

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 17



LABOR DAY HAS NEW MEANING

THERE ARE significances not required to be contained in any Egyptian pyramid, that indicate events of secular nature coming to climax in the months and weeks ahead.

The labor situation is tied up so inextricably, throughout our nation as well as the world, with the Russian-Communist Situation, that one seems to have taken on the complexion of the other.

It was not always so, and with Labor Day in prospect we might take a closer look at it.

LABOR DAY is that peculiar holiday that comes on the first Monday in September, ushering in autumn. It is practically the only holiday on our national calendar that does not commemorate some definite event. And yet it is celebrated in all States of the Union, in the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska. Its observance was inaugurated by the Knights of Labor in New York, in 1882, when American Labor was really striving for political recognition. A mammoth parade of "Labor" was held on that occasion, and five years later the State of Colorado made the first Monday in September a legal holiday, in which recognition other States followed.

Only the older generation remembers the Knights of Labor, almost the first labor organization in America,

IN A HANDFUL of days the long-anticipated summer of 1953 shall have passed into history and we shall be in the opening days of fall. Millions throughout the earth who had been led to believe that August 20th meant the windup of modern civilization and the opening of the Millennium, must now readjust their values. Autumn ushers in with Labor Day, and our national life goes on . .



'Blessed be Deflation, for it draweth nigh through ordeal

his investments or he does not stay in possession of capital. Always they have taken pride in being industrious. Having the natural know-how to work in concert, they have created on this continent a stupendous industrial potential that in the last analysis is the Republic's real security. If there be turmoil and dissatisfaction in the American industrial scene it has been fomented by the labor racketeers and exploited by the professional politicians.

predating the AFL and CIO. It had been organized in Philadelphia in 1869, distinguished from trade unions as embracing all classes and kinds of labor, and extending—through its assemblies—over the whole country. Its first general assembly was held in 1878. In 1886 it had 730,000 members. In 1886 and 1887, however, the system of boycotting having been introduced, the industry of the country was greatly disturbed and the strength of the Knights of Labor began declining. At the convention of 1888 the total was admitted to have fallen below 500,000 and dissensions further weakened it as the nation went on into the Nineties and Nineteen Hundreds. Its last census, taken in 1920, showed less than 100,000.

But it did give us Labor Day as a holiday on the first Monday in September, instead of May 1st as was the custom abroad since the beginning of the 19th Century.

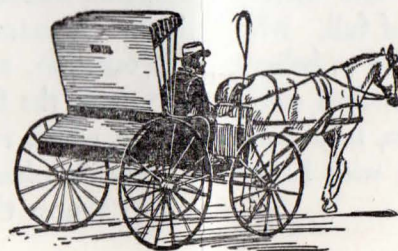
NOW commemorating Labor is, of course, a pleasant illusion, since there is no such thing as "Labor" excepting in the organized, trades union sense. Every man and woman of self respect in America "labors" at some sort of occupation or vocation, and setting a day apart to memorialize human activity is like setting a day apart to memorialize eating nourishment or indulging per night in eight hours slumber.

Americans are, in the main, a laboring nation—even the very wealthy man has to put in long hours cleverly managing

The industrial workers of the nation, in other words, have suffered from too few leaders—who really were leaders—and too *much* government. Likewise they are suffering from incompetency at the top in the matter of finances. Any mobster who can club or intimidate his way to the top in a labor union, or any peanut alderman who can get himself elected to Congress, proceeds to try the colossal task of "governing" labor. Actually, workingmen such as those who have created America's great industrial strength, govern themselves—out of the decencies and capabilities of their accumulated culture. The strictures put into force to "control" labor are little more than predatory interferences on the parts of individuals.

The whole crowd could be packed to limbo and workers in our Republic would go straight along creating, producing, and benefiting by the slightest standard of common living that prevails anywhere on the globe.

There is, however, another defect in the American system outside over superfluous government.



WE OUGHT to remember that in all previous sequences of the earth's history, Overproduction has ever been regulated by Demand. When there was neither use nor market for the products created, a halt was called until Demand caught up. But out of the screwball economics of the New Deal Group, clandestinely pursuing Marxist measures and Marxist goals, came the practice of subsidizing various kinds of industry, particularly agriculture, so that the laws of Supply and Demand did not operate. Integrated into so false and dangerous a structure was the pumping of unearned and unmerited funds into industry that were secured from titanic mortgages on the productivity of the nation's future—now known in the accumulate as the Public Debt. Then further to complicate the fallacious practice, this unearned and unmerited money was levied on, when it reached the citizen-laborer, and a quarter to a third of his annual earnings wrested away from him in well-nigh confiscatory taxes. The only reason that citizen-laborer tolerates such a steal, is the fact that his general returns under the Great Mortgage Plan are greater than they were when he could keep the greater portion of his earnings for himself.

Now in 1953—especially this epochal summer of prophecy that doesn't seem to be delivering according to forecast—matters are reaching such a pitch that the cost of Government, which includes the cost of all the subsidizing, has gone out of control.

means that Our Deliverance that educates and purifies!"

What is due to bring it back into control?

The answer is, Deflation, and the utter running out of funds on which Industry can do business . . .

Just what is Deflation?

DEFLATION means the complete crash of high price levels, down upon a basis where goods and services can be acquired for what the seller or laborer is able to collect for them, competition being what it is, with no false bolsterings from any type of federal assistance.

It means that high wages come down as high prices come down, because humanity can't have it both ways as a matter of simple mathematics. When the federal bureaucracy isn't subsidizing ev-



everything right and left, there can be no previous use for big tax moneys, so taxes go down. We simply adopt a different scale of pricing our labor and our necessities.

Millions of our older Americans remember the days of 12-cent beefsteak, \$18-a-month house rents and \$25 suits of ready-made clothes. Two or three American generations followed the Civil War that married and raised sizable families on wages of \$15 and \$18 a week. The exceptional artisan drew \$25 a week, and \$75 a week bought top executives. No-

body was buying motorcars costing thousands of dollars "on the cuff," or deep freeze refrigeration or television sets—so that with taxes deducted by withholding, a man's wages were practically all consumed by the time he received them.

Today there are 30 million motorcars in this country, valued between \$1,000 and \$3,000 each, with only about two million of them paid for. Television sets are a drug on the market. The nation built a million new homes more last year than it has tenants for, or buyers with money to acquire and own.

VALOR has maintained from the first that the real "End of the Dispensation" meant the end of the era of wild cat production, wild cat credit, and wild cat acquisition of goods and chattels.

We're going back down to the bedrock of things economic, cutting out the socialistic day dreams, ending the period of confiscatory taxation, and living within our incomes as something new beneath the sun.

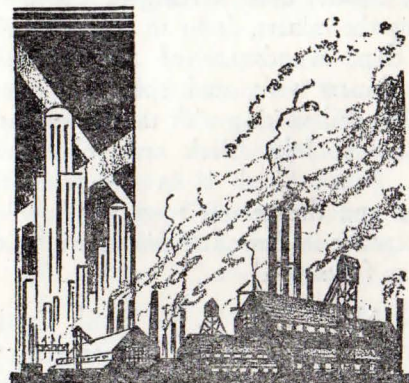
Don't be surprised that within this current generation you buy 12c beefsteaks anew, live comfortably in \$18-a-month bungalows, and wear \$25 suits of clothes. When the money dries up and there is simply none to use, because our government has either sent it all abroad or spent it in obsolete war materiel and fission experimenting, or sunk it in "improvements" that are mere sheets of old cement cracking worthless in the sun, we come down to bedrock again, start all over.

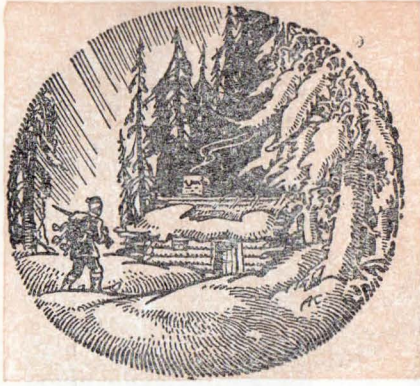
The pro-Marxists are cracking their craniums together in dank cellars or East Side tenements, hoping against hope they can "persuade" the peanut politicians to "try Communism, seeing we've tried everything else and ended up ruined." Truth to tell, we shall have tried everything else but old-fashioned thrift, industry, and freedom in our legitimate daily activities from politicians with schemes to get votes by proposing innovations that mess things up. But we're



not going to "try Communism." What we *may* try seriously—and become astounded by results—is Cooperativism with Marxists weeded out to stay weeded out.

WE CAN look for labor to take on new meaning, when it seriously takes stock of how it has been exploited during this long educational period, not by the "capitalists" but by its own leaders, political and trade union. Just as our
(Continued on Page 11)





More about the Flying Discs and those Brush Creek Miners

BSRA Investigator Inter-views Them and Corrects Reports of their Original Experiences . .

THE NATION was startled, back in May, by an Associated Press story coming out of Brush Creek, California, that two miners in search of Titanium had witnessed the descent of a Flying Saucer in their vicinity, that disgorged a diminutive occupant. This occupant had taken samples of the Creek water. In June they were excited over the circumstance that the incident was exactly repeated and this fact also made the press. Next a story came out that the miners had applied to the sheriff of the county in which Brush Creek is located for permission to shoot and kill this mystical visitor.

It was not granted.

However, when July 20th came around, Brush Creek was assailed with a crowd of Californians who wanted to be on hand in case the landing happened a third time. It did not, and press and public hooted.

The current issue of *Round Robin*, monthly bulletin of Borderland Science Research Associates of San Diego, contains a more accurate and intriguing account of the Brush Creek episode, written by Paul Spade, one of its associates living in El Cajon. The bulletin introduces Mr. Spade as an amateur astronomer and particularly interested in the Saucers, Discs, aeroforms or what-not.

Mr. Spade, upon hearing of the story told by the miners, drove to Brush Creek four days in advance of the expected third Saucer visit, and spent the time camping and visiting with the two miners in question, John Black and John Van Allen. Brush Creek is in the northern Sierras and the nearest town is Oroville. His account in *Round Robin* of his visit, runs as follows—

ON ARRIVING in the Brush Creek area I went to the Ranger station and made inquiries, and the Ranger

showed me to the old lumber road. By following this I came to the camp of the two miners, Mr. Black and Mr. Van Allen, at the junction of Jordan Creek and Marble Creek. They were very friendly and hospitable and gave me an account of what had happened so far. But it was clear to me that neither of these men wanted any publicity. They had seen the "saucer" or saucers and had gone to the Sheriff for information only, not for permission to attack the visitors.

Mr. Van Allen had asked the Sheriff jokingly if it was open season on space men, but his remark was misunderstood and later seized upon by the press as making headline material. Neither man had any intention of firing on the strangers, and Mr. Black in particular—who is much more active than his partner—was anxious to make friendly contact with them. Incidentally, these miners are in search of Titanium, and this metal is believed to be part of the composition of the outer shell of the discs. Well, I fished along the creeks, but went every day to a point where I could overlook the landing spot of the discs—but did not see anything.

My photographs show the nature of this landing spot. It is a kind of small sand bar but covered with rather large rocks, and just about wide enough for an eight-foot disc to occupy. On one occasion, according to Mr. Black, the disc rested on the rocks; on another it hovered close to the bar. And there were apparently two sites where camp fires had been made, and one of these was certainly connected with the visitors, since Mr. Black found that the rock was warm, a few warm coals were scattered about, and there were signs that burned

debris had been brushed off into the creek.

At this latter site Mr. Black found small footprints, about 5 inches in length. I did not find any objects myself, except, rather oddly, a large pocket knife which had the large blade *open* (one seldom loses his an open knife). Black said that on one occasion his compass spun around wildly without apparent cause, and guessed that an invisible disc in the neighborhood might be the reason.

ONE NIGHT after I had turned in, Mr. Black came and told me there was a light in the canyon. He wanted to walk up and down the road to see if anything happened and I went with him for a while, and we could see a kind of glow and the tree trunks seemed to be lighted up from all sides, not from one direction only. Against his advice I started down into the canyon, though it was rough going, and was able to see a light flickering through the trees. Mr. Black also saw this light, but it soon disappeared.

That same night I saw a light in the upper air; it was like a dim beam but not like a search light. There were in fact four or five of these dim beams, which did not rise from the ground level but seemed to originate in the air.

There were seven sightings of the disc craft, all together; three on the 20th of April, May, and June, and four sightings of craft in the air, the dates of which were not set down.

At the first sighting the craft was low down and about a quarter mile from the road; it was passing along a hillside (i. e. against the background of the hill), and its size was estimated as about eight feet in diameter by $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick. It resembled two soup plates fastened together, giving a convex shape, and was traveling north to south. No audible sound.

On May 20th, the disc landing near the creek junction was seen from a dis-

(Continued on Page 10)

Most of Us Dimly Recall the Periods of Thought Between Recent Lives



ABOUT nine out of ten people gaining to an interest in Esoterics, do so because a strange prenatal instinct whispers that there should be some easier and less distressing method of living life, and extracting its profits, than the terrific mental and muscular effort required for self-preservation in this world of physical substances.

If they hunger for a dish of beans to fill their stomachs, they ought to be able to withdraw into the Silence and "think" beans into existence. If they need a warm house to protect them from wintry winds, they ought to be able to "imagine" such a house, and forthwith enter into it.

After providing for all the rest of life's necessities—and even luxuries—there are not lacking those who conceive that they ought to exercise their minds and obviate the necessity for conventional funerals. They should be so able "to command the Powers of Thought" that in the twinkling of an eye they should think themselves and their bodies out of existence.

There is no record anywhere of anyone's having done so—even the Christ Himself—the Ascension of Christ, as aforesaid, having occurred after He had passed through the quite natural termination of spiritual life in the physical body by His death on the Cross.

Nevertheless, these people have a vague instinctive inner certainty that the Powers of Thought are the short-circuiting cure-all for whatever distresses afflict man in his biological and social states, and that a sufficient examination of the tenets of Metaphysics should bring them to performing focus.

And a thousand quacks and charlatans rub their hands and cry: "Quite right! You put yourself under my instruction and I'll show you how to do it. . . . There will be six lectures, incidentally, the cost of attending which will be one

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

hundred thalers. In addition, you will be expected to buy all my books and subscribe for my magazine. It's no harder than that!"

NOW people who feel this vague and instinctive confidence in the Powers of Thought are by no means indulging themselves in brain storms, nor hoping to make life's quandaries easier by the exercise of wish-fulfillment imaginations. They derived that vague and instinctive confidence in the Powers of Thought from somewhere, or by reason of their bygone and symbolically-remembered experiencings.

What we have every evidence to believe they are recalling, are the contemplative episodes between the mortal lives, when, as in present-time nocturnal dreams, they had only to conceive of a condition and forthwith it seemed to actualize. To the degree to which it actualized—insofar as their concepts were concerned—they entered into it as performing entities.

Bringing about wanted conditions in earth-life then—their intuition tells them, or rather, beguiles them—ought to be no more difficult than laying themselves down and dreaming a dream.

So, led on by this Will o' the Wisp, and not having sufficient esoteric wisdom to recognize what purpose the physical world fills in regard to it, they assume that there is some mystical formula or preachment somewhere, the mere perusal



of which will put them in practical possession of the secret. Or they pay over their pathetically hard-earned dollars to hear cult-leaders mouth "profundities" that truly are but inanities cloaked with eleven-pound words.

It never dawns upon them that if the said cult-leaders held the secrets they proclaim, they never would be under any necessity for charging dollars for imparting them.

Even Christ Himself, the greatest metaphysician the earth has ever known, never once indicated anywhere that He held secrets to impart, which when accepted, would obviate the necessity for any further energy-expenditures in the practice of mortality, or that harkening to His tenets would make of the earth-experience "flowery beds of ease."

While it is alleged that on one occasion He fed the Five Thousand with the increase from five loaves and two fishes, there is not one recorded instance where He ever connived a similar increase to feed Himself.

His whole ministry was one long preachment of the theme: "Ye must be born again!" or "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden and I will give you rest."

He didn't say, "This one mortal life is the only time in which you are born," nor did He agitate: "Come and learn of Me and I will disclose to you the secret of never getting weary or letting yourselves be laden." (Continued on Page 6)

He offered antidote, consolation, counterbalances for a surfeit of labors or discomforts; but never once promised total escape from them while in earth-life, or argued that they were unnecessary if one would only become adept in practicing Powers of Thought.

True, He did say often that the Powers of Thought rightly practiced, were powerful enough to move mountains; but there is no evidence that He ever attempted to transfer a mountain from location to location Himself, and when He desired to go from Jerusalem to Galilee, He walked! He didn't dematerialize Himself or His disciples in Jerusalem and materialize them in Galilee two minutes afterward.

NOW the honest metaphysician, the one whom it is safe and profitable to follow—because, like Jesus, he is aware of the place and purpose of natural laws in the physical world—never preaches any easy short-cut to affluence or physical indolence by gaining an adeptship through the Powers of Thought.

The honest metaphysician tells his pupil: "Whatever is worthy of attainment or possession in life, any form of life anywhere, is worth working for—and the more valuable the achievement or possession, the greater the amount of energy that will be necessitated for its realization. Whoever tells you otherwise is a liar and a cheat!"

Particularly is this true in the domain of metaphysics. Metaphysics, of course, is naught but the study of the physics of Mind—that is, Mind in its relationships to physical things.

When we consider the physics of Mind as a study, we are, in the main, exploring memories of our experiences on the Thought Planes between earthly lives, because it is on these planes that Mind exercises in the creative freedoms that seem so natural and desirable in circumscribed mortality. Circumscription calls them to our attention.

If there were not certain things which Mind could not do, Mind would be all-powerful and therefore not recognizable.

By being able to do certain things and obviously not able to do others, Mind is thereby identified for what it is.

It is a power which does certain things and does not attempt other things.

FOR instance, Mind of itself has not the power of speech. Vocal speech

is a product of muscular energy performing in the organ known as the larynx. Therefore we can say that Thought of itself is silent. The exact nature of a thought can be conveyed by means of larynx-noise; but noise as noise, and thought as thought, are two separate and distinct phenomena.

If this were not true, we could never recognize one from the other.

To get back to the idea that whatever is worth possessing is worth paying for, and the greater the value the heavier the price that must be paid in some sort of energy-expenditure—even the Powers of Thought have to treat with this law: "The thing known as Value in the concepts of mind is nothing but memory of the vigor required to be displayed in energy expenditure to bring the valued item into being or possession."



The same law is expressed popularly in the maxim: "What we get for nothing, we never value!"

In the exact ratio that the Powers of Thought are expected by the esoteric pupil to perform in producing food, clothes, shelter, or facility in dispensing with funerals, they can only be acquired by a labor that is forever equal to the benefits derived.

Instead of telling his pupil, therefore, that the Powers of Mind and Thought operate to get him values for a less-than-muscular display of energy, the honest metaphysician tells his pupils that it requires a *greater* display of energy to materialize the things of life by thought than it does by physical labor, and that if the pupil is looking for a short-cut to affluence and indolence through pursuing metaphysics as a study, he is heading straight for disillusion and sterility.

This, of course, is precisely what the would-be adept does not want to hear. He expects to be told that by a few sim-

ple mental exercises he can gather into his grasp whatever his caprice dictates, and in common parlance "get something for nothing."

THE charlatan, discerning that it is to his pecuniary advantage to encourage this delusion, says: "Sure you can! Follow me and I'll show you how—and the down-payment is five dollars!"

The honest metaphysical adept has to hear this abuse from the pupil: "Follow you when you promise me nothing but hard work and heartbreak? Do you think I'm crazy? Life is hard enough as it is; what I want is a let-up, a knowledge that will let me enjoy the values of hard work without having to perform it."

"But I'm not interested in either adding to the hardness of your life, or saving you from it," the adept responds graciously. "I'm inviting you to explore Truth with me, and know to a certainty what the celestial statutes are that make Life what it is."

But the amateur esoteric is no aspirant-philosopher. "What I'm after," says he, "is more pay for less work, and if you can't show me the formula for getting it, I'm going to become a pupil of Swami Whoozis. For fifty smackers he's advertising to show me how to materialize a million dollars' worth of gold in ten easy lessons."

"Why doesn't he employ his own instruction and materialize a million dollars' worth of gold, and give you fifty 'smackers,' to first show that he can do it?"

But the amateur esoteric doesn't listen to that.

WHAT Mind can and does do to control Matter, are tenets of metaphysics as old as Pythagoras, tacitly demonstrated times without number. Mind only controls Matter, however, after a pattern of law made and provided for such cases. Moreover, the energy expenditure—whether the control is physical, mental, or spiritual—must always equal the value of the thing derived.

To illustrate, it requires just as much energy—mentally expressed—to pick up an axe in the woodshed "by thought" and split a block of stovewood, as it requires to pick up the axe with the hand and halve the block with a muscular blow.

If this be doubted, observe the adept
(Continued on Page 14)

Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

The Personal Touch

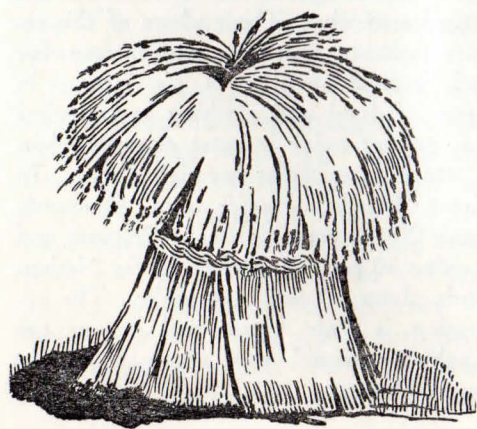


OMETIME back I heard a man say, "I'd like to do something for Soulcraft—I'd like to do something big." It was a commendable statement, and I'm sure it sprang from an honest heart that does want to do something.

Since that interview I've been thinking a good deal about that expression of desire. I've heard a number of people say about the same thing. So many are wanting to see the Movement grow and spread, and they want to have some definite part in it. This is not only commendable, but it is a good omen of things to come.

The question arises, "What definite part can each one play?" That there is a great work to be done, none of us question. But how to do it, and just what each one can do? That is the query of many who are deeply interested.

NOW, it is true, there are a number of parts to play. There are different tasks making up the total job to be done. Those of us here at Headquarters who are directly assisting Mr. Pelley, the Recorder of this enlightenment, have much to do, in the press and stock and bindery rooms, in the offices in matters of correspondence, records and shipping, besides traveling and field work. These are all vital, and there are mountains of work to be done. But, I'm convinced,



there is a very necessary work to be done by all who are interested in this cause.

There is one thing each one of us can do, no matter where we are, and I believe it is basic in lifting this whole movement up to the notice of our people. That is the personal touch. It was the method used by Jesus in the Galilean days, and it has been the most successful means used by His followers since.

Christ selected and called His first leaders and disciples by the personal word. He sent those first teachers and leaders out to do a personal job of enlisting men in the cause. Through the ages, this has been the most effective means of Christian enlistment.

EVEN in the business and commercial world, the personal contact is recognized as a most effective means of promoting and enlisting business, and of building a clientele. Any business which has a good product and a good sales force likewise has good business.

It seems to me that the time is here for aggressive salesmanship in Soulcraft. By this I do not mean revival emotionalism, nor clap-trap methods. But it is an opportune time for every Soulcrafters and every group over the country to keep eyes and ears open. There are many hungry people in our land—hungry for the great truths of this enlightenment. Nearly every person who has found help in these teachings was introduced to Soulcraft by interested individuals. These people who are waiting for these truths are likewise waiting on us—on individual people. And each one of us can keep so attuned to friends, and others around us, that we can watch and listen for a word showing interest, or some action or attitude portrayed, in our friends and others whom we meet, that will give us an opportunity to speak of Soulcraft, or perhaps give them a booklet about the literature, or invite them to meet with our local group. There are many other ways that will occur to each one. The big thing

is to know the teaching ourselves, and to keep alert for opportunities.

I WOULD like to ask each one of you to read with me again the thirty third chapter of the *Golden Scripts*. Notice especially the fifth, eighth, ninth, and the eleventh and twelfth verses. There the Elder Brother says, "Is it not nobler to go afar in the night, bearing a beacon to those on lost highways, than to sit at our lamps with our loved ones about us? They go forth to the furies; they seek the far cry of the soul that is stricken." And souls "cry out for guidance, they plead for attendance." And to us He says further, "The nobler soul waiteth 'til the hungry be rescued, that all may come in and partake of the replenishment."

There are those among our folk who are ready to do that. One friend recently wrote me that he would take his car, pay his own expenses, and contact, these people. He said, "I can see those that are near at night after work, and over the weekends, I can travel an area of one hundred miles." That's real interest and conviction and concern. And we hope to refer people to him. For that's the kind of spirit that will reinforce the thing we hope to do. It is the spirit of personal concern. It is the action of the personal touch that will move this thing.

I remember a certain lady some years ago who wrote a letter to her Senator in Washington on behalf of a needy family in the Senator's neighborhood. The Senator replied in his letter, "I'm so busy in plans for the race that I have no time for the individual." This certain lady filed the Senator's reply away, and put this inscription on it: "Our Divine Lord, when last heard from, had not risen to this sublime altitude."

It was the Christ concern in the personal touch that uttered, "Behold every life, no matter how humble, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken and thwarted, hath a meaning and an inner glory and is precious in my sight."

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The Inevitable

IN HIS speech last week, Malenkov practically admitted that the whole Stalin program was a failure and that the statistics of food and industrial production given out by the Kremlin the past year have been phony. To try to head off a rebellion too far advanced to be stopped, he promised that there will be more food and consumer goods in the future and less strain on heavy industry. For good measure he sought to reassure the well-nigh prostrate Russian people by saying that a great miracle had been achieved and the Russians now have the hydrogen bomb.

As for food production, part of European Russia and all of Asiatic Russia, from the Ural Mountains to the Sea of Japan has been undergoing one of the hottest and driest periods this summer in Russia's entire history. Consequently the food situation this fall and winter will be of crisis proportions. As contrasted with that, the leading countries of Western Europe are reported as in line for excellent crops, so that this year at least, Nature is one hundred percent in favor of the West and against the Soviets. Is God taking a hand in the global situation or is He not?

As for the hydrogen bomb, half a hundred countries abroad have long known the *theory* of the hellish thing, but that means next to nothing, as there is only one country in the entire world capable of making it, transporting it, and detonating it, and that is the United States

with its high industrial potential. Even Truman, who started the story that the Russians were making atom bombs, had to admit at the beginning of this year that the experts now believe that all that occurred in Russia was an experimental atomic explosion, or perhaps an accident. Don't forget that these are the same people who lay claim to their scientists having invented the army tank, the radio, the automobile, and even television.

Queer that if Russia really had the hydrogen bomb, she should not have capitalized on a dress rehearsal of an explosion or two, just to stabilize her position internationally. But no Geiger counters attest to any radioactive explosions coming off the Asiatic continent. The Russians have made the bomb on paper and exploded it on paper, and we should lapse into the permanent heebie-jeebies in consequence. Suppose we do our lapsing on paper also.

When the Iron Curtain does collapse utterly and the nations of the world realize how they have been hoodwinked, what's to become of the prestige of our own officials who fed us the line about Russia to the contrary?

How do they imagine they are going to restore confidence in their integrity or sagacity when the world learns the truth?

It is something to lament.



More Vindication



AS VALOR has been vindicated in its claims and contentions by events which did *not* happen, ending the world this past Thursday, so compounding reports from abroad seem to be vindicating VALOR in respect to conditions on the continent. *Fortnight* is a State magazine published in California. In its

August 17th issue it contains an article entitled *Americans Abroad*, contributed by one Lawrence Fertig. Fertig declares in a short article on Page 25 that reports on the current state of Europe by no means check with official statistics given American citizens by their own government. Confidentially, however, they do check with VALOR's. Here is what Mr. Fertig says, that puts an aspect on overseas affairs of far greater significance than gets reported in our daily papers—

A VAST number of Americans travel abroad each year and when they return their opinions about Europe substantially affect public opinion in this country. Travelers naturally tend to judge conditions in other countries by what they are accustomed to see over here, and they frequently form and pass along impressions which are very wide of the mark. This, in turn, creates pressures in this country for policies which are not sound.

One frequent impression gained by Americans who go abroad is that the people of Europe are today living under conditions which are terrible compared to anything they had experienced in the past. It comes as a surprise for them to learn that people are better off today than they were before the war.

In most countries, the individual worker consumes more and lives on a slightly higher scale than he did in the days when Europe was supposed to be reasonably well off. The source for these statements is the report of the U. S. Economic Commission for Europe which recently published its findings in a massive volume entitled *Economic Survey of Europe Since the War*.

THE Economic Commission for Europe report states that industry output is considerably ahead of the prewar figure while agricultural production has lagged somewhat. The authors of this report estimate that the real income for each individual—that is his income in terms of food and clothing and services—is greater today in most countries than it was before Hitler invaded Poland. In Great Britain, France and Denmark about 20 per cent higher, in Belgium and Sweden 30 per cent higher, in the Netherlands about 10 per cent higher. The exception is Italy where real income per inhabitant would just about equal the prewar figure.

This writer, for one, doesn't place too much trust in this kind of statistics. Their accuracy can be questioned on a number of counts. But they are certainly nearer the truth than the 30-day hit-and-miss impressions of some travelers on vacation. Even if discounted greatly, they nevertheless refute the idea that the lot of the average worker in Europe is getting harder.

Americans naturally want to see people all over the world enjoy the same luxurious scale of living that exists in this country, but they must take into account that this is impossible because Europe hasn't saved the capital nor has it the resources, the political stability, or the techniques of production which bring this about.

This being so, it is completely illogical for Americans to say that it is only natural for Europeans to be radical and radicalism will continue to grow because of their oppressive economic status. If they haven't had it any better for many decades, and if they flourished under the old conditions, why is their scale of living the reason for radicalism now?

It is not true, as frequently stated, that while production in Europe is increasing, only the rich get the benefits. The above statistics indicate that increased production gets translated into higher income per capita for the population. Another false impression is that United States aid must be given Europe if it is to survive.

The 225 million people there constitute a group with 50 per cent more population than we have and with vast resources and skills which are capable of giving a good living to all Europe. Countries like Western Germany and Belgium—which have turned away from socialism and inflation and have promoted free markets, sound currency, and private capitalism—have made tremendous progress. Why can't the rest of Europe do likewise?

It must be recognized, of course, that European countries are struggling under many severe handicaps. (1) Cartels and monopolies are encouraged by governments. This increases the profits of a few and decreases total production and total wages earned. (2) Because of political and war uncertainties the tendency of employers is to increase profits with present equipment—rather than to make large capital investments in order to pro-

. . Success . .



WHEN I was but a toddling mite, Success meant howling
in the night,
To get the folks all out of bed, to raise the roof
till I was fed;
I'd fight for center of the floor, get what I wanted,
scream some more,
A brave young pirate, all for pelf, regard for no one but myself,
Demands all met, I'd cease to weep; the folks could then
go back to sleep.

When childhood came, then I was told, Success meant grabbing
scads of gold,
The rich man was my hero then, although he landed in the pen.
In youth my idea of Success had altered somewhat, more or less,
I thought then one who reached the heights, like Lincoln,
studied long o' nights
And dreamed vast dreams beside the fire, if to Success he did aspire,
And someday, barring accident, he'd be the nation's President.

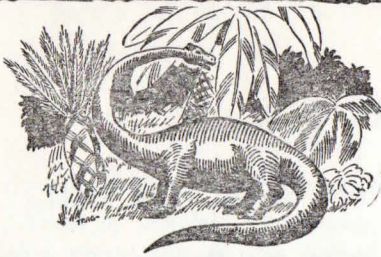
As I grew up a few years more and scanned the great politic score,
These policies I plain could see were not enticing—not for me.
In manhood's prime my thoughts had changed, and up and down life's
ladder ranged,
To be an actor, author, yes, or banker, artist, spelled Success.
The years slipped by, Time turned the page and found me close to
middle age;
I'd won some fame, also some wealth, but now to me Success meant
Health.

I searched out everywhere to find the boon of health I'd left behind;
Like Ponce de Leon, I, forsooth, would seek the Fountain of Lost
Youth,
Would turn back pages of the years, and skip all Tragedy and tears.
I knew that somewhere I could see the truth that would bring
Youth to me.
I've found it folks, 'tis deep Within, Truth's essence clean, devoid
of Sin;
You need not seek it far and wide; 'tis with you always, deep inside.

I'm growing younger day by day, have ceased to age, again I play,
Am gaining hearing, taste, and sight, through simple truth of
knowing *Light!*
Eternal Youth, the potter's lay, Eternal Thought the molding clay,
The hand that fashions is divine, its beauteous works are ever mine,
I've found Our God does not but give, we do the same if we would live,
The secret of Eternal Youth is Giving in His Name to Truth!

So now, as I wing from the sod, to me Success means Finding God,
Our God is Good, our God is Might, He holds perfection in his
LIGHT!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



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duce at lower cost and seek an expanding market. (3) Tariffs and quota systems restrict the flow of trade. It must be admitted that high American tariffs are a definite impediment in the way of increased world trade. (4) Socialism and threats of socialistic action in the future (as in Britain) scare away expansion and increased investment.

These are the problems to be solved. The United States can help definitely by lowering its high tariffs and demanding the abandonment of restrictions abroad. But it is plain that the main task is for Europe itself to solve.

Brush Creek Miners

(Continued from Page 4)

tance of only 10 rods. This was the craft connected with the fire on the rock and the small footprints. When it took off it made a hissing sound.

On June 20 the little man was seen getting water from the creek. He was so small of stature that he looked like a child at first glance and Mr. Black paid no attention to him. Then he observed closely and was able to describe him in some detail. He wore forest green pants, a jacket, a tie, dull black shoes which were remarkably flexible so that the foot and toes could be used freely. He had a green cap and black hair, and looked like a normal human except for his small size and a very small mouth. He was sturdy and very broad of shoulders and chest, appeared to be middle aged, and walked stiffly as if his muscles were cramped—perhaps from sitting in one position. He was rather good looking and his skin was fair but looked as if he had not been much in the sunlight. This detailed observation was made by Mr. Black at a distance of about forty feet, with unobstructed vision.

THE DISC or saucer itself was resting on a kind of cylinder which projected from the bottom of the craft. A rod (or rods) projected from the cylinder. When Mr. Black made a noise the disc man looked all around him and then ran quickly to the saucer and put his foot on the rod as if on a step, and so went up into the ship through the bottom. He went up as far as his knees, then seemed to sit down and lifted up his legs. The landing gear came up, the

ship hung in the air for a few seconds, then took off at a 45 degree angle with a hissing sound. No rivets were visible on this craft, and there was one window on the top side, but not transparent to outside view. The craft wobbled as the man climbed in.

One of the minor oddities about this affair was the bucket the saucer man was using. It was a flat bottom and a bail, but the sides flared out like a segment of a cone. Mr. Black had never seen a bucket of that kind—nor have I.

The marvelous control of these saucers or discs is illustrated by the way in which one of them took off through nearby trees, when it did not have room to clear their tops. It slipped sideways between them until it gained altitude. No vertical lift was observed. . . . At one sighting, the date of which he could not recall, Mr. Black waved his hat in a friendly and beckoning way, and the saucer wobbled a little as if in reply but then sped off.

THE GREAT DAY, of course—on which nothing happened—was July 20th. There must have been 200 people at the creek, and I want to make clear that they were very well behaved and orderly. None of them carried firearms, nearly all had cameras, and while they crowded in a little too close to the sand bar I mentioned, they kept quiet and under cover as much as possible. Most of those I talked to had themselves seen saucers before and merely wanted to learn more about them. If any officers or officials were present, they were not recognized as such. There was one hardy Robinhood who showed up armed with bow and arrow, with the idea of stunning the saucer man with a blunt arrow and then capturing him. We were able to talk him out of this idea, however.

It is unfortunate that the "permission to shoot" story got into the press. It put Mr. Black and Mr. Allen into a bad light, of making a very stupid request, and they both feel rather aggrieved by it. No such idea was ever held by them and no such request was made. They are very kindly and intelligent men, and if we had more like them, and if the newspapers were less anxious to sensationalize, perhaps we could make some progress toward understanding our mysterious—and friendly visitors.

Many thanks, Mr. Spade.

Labor Day

(Continued from Page 3)

people as a nation have swung the oscillating arc away from real subversion in Departments of Government, to universal recognition of the Marxist Menace, so our people as a nation are going to do some ugly thinking in respect to the malicious wastage of our federal assets under the guise of "security" economics. VALOR is willing to wager that out of the ruck of the economic turmoil that is bound to accompany this approaching Deflation, it is going to be Labor in the hands of real leaders that makes a doughty business of comprehending Economics and insisting on a new national policy of Paying As We Go. And the "celebrities" and groups whose bogus economics have bankrupted the Republic are headed for the worst type of excoriation and repudiation that the Union has ever known.

This is the real meaning of the Times of the End!

WHAT has happened throughout our country has been a vast educational sequence bestowed on our citizenry, when the Least Government Possible is coming back into its own, and Thrift and Industry are going to take on new meanings. We are due to drop and repudiate all the Grab and Crab Boys. An awakened public consciousness is going to swing pendulum-like in an opposite direction, and proceed to rebuild our industrial economy on principles that don't produce worse and worse panics and depressions every ten to twelve years.

God Almighty educates through experience.

The American people can only be taught sound economics through and by a lengthy period of experience with panacea and official swindle. That they have had. The Deflation that's ahead is the kindest and most profitable experience the nation shall have known since the days of Frenzied Financial Lawson.

Let it come. Greet it with thanksgiving.

It will mean that we, as an outstanding people, are recovering our sanities and repudiating the political shysters, alien or domestic.

And watch Labor take on a new dignity, that eliminates permanently as well the mobster and racketeer.

The American people "turned to the
(Continued on Page 15)

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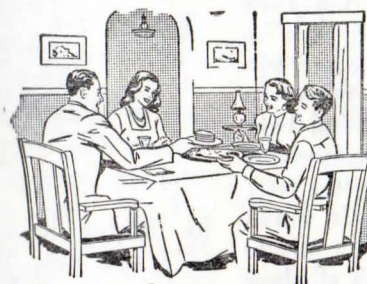
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Noblesville, Indiana



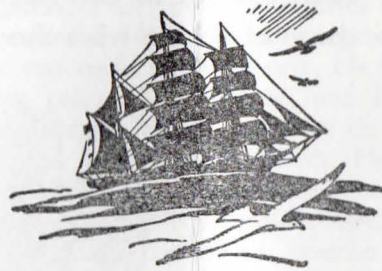
COGITATIONS

THE READER'S *Digest* runs a feature occasionally, *The Most Unforgettable Character I've Ever Met*. Looking back over my sixty-four years, I've often wondered who I'd select in the long gamut of people I've encountered, in the event I had occasion to write up the most Unforgettable Character in my own life. Vicissitudes of my peculiar career carried me first into manufacturing, then through newspaper work, then abroad and across Russia for Uncle Sam during the Bolshevik revolution, then into the New York magazine publishing mob, then into movies in the days of the silent pictures, then into psychism and the ranks of the mystics. Running my mind back over them, what particular personality stands head and shoulders above the rest? Shall I write the real truth? It wasn't anybody in politics, or finance, or screenland, or magazinedom, although all these fields held personalities who left indelible impress upon me. I think the most unforgettable character I've encountered in my six decades or more, was my own Dad! . . .

o—o

YOU'VE noted, perhaps, that I've referred to him only incidentally in these memoirs. That has mainly been because he passed out of my life when I was twenty-three, which was forty years bygone. Nevertheless, in the twenty-three years I did know him, he was the one personality who left its most ineradicable effects upon my character. It's no par-

ticular sentimentality that leads me to eulogize him now—just an estimate of the man based upon judgments of maturity. In the twenty-three years that started me off into life, I knew him so well. And it was because I did know him so well that I can write about him now, not in callow hero worship but in masculine understanding . . . Dad was born, and spent the first dozen years of his life, as a native Newfoundlander, the place, St. John's. He was well nigh pureblooded British, excepting for a dash of Scot from his mother. When my grandfather of blessed memory invented a water-proof boot for sailors and was told that Lynn, Massachusetts—the center of the boot and shoe industry in the States—was the place to manufacture it, he disposed of St. John's property, collected and counted his progeny to make sure he was leaving none behind, and took ship with Grandmother



for Boston in Massachusetts. Around 1879, that was. But just as Gramp was getting set to make water-proof footwear, party by the name of Goodyear put a gutta-percha boot on the market vastly superior to Gramp's. That settled the boot and shoe business for the family firm of Pelley. The Pelley brothers, Sam, Fred, Edward and Arthur, along with my dad—who staggered through life under the handicap of four names, William George Apsey Pelley—scattered and got jobs. They were all the job-getting kind, and when they got a job they made it compensate them adequately. Dad went into the old Valpey & Anthony shoe plant in Lynn and rose to be stitching-room foreman at 21. One day a demure Miss

by the name of Gracie Goodale applied for a job, any work nice and lady-like. Dad saw she got it, but throughout the rest of the day and week and month, kept watch of her from a corner of his eye. A year or so later, when approaching 22, he asked her, Would she? and she blushed that She Would. Thereat everything was set for me to make my advent and perfect acquaintance with this Displaced Person from Newfoundland who became a United States citizen when he reached his thirties but who did so deliberately, not by accident of birth . . . By that time he was in the Methodist pulpit.

o—o

MOST outstanding thing I recall about my father's appearance was his regular and handsome profile—in other words, strength of face. He was inclined to be stolid in his build but his head was well-shaped and the cut of his features was a cameo Grecian. Particularly were his lips and chin well-chiseled. His hair, as he aged, developed a romantic grey at his temples prematurely. But his eyes were blue-grey and earnest. He viewed life ultra-seriously, was uncommonly industrious, and took particular pride in paying his bills. Never did I know of a creditor calling at our premises to collect Something on Account. Dad went into debt for nothing whatever. What he was unable to pay cash for, he rarely acquired. But imbedded deep in his maturing character was a dash of the Yankee trader. He dearly loved a bargain, and the happiest moments of his life arrived when he'd picked up a thing of potential value that some careless American had abandoned. He cleaned, painted, renovated it, and put it back into circulation at lawful profit to himself. My father, in other words, was born with the shibboleth of Thrift as the tocsin of his life. But that's not why I particularly remember him, or admire him so greatly now, from the perspective of the decades. In my twenty-three years of almost constant association with him, I never knew of my father doing a mean,

spiteful, vengeful or petty act against his fellows. It simply didn't occur to him . . .

o—o

DAD WAS always pathetic to me, more or less, though I've sought to analyze where the pathos came in. He had the finest of aristocratic English blood in him, being only a couple of centuries removed from the original Sir John Pelley, knighted by Queen Elizabeth. But he did possess what I suppose was an inferiority complex of a sort, due to his humble beginnings in Newfoundland. His aristocratic forebear, not being in line for the family title, had eloped from the ancestral acres with a commoner's daughter—the girl at the local pub, I believe,—and taken ship for Virginia. The ship had been blown off her course by a capricious Atlantic, and smashed on the rocks off eastern Newfoundland. The elopers, however, got safely ashore, built themselves a hut, and proceeded to the job of populating St. John's. You'll find Pelleys thicker in St. John's today than Cohens in Hester Street. One of the current generation runs a brickyard, I'm advised, and embosses the family name on each product. Pick one up and heave it, and you're not throwing a brick, you're throwing a "Pelley" . . . I imported the idea in a general way down here in the 1930s, only printed my name on the bricks instead of embossing them, and tried heaving them at Roosevelt. It took the whole United States Government to make me desist. But to get back to this poignancy of father's . . . Always he wanted to be the aristocrat among his fellows that he was truly in his character, and when he got rebuffed, as he frequently did, it surprised, pained and squelched him. I never knew him to take a drop of any drink holding alcohol, and he didn't acquire his taste for fine Havanas until after he'd left the pulpit and I was man-grown. I can say even more, . . . never in my life did I ever know my dad to lose his temper to the extent of indulging in anything approaching profanity, nor indulge in an off-color story. He lost his temper plenty—usually at some of my pro-American antics and what they cost him financially—but he never talked carelessly with God about them. We never sat down to food, too, that he didn't say Grace. And yet he was no fuddy-duddy. His one great concern all through my adolescence was, that I might marry prematurely. Father took matrimony seriously. Always he was preaching

at me to be certain I "waited till I knew my own mind." What man, young or old, ever "knew his own mind" when a ravishing hair-do or a neat ankle had worked its miracle upon his emotions?

o—o

I SIT back now in the sunset of my years and inventory Dad, and scarcely a flaw can I pick in his character that was actually a flaw. He never ran for an office; he had a Britisher's reserve about making himself conspicuous. Mother, being American-born of Battling Irish forebears, had her Moments when she dearly loved to relieve the tedium of mid-Victorian matrimony with an argument in which teacups might levitate if Father went too far—such as the day I've already written about, when he brought Benny the Buggy-Power into the house and the mare kicked the pantry into potato-chips. But they were well-bred and on-the-whole decorous American folk of the upper-middle class. Father had ten years in the Methodist ministry, four years in the second-hand furniture store—from whose front sidewalk the Sargent boy and I subtracted the stuffed goat with invisible fish line—five years in the Springfield parcel-delivery business, and four years in tissue-paper making. When I left our partnership to go into the newspaper business that was to be my destiny, he wavered between retirement and a salaried job as paper salesman. His thrift got the better of him and he started on a western trip. Between New York and Pittsburgh he stepped off the Pullman to send a telegram. Apparently the train went on without him. He vanished off the face of this earth . . . For the ensuing ten years mother and I exhausted every expedient to learn what had happened to him. Mother "graduated" in 1945. One afternoon in 1950, going through some out-of-state daily papers sent to the Terre Haute federal library, the headline announcing the demise of one Wm. G. Pelley caught my eye. He had died in Carthage, Mo. at the ripe old age of 81 . . .

o—o

WHAT HAD happened? . . . It was none of my business. One night, at a Manhattan seance in 1941, my grandfather had materialized. I had talked with him twenty minutes. Of course I had asked about father. But Gramp shook his head. "Your father had his karma to work out with life," he admonished me, "and he is working it out." No

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further would Gramp discuss it. The other night here at Noblesville, father came himself and talked to me clair-audiently. He begged me to say little or nothing about him in these papers. Somehow or other, his British reserve was militant again, and he felt that it wasn't "the thing to make fun of him." I sought to persuade him that I meant no facetiousness maliciously. When he came to depart me, he gave me his blessing for the work he knew me to be doing, and left with the British hunting-cry, "Tallyho, Up!" . . . My dad! . . . Yes, the most unforgettable character who ever came into my life. A man of as impeccable moral character as I've ever met before or since. Personally I believe what happened was, that he'd suffered a stroke of amnesia there in the Harrisburg telegraph office in 1912, and when he'd "come to himself" had decided not to disturb other lives by returning among them after they'd adjusted themselves to his disappearance. That there'd been no chicane in such disappearance would seem to be borne out by the fact that after domiciling himself in Carthage, he'd made no pretence about living under a pseudonym. But how many sons can declare of their sires that they had never known their fathers to do one mean, petty, or deceitful thing, never imbibe an alcoholic drink or tell an off-color story, never owe a dollar to a creditor, and never neglect to say Grace before a meal that they considered as coming by Divine largess? I was his inseparable companion, and business aid and junior partner up to my twentieth year. I was his only confidant, and he treated me more like a younger brother than a son. I really would have been better off to have had a brother of my own age for such association. But he *did* do everything toward me in the line of parental duty that a son could expect from a father—and I happened to learn later that when he helped me out with a loan of \$300 to set up my first printing-office, he'd had to borrow it from someone else, and stewing until he got the debt paid cost him twenty pounds weight. . . . Not much that's particularly humorous in this Cogitation, but perhaps it will make Dad feel more comfortable at present, knowing how I feel about him. In this day when the average father is carrying around a \$2,400 quota of the nation's private debt, buying everything procurable "on the cuff", such a dad as mine

was a priceless asset for the principles he instilled into me, that I wish I might have followed more assiduously than I have. . . . "Yes, you were as model a father as an obstreperous American with a half-Irish mother could have had, Dad, . . . and one of these days I'll be seeing you personally and saying it by word of mouth, . . . *Tallyho, Up!*" . . .

—THE RECORDER

Between Lives

(Continued from Page 6)

putting on a demonstration of controlling some form of Matter by the Powers of Thought. His forehead and upper lip drip with as much perspiration after the feat, as though he had taken the simpler method of stretching forth the arm at the behest of Mind and performing the stunt with muscular effort.

But such displays of Powers of Thought are never in contravention of natural laws. What seems to be contravention of natural law is more reasonably the operation of laws not as yet understood.

THOUGHT has ability to create or destroy Matter, since Matter itself is patterned by Thought—somebody's thought, somewhere!—but only in conformity with basic celestial statutes enacted by a primordial Consciousness that for want of a more explicit term we call Holy Spirit.

Metaphysics, Esoterics, and so-called mysticism, are merely the curriculum of erudition that determines through examination what those statutes and enactments were—or are—and makes the whole thing available to the pupil who wants to buckle down and *work* to perform them practically.

To say that the metaphysical formulas themselves should produce the wonders—and without adequate expenditure of mental energy—is the same as expecting that a blueprint of itself can construct a bridge or a skyscraper.

In the periods between our serried worldly careers we take the objective concepts that we have found in materiality and proceed to fashion features, decorations and festoons of one sort or another, in more tenuous and obedient aspects of Matter—obedient, that is, to motivating Thought. But all of it is a sort of con-

templative existence, so to speak, and we have to return to the physical-material-mortal world of three dimensions in order to suffer the circumstantial experiences that unfold us further.

Confronting the necessity for energy expenditure to preserve ourselves or our organisms during these educative or unfoldment periods, we cannot help harking back in our subconscious memories to those contemplative interlude-careers when Thought alone raised up the concepts that pleased our caprices.

So we feel that "there ought to be an easier way" to live our mortal lives and profit from mortal experiencings, not realizing that while there is an easier way, this is not the plane where it is commonly exercised.

The subject is vast, and a treatise of a few pages cannot do it justice.

To take these worlds as they come, adapt ourselves gracefully and graciously to each, and yet know the reasons for their existence, is the cue to True Unfoldment.

We are here in these clusters of planets for a reason.

When Consciousness is ready to alter, do not fear that we shall not agree to it!

Labor Day

(Continued from Page 11)

Right" last November 4th. Now they are going to the extremity of the Right. Call it that Divine Providence is about to bestow Deflation upon us.

We shall come up smiling, resolute, and in the acme of economic health because of it.

Blessed, therefore, be Deflation, for *It is Our Deliverance that draweth nigh!*

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,

And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the caloric count;

He ate it because it was chow.
He wasn't disturbed as at dinner he sat,
Destroying a roast or a pie
To think it was lacking in glandular fat
Or a couple of vitamins shy.

We cheerfully chewed every morsel of food,

Untouched by worries or fears
Lest his health might be hurt by some fancy dessert,

And he lived over nine hundred years!

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

SO MANY things happen to make life interesting! Some people call them Troubles. Soulcraft calls them Challenges. Biggest thing to make Headquarters life challenging this week was word from a Cleveland Soulcrafter that in naming the new Soulcraft Monthly, we had appropriated the title of a Theosophist publication on the West Coast—*Horizon*. There's already a quarterly publication named *Horizon*, in other words, and it's a Journal of the Philosophical Research Society issued by the Manly Hall Group out of Los Angeles. Soulcraft had looked up the word HORIZON in the Publishers' Index and found no such name listed, hence proceeded to utilize that title. All of which means that the duplication on Soulcraft's part was unintentional and will be remedied at once. Just what name will be reapplied to the Soulcraft Monthly calls for some careful consideration. First subscriptions to the new Monthly have already begun arriving, but will be filled by continuing numbers of the publication under such unused title as is selected. Sorry, Mr. Hall, our error!

SECOND thing to make life interesting has been a very real crisis arriving in the electronic wire-spool situation almost to a choke-off on the use of wire for the Weekly Soulcraft Discourses. First came distributing news from the local wholesaler that for no known reason, prices for the 60-minute recording spools had been jumped \$1 per spool. Inasmuch as Soulcraft uses something like fifty of these per week, it meant practically a \$200 per month addition for new wires. No increase in the price of tapes. Just the steel wire. And when Soulcraft did some gulping, scraped the barrel clean of available reels, and went back hat in hand to meet the increase, next news was that supply had become exhausted and they couldn't be had at any price. No, it wasn't any conspiracy in respect to Soulcraft's use of electronic equipment to get its message out; all of Indianapolis had been cleaned clean of the wire spools. So the manufacturers have sold us four or five expensive recording machines—chiefly Webster 288s—that stand worthless in the Recording Room because wires to service them are unprocurable. No particular reasons advanced for this sudden shortage. And with nearly a thousand wire spools in the hands of chaplains who use wire equipment that they by no means care to relinquish, making the wire-spool messages skip a cog this week and no remedy for it is under Soulcraft's control. No trouble with tape-reels, I say again. Buy all those you want at no increase in price. Maybe it's some sort of cramp to make all owners of wire equipment change over to tape and sell a lot of new tape equipment. But the electronic business being what it is, that's the chance one takes. If Soulcrafters owning the wire equipment will yield some of their early wire reels, the new messages will be recorded on them and returned. Or if they'll scour the local dealers' sup-

plies in their cities, perhaps a fairly ample quantity might be picked up. But \$5 and \$6 a wire spool at retail is a fairly stiff price to pay for this sort of service, particularly when the wires snap and snarl and are not one-two-three as easy to manipulate as the plastic tapes at half the price. Soulcraft had been acquiring them in 50 and 100 spool lots at wholesale. Meanwhile it's taking the matter up with the Webster people in Chicago, and until the quandary is solved, chaplains will be forced to replay some of the past discourses to service their groups . . .

THE MAILING of *Adam Awakes* started this past week, however, and I've braced myself for the shock that's bound to result when the ladies read it, bring certain revelations to husbands' attention, and the menfolks start for Noblesville with guns, ball bats, scythes, pitchforks and tar-buckets. There's one chap in Utah who takes abnormal delight in mailing me defamatory epistles, anonymously, every time I chance to say something in the Soulcraft literature unduly appreciative of the ladies. Life with any woman is hard enough, he gives me to understand, without my praising them to a point where *he* gets *me* rubbed down his neck and into his cuticle so briskly that he's a walking No Man's Land of trenches filled with cadavers of masculine vanities. "There's no living with my wife since she began reading your drivel," he informed me on one occasion. Whereupon followed a line of abuse that almost prompted me to turn the epistle over to the U. S. Post Office inspectors. Then I thought, what's the use? He probably doesn't know he's breaking a serious federal statute every time he uses the United States mails to such ends, particularly by writing threats anonymously. But I can see him getting the repercussions from *Adam*, going out and digging himself a grave and lying down in it apurpose to have a place where he can turn over at any revolution that pleases him, seeing that I'm too far distant to be put in it forcibly instead. Of course I'm sorry I disgruntle him so, but I just haven't had the hard luck with women that he's apparently had—probably because I praise 'em generously for the nice people they uniformly try to be, instead of viewing them as creatures to be endured. However, I've said all I care to say about 'em in *Adam*, and the book stands. What seems to burn up most of those brethren is the fact that Soulcraft endures and goes on increasing in size and volume year by year. It's Soulcraft's enduring *success* they can't tolerate. Oh, well. All I know is, ninety percent of my mail is an earnest acknowledgment on the part of the perplexed, that at last I've served them with spiritual doctrine that stands up under every criterion of the world and even science. I suppose I've got to bear with the other ten percent who see life darkly as through a glass. They resolutely seem to desire to do so!

Pellez