation from two hundred thousand to two million. Today *The American* is merely "among those present" as a periodical on the newsstand. It prints long-winded articles about Nazism and Communism. John Siddell must be living these years in a rotary grave. I'd like to crawl in beside him and help him turn. . .

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back in  
a big way!



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## Clairvoyance

(Continued from Page 6)

precipices, that is one of the more perspicacious persons "natural" characteristics.

The careless people, after having reached a certain physical maturity, may complain: "How come that Joe Whoozis or Jenny Izzit seems to have gifts of perceiving what's due to happen next week, next month, or next year, whereas no such predilections ever come to me?"

The answer might conceivably be: "Because Joe and Jenny made such careful preparations for their incarnations—by familiarizing themselves with every phase of each—that concretions of events occurring now, recall to them consciously the vital incidents due to arrive in sequences soon to come. They picture these incidents in the eye of the mind, as they have retained them in great detail, and you think they have gifts which you are denied. They were really better advance students of their incarnations. Had you not been so careless of indifferent about your own preparations for incarnation, you too might be aware now of what imminent episodes will comprise."

NOT ALL forms of clairvoyance, of course, fall within this category. There is the form of clairvoyance known as Bi-location, or so splitting the functions of the consciousness as to permit of its exercise in two places at once. There is the clairvoyance that operates from pictures projected into the pineal gland by minds in the higher octaves of Matter. There is the clairvoyance that is strictly psychometric and that tells of events happening at a distance by a type of broadcast of volatile vibrations—as when Swedenborg knew of the Great Fire at Copenhagen hours before word of it came through by telegraph to the place of his residence.

Clairvoyance as commonly referred to, means anything that is perceived visibly or pictured, instead of being heard through the medium of the ear—clair-audiently—or transmission of thought in the abstract, telepathy. As such, it is open to many interpretations. But in the matter of strict prophecy, particularly as it concerns the individual and his role day by day in earthly society, Memory

is reasonably the chief factor that is operating.

So "keeping away" from that which is unpleasant or calamitous, is precisely what the incarnated soul decidedly does not do. Indeed, why should he do it? He did not shrink from entering upon the incarnation with all its known distresses and calamities to begin with; why should he renege as the earth sojourn progresses? And the same might be said in the matter of using transcendent or prophetic sight to enrich the worldly pocketbook.

People commonly think riches to be the increments from varied luck. They assume that the improvident man is an object for commiseration, just as dying wealthy is proof-positive of Success. Not grasping—or recalling—the true fundamentals that have brought them into flesh, and being more strongly impressed by the purblind teachings of society on the subject—as they have encountered them after the prenatal blackout—they forget that the role comes first, and always its awards have been gauged in advance.

A man whose role does not entail riches, cannot concrete them, though he be standing in a shower of gold dollars with a basket, its bottom will drop out. Conversely, the man whose incarnation is to cause him to learn the lessons from the right or wrong uses of money, cannot avoid it though he dwell on a desert island. A treasure ship will be sure to wreck in his vicinity. If he be not upon an island, but in modern social life, "everything he touches will turn into profit."

The truly clairvoyant person knows this also, and if there be an individual here and there who plays the stock market or the roulette wheel by his predictive attributes, it is a safe proposition that he would concrete an equal amount trading in suspenders or hunting fossils in the Gobi.

It is a grave esoteric error, therefore, to anticipate that "knowing the future" would mean health, wealth, and happiness. Knowing the future would mean exactly the opposite. It would mean living in a household of beloved corpses day by day, whose spirits still are with one, discerning the descent of horrifying catastrophe and not being able to do much about it, forever waiting for some Sword of Damocles to drop, and anticipating sorrow in the shaft of every sunbeam.

Better to take the hour as it comes and

accept that it comes because at some time you willed it.

What are you getting out of consciously at this moment? is the thing that matters. And let tomorrow's funeral buy its flowers for itself!

## American Mentality

(Continued from Page 11)

plications as swiftly as he knows how. He thinks he is done with the slings and arrows of earthly fortune and if he merits it, all that awaits him is eternal idleness in bliss.

The real prospects have it, that at last Man is due to have these notions regenerated and the truth of what happens visualized, by coming to grasp suddenly that spiritual life abides and continues quite independently of any environment, and that earthly trial and error, no matter what its outcome, occurs for the express purpose of expanding the faculties of human consciousness.

Communication with those who have "gone beyond the grave" establishes this, unmistakably. If they have not gone to the allegorical heaven, but are right here with us, communicating nightly, then this earth-life is just as much celestial as anything described in holy lore. If this too be established, then economics and politics are just as much essential features and factors of celestialty as harps, crowns, and celestial anthems.

The fact that Man has never been called by his religious leaders to give credence to such significance of them, is unfortunate. But now times open when it may be borne home to Americans en masse.

In other words, earth-and-heaven actually are "all one piece," and all spiritual progress is relative. It isn't so much that earth is vile. It's that Man isn't viewing it as corollary to the heavenly state.

**WE SHALL** see, therefore, whether in the year ahead, world events compel the average American to raise his moral sights and grasp new and startling significances, whereby and wherefrom the idea is installed into the daily thinking of *hoi polloi*. that all it is required to do, to realize a sort of heaven right here on earth, is eliminate the Luciferians who keep this earth in turmoil. That they can be eliminated rests squarely on man's ca-

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pability to absorb and credit the facts concerning them, and act constructively in the light of such knowledge.

People therefore, who get the principle fixed firmly in mind that what mankind is now called to proceed through is his final lesson in the earthiness of Spirituality and the Spirituality of mortality, will suffer small mental distress from it.

Today, the average American, best-dressed, best-fed, and best serviced mortal on the Footstool, wanders in a world of absolute error and ignorance concerning his reason for being here at all. So Divine Providence, all compassion but utterly without sentimentality, opens 1953-'54 to him.

*What a beneficence!*

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



MAN commonly thinks of Life as that brief span of consciousness that connects Birth with Death. It is the period of duration of that body which is physical. Because he cannot remember events before his worldly advent, he reasons that he may have no perceptions following his exit. He makes a god of Memory. Deny him this god and he denies all other gods. What is not "in his mind" by reason of memory, can have had no existence. It rarely occurs to man that perchance there are types of experience as vivid to his sensings as these happenings of the present, but only can he know them in the instant of perceiving them. When they have finished, a sense of them vanishes. Had he less of life for that?

Man without memory could know every sensation of the moment, live every suffering, feel every joy. But memory is the echo of all that he has passed through, the continuity of himself that is consciously rendered, the miracle by which his Sense of Self perpetuates and enables his spirit to discern its expansion. To "remember" is so common that its marvel is lost to him. Yet the process of retaining a sense of impressions is the process by which Life acquires the knack to grasp Itself.

What then is this lodestone which gives Eternity its pivot? How has man sculptured it? What machinery has mined it? At what point in cosmic nothingness did it occur to First Spirit to live again a happening of the previous afternoon?

The ancient sage said, "I think, therefore I am!" But what is thinking, literally? Is it not to recall, to recognize acts in that previous acts have been committed, to compare that which was spoken yesterday with the present moment's utterance? Take away such precedents and Spirit-Man is static. It denies him his gauge by which identity is measured.

WHAT IS MAN, then, but Personified Memory? Emaculate this memory and man functions in a vacuum. Consider the victim of amnesia with the memory-clock halted. Does he not know himself as a human cipher only? Let his amnesia be perpetual and what may Life hold for him?

So the philosopher says, "What then is Memory but a thought of vast length? The well-springs of my being bubble the cognition of my experiences this morning, last month, the year that I was little and fell down from the shed. I have never ceased to think the thought that I thought this morning, last month, the year that I was little and fell down from the shed. Highlights in this thought may flame at times in the focus of my consciousness. But they are single candles in the one illumination. So then I ask: What wrought the radiance in its first incandescence? At what point can I say: This Long Thought that is memory, started here, to acknowledge units in such brilliance?" Presently it comes clearer to him that even as there is no true Beginning or End to experience—in that

all experiences are but prologues or epilogues each unto the others—so there can be no beginning or end to the One Thought, and he counts himself an integrated mortal merely because he thinks it.

What then is memory but One Long Thought? And what is man himself, in each instance, but the encasement of its thinking? "I am a Thought," says the philosopher, "One Long Thought that commenced of itself to think when the miracle of Spirit wrought a formal association. But how can a Thought, even the Long Thought that is myself, have a beginning but no ending? Can a stick be a stick if it have but one end? Or should I say that the end of the Thought opposite from its beginning, is this moment's realization? How can I say that, realizing that even this instant has no ending? The present forever IS.

"AM I a Thought then, without a beginning? The idea is awesome. If I am a Thought without a beginning, then have I always been. And if I have always been, then must I ever go on being, else again must I compare myself to the miraculous stick that has but one end. But impressions, high lights, candles in the radiance, those are something else. I think the One Long Thought because it is my essence and naught else. But I think it in aspects of comparisons, and term them ideas. By ideas am I identified. Ideas arrest my sufferings in amnesia, but only as they ARE arrested, do I secure unfoldment of my spirit."

Eternity then, is not something outside ourselves. It is the Present Endless Moment, giving us arena to think Thoughts that never have termination, and in that we think them, so is Eternity contained within ourselves. Whenever did clocks halt the thinking of a thought by the hands on half-past one?

If the Long Thought did not continue, and become memory, we could have no personal responsibilities, no institutions founded upon custom, no friendships based on recollection of past mutual compassions, no culture, no religion. Life would be but the static living of the passing instant, and existence would hold no meaning. Meanings are always derived from comparisons, never let us forget that.

Memory, therefore, cannot be a phenomenon apart from us. Memory IS ourselves, considered in the long throw of cosmic circumstance. The current moment always endures, not only in chronology but in remembrance.

It causes life to become a deeper, richer thing, as we sit apart from its turmoils now and then and consider such wonders. The profit in concrete values? Behold we must all of us be endless—as endless as a circle. So think your thought, brother, and Time cannot halt you. But if you prefer amnesia, yours be the suicide! . . .

*Pellegrini*