

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

Volume V

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Number 16

## AMERICA'S PLENTY IS HER POWER . .



ALL RIGHT, so we are within a handful of days of the Great Pyramid's climactic marker of August 20, 1953. And the man-deduced significances of that event are awesome. We are practically at the back-wall of the Chamber of the Open Tomb, and in the linear sense there are no more measurements to go.

What do we do now?

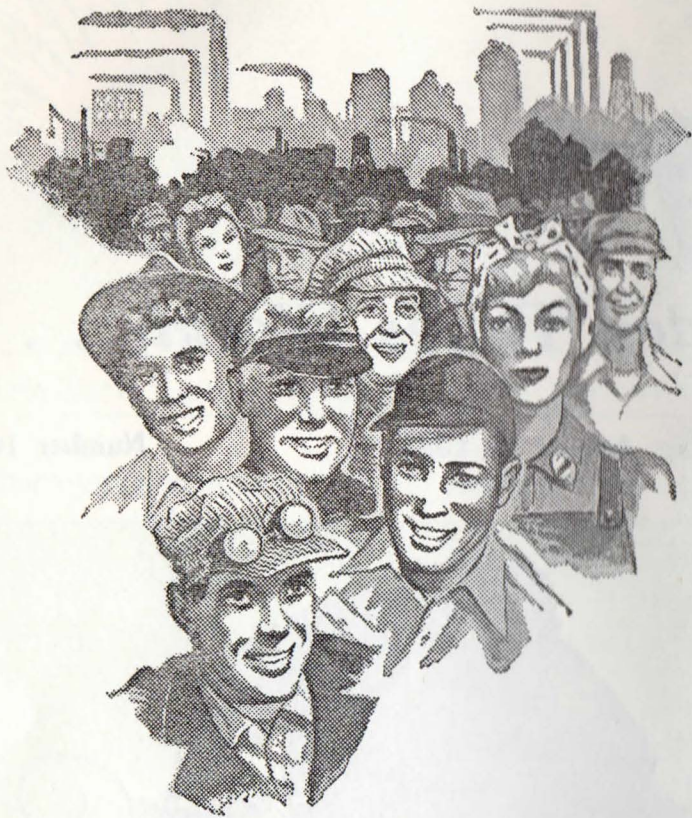
Well, suppose for one thing we give a look at the world and seek to determine its true situation.

Suppose we start with the true situation of our own country . .

**WILLIAM** Philip Simms, former foreign editor for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, has been studying European condi-







## “A New Balance of

objects to being party to a hoax when it pays rich dividends. But when the dividends come no longer, the cynical business ceases to interest.

“WE NEED a new ‘policy,’” declares Simms. “We should go Churchill one better and offer Europe—East and West—a new Locarno. For we and we alone, have the power to make such a pact stick. We should pledge Russia to go to her assistance, should she be attacked by the rest of Europe in the event of Soviet aggression. Britain, France, and others, often talk about making themselves into a ‘third force’ to preserve the international balance of power. Only the United States is strong enough for such a role. In line with this, we should take steps to turn over the defense of Europe to Europeans. There is no longer any reason why we, with 160 million inhabitants, should export manpower to Europe with her 270 millions.”

The trouble with it is, that most Europeans know in their subconscious minds, that there is nothing left to fight about nor defend on the continent. Exchanging grabs of territory—or squabbling for markets as Britain and Germany were wont to do—offers little of value to compensate for more fighting—to a continent that is heartily sick of military destructions. The nations of the Old World have gotten their bellies full of hostilities.

Actually, the world is growing sane.

The nations of Europe—and the nations of the earth, for that matter—have learned by ghastly and costly experience that wars settle nothing to stay settled, and their labeled lethargy is simply the beginning of wisdom.

The earth, if the fact could be faced, is ready for a great peace though it be a peace based on exhaustion of a sort. This is the thing that the momentous Pyramid date of August 20th sees achieved.

**B**UT SIMMS had much more to say as a professional writer and realist, about what our policy toward Europe should be from his time out.

“As promptly as orderly procedure permits,” says he, “we should bring home our soldiers, sailors, and airmen, leaving

tions—as they relate to our country—on the spot abroad this summer. On the 10th he sent a dispatch to his newspaper chain that was devastating in its conclusion.

First of all, we are losing out in Europe, says Simms. However good United States policy may have been originally, in western Europe it is petering out. The biggest peril to America’s people today is not that gigantic military bluff, Soviet Russia, but the feeling of growing anti-Americanism. “And,” says he, “it is rank-est among those for whom we have done the most.”

The key to world peace, he reports, lies less in what we may do in Europe henceforth than in what we do at home. “A strong, solvent America will do more to stop Soviet Expansion, and make Europe and the free world secure against aggression, than double or triple any army that a mythical United Europe is likely to raise in the next ten to twenty years.”

**E**UROPE has lost the preparedness momentum we supposed she was generating back in the late Forties, when she, along with the West, was reported to be scared. Just how truly scared Europe was of Russia is conjecture, but the fact remains that those nations dwelling nearest to Soviet Russia appear the least fearful of her, as the events of the past five years now disclose. The further way from Russia one travels, the greater the

Soviet menace looms. When viewed from Washington it is practically invincible.

Up close to the Iron Curtain, Russia is a joke.

This “fright” was evidently manufactured here in the United States for a purpose—maintaining a gargantuan preparedness program that would give the common man plenty of work, no matter how much was filched from him in taxes. With matters reaching a point in the United States that working capital for business is vanishing into this maw of foreign aid, and the lavish handouts to Europe drawing to a close, the anti-Russian hysteria subsides. Simms and his fellow correspondents interpret this that “Europe is going back to sleep.”

Actually, of course, Europe is doing nothing of the sort. Europe knew from the beginning that while Russia had sheer manpower to overrun Europe, that was mostly all she had. But so long as the Americans could be jockeyed into shipping boatloads of silver dollars across the Atlantic, she was willing to fall for the military “aid” program. The newspapers played it up, and it gave the people of America the feeling that such “peace” was worth buying—if it only cost dollars and naught else. But now, with August 20th almost upon us, it is a case of *No More Handouts, No More Excitement.*

No realist—individual or country—



# Power Role Awaits America Henceforward"

Europeans in their places. We should also call home all our 'missions,' 'commissions,' 'authorities' and what-not—all that army of American civilians now swarming over Europe, and leave the job to our regular embassies. These embassies, however, should be strengthened and streamlined by weeding out the misfits and adding the ablest and best-informed men and women now functioning with the missions and commissions. For a long time now, Europeans have been saying to us, 'Go home!' Well, let's go."

What Simms is saying in effect is, we have worn out our welcome in Europe, after helping the anti-Nazi nations thrash Hitler, by moving in on them and telling them how to run their affairs. It would be bad enough if we knew how to run our own, but under the name of confining Communism we have made Europe a swarming-ground for all the busy bodies of the War or State Departments who want a prolonged holiday abroad at taxpayers' expense, not to mention labor racketeers who want to extend their dividend-paying domains.

The situation on this August 20, 1953 is akin to the householder who discovers a burglar in his dining room helping himself to the silver, who throws up the window and cries for help. The American passing in the international street, responds, helps capture and subdue the miscreant and turn him over to the police. Then, instead of withdrawing gracefully and continuing about his affairs, he says to the householder, "Nice place you have here. I think I'll move in on you. Sooner or later another burglar may show up and you'll be needing help again." The householder demurrs, whereat the "American" growls, "Fine specimen, this European! Help him save his family spoons and all the pay he gives you is the ingratitude of eviction yourself."

The fact that these members of missions and commissions representing America overseas—or affecting to do so—are by no means old-line Americans themselves, but a swarming breed of aliens using American resources to advance personally or racist ends, must be ignored.

An "American" is anybody who gets political appointment to journey abroad and operate on official United States fa-



cilities, no matter what his errand.

Is it any wonder continentals are heartily sick of us?

Simms comments: "More and more European politicians, even those most friendly to us, are finding it expedient to yank the tail feathers out of the American eagle. They gather quite a bit of applause when they speak of being tied to nobody's kite."

Then he gets down to the meat of his dispatch—

**I**NFORMED military authorities admit," he reports, "the Red Army could be at the Pyrennes in forty days or less, if Moscow gave the word. *But Moscow is not going to give the word so long as America herself is strong and solvent.* Russia is not afraid of American divisions in Europe. She is not afraid of the combined armies of western Europe. She wouldn't be afraid of them even if they were four or five times as big. What stops her is the conviction that if she gave the order to march, the United States could hit and hit hard where it would hurt her most, inside the Soviet Union. If all that is stopping Russia today is a strong America and not a timid and apathetic Western Europe, it seems obvious that our best bet, both to safeguard Europe and ourselves, *is to look more to our own strength.* . . . Russia knows that a ruined America would leave the free world helpless before her. If she can possibly help it, we aren't going to have world peace but recurrent 'little wars', calculated to

keep us strained until we snap. Which is why we must also reshape our efforts, so we may last in what promises to be a very long race."

Boiled down to current significance, what this great correspondent for a chain of powerful American newspapers is telling his national public is, America—meaning the United States—is holding the balance of power in the world, and so long as she does hold the balance of power she should divide and rule instead of "stay and wear her welcome out."

Take note that what Simms cables home, is mainly what VALOR has been publicizing editorially for the past eighteen months. America's Plenty, judiciously directed, *is her Power!* It is the American potential and know-how that exerts the Balance of Influence in this year's international situation.

The United States, despite all the wars and costs of wars, has come out triumphantly on top of the heap. She is the leading nation in the world today. She has no enemies whom she really needs fear. She has helped thrash Germany twice and Japan and Italy once. She requires to make apologies to nobody for what she has achieved by stamina and resources. It is because she *is* thus powerful and wealthy that the nations who have lost out in recent wars, hope to get control of her through the global super-government idea.



But what we want to take due cognizance of, granting that some Pyramid date in and around this period represents a climactic notation in stone, is the fact





## Rev. Jadwin Says . .



HAVE had the privilege of meeting some fine people during my motor travels the last two months. Mrs. Jadwin, (Ora), and I have just returned from a trip through West Virginia, Washington, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Connecticut, with contacts in numerous cities and towns, with both groups and individuals. During this and other trips, our 1950 Mercury has rolled over 5,000 miles of roads but I feel these contacts have been profitable in many ways and I would like to share my reactions with our readers of VALOR.

In the first place, as mentioned above, I have met and become acquainted with a lot of fine people. To meet true Soulcrafters is to know them. That is one unique thing about this Cause and this movement in which we are mutually engaged. We all seem, instinctively, to know each other. You don't sit down long in conversation without feeling the warmth and glow of kindred spirits. There is an affinity of minds and souls that gives a person the feeling of at-homeness through which one forgets the rigors of hours of driving, and the nerve strain of fighting traffic and road hazards. It gives me something of the feeling expressed by Mr. Pelley one night recently as we sat talking plans and procedures. He expressed it this way: "When I think of all these loyal, high-type men and women, I know that it is the gathering of the Clan again."

THAT must be true. There are those all over America and, indeed, all over the world, who are here for a common job to be done. And the time is moving fast toward the accomplishment of that work. To me it is a privilege to share mutually in the task that is ahead, with folk who will no doubt have much to do in leading our people into a new day.

Another thing that impresses me in these contacts is the type of mind and spirit shown by Soulcrafters. They are intelligent, stable, whole-souled people who exude the qualities of 'salt of the earth.' It is good to meet folk who are just what they are, without show or pretense. More about them next week.

O. W. JADWIN

that this western country, reasonably free as to form of government and with the First Constitutional Amendment the order of her ethical life, has become the foremost nation on earth, with all enemies put under her feet.

To say that it has happened by chance, or because Americans happened to be "lucky" or "fortunate", is to ignore the most basic bastions of Mysticism. Mysticism teaches us that the Higher Invisible Powers caused this Republic to be founded on this side of the Atlantic as a shibboleth and example to all men of what civic governments of the Aquarian Age *should* be. Not in passing petty corruptions, of course, or the shenanigans of expedient politicians, for all nations have those. Rather the model of civic organization under which mass humanity thrives best and attains the most.

Almost, we might put it, from this time forward "As America goes, so goes the world."

It is not a realization to be adulated with jingoism but rather in all contriteness, humility, and gratitude. The men who are most powerful in the American Scene are the men most powerful in the global scene. Higher Powers disclose they have decreed it should be so, and it has

been an intentional prescription and attainment.

Let us view it as such. Let us get a fresh concept of the embattled universe as the Aquarian Age comes in, and concede the role to be played by our country is its own United Nations, besides which that Thing on the east side of Manhattan is a superfluity and travesty.

The United States has attained to the heights, in these Times of the End, because she was supposed to attain to the heights.

However, it is something to have the correspondent for a great newspaper chain like Scripps-Howard, tell the nation the blunt truth about the feeling abroad against us. But clearer and clearer the divine destiny of the United States becomes evident. So long as she keeps her economic security, she is powerful enough to go it alone—and will eventually do so. Nevertheless, first the psychology of her people must be raised. *They* must realize *their* destiny!

To fill it is why they are in life.

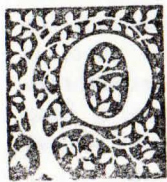
And you can believe it or not, *but she dominates the world scene for the coming ten centuries.*

That, too, is slated.

By sagacious aforethought.



# Why Some People's Lives Are Never Free of Debt . .



ONE OF the social and temperamental mysteries which we confront in considering the average run of souls in Mortality, is why the earthly scene continually turns up the type of person who, try as he may, is never free from financial debt.

In every neighborhood in every hamlet, town, and city in America there is at least one of these—by no means “dead beats” as the idiom has it—who from New Year’s to Christmas lives in one perpetual stew by never being able to “get ahead of the game financially.”

Commonly a calloused and nonunderstanding society declares that such people are wanting in thrift and the acquisitive faculty.

Two brothers may be born of the same pair of parents, given identical advantages, start life with prospects equally fortunate. But one brother, from the time that the two begin swapping tops in the school yard, will come home at night with his pockets bulging with junk that he has contrived to get away from other boys on the adolescent barter principle. The other brother, from the time that he first borrows a dollar to take some adored little lass to the movies, will begin a career that will run for toilsome and dreary years in one perpetual groove of owing Tom, Dick, and Harry—for everything from cigarettes to the property in which he lives.

What is the difference between these two boys when regarded from the angle of Behind-Life Perceptions?

Are people “just born to hard luck financially” trying to obtain some sort of lesson, or are they truly jinxes and lacking in ethical discriminations?

DEBTS, of course, are a subject for censure. There is something of an onus always clinging about the fact of



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

obligations owing to others remaining continually unpaid. Whether each of us personally happens to be owing or owed, if we have a shred of moral sensitivity we feel a sting of gnawing discomfiture at something in our lives being decidedly out of balance. If we be highly sensitized persons and unfortunate enough to be owing scads of money which at any given moment we seem to have small prospects of ever paying properly, the burden of such knowledge takes all joy from living. We seem to be perpetually skulking through life, permitted to exist through the leniency of creditors. Such a role is hell indeed, especially if we have cause to feel that we have done nothing willfully or dishonestly to invite the predicament.

We have to look at the subject of Debt, particularly in this autumnal season with the nation stricken by a deliberately manufactured poverty, partly by considering the karmic values involved and partly by analyzing what debts may be, ethically.

You owe a debt to a man. It is a fair obligation. He has provided you, let us say, with honest goods or services. You have promised him payment. The debt is your promise, and the promise is your debt!

Make no mistake about this! You never owe debts, you forever owe *promises!* Now a promise in its own right may be twofold: It may be a promise to settle for goods or services rendered, or it may be the type of promise that is extracted from you against your will. In the latter category fall taxes, obligations of honor involving your kith and kin, bills from doctors or lawyers who have helped you recover from or keep out of trouble, much of the fabricated knowledge and nonsense that goes with exaggerated ideas of what constitutes chivalry—usually some sort of blood-letting for the redress of wrong, fancied or real—turning over honest values to a gambler associate because of one’s bad luck at cards.

No matter! Either directly through your own assent to mortgage of your assets of the future, or through your civil representatives, or through the instructions or inhibitions of your particular moral code, you have obligated yourself to do something in a distant day that adjusts an equation made up of equal parts of right and wrong.

So such debts distress you, partly because you are all too often unable to redeem your promises and your vanity is pricked that you guessed wrongly or in-



accurately about your abilities to perform on schedule, but more often because such obligations arouse more of a terror within you than you realize, that they may partake of fearsome karmic balancings.

Truth to tell, it is these greater karmic balancings—or rather, your suspicions of them—that fill your days and nights with disquiet.

**YOU KNOW** in your heart of hearts and mind of minds that you are beholden to someone for services performed or merchandise delivered. That is the temporal or materialistic form of the so-called obligation. But always there can be the deeper meaning and significance to debt, and it is against this deeper meaning and significance that you rebel.

Debts owing or owed are promises made and not fulfilled. Accept it or not, they may likewise be Watchwords to your Spirit, making you continually aware of that which you must pay in eternity.

By this, is not meant literal sums of money to be repaid in some future span of mortal existence. The reference above is to those "reminders of obligations" that make karma a reality in every subconscious thought that you think.

Put it in this manner: You have a debt against a man, or a man has a debt that he is holding you to pay. Both of you are forever conscious of the lack of settlement, not so much as literal transaction involving worldly currency but rather as cosmic warning that there is in the universe the inexorable need for balance, that all Life is a strain for it, that wherever balance is lacking or cannot be achieved there will be odium or perhaps even crime—that the scales may be tried.

Crime in this sense is not always the thing we think it is in common mortal parlance. Crime in this latter respect is wanton destruction of another's life or injury to his assets. Crime in the cosmic symbology is the business of using force to get adjustments of a karmic character when time and moral suasion would often serve the purpose as effectively, both being left to their own natural exercise.

The thing that Behind-Life Perception reveals concerning most debt is: that there is a force in Cosmos that perpetually asks for perfect balance in all sorts of affairs, whether human or inhuman, organic or inorganic, animate or inanimate.

When you have a debt that is beholden

you to settle, you are first worried as a matter of esteem among your fellows. Your power of promising correctly and making your word as good as your secured bond, is challenged. Your pride is hurt and your self-pity ruffled unpleasantly if these obligations cannot be attestments of your correct estimates of your own capacities and abilities to do as you have earnestly declared.



In the larger and more vital sense, however, something else is at work. You are distressed by your unpaid bills because in them is symbolized a great law of the universe—the same great law that has brought you afresh into life. You are beholden to the universe for the mere act of self-creation, for it supplies you with a background and a sort of bas-relief for your intrusion upon the earthly stage. You have a host of enemies or stewards of your promised responsibilities of other days and other lives, all awaiting payments of old obligations, the nature and detail of which you have long since forgotten—indeed that might almost be said to have perished with bygone lives and personalized identities.

But looked at in the larger sense, there is no escaping the act of obligation as a promise or handicap on your future activities, no matter whereabouts in Cosmos you may be functioning. You are literally hounded with all the transgressions of the past, and subconsciously you know it.

The boy in the school yard with the unexplainable weakness for obtaining or paying his own in the matters of tops and marbles, the person who doesn't want to "think of his bills" and yet goes on steadily contracting more, the man indif-

ferent about his credit and who constantly has very little of it in consequence, what are these but exhibits of souls who realize that they owe so much in past lives that a sense of hopelessness at ever climbing out is blunting the edge of an otherwise fine character.

The average man's worry of the present takes the concrete realization of petty sums owing to butcher, baker, and candystick maker. It is not that he wants to escape the unkind comment which butcher, baker, and candystick maker may spread concerning his financial instability, that causes him to wince at thought of overmuch debt. It is the reminder that the Cosmic Scheme is functioning unerringly and that his Superconscious is keenly aware of it.

**EARTHLY** society has a peculiar habit of thinking that it forgives or cancels a person's debts when the latter ceases to exist physically and perchance leaves no estate that is good for the amounts. But that is because society has acquitted him for the time-being in view of his metamorphosed state, and not because any adjustment has been made. He is left without means of physical expression, therefore he can scarcely be held responsible for his actions in a material manner.

On the other hand, it seems to be true that hosts of obligations maturing over many lives, or left acquitted at the termination of each such existences, have an unearthly habit of bobbing up at unexpected moments and apprising either usurer or debtor that he is still in a cosmos where law must equalize or it cannot be law, where life must know balance or concede all is chaos.

The person does not live who is not perpetually obsessed by this superconscious knowledge of his load of past obligations, and not knowing what form their payments may be required to take there is a subconscious concernment that is more than mere worry; it can frequently become a species of terror that symbolizes in the most absurd eccentricities of conduct, subterfuges toward those with whom he is in constant association, anesthesia of feeling that supplies society with the phenomenon known as the Dead Beat.

In nine cases out of ten, remember, you drift back into life and into the company of exactly those persons who may

(Continued on Page 14)



# Valor

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## Horizon



ARRIVED in the hands of hundreds of Soulcraft readers this week has been the first issue of *Horizon*, a 48-page magazine in the format of the original *New Liberator*. Soulcraft Headquarters is proud of it as a printing job. Almost no news of its forthcoming publication has leaked out. It is the monthly companion periodical to the Weekly VALOR, but its publication in no wise alters or disrupts the steady beat of the VALOR issues coming off the presses week following week.

There have been many valid reasons for commencing *Horizon*. First and foremost, it is desirable to have a Soulcraft periodical on sale on the nation's newsstands, where the lay public may discover it and become interested in its text. Publications dispensed on newsstands must be printed a sufficient time ahead to allow them to reach their sales' destinations. This means keeping two to three issues in manufacture for a regular weekly, by which time any current interest has been dissipated.

The next ample reason for reviving *The New Liberator* under the *Horizon* title has been the amount of short material in the Recorder's books of personal transcripts, unavailable for either books or *Soulscripts*, yet deserving of publication. A monthly filled with four to six page articles meets all requirements as medium for such material. To get this material edited and produced in type, so that it might have the Recorder's supervision throughout—thus making it official—is particularly desirable.

SOULCRAFT maintains its oft-repeated claim that humanity is looking at the most stupendous Dawn of Glory for the nations of this world that Man's mentality has conjectured as ever occurring to the race. What is coming up over the horizon of national and international affairs is worthy of eulogizing in a particular publication. But more particularly it has been estimated that a magazine filled with attractively presented material, one hundred percent Soulcraft, will mean the dawn of a new spiritual understanding to tens of thousands in their individual lives.

The original *New Liberator* paved the way for this sort of thing. It was the most prosperous publication that Liberation-Soulcraft ever espoused. For nearly two years—back in 1931-'32—it was available on public newsstands in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, and brought thousands into the work, many of them among Soulcraft's most ardent supporters of the present. Again and again when the query has been put to veteran students coming to Headquarters, "How'd you ever get interested in Mysticism in the first place?" the answer has been, "I happened to buy a copy of



the original *New Liberator* on a newsstand back in 1931." One outstanding westerner now active in Soulcraft declared that it was an inside page torn from an early copy, that he had picked up from a Nevada sidewalk marked with a boot heel, that had first caused him to write *New York* for the whole issue from which it had come.

Thus are human lives changed and human thinkings diverted upon strangely profitable rails.

HORIZON will be brought out between the 1st and 10th of every month, at the standard rate of \$5 a year,

and mailed in the main to enrolled subscribers. Peculiarly enough, this first issue, due to delays in mechanical production when any new format goes together, chanced to be mailed on the date of the 12th. The 12th of August! Uniquely enough, that was the eleventh anniversary of a most vital happening in the life of its editor—when he had "the book" thrown at him by a pro-Moscovite magistrate for being a convicted "Red Baiter" in time of war, when Russia was our ally. Forcibly divorced from the Liberation-Soulcraft work for seven and one-half years in consequence, now the whole program proceeds bigger and better than ever.

ADAM AWAKES is being shipped to purchasers with the current week. And the regular weekly *Soulscripts* now resume their regularity of issue.

Never in the history of Soulcraft have so many new persons become interested in the Soulcraft literature as has happened this summer. The coming of the Rev. Ollie Jadwin to Headquarters has permitted additional promotional activities to go forward on major scale. It will not be many more days now before *Road into Sunrise* in its original edition will be wholly exhausted due to such promotion. This book, by the way, will not be reprinted. If you chance to have acquired a copy, be certain to retain it. VALOR too, in result of the same promotional activities, is increasing in circulation. But VALOR is meant to contain application of the Soulcraft mystical tenets to the current worldly scene week by week. HORIZON will print only articles of permanent spiritual value, that do not go out of date, whether read today or twenty years hence. The two publications should not conflict in the slightest.

One thing is positive . . . with the number of Chapels about the nation now exceeding a hundred, with assemblies listening to the spoken reels each Sunday night, more books than ever going through the doors of the shipping rooms, and now two publications—three if *Soulscripts* be called a periodical—issued regularly, Soulcraft is by no means losing ground.

This fall and winter of 1953-'54 should make Soulcraft history.

As well, likewise, they may make history not particularly connected with Soulcraft . . . but—

God's in His heaven; all's right with the world!



# Why Soulcraft Refuses to Credit Has Special Great Pyramid Sign

**M**ILLIONS of enlightened people all over the earth are breathlessly waiting this fortnight to see what world significance the date of August 20th may disclose. The date of August 20, 1953 has long been designated as the end of symbolic linear measurements inside the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The theory has been advanced—or rather the hypothesis—that the Great Pyramid is not a royal tomb and never was intended for a royal tomb. It was constructed as "an altar unto the Lord in the land of Egypt and on the borders thereof," to preserve, by stone figurations indicating Mathematics, the prophetic chronology of the happening of global events "in the Times of the End," or the terminus of the Christian or Messianic Dispensation. Built and completed in or about 2,144 B. C., the claim has been advanced that it authenticates the suzerainty of the Israelitish people over all other races of the earth, merging into the authenticity of Christ as the Divine Messiah and the historical developments of Christianity up to the great Epiphany "that shall make all things new" . . .

We are not now particularly interested in the precise nature of what the Great Pyramid authenticates. What we are momentarily interested in, is whether this great monument that has stood for more than fifty centuries on a desert plateau ten miles southwest of Cairo, Egypt, truly contains internal designations that are of particular importance to ourselves at the moment.

Is it, in other words, "the Bible in stone" insofar as prophecy is concerned, and have those investigating its internal chronologies drawn the correct deductions about their meaning?

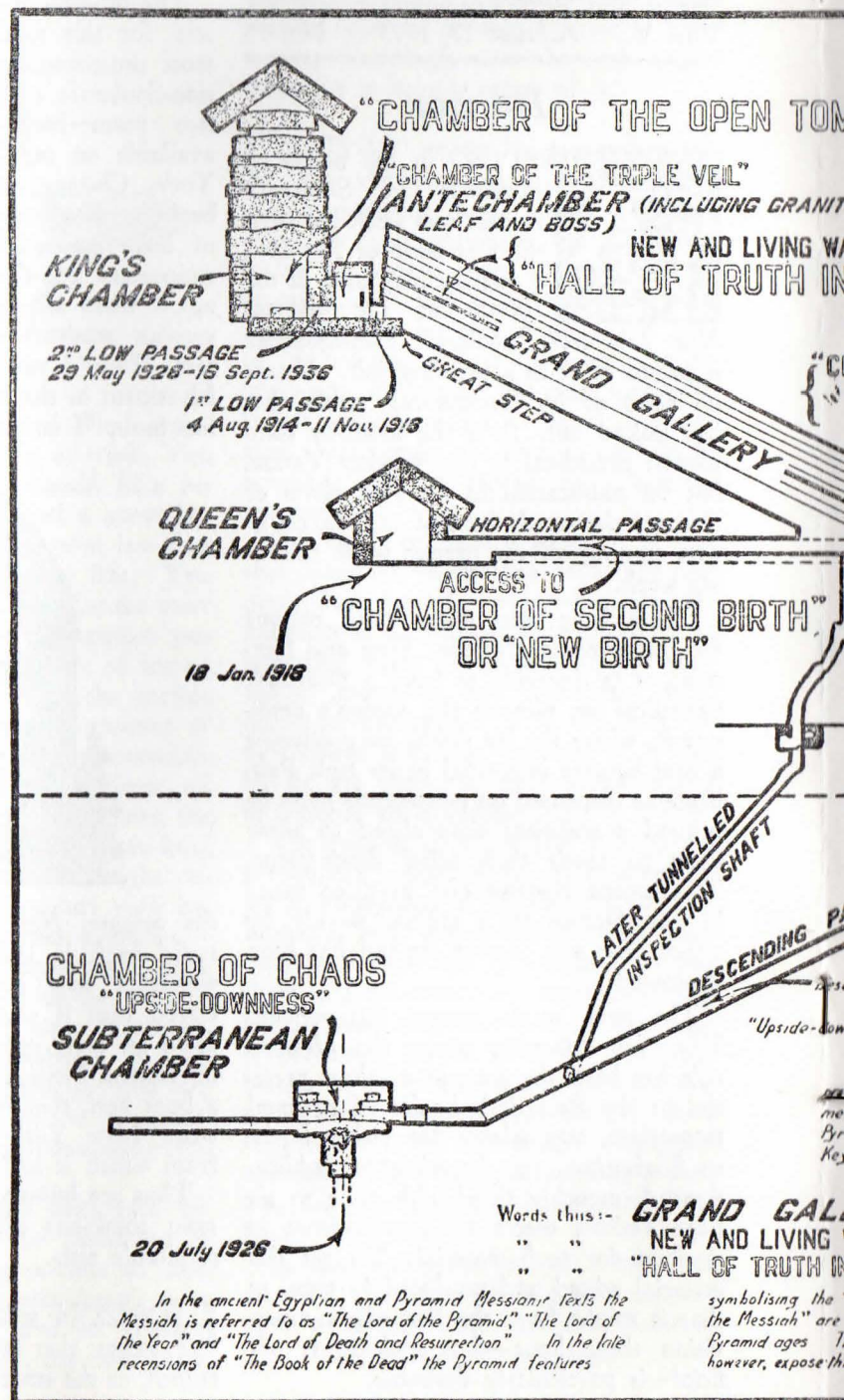
Suppose we take a bird's eye view of "what the Great Pyramid is all about".

**C**CROSSING the Nile at Cairo by the Bulaq Bridge, and following the southwestern motor road across to the desert's edge, three great pyramids come into view. One is larger than its two com-

panions, and is distinguished by the proximity of the celebrated Sphinx. It is known as *the* Great Pyramid, or the Pyramid of Gizeh. It was built to different proportions from those of all other structures in Egypt. Once, 3,500 years bygone, there were more than three doz-

en such structures in or near the vicinity, built on this elevated plateau because it provided a solid stone base. All but one were burial tombs, telling of the greatness of the Pharaoh or aristocrat buried inside. The original thirty-six pyramids have now dwindled to three, aforesaid—

## The Davidson Chart of Great Pyramid Predictions

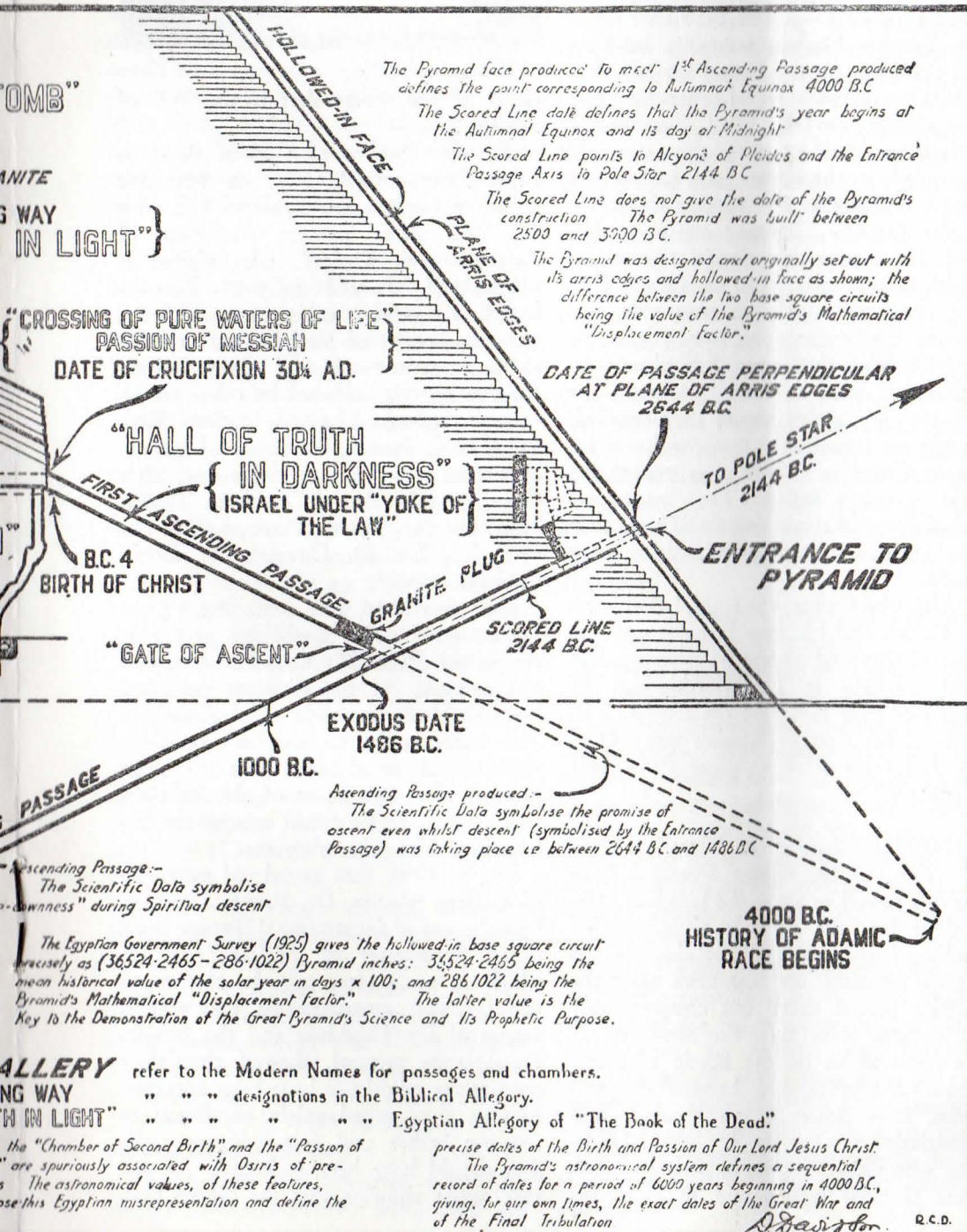




# dit that Aug. 20th gnificance . .

time, corrosion and vandalism having disintegrated the others.

Originally, the Great Pyramid as we know it today, was coated with an outer surfacing of white, polished limestone, these stones fitted together with microscopic precision that today's optometrist



practices in cementing the bifocal lenses of one's eyeglasses. No entrance aperture was visible, and the structure was one of scintillating grandeur as it caught and reflected the rays of the Egyptian sun.

When Amr, the conqueror of Egypt for the caliph Omar, took the site of Cairo in 641 A. D., he began stripping off this white limestone to build the fortress that later became modern Cairo. The entire outer coating was removed, leaving the rough stone pile as it appears today. It stands 484 feet and 5 inches high, the span of a modern skyscraper of 40 stories. Practically all modern structures are hollow, consisting mainly of walls and floors, providing sheltered space for sundry uses. The Great Pyramid, on the other hand, is almost wholly a solid mass of masonry, its few hollow passages and chambers, when considered in proportion to the bulk, being hardly of more consequence than mere worm-borings or small knotholes in a huge log.

In 820 A. D., the Mohammedan Al Mamoun, became obsessed with the notion that somewhere in the great mass of pyramidal stone there must be an entrance, that if it could be located it might lead to disclosure of vast royal treasure. So he started tunneling, and eventually discovered the bore-like entrance from the north, shown by the cross section diagram on Page 9 of this issue. Despite his discovery of the various internal passages, however, not a trace of treasure of any sort came to light, nor has it ever done so. Worth Smith, in his classical little handbook on the Pyramid called the *Miracle of the Ages*, describes the desecration in the following words—



"AL MAMOUN'S cohorts, hewed, hacked, toiled and cursed. But the stones yielded slowly. A number of times the worn workers rebelled, and, but for the lashes of their master and his stern commands to continue, the effort would have been ingloriously abandoned. Fanatical zeal and greed for greater riches made Mamoun more and more the tyrant, his will was in no sense relaxed, the slow and arduous labor continued. At length, by sheer dint of almost super-human labor, the handcut excavation was forced onward for about 1300 feet. Still everything to the sides of them and in front of them was solid stone. Again revolt smouldered in the ranks, and the hitherto inflexible resolve of the Caliph himself wavered greatly. Work was on the very verge of being suspended.

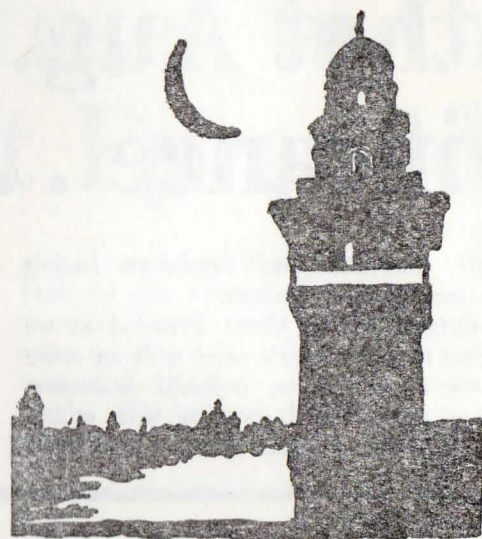
"Then destiny played a trump card. Just as the last stroke of the mallet fell upon a single blunted chisel in the tunnel, the laborer wielding the tools heard a stone fall in some open space not far ahead, and decidedly to the eastward of the course they had been pursuing. Zest for terrific exertion was instantly renewed. The excited Mohammedans poured into the bore again, hewing frenziedly in the direction of the sound of the slipping stone. They drove their tube about 25 feet further, and suddenly broke into the Descending Passage at the point where the Ascending Passage enters it. They learned that the sound the laborer had heard when the skies of effort were darkest, had resulted from the fall into the Descending Passage of a triangular block of stone which had, until it fell, concealed the mouth of the Ascending Passage, revealing now for the first time that there was an upwardly inclining bore there.

"But now more trouble was encountered. They found that the Ascending Passage was completely and tightly sealed by what is called the 'Granite Plug', consisting of three granite stones with a total length of 180 inches. While some of the laborers vigorously assaulted the granite portcullis, others pushed down the long Descending Passage to the Pit. Still others went to the Passage, and there discovered the door they had so long sought from the outside. But soon all returned empty-handed and disappointed. They had found nothing whatsoever of the riches they had expected, and a share of which each man had been promised.

"JOINING those who were working at the mouth of the Ascending Passage, all were incited to feverish activity. Time after time they drove their inferior instruments against the Granite Plug. But the stone did not yield. It was impossible to remove it. It remains there, in fact, to this day, blocking the passage as a cork does a bottleneck. Mamoun was still undaunted, however. He ordered his men to assault the softer sandstone around the portcullis. This they did, blasting as well as hewing. The sandstone yielded slowly . . . finally a great shout went up; praises to Allah were on every tongue. Nothing, they believed, now stood between them and their vast treasure. Torches blazing, stooping, kneeling and crawling, up the Grand Gallery they went. One or two stopped to examine and peer closely into the Well. Testing the inclination of the latter, they dropped stones into it; the echoes rang hollow and empty. There was no treasure there. Into the Queen's Chamber the men foraged. It too proved as devoid of material wealth as it is today. Up the Grand Gallery, searching eagerly on every side, and beneath the low-hanging stones, into the Ante-Chamber they went. Still the promised riches eluded them. Beneath the last, low, suspended stones they crawled, coming out eventually into the beautiful King's Chamber. There they espied the great granite coffer. The marauders rushed forward triumphantly. There, they were positive, reposed the treasure they sought.

"Alas, the Coffer was empty! Although the Caliph and his men knew it not, the great Casket had always been empty. No royal mummy in burial trappings of value had ever occupied the Coffer. The whole of the King's Chamber was empty, too, and there were no more rooms left to explore."

SINCE the time of Al Mamoun, travelers to the Great Pyramid have used his tunnel to enter the building rather than face the difficult alternative of climbing higher up the northslope to the original entrance. For centuries after the Caliph's forced entry but comparatively few persons went into the structure. It was reported to be the abode of many poisonous reptiles and haunted by evil spirits. Even so great an observer and appreciative traveler as Sir John Mandeville, who visited Egypt as early as 1350, wrote that he was afraid to enter be-



cause of the report that it was full of serpents.

The first author of modern times to bring forth something of an authentic nature regarding the celebrated interior was Mr. John Greaves, Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, who visited it about 1637. In 1646 he wrote his celebrated *Pyramidographier*, in which he gave the results of his laborious observations, measurements and computations. He was shortly followed by other travelers and explorers of several nations, English, Dutch, French, German and Italian. Particular honor and credit is due, after Greaves, to Nathaniel Davidson, Taylor, Vyse, Garnier, Smyth, Petrie, and in our own day, Dr. D. Davidson of Leeds, England.

Soon these men were compiling a great literature about the symbolism of prophecy in the Pyramid's measurements, and a close look at the diagram produced herewith, indicates their chief notations. Too many books are available on these significances to devote space to them here. A close inspection of the italicized type on this diagram will apprise the unlearned reader what they are.

But in 1940, that grand old patriarch of modern mystics, Dr. Brown Landone, brought out a devastating 179-page book called *Prophecies of Melchi-Zedek* in which on page after page he challenged the findings, measurements and significances of Dr. Davidson and the British-Israelites in general, showed that their computings could not have been accurate, because they relied solely on *linear* or running inches and feet, whereas *cubic* feet should have been reckoned. At any rate, while allowing that the Grand Gal-



lery ran accurately an inch to a year for the Christian Dispensation, from the Crucifixion up to the outbreak of World War I on August 4, 1914, Landone showed that Davidson's alteration in measurement from time-feet to time inches was an erroneous step to take. The First Low Passage at the top of the Grand Gallery incline measures 51.9 inches. It could not be called a measurement of the time World War I was to last, because the latter maintained from August 1, 1914 when Germany declared war on Russia, to November 11, 1918, when the Armistice was signed terminating hostilities. From August 1st to November 11th, four years later, is 1563 days. Figuring 365 days to the year, that would be a time-span of 4 years and 103 days, which is 51 months and 13 days over. And 13 days is not nine-tenths of a month. These measurements, when figured down to three decimal points, must be *absolutely* accurate or mean something else.

The Truce in Chaos, or the time between World Wars I and II, figures in actual linear Pyramid inches as 116.-26028. One hundred and sixteen and a fraction months from November 11, 1918 would bring the time-date to 9 years and 8 days. If the Pyramid calculations accurately foretold the resumption of hostilities by the Davidson-British-Israel computations, World War II should have started November 19, 1927. Any school child knows that it started when Adolf Hitler declared war on Poland September 1, 1939. This was 7,233 days after the ending of World War I by truce. That totals 19 years, 298 days. Reducing it to months, that means 237 months and 28 days. By what remote twist of reasoning then, can anyone affirm that the Truce in Chaos as indicated in Pyramid inches matched the number of months between the two world wars? The difference is a 120-month shortage in Pyramid designation.

As if this wasn't enough, take the length of the Second Low Passage, suggestedly indicating the length of time World War II was to last. It is 159.1 inches. If this were symbolized by months of solar time, World War II should have lasted 13 years and 3 months. We know it lasted, actually, from September 1, 1939 to May 7, 1945—six years, or 72 months, lacking 86 days.

To continue such specious calculating on the month-to-an-inch basis, and say

that because the inches and months run across the floor of the King's Chamber, bringing the mathematics to an end on August 20, 1953 because the obstructing southern wall of the King's Chamber is reached, is to ignore the plain time-designations of history looked at in retrospect.

**B**BROWN LANDONE, during his life, had a theory that cubic measurements of these interior Pyramid chambers gave the more likely answers. So he went to work in 1940 on the cubic measurements, coming up with the ultimate date "for the End of All Things" as March 6, 1947. The only thing of consequence noted by World Almanac as happening on March 6, 1947 was the sentencing to death of Ferdinand de Brinon, the Vichy regime's Ambassador to Occupied France. The more likely world event along in that period was Truman's getting of 400 million to fight Communism and give economic and military aid to Greece and Turkey. But that occurred on the 12th.

Dr. Landone's book today reads poignantly.

To what does it all add up?

It would seem to add up to the fact that Man actually has not yet correctly deciphered the Pyramid's internal significances—just as it is the well-considered opinion at Soulcraft that *all the passages and rooms in the Great Pyramid, with additional significances when measurements come to be taken, have not yet been discovered.*

Psychical counseling apprises that they have not yet been discovered.

Without the shadow of a doubt, the Great Pyramid does contain astronomical information bespeaking its Divine origin and purpose. But humanity has gone askew in making sense of the measurements after the Great Step was passed, because the First World War lasted 52 months and there were *approximately* 51 and a fraction inches to the First Low Passage, assumed to represent humanity's military tribulation.

Millions have hoped that accurate arrival mathematically at the extreme southern wall of the Palace of the Great King would mean the specific date for the Great Speaking. How then must we rationalize the avowals of the Elder Brother in the Golden Scripts and elsewhere that "I, Myself, know not the precise hour of the Miracle"? If *He* wouldn't know, who would?



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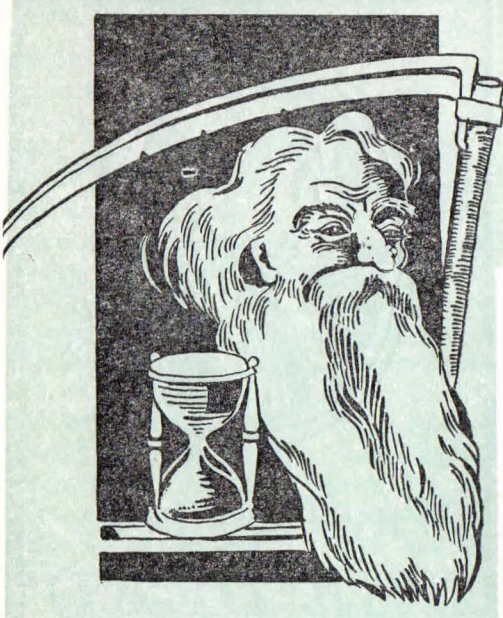
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

At any rate, there will be no garbing in white robes and going up on the roof of the Soulcraft plant bright and early with the morning of the 20th. Pyramid or no, there are not many robes that stay white very long around a print shop. In the second place, there is work to be done, especially mail to be answered. Yea, verily, mail!

The Pyramid is accredited as being anywhere from 2,155 to 9,834 years old. So—according to the worn-out patience of some Soulcraft correspondents—are many of the letters waiting reply on Soulcraft desks! . . .





# COGITATIONS

headed for Buzzie with a yardstick when he's undertaken one of his barking spasms with me right in the middle of the Lord's Prayer on the electronic master-reel. Now I've got a fresh quandary around this place. The plant mother went strolling of a recent afternoon, of all places in the vicinity of the dog-pound. The dog-pound is two blocks southward from the Soulcraft premises, and in it are various and sundry varieties of flea-bait, all forgotten of Kismet and longing to get out into the free world and scratch without municipal permission. This Headquarters' matron strolled past it, I say, but did not keep on strolling. She stopped.

o—o



**SHE STOPPED** because something about six inches long and three inches high, of a tawny color, having four legs and two ears, was nearly tearing the city property apart to get out and help her stroll. It was, although she was unaware of it, a very homeless Gordon setter of the feminine persuasion, age about twelve days. When she came back, she had it with her. Buzzie wasn't due to be with us long, apparently, having acquired something like 14 years as to age, and a threatening fester at the top of his neck. This six-inch setter undoubtedly would "fill a void" when Buzzie transferred his howling to the alley outside the hall where the Choir Invisible was tuning up for a real performance. I took one look

at what Nature had produced in the dog line as to diminutive proportions and said, "Hello, Cosmos! . . . When were you projected?" The name stuck, and as Cosmos the female pup became identified until someone thought up Christine shortened it to Crissy and then to Teeney. Fancy naming a Gordon setter Christine anyhow, and trying to call it in a hurry. Now Teeney has taken the place over . . . and Buzzie let the boil on his neck swell to such proportions that he's over at the vet's, Emma looked disgusted, Fritz looked disillusioned, while Butch went outside and bit another dog in the leg. *That's* the way I annex dogs. If it isn't grandchildren having the creatures chase 'em to the plant and once inside it, refusing to leave, it's having nice elderly ladies stroll past dog-pounds and stop.

o—o

**IT MUST** be that this affinity between dogs and myself rests upon the certainty that while I may be human, I am a hound for punishment. And I have been so all my life. The first dog I annexed was a black shepherd when I was five, that I gave the name of Ned. I became the envy of the juvenile neighborhood through Ned, because being of a mechanical turn, I tore two wheels off my sister's baby-carriage, used a soap-box to fabricate a cart and had Ned harnessed to pull same. Ned pulled it in rope harness until mother discovered the two front wheels of Edna's carriage missing, and she refused to wheel Edna downtown under discomfiture of such discrepancy. About that time father decided the shepherd pooch was too expensive to maintain from the food angle and gave him away clandestinely to a man named Ingalls. All I knew about this Ingalls was the fact that he was recently returned from the Klondyke where instead of finding a gold-vein he had lost his shirt. Hearing him thus identified, I anguished for twelve days and nights under the impression that Ingalls had accepted Ned to skin him and make a new shirt. We moved away to Springfield after that, and

**W**HAT I want to know is, how did I ever get mixed up with this dog kingdom? Where, in my past karma, could dogs have figured so significantly that now they are all over the place, behaving as though they owned it? What outstanding service could I have done for the species that current specimens take for granted they have license to sniff all strangers and censor their comings and goings as though strangers were Reds, they were G-Men, and myself a first-class munitions plant? Where do they get the notion in their dog craniums that I like them, anyway? Of course I do, but I cannot recall having made myself so articulate about it that they can feel free to lie across dark spaces of flooring where I may trip over them and break my neck, or leap into any car that is going townward and see that I am safely conveyed where I desire to go, or sit around like a pack of pleasant jackals and watch me masticate my food, freely acquiescent to aiding me in that chore as well? The nerve of the creatures. The sentimental explain it mawkishly that I am so "good" in my temperament that the creatures know it instinctively, and carry on accordingly. But I declare that I am *not* so good in my temperament that I have not whacked Butch when he does not desist from getting under my writing-table and scratching his back by rubbing back and forth on the lower slats, or swung Fritz by the tail when he's gobbled his own Pard in order to have time to get to Emma's plate and eat hers also, or



while I never actually encountered Ingalls dressed in dog-skin raiment the affair remained one of the tragedies of my childhood. I forgot it ultimately in possession of Jack.

o—o

JACK was a cross between an Irish setter and a Boston Bull Terrier. In fact he was such a cross that his own folks wouldn't carry him. There were no motor-cars to keep the dog population down in those days, and it roamed far and wide. Dad frequently remarked as to Jack's extraordinary absences that he was undoubtedly roaming Boston or even Ireland, running down his pedigree one place or the other. But Jack oddly came home well-fed from such expeditions, and when I did a sleuthing stunt on him, I discovered he was two-timing the Pelley escutcheon by dividing his interests with a widow named Hancock, who owned a place over on a back street and apparently fed him sumptuously. From that moment of disillusion I crassly shut and locked the door on Jack, and told him to go cultivate the Widow and be danged to them both. I got through the rest of boyhood dogless. So my next dog-contact of consequence waited until I had a domicile and offspring of my own. Adelaide being five, I rescued two black collie pups from an itinerant fish-monger, whom I feared might can them for salmon, brought them home and presented them to her. She was properly enraptured. I suggested she name them. The friskier of the pair she titled Happy. But the other, who distinguished himself by soiling the front room rug within ten minutes of being in the house—and getting his first lesson in sanitation in consequence—she called Trouble. This we shortened to Troub. Happy grew up to be such a vicious cur that I recalled the fishman, delivered Happy and several empty cans and suggested he do his stuff. Troub, however, became the most conscientious and loving brute that ever let youngsters maul him, or kept the lawn free of moles, or mistook Geranium Kitties for felines and met with surprises that made him socially unacceptable every time we had a moist night. Driving back from town one afternoon in a car, I beheld Bill, my youngest, clad in naught but three-cornered pants, trying to get from the edge of broad lawn into the highroad where motors rushed past a mile a minute. Troub was determined Bill wasn't going to get into that road

and herded him back from danger by laying repeatedly down in front of him, barring his progress—but I think I told that tale before. When I moved to Manhattan at the beginning of the Twenties, I took Troub along and he languished in a Morningside apartment. One night, when I had walked him out to let him read his dog-newspaper, he failed to return. I paid \$20 reward to an honest Brooklynite who brought Troub back with the story that the pooch had catapulted into his Dodge touring-car of precise pattern as my own, and refused to be dislodged, the car having been parked in a side street while the Brooklynite visited friends upstairs. Troub died of eating poisoned fox meat back in Vermont that following summer, but by that time I was in Hollywood with Laska in prospect, who became my corollary in Seven Minutes . . .

o—o

LASKA was the granddaughter of Perry's lead-dog when he discovered the North Pole—half Alaskan husky and half German Police Dog. She was the living stand-in for Rin Tin Tin, and when I drove up Hollywood Boulevard in those halcyon days of the silent movies with Laska sitting upright in the rumble-seat of my snazzy roadster, the country cousins visiting filmland on excursions, "Oh'd and Ah'd" from the sidewalks. Incidentally, it's interesting that I had six dog stories all ready to film, with Laska playing the lead, when the talkies came in and ruined my deal. You can't handle a dog in front of a camera without speaking to it, and in talkies, that's *out*. One of these days, on the electronic reels, I propose to tell the story of Jack Lawler from Oklahoma, and the psychical adventure I had in the Altadena bungalow that gave irrefutable proof Laska could see Invisibles. Always while taking clairaudient communications in that bungalow, following Seven-Minutes, Laska would pace the rug restlessly, sometimes the scruff up on her neck, whining and even growling at entities I couldn't see. Several times she would retreat to the far junction of wall bookcases and bark belligerently. On one occasion I spoke to her about it, my tone in nowise polite—thereby proving I am by no means the angelic disposition that the temperament-rationalizers would credit me. In my books of transcripts at one point appears this adjuration, spoken by the current Mentor, "Don't scold your

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dog. She merely is conscious of our presences and sees what you cannot." I lived with big Laska for about a year-and-a-half, then made a friend a present of her, rather than keep her in a New York apartment. No dogs after that until Buzzie. I believe you have heard about Buzzie. He frequently barks.

o—o

DOGS! . . . where do they rate, I often conjecture, in the scale of creation? I know they are such individualistic creatures that their spirits follow masters and mistresses into the Summerland and presumably back again when the latter reincarnate. Peanut, I believe I've told you about. He was Adelaide's brindle terrier that was smacked by a motorcar down in Indianapolis of a late night in 1941. We interred him under the backyard elm tree up here next day. And couple months later, being at a materializing seance at Chesterfield, what should run through the floor-ectoplasm between a pair of human materializations but the Light-Body of Peanut. One of Headquarters' ladies, sitting beside me, let out a squeal. "Look, there's Peanut!" she screeched. I looked in time. There was no mistaking him. He ran prancing towards us from the front of the cabinet, apparently shedding the ectoplasm as he came. By the time he reached the knees of our shipping clerk's frau, he had vanished. He couldn't hold it upon him, apparently, because he wasn't deliberately utilizing the powers of Thought. . . Mrs. Carlton Jones of Johannesburg, South Africa, in her book of adventures in psychical research, tells of a prize bull dog of her mother's—on the Other Side of life—of whom her communicating husband reported constantly. So apparently there's to be no escape from these chopped-horse consumers even though I transfer myself up on a Cloud. Does it mean that even in the heavenly realms I shall be aroused o' mornings by Buzzie wanting "out" of my particular heavenly mansion so he can read his canine newspapers on streets of jasmine and gold? Fine place heaven must be, letting that sort of thing go on! . . . Matter of fact, one of the mysteries of Holy Writ to me, has been the paucity of mention of these four-footed comrades. Obviously back in biblical times, the celestial authors didn't relish dogs. All they seemed to use dogs for, in Those Days, was to medicate beggar's sores. Think of it! No wonder they were such a crowd of eccles-

iastical stuffed shirts. Scarcely one prophet do we find mentioned who stepped on his spaniel in the dark, or asked to have his dachshund along when he went into a lions' den, or rewarded his faithful hound with a rabbit's foot when it brought in a juicy hare to break his holy desert fast. It's a wonder the Elder Brother didn't have so many pooches following Him that the crowds couldn't get to Him . . . (Excuse me a moment while I go out front and stop that sudden dog fight. Sounds like Butch and Fritz are in another argument and this is a Christian printery. Finish it next week) . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Freedom from Debt

(Continued from Page 6)

have been your creditors in previous existences. They know that you owe them, quite as well as you are aware that your debts unto them are still unpaid or you would not be back in propinquity at all.

But if the truth could only be arrived at consciously, there is no need for fear, fret, or unseemly conduct toward the whole of it.

No one needs to get overly excited or insanely exercised about his debts, for the stark fact is, that sooner or later, down one life-span or ten thousand, all of us will settle to the penny, if not in one form, then in another.

Naturally it behooves any individual to keep his bills paid as he goes along or he will be hounded by a sense of responsibilities that eventually will become unbearable.

He will be accredited as an overly conscientious or persnickity person when what really will be meant is, that he has become a person with an extremely fine or supersensitive memory in regard to cosmic happenings in his careers of the past!

The load of debt that perpetually under-drags some people and seems to make a man careless about money and the promise-obligation, may take still another form, however, and he will be made to serve humanity in ways that it little suspects.

There may be occasions in cosmos where such loads on individuals are well-nigh unbearable and they will seek redress in a sacrificial serving of the race as a whole. Of course such overloads of debts so discharged are rare. But we dis-



AUGUST, 1953

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So the format of the former *New Liberator* has been revived and the first issue of a new monthly been produced and mailed this month under the title of HORIZON—what's on the horizon of men's expectations and heart-hopes that portend Good for the world. Everybody on the Soulcraft lists received a specimen copy of the first issue. The September number will be mailed to subscribers only . .

cover that they do cause queer attitudes toward the public at large in many sacrificially-inclined persons. Many a great public servant is merely a great public debtor in lives that have been lived.

WHICH brings us lastly to this strange circumstance: that over and over again in life we happen on cases where one man contracts a debt with another, and try as he will, that obligation somehow cannot be met. Or put in another fashion: There is scarcely one of us who has not at some time or other felt a supreme indifference toward an obligation that by all the laws of men's commercial transacting should decidedly be settled.

What seems to be happening here is,

such a debtor has taken his debt out in still another form of debt which has brought the balance true, although the creditor of the present life may be wildly exercised that values without compensation have thus been extracted from him.

If the truth could only be known, many a miserable bankrupt has gained unto "heaven"—such as he finds the after-life—and discovered that he was actually the supreme creditor to all those to whom he supposed he was owing huge sums when he "died".

Our subconscious, prenatal minds are aware which way the obligations lie—and meet responsibilities accordingly. Debts have a strange way in cosmos of settling themselves according to their natures. Many a bill has been contracted,

to run for years with no particular insistence or the creditor's part that it be paid—and perchance never is paid—because in a former career the present creditor really was the debtor and specifically owed that sum to the man in this life who finds the obligation strangely difficult to settle.

All of us are liable for our honest obligations, yes. But we are really far more concerned that we are serving two masters: our obligations of the passing moment and our larger blanket obligations toward all society, as all society exists for us in terms of the myriads of souls we have met and had dealings with, up the hundreds of centuries we have already lived.



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

**B**EFORE another issue of VALOR shall have reached the hands of readers, the long-awaited Great Pyramid date—according to British-Israel and Dr. Davidson computers—shall have come and gone, August 20th, 1953. Right or wrong as a date, it is a calendar-marking that has been awaited by millions for years. The Davidson calculations have always had it that on August 20, 1953 the Great Pyramid significances “come to an end,” inasmuch as the measurements thereby carried to the back-wall of the King’s Chamber and beyond that there could be no further linear reckonings. The natural conclusion has been to designate August 20, 1953 as the terminus of the Christian Dispensation. The same Christian Dispensation is assumed to have started with the birth of Christ in 4 B. C., designated by the ending of the first Ascending Passage and the beginning of the Grand Gallery with the Crucifixion in 30½ A. D. Figuring that the Grand Gallery ran an inch to a year up to the Great Step that symbolizes August 1, 1914—the date of the outbreak of World War I—Davidson thereupon shifted his standards for measurement to an inch to a month, and kept on in a southerly level direction . . . where significances began to go askew. Much of this has already been covered in the article that opens this issue of VALOR. The point interesting me the more personally is the claim being put forth by certain American mystics, particularly Ostgaard in the Northwest, that the August 20th reckoning is only three days incorrect, and that Christ makes His appearance in the United Nations hall on August 23rd—which happens, by the way, to be on a Sunday, one day after the next issue of this Weekly. Letters have come in to me, in reaction to Ostgaard’s advance publicity, asking whether or not I have “gotten” any clairaudient forecasts of his being accurate . . .

**M**Y ANSWER is, I have not. Quite to the contrary, the epiphany described so positively in the *Golden Scripts*—the first news of which was communicated to me at Mentor dictation on January 8, 1929—was prefaced by description of certain international happenings, and the realization of certain international conditions, that have by no means materialized as yet. Nor could they materialize in a coming month or week. Mystics like Ostgaard, however sincere, credit the predictions of the epiphany as set forth in the *Golden Scripts*, but appear to be utterly ignorant of definitely described events presaging the Sublime Materialization. Regardless of how others may feel about it, I am forced to take the position that the happenings described to me—utterly unlearned and incredulous as I was about them, back in 1929—were based on the phenomenon of Higher Thought being able to look ahead in Time and pronounce positively under what conditions the Appearance would occur. It was not, in other words, a case of conjecturing about them. Our Mentors beheld all attendant circumstances as

though they had already occurred. And one of the greatest of these prior circumstances was prophetic announcement of the coming of the Man of Evil, his brief but drastic suzerainty over the nations, and his fall and disappearance. The Great Epiphany was to follow that.

All of us are well aware that no Man of Evil has yet appeared, not a personage that fulfills the additional conditions identifying him, nor could he possibly appear, make his global conquests—or attempted conquests—and meet with his death, in the ensuing five days before the 20th.

Millions have sought to rationalize that Josef Stalin was the Man of Evil—but he came and passed without gaining domination over the free nations. Next Adolf Hitler was nominated to the dubious honor. But he came and went, and Nazidom collapsed.

No one of any erudition denies that the Great Pyramid does contain tremendous prophetic significance, but obviously someone has erred in interpreting its mathematics.

It may be half a dozen years yet before international events take such turn that anyone can declare that we truly have reached the end of the Christian Dispensation.

And another thing—

**I**T IS by no means my understanding, from the quarter-million or more words dictated to me from time to time since 1929, that “the end of the times of the Gentiles” signifies for one moment that forthwith the anti-Gentile elements of the earth are slated to take over, and the whole earth go Talmudic. As I gather it, it means that, by the Epiphany, and after the Epiphany, events are of such a nature that there is no more distinction as between Gentiles and Israelites, the latter having been brought to an accounting of such character that people don’t consider the distinction of Gentiles further in the global picture. That too, is of tremendous interpretative import in timing the Miracle.

But definitely it has been stated, over and over, that as the moment drew near for the Great Manifestation, members of “the Goodly Company” would be definitely apprised, each and severally, that it was at hand. There have been no such apprisings anywhere in the world, that I am aware. Even the events in my own career have not yet matured to identify the event.

Personally, I shall be one of the most astounded people on this planet if the coming Thursday produces events of world-shaking importance. However, what my opinions or reactions may be, is of absolutely no consequence. Whatever does happen, happens in pursuit of Divine Stipulation. If the Davidsonites are correct, however, it must be the first incident of my own clairaudient advisings showing up as incorrect. However, I can take that also. I await the Day with interest . . .

*Pellegrini*