

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume V

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, September 26, 1953

Number 22

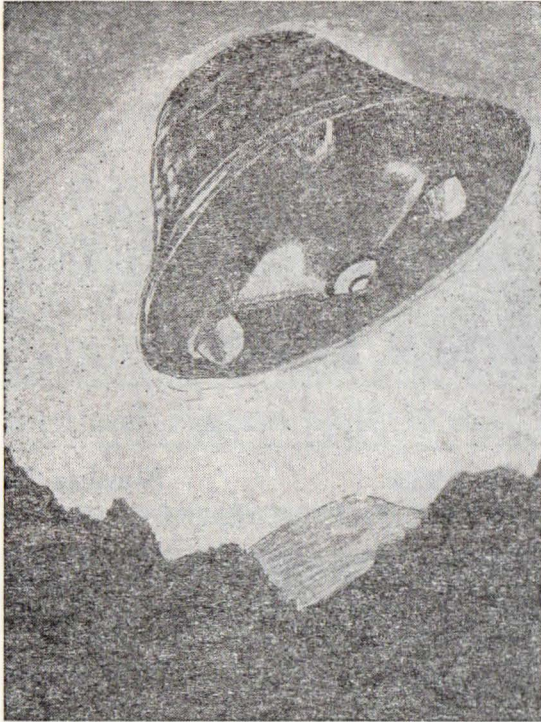


HELP MIGHT COME FROM WEIRD SOURCES

if the world's oceans began rising with a melting of glaciers and both polar ice-caps from increase in global heat . .

**"Are Agents of the Christ
Piloting the Flying Saucers?"**

See Page Two . .



SUPPOSE THE FLYING MEMBERS OF THE

¶ *What If Beings almost as Spiritually Advanced as Christ Are in the Space Ships?*

ther. Our work goeth on in progressive stages. One by one we eliminate great social cancers. One by one we despoil the idols of Mammon and tear apart the altars of Social Connivance for Nefarious Ends. One by one we eliminate the princes of evil from their petty thrones setting up potentates under us of the Goodly Company. *Mark you, I am coming back to the earth-plane in person! . . .*

What a thunderous jolt it might administer to the world to have the demonstration, along with the attestment, that adjudged by spiritual progressions and attainments, *the Saucer occupants were what man knows as angels!*

"As I stood talking to the Saucer man, I felt like a barbarian in the presence of a god," writes one of VALOR's western colleagues in a recent letter.

What could cause such reaction but the transcendent vibration from a personality tens of thousands of years advanced over earth-men in spiritual attainments? Hasn't humanity for two thousand years popularly ascribed such attainments to "heavenly" residents? It's the idea expressed by the words, not the lit-



HOW VALOR comes by its information is not to be carelessly discussed in the public prints, but it is increasingly a *must* to alter purblind opinions in respect to the Flying Saucer phenomena and realize the transcendent extent to which they tie into the entire agenda of spiritual enlightenment in the *Golden Scripts*. These are avowedly compassionate and assisting friends of ours who obviously are gathering in from neighboring planets and sun-systems. Maintain skepticism if it pleases you, but don't disquietify yourself for their solicitude and readying aid, by disdaining the hands outstretched to assist you.

VALOR has never joined in the trumpeting of doom so popular for support-raising purposes among certain mystical cults that claim to have inside track on *denouement* of earth's dilemmas. It has held consistently that the Great Avatar, affectionately identified among Soulcrafters as "the Elder Brother", could be relied upon when He promised that He "held in the hollow of His hand the existence of this planet" No major cataclysm that destroyed either the nation or its civilization were to be allowed to occur. But VALOR has never said that major alterations were not to happen. It would be challenging the text of the most serious pages of the *Scripts* to proclaim that all was going along, uneventfully and unalterably, as at present.

What the Master has told us is, that in the birth-pangs of the Golden Times, many slates of dark areas were to be wiped for fresh writings, and the establishments of new institutions without Luciferian trespassings. It should be looked upon as high adventuring to live through such sequences and observe the Divine Altruism that is operating. What we would regret to have happen would be sudden and precipitous catastrophe that wiped out the bad and the good indiscriminately, with no chance for either to emerge undamaged or repentant.

THE GREATER thing of import is the sterling implication, however, that *all* of The Goodly Company are by no means incarnate in flesh nor on the terrestrial plane of earth. Members of the Goodly Company running into thousands, so the testimony is indicating, may have their strong hands on the controls of the Flying Saucers—or be speeding to us in Mother Ships, to anchor forty miles up.

Stranger still to realize, they seem to know whom their counterparts are, upon this earth-plane. Where could they have come by such knowledge unless tutored in the Mighty Drama on which the curtain is beginning to rise, by the same Beauteous Personality who has broadcast ahead to us—

"We be of one flesh to save the humble seekers after truth from the Mark of the Beast. We come to save the humble and the worthy and take them up to the Fa-

SAUCERS CONTAIN GOODLY COMPANY

eral terms themselves, that convey the ultimate import.

Now what about the alterations during which the Saucer-Men may aid us?

LAST WEEK'S VALOR carried an excessive emphasis on the value of the Baxter book, *Today's Revolution in Weather*. It wasn't primarily to help a worthy author find a market for his product, but because this basic alteration in earth climates may have everything to do with the very changes the *Golden Scripts* predict, and the facts should become familiar data to every conscientious Soulcrafter. Baxter happens to have assembled and indexed the findings in a particularly effective pattern.

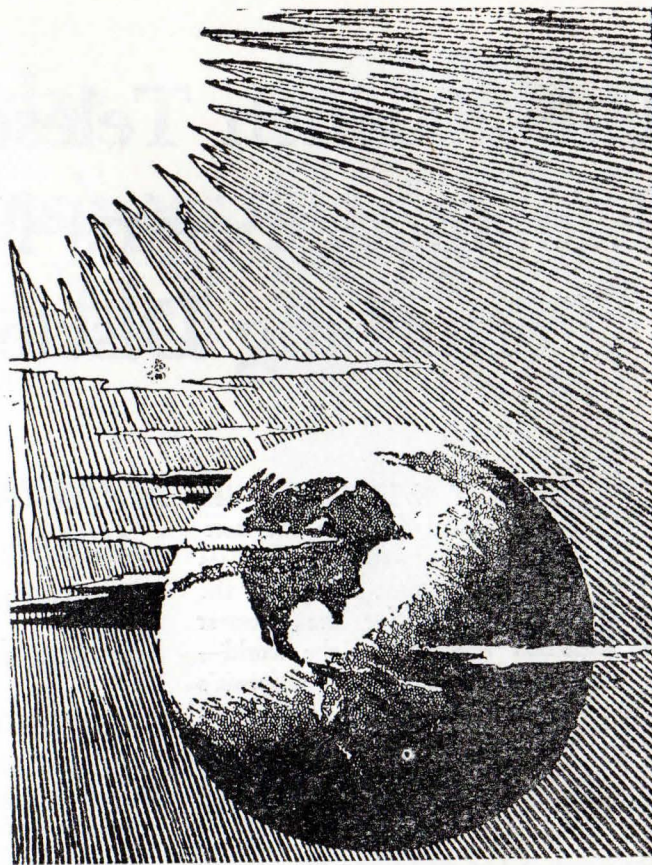
For some reason apparently originating in sun-spots—long known to reliable meteorologists to affect the weather—the over-all temperature of our planet is rising. Atom bombs seem to have nothing to do with it, because this temperature started rising before the atom bomb explosions became of moment. The whole equatorial zone of the globe is moving northward and southward. This means the melting and disintegration of both polar ice-caps. In a way, this might be a blessing in disguise, because it may lessen the weight of the antarctic icecap, which becoming excessive, could throw our solar satellite out of balance, producing a universal cataclysm in one moment of time.

But the disintegration of both polar icecaps means that the water congealed in their ice is being freed to add to the content of the oceans. This spells Trouble on a gradual scale, because if every particle of polar and glacial ice were released, the oceans would be lifted to a height of several feet universally. This would mean inundations on major scale. In fact, it has been said that if *all* the earth's ice were melted, the Atlantic of itself would rise so high that the entire coast of eastern North America would be flooded back almost to the Alleghanies and the Pacific Ocean would flood inland to the Sierras. This would mean that all

WE ARE the only planetary beings, say the Saucer Men, who indulge in the mass murder of wars . . . they want to help us end it . . .

another hundred years, be under water. Already the height of the water in the Great Lakes is approaching the danger-point for wholesale midwest inundations.

Consider what a colossal change this is going to make in the geography of North America. Erecting sea walls and permanent cofferdams cannot be managed because of the tremendous mileage involved. As the salt water of both oceans rises higher and higher, populations are due to be forced to move further inland, congesting humanity on new mountain uplands. At the same time, as the earth's polar icecaps and glaciers melt—and the glaciers have been lowering the past two years at a prodigious rate—the drought increases to catastrophic proportions in the in the South and Southwest. All Texas and the southern States up to the mountains of Tennessee and the Great Smokies, turn to Arizona desert—with little water even by irrigation, no matter how titanic the Boulder or Norris Dams that may be constructed—because the melting glacial waters further north are running off into the oceans and becoming brine. Great hydroelectric plants become worthless with no water to turn them. People begin picking up and migrating northward. So many Americans migrate into Canada that the Dominion becomes a relocated United States. Nostradamus had



this in mind, perhaps, when he wrote—

“What a great pity it will be before long
That those who did give shall be constrained to receive,
Naked, famished with cold, to mutiny,
To go to the mountains making great disorders.”

Is God employing solar effects from ninety-two million miles distant to get results that all the political fiats of princes couldn't accomplish if every American state held its Kremlin?

THESE are not phantasmagorical conjectures—they are as close and real as this morning's abnormal November weather in the middle of September.

Not that the polar caps are to melt all at once, or inundations coming—or for that matter drought—in epic proportions. But a changing climate is bound to recast the entire face of a country, cause a complete redistribution of wealth, put the sons of a nation back to shirtsleeves, and alter the race of commerce and industry. And yet still more looms.

In such epochal readjustment, if the sons of Lucifer begin to make it tough for the Christ People, to the point that their lives are threatened with extinction and the enlightenment perishes, should we
(Continued on Page 15)

The 200-inch Telescope Mounted, Begins Making Perturbing Disclosures . .



LAST WEEK VALOR described for you the casting of the great glass drum that was to be the mirror for the greatest telescope in the world—the 200-inch instrument atop California's Mount Palomar. At 3:30 a. m. on November 18th, 1947, a massive tractor-trailer rolled out of the Optical "Shop" in Pasadena and headed for the top of Palomar Mountain. But even that job of transportation had its features of interest. The starting hour had been kept secret, to avoid crowds; road blocks had been set up at several points to re-route traffic (the mirror on its big trailer left very little room for anything else on the road); weak bridges had been shored up to stand the load. Before the mirror crossed one particularly suspect bridge, 16 extra wheels were mounted on the trailer to distribute the 35-ton weight more evenly. On the long pull up the mountain, two more tractor units were called into play to help pull and push the mirror up the steep grade, which bad luck had made slick with rain-and-sleet storm.

The mirror got to its telescope, however. Only one major operation remained to be done before it could go to work. The "mirror" at this stage was not a mirror at all, but a transparent piece of glass; it lacked a reflecting surface. So it was moved into the aluminizing tank which had been built as a permanent fixture of the 137-foot dome, and there coated with a thin layer of aluminum. And in December, 1947, almost 20 years after George Hale began to turn his vision into solid glass and steel instrument, the first stars were seen reflected by the mirror of the Hale telescope.

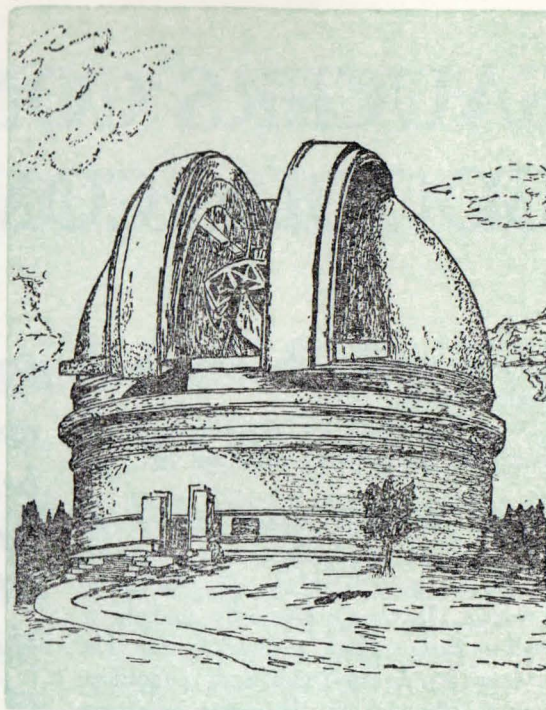
There was nothing spectacular about the first "look." One of the astronomers on the project, using a small reading glass for an eye-piece, peered at the mir-

MANKIND Must Recast All His Ideas about the Import of his Puny Solar System in Great Cosmos

ror. Asked what he saw, he replied, accurately enough, "Oh—some stars."

But the first few tests made it clear that the 200-inch would live up to expectations. After 18 months of tests and adjustments, the mirror had to be removed from the telescope to have a few millionths of an inch ground off around its edge; and then it was found necessary also, to mount 12 fans around the mirror's under-surface to help defeat minor temperature differences that perturbed the disk. Now, however, the 200-inch is busy all of every cloudless night, taking pictures of objects in space some of which are almost a billion light years away—twice as far away as anything the 100-inch can photograph—and thereby opening up for human inspection a sphere of space with eight times as large a volume as that observable before.

Sometimes forgotten in the "glamor" of their 200-inch neighbor on Palomar Mountain are the 18-inch and 48-inch schmidt-type telescopes. In their way, the schmidt-type telescopes are as useful as



the bigger reflecting telescopes that are so much more talked of. The very least that can be said of the 48-inch schmidt on Palomar Mountain is that it is a co-worker utterly essential to the 200-inch, and to the 100-inch on Mount Wilson; it is a vital weapon in the overall attack on the problems of the universe.

A telescope like the 200-inch, while it can penetrate space to a great distance, has a very, very small field of view. To supplement it, a telescope would be needed which could photograph a large area of sky. This large field of view is the particular characteristic of the schmidt-type telescope. With a schmidt to do the "scouting" photography, then the 200-inch (and the 100-inch) could concentrate on the most promising areas revealed in the schmidt photographs.

So two schmidt telescopic cameras were built on Palomar. The 18-inch was in use before the war; the 48-inch was finished shortly before the Hale telescope went into operation.

But it's the big one that interests us—

What the Lens Colossus Revealed



LHE SIZE of our earthly globe is well-nigh a silliness when we come to locate it in the celestial system and make comparisons with other heavenly bodies. If those old Hebraic patriarchs who gave us our religious notions were no more accurate about the nature of

God than they were about the universe, our errors of concept must be naught but pathetic. We think of our globe as *big*. It is 26,000 miles in circumference. That means it takes about three weeks to sail about it in the fastest ocean liner. But if you want to meet Bigness, consider the immeasurable distances in the cosmic uni-

(Continued on Page 10)

What People Fail to Realze about the Theologic Business of Possibly Landing in Hell



THE ENIGMA of Death, insofar as it concerns the average human spirit, is not provided by scientific aspects of the Light-Body or Electrical Architect, or even by the distresses of departing earthly relatives and worldly associations. People are interested in them, perhaps, as interpretative side lights on the most vital of all human experiences, but the one overshadowing concernment in the episode of Transition is: What happens to the conscious Me when the incident of physical decease is behind me?

This overshadowing concernment breaks down into a score of contributing inquiries; such as: Shall I meet reward for my good deeds or punishment for my bad? or, Shall I have a body in the future state or shall I not have a body? or, Will I be rejoined to people whom I have loved, who have made the transition before me, or am I to find myself among strangers—granted that I find myself among beings similarly conscious to myself at all?

The orthodox forecast of experience for the human soul has it that on leaving the body there is to come the episode of being "judged" before one's Maker, and its future designation fixed. In other words—not to put it sacrilegiously—the individual is going to be precipitated into a situation where he is coming face to face with a literal God.

This literal God, sitting as magistrate on some sort of bench, is to look over the newly discarnate spirit, consider its record of good deeds or bad deeds while in the body, weigh one set of deeds against the other set of deeds, and if the good outweigh the bad, or if the spirit shows itself sufficiently contrite for its preponderance of bad deeds or implores "forgiveness," award a ticket that admits it to "realms of eternal bliss."

If, on the other hand, the preponder-

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

ance of deeds be very bad indeed, the acceptance is that it will be forthwith consigned to "outer darkness," peopled by the devil and all his angels, where fiends will proceed to torture it throughout eternal time.

SUCH is the general hypothesis of the so-called Christian theology. Within this theology there are a hundred sects, creeds, denominations, and divisions. Each tackles some particular angle of the hypothesis, or expounds some phase of it, or differs in some minor respect as to what the literal application of these fundamentals is to be. But one and all convey this ultimatum to the spirit-soul—

You are going to quit your physical encasement for a life that shall endure throughout eternity. If you have been "good," during this sojourn in flesh, your experiences throughout the hereafter are going to be pleasant. If you have been "bad," you are to pay through the nose. The fiends are going to get you, and their roasting of you is going to be a merry one. Your Creator won't have anything more to do with you, and your future is due to be of perpetual terror and torment.

Tell the average Fundamentalist that his belief isn't Christian in the slightest, but Paulist Trinitarianism based upon pagan Zoroastrianism, and he will want to rise up and see you burned at the stake for your heresy.

None of it alters the fact that such concept of Christianity came from the old

Persian belief that spiritual life was dominated by the two principles, Good and Bad, Light and Darkness, one domain of spirits presided over by God, the other presided over by the Devil. Good people nominated themselves for a future existence with God. Bad people nominated themselves for a future existence with the Devil. Such division was simple, easy of comprehension, and would seem to have a basis in logic.

Documenting the two Principles, there has been compiled a sort of Christian Talmud, made up of the writings of the clergy upon the subject across hundreds—and even thousands—of years. Tradition, and repetition of conjectures, have worked the labor of getting human beings to accept the hypothesis as truth, merely because it has been a long time operating in the annals of human thought.

Now comes the rationalist and wants to have some sensible questions answered.

THE FIRST question the rationalist wants answered, is: What qualifies either Good or Bad, in the sense of thoughts or acts that determine the state of morality or non-morality, designating the future status of the soul, since the "sinful" practices of one generation may not be so regarded by the next, and what is named as heresy in one era may become the doctrine of the era following?

The second question that the rationalist asks, is: If I am going to be rewarded for my good deeds, by being delivered into heaven, or punished for my bad deeds by a consigning into hell, then I must have some sort of vehicle—call it a body for

practical purposes—in which to reside as a spirit, that these compensations may be visited upon me. If this be logical, then where does this body come from, or when do I acquire it? If I am going to ascend into heaven and play upon a harp throughout all future ages, or if I am going to be tossed to the demons for as long as I possess any vestige of consciousness, then I must have some sort of physical encasement to suffer these experiences. The two futures that I am to confront, when the period of my judging is passed, are, by their effects upon me as promised, more or less materialistic conditions. Pearly gates and jasmine streets certainly are materialistic conditions. So are fiery vats in which the damned are roasted by the pitchforks of demons. Yet no one in all this theological business seems to have troubled his head on the very vital and essential little point of clothing me with a materialistic housing that permits my spirit to enjoy the blissful conditions, or endure as I can the "torment." The theologians have a lot to say about putting on immortality, but how do I put it on, and why should I put it on if I'm a recalcitrant spirit, merely to receive an eternal sentence to a furnace-pit? Last, but far from least, how does it happen that when people get out of their bodies during hospital operations, or after scimmages on battlefields, or after drownings or swallowing of cyanide, they never once report on any indications of a courtroom scene, or being "judged," promoted to heaven or degraded to hell.

One and all relate the same story: "My spirit-consciousness vacated my physical body and operated by itself in a sort of electrical pattern. I seemed to remain in much the same environment I had always known in physical flesh, only my former acquaintances couldn't touch me or hear me, and when I wanted to travel from place to place I didn't expend a lot of muscular energy through my legs."

Ten thousand people vacate their bodies and substantiate the latter report, whereas theology propounds a wholly different version of what happens but not a soul can be located anywhere who discovers it to be correct by actual experiences.

NOW let us consider the possibilities in a literal Heaven and Hell. The soul, says Fundamentalism, quits its encasement of flesh, and goes forthwith to be judged. Some denominations hold that this judge-

ment takes place at once, some maintain that it doesn't occur for years or ages—till Gabriel sounds the trump of doom, the graves of the earth give up their dead, and all come forth to receive reward or punishment. In the last instance, the time of the interim is spent in a place called Paradise by some, and by others, Purgatory. Paradise is a Persian term, taken from Zoroastrianism, and is supposed to designate a place of delight and happiness. Nevertheless, when the Judgment Day comes, even the people in Paradise are going to be called forth to have sentences passed upon them, and the bad folks must get out of that realm of delight and happiness, and give themselves over to the caprices of the demons.



But let us take literally the contention that the soul at physical decease goes directly to "face its Maker." Every good Fundamentalist is certain that God is going to judge his case individually. Certainly it wouldn't be divine justice if it were not exercised individually. So consider the life insurance statistics of the numbers of people who are "going over" every twenty-four hours of every day, and multiply it by every day in the year, for every year that has passed since human beings first heard about the whole of it.

Question: When would a literal God find time to do all this judging, and how would He be able to employ His celestial mind or talents at doing anything else?

God—thanks to explicit theology—has condemned Himself to the endless role of celestial magistrate, day in and day out, year in and year out, through all the decades or centuries that human life goes

or comes on earth. He may take no vacations. He may not delegate this judicial function to subordinates. He is stuck with the eternal tedium of separating the human sheep from the human goats, without surcease, so long as there is birth and marriage and sudden death—or any death whatever.

Does it seem to make sense, or does it not?

THEN consider another absurdity in the orthodox concept of Heaven and Hell. Man is informed that some sort of "judgment" follows the spirit's vacancy of the body. That implies that immediately the spirit quits the body, it is automatically under celestial arrest. Only prisoners are "judged." Free people are never judged, or if they are, the judgments mean little.

True, we may judge this person or that person for their acts toward their relatives or neighbors, and say that Jones is a good man and Smith a holy terror. But what it really boils down to, is, a mere expression of our personal opinions. Jones may say "Thank you!" for holding so approbatory an attitude regarding him, while Smith may say: "You, and all critics like you, can jump in the nearest lake!" Unless we are empowered in some way to seize hold of Smith and bash him or jail him, he can continue his type of existence and our condemnations will not affect him one way or the other.

No, to judge a man so that it means anything, we must have him at such a physical disadvantage, or under such form of restraint, that we can physically or mentally punish him or reward him. And that goes as well for the theological judgment after death.

What the parsons are telling us, without stopping to think much about it, is that souls on quitting the body pass automatically under arrest. Saying solemnly that they are conducted to a courtroom, divine or otherwise, means that somebody has them in custody.

The rationalist comes along with his tongue in his cheek, and asks: "Just how does anyone take a spirit into custody?" In other words, having quit the body and attained to the spiritual form, on what exhibits of post-mortem anatomy do the celestial guardians of the judgment fasten the cosmic handcuffs?

Can it be argued that such souls, auto-
(Continued on Page 14)

Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

The Harvest Is Ripe

LVERILY believe the time has come in Soulcraft for dynamic action. There is the likelihood of portentous events that call for a leavening force in the affairs of men. There are great moral and social issues facing us that demand remedial measures. If the teachings of Soulcraft are what we proclaim them to be, then we who espouse them have a mighty work before us that cannot be taken lightly.

The immediate program planned for this autumn's work in Soulcraft involves a two-pronged plan of procedure. The first prong, or part, calls for the constant and continuous mail campaign to reach that great list of over a million names of people interested in metaphysics, to which we have access; and the second part will be to set up and carry through a visitation, speaking, and compacting tour of the main centers of our work. The first will, of course, be handled by the staff from Headquarters here in Noblesville. The second part is the thing I want to ask each of you to pitch into and help me carry through.

Mr. Pelley has asked me to move ahead with the field work. We have counselled together a great deal in regards to the most effective means of getting Soulcraft before the public. We both feel, as do the other members of the staff here, that a broader and more effective nationwide program must be organized and carried through to a successful conclusion. To that end, we are setting up a speaking tour of the main centers of our work over the country. These plans, together with places and dates, will be announced in *Valor*, and specific plans will be forwarded to Soulcraft leaders in all areas, in a very short time.

This field program has much more in view than the lectures themselves. These will be vital, of course, particularly for new people that we must make every effort to get out to the public rallies. But

I want to meet all leaders, in conferences, while in their areas, and plan with them the immediate and future procedures for groups and assemblies, for effective expansion and circulation of Soulcraft publications, and for the general development of the total work over the nation.

I am most anxious, also, to meet all our own people as well as many new friends to this work, and I sincerely hope every Soulcrafter will watch for dates of the lectures in the area where they reside and make plans to attend and have part in the program.

Now, the thing I want to lay on the heart of every one of you is the imperative need for each of you to get into this thing with me, with all your might. We CAN get many people out to these lectures, if we believe we can, and go after them.

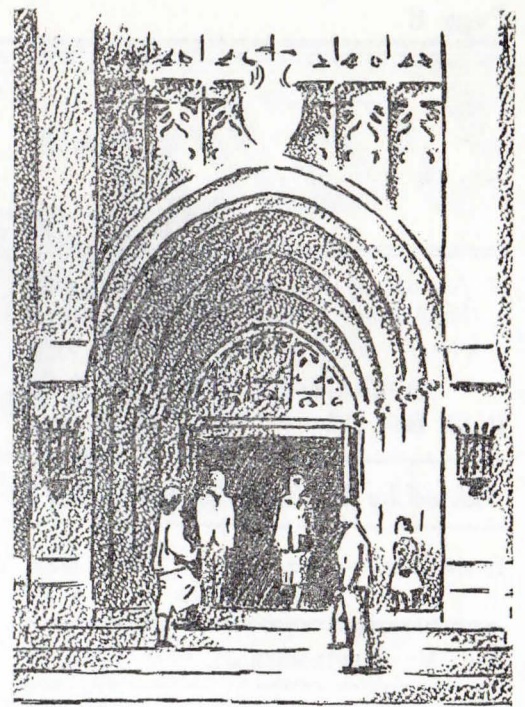
WE ARE GOING TO PUT SOULCRAFT ON THE MAP.

I believe every one of you will help me in this tremendous phase of the work for this autumn and winter. Mr. Pelley is wearing his life out, getting this great enlightenment into the hands of the public. Our Elder Brother challenges us to reach those who are hungry for it.

THE TIME IS HERE TO GET THIS THING MOVING.

I ask each of you to join heartily, with me, in every possible effort you can contribute, to make a real success of this tour. I am asking this, not from the personal standpoint, but for the sake of the cause in which we are all concerned, and for Him who leads on ahead in the mighty harvest that is now in progress.

It would be well for each of us, as we approach these efforts, to take seriously some of the very pertinent words of the Elder Brother in this matter of harvesting. While He was here in the flesh, He challenged His Disciples with that memorable call, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." In our own day, He



has repeated the charge in chapter 228 of the Golden Scripts; "Behold I still call you to be fishers of men."

In the 17th verse of the eleventh chapter, He says, "I am come to drop manna on all who are human, and those who are human have need of me everywhere." In the first part of Scripts, chapter five, He tells us, "The harvest is ripe but the laborers are scanty." And in the second verse of the same chapter He gives us a most revealing adjuration in the form of this question, "How shall I make you know that the END of the road is not the thing that matters, but rather the manner in which it is traveled?"

From the beginning, to the end, of those Master Scripts, the Elder Brother keeps ever before us that we are the harvesters, just as He called the disciples of old and trained them for the task of being "fishers of men." And in the very last chapter, He leaves this parting injunction to all of us, "Be about your Father's business."

I want to earnestly urge all of you, my friends, to take seriously the call of Him who leads on before us today as truly as He ever has. Our mighty need is not mere piousness, nor sentimental sweetness, but dynamic, red-blooded men and women of real faith in Him, and of action for Him in meeting the hungering needs of people who are waiting for truths, that are in our trust, and that can truly make men free.

Our Elder Brother demands nothing more. He expects nothing less.

Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

Edited by William Dudley Pelley

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. V SEPTEMBER 26, 1953 No. 22

Credulity



O, VALOR is *not* sawing itself off on a limb anent the significance of the Flying Saucers, and those who have heard Reel Ten of the *Portals of Light* broadcasts may perchance understand why. Of course, this journal is being taken to task sporadically for lending support to what is described as "the Saucer Hoax", the reaction being that smart individuals want to make a killing in the sensational sale of books on Saucer contacts. Because the Saucers aren't yet visible in the skies like passenger airliners, or books of enlightenment on them can't be printed and given away free, there must be a commercial fishhook in it somewhere. It's a sad commentary on our so-called civilization that hoaxing is so universal that certain elements would declare the Second Coming of Christ to be publicity for somebody's literary opus. Oh, well! . . .

As openly announced two years bygone, VALOR was suspending judgment on the validity of the space-ship phenomena until events were forthcoming that clicked with certain pronostications in the Recorder's private files.

Now, instead of mere confirmations, the phenomena are proceeding so much further that the Recorder believes he knows that definite climaxes impend. Naturally, however, the Recorder-Editor can't blatantly broadcast *all* he knows, or *all* the details of which he stands in possession. Due to radical government

surveillances, he is not a free moral agent to express himself as he might like.

There can be a point reached where over-skepticism reacts as a disservice on the self. VALOR is *not* relying for its interest in these matters on the circulars of publishing firms that have forthcoming Saucer books to sell. Before many more months have passed, perhaps it will be the sporadic critics or skeptics who discover themselves sawed off on a limb.

One thing is entirely safe to circulate among your friends—

By getting themselves on the steady reader-list of VALOR, they may receive information obtainable nowhere else. Unfortunately, it costs money to publish the journal, so it cannot be supplied to readers gratis as evidence of good faith.

The rocking *denouement* is, that for twenty-three years, the Recorder-Editor interpreted some of his most significant Scripts in the more or less allegorical manner. Now, by fitting the Saucer phenomena into the matrix of the allegory, the most shattering disclosures appear to be of moment.

It is therefore VALOR's policy this autumn and winter to leave the initiative to the occupants of the Saucers themselves and simply filter out the interpretations as opportunity is presented.

But the editor's position, that what develops may be stupendous, is his personal and private affair.

Yet it may turn out that his own Saucer liaison does more to raise the civic inhibitions on his pen than all the federal magistrates sitting from Boston to San Diego.

Stand by for further station announcements.



Prism Effect



AT THE CLOSE of one of the most perfect summers the Midwest has ever known, startling effects have been remarked about certain stars. When a

planet or star-sun seems to approach the horizon—due, of course, to the easterly movement of our rotating globe—violent colors are perceptible in its light-beam. Of a recent evening, Arcturus was flashing colors ranging from brilliant red to high violet on the west, while Capella rising showed the same phenomenon in the east. Noblesville people became exercised about these colors, seen by the naked eye. Viewed through binoculars, they could readily have been mistaken for an interstellar Mother Ship anchored forty miles off in the stratosphere. Peculiarly to witness, the rarest violet could be seen illuminating the "top" of the star, while the crimson "signals" fluctuated in brilliance at the "bottom".

A little cogitation offered the explanation that the atmosphere about the globe was behaving as a prism, "breaking down" the stellar light-rays into component rainbow tints. The same effect can be seen through an ordinary triangular prism "breaking apart" a ray of sunlight coming through an ordinary window-pane. Nothing to get excited about. And yet, *why* should such an effect be performed by the earth's atmosphere just at this time?

In sixty years of observing the heavens, the Recorder-Editor has never once witnessed this specific effect. This, indeed, might be ascribed legitimately to radioactive particles projected into our atmosphere by the various atomic explosions.

Funny thing, however, no stars directly overhead suffered their light-beams to be so dissected . . .

Page a Global Tabby



MORNING papers scream-line the "news" that the erstwhile chief rodent of Bolshevia is on the loose and has landed in Spain. Inference is, head secret-

policeman of the world had what it took to manipulate his way out of the Kremlin Bastille, catch a westbound plane that flew him over his own Iron Curtain-Pole, chuted him overside when it passed the Pyrennes and went on to an inglorious splash in the Atlantic near the Azores. To all of which VALOR says an underbreath applesauce.

Not that Beria mightn't have "escaped" his own Soviet Paradise, carrying, as alleged, bulging lists of Soviet agents

throughout the globe that might buy him immunity wherever he desired to annex real estate. VALOR says applesauce to the probability that the run-out was bona fide. If it happened.

When you're treating with the oriental cunning that runs the Kremlin, you've got to hold in reserve the volatile possibility that his "arrest" from the first was staged, purposely that he might "escape" to advance Soviet Russia's global plans. In the first place, for him to come down into Spain is horse-laugh one . . . about as paradoxical as Hitler fleeing Berlin and "coming down" via parachute into Manhattan's Hester Street.

Don't be surprised that he later "comes down" in Pennsylvania Avenue and does a huddle with the top echelon. What could be the more excellent way of making top contact? What this world needs is a gargantuan cat.

Inland-Brine Ajax



ERELY to keep Soulcrafters abreast of the things that are truly important, Salt Lake colleague writes: "Our valiant Governor J. Bracken

Lee, stood up on hind legs and politely refused to issue a pronouncement for United Nations Day on October 24th. He also had the temerity to introduce a resolution for an investigation of the United Nations at the Governors Conference in the Northwest during August. *But there was not one single governor who dared back his play.* Thought Gov. Lee would appreciate the fact that there are at least a few other Americans with the intestinal fortitude to stand *with* him. He gets a lot of scurrilous abuse."

Soulcrafters, keep your left optic on J. Bracken Lee. He may preside over Utah, but it's VALOR's information he's not of the Mormon faith. If he lives, and all goes well, he may eventually stand in higher position in this nation than Governor even of Utah.

'Twere Ever Thus



AID the *Indianapolis Star*, September 23rd: "A hearing on William Dudley Pelley's \$750,000 libel suit against columnist Walter Winchell was post-



Fear . . .



ORGE harsh the chains that bind his heart,
He would his freedom gain,
The Beast might meet a rending dear
Should he break from his chain;
Look lynx-eyed at his movings 'round,
Each brick inspect for wear

Which anchored deep to bastion-rock
Confine him to his lair.
For should he pierce grilled barriers
The Beast must pay most dear,
This Beast which you have built yourself,
This phantom Beast of Fear!

Man bows his head to governments
In ignorant servitude,
Relinquishing his heritage
That Spirit him imbued.
He gropes his way in Darkest Night
Upon lost paths of Earth;
He needs but lift his face in prayer
To give Effulgence birth,
That he may see the Upward Course
And step strong up the Way,
To claim anew Love's Heritage
That he once tossed away.

Take courage, Man, hold valor high,
Fear not, disdain to stay,
The future holds no Fear for those
Who greet Aquarian Day.
Lose not control; guard well The Beast,
Discern that Love is HERE,
That Love will change to Love again
All phantoms of thy FEAR!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

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Soulcraft Chapels

poned until October 7 yesterday in Marion Circuit Court. The ex-Silver Shirt leader, who was convicted of sedition in 1942 in Federal Court here, claims that Winchell defamed him in a column published Feb. 16, 1950. Pelley served half of a 15-year sentence. He recently was turned down on a plea to have his conviction erased from the record. He is on parole technically on the federal charge. Winchell, represented by the Indianapolis law firm of Barnes, Hickam, Pantzer and Boyd, has asked that Pelley's suit, filed in 1950, be thrown out of court. The scheduled hearing yesterday on the columnist's motion was delayed to allow time to get sworn statements from Winchell and other persons in New York. Pelley now heads a publication firm at Noblesville which specializes in religious publications."

Uh-huh.

Winchell's attorneys have fought for three years to get postponement after postponement—one wonders why.

Winchell screams in his column that his idea of Elysium would be getting Pelley into court where his lawyers could quiz him. Pelley is perfectly willing to be quizzed by the Winchell attorneys, providing Walter agrees to the same arrangement. Walter, however, doesn't dare show his face inside the state of Indiana, and Pelley is officially prohibited from journeying to Manhattan to sue him. So responsibility for further national smears stands stalemate.

That's the way it is.

Palomar Telescope

(Continued from Page 4)

verse as being revealed by the new 200-inch telescope on Palomar.

First let's regard our own solar system—meaning the size and distances of our seven or eight planets in respect to the sun.

Suppose, to get it over in our thinking, we reduce our terrestrial globe to a sphere the size of a plum, prune or apricot one inch in diameter. The sun would be a 9-foot ball a fifth of a mile away. Or, putting it the other way around, think of the sun as a great luminous medicine ball almost the height of two men, one standing on the other's shoulders. Some thousand feet off, a little sphere no bigger than a prune, is following around it—

like a mud-spatter around a 9-foot wheel. That is our seemingly gigantic earth;

Very good, dot several little mud-spatter prunes at varying distances from this gigantic medicine-ball. Pluto, the outermost planet in the solar system, would be describing an orbit some *seven miles* from this big luminous main body in the center of our heavens. In other words, with the earth considered no bigger than a plum, Pluto, the outermost planet, swings an orbit of 15 miles around the whole centrosome.

Now consider the Milky Way . . .

YOU GO out on a clear night and see it wrapping our earth in a great haze, high overhead. Do you realize what you are looking at? You've seen pictures, perhaps, of the Great Nebula of Andromeda—like a fiery wheel slightly a-slant, billions of light-years away in the heavens. Well, that's what we call a galactic system.

When you look up at our own Milky Way on a clear night, you're seeing the star-suns and planets belonging to this particular galactic system, of which our sun with its planets is a mere pinpoint of light within the mass. Our particular solar system is all but lost in the myriads of star-suns and planets making up our own Milky Way. Generally speaking, it includes all the stars that are visible to the naked eye. The concentrated band of stars—and remember a star is only a sun seen at a great distance—that gives our system its name is, as almost everyone knows today, the result of the disk-shape of the system.

Looking toward the rim of the disk from earth, which is inside the disk, the observer sees the Milky Way. In this Milky Way system are not only star-suns of many types, along with their invisible planets, but nebulae—meaning clouds of gas and cosmic dust. Now on the scale that reduced the earth to the size of a plum, prune or apricot, our sun's closest neighbor *inside this system* is the star Alpha Centauri. *And it lies some 50,000 miles from our whole solar system.* Not our earth. Our sun and the whole orbit of its planets. Fifty thousand miles away. This figure is too big to be handy, so like the astronomers, we proceed to reduce our scale.

THIS TIME, reduce our whole solar system—including Pluto's orbit 15

miles around our 9-foot sun—to the size of a plum, prune or apricot. In it, a keen eye might find the sun but the earth and its neighboring planets would be negligible. Now, on this scale, Alpha Centauri would be a paltry 300 feet from the whole system. But the Milky Way we have just been talking about would turn out to be a collection of stars and gaseous clouds 1,300 miles in diameter.

Thirteen hundred miles is the distance between, let's say, New York and St. Louis. Think of a mere plum, prune or apricot located anywhere between New York and St. Louis, and you would have the size and proportions of our whole solar system and its planets to the Milky Way . . . our own galaxy.

Now let's expand our minds and try to make a real jump—

Reduce our whole 1,300-mile galaxy—the distance between New York and St. Louis—to the size of a plum, prune or apricot, and you discover the third phase of astronomy. For, floating around in what we call "free" space, from one foot to a quarter of a mile apart from each other, will be other plums, prunes, and apricots—each one a whole Milky Way of itself—containing millions or even billions of star-suns with their planets, many of them even bigger than Old Sol.

You won't even then have begun to tap into the universe as disclosed to the 200-inch lens of the new telescope on Palomar.

ANOTHER way of stating distances in the three spheres of astronomy—the astronomer's way—is in Light Years, based on the distance that light, at its known speed of 186,000 miles per second, travels in a year. A light-year is six trillion—6,000,000,000,000—miles.

Assuming that a man could travel at a speed of light, it would take him less than one sixtieth of a second to go from New York to Los Angeles. It would take him but a second and a quarter to reach the moon. It would take him but eight minutes to reach the sun. But it would take him 5½ hours to reach Pluto, the outermost planet of our own solar system, and 11 hours to cross the solar system from one edge to the other. Very good!

Traveling at the same terrific speeds, it would take our levitating individual 4½ years to reach our own sun's nearest neighbor among the stars—thus indicat-

ing how very remote is any chance of star or sun collision in such stupendous emptiness. But here the real "kick" begins. Going at the same Flying-Saucer velocity, do you know how long it would require to travel from one edge of our own Milky Way to the other?

100,000 years!

And yet this is just a "spot of light" in universal cosmos.

Still proceeding at these incredible velocities, our man who traveled from New York to Los Angeles in a sixtieth of a second would need about an even million years to get from our Milky Way—gigantic as it is—to the Great Nebula in Andromeda!

And it would require one billion years—1,000,000,000 years or half the age of our own earth—to get from this planet's surface to the outer edge of the observation field that is brought into view by the new 200-inch telescope on Palomar!

What our hypothetical traveler would find, if he kept on going beyond this point, nobody knows. But the estimate has been that if our progeny, up future generations, bring to life and construction 400-inch—or 1,000-inch—lenses, they must merely reveal trillions and trillions more square miles of Space and planetary worlds to the universe.

Soulcraft then, takes the position that it has been nothing short of blasphemy to regard the Super-Creator of all such universe as a disembodied spirit within a Burning Bush on a Midianite mountainside, apprising one Moses to go down into Egypt and talk sharp to the reigning Pharaoh about letting a little band of Chosen People "escape" into the lands of Goshen and Canaan.

THE 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar is erected and has begun photographing the midnight skies. And the awesome majesty of the deeper and higher universe is becoming apparent to men's senses. But it begins to be demonstrated that the vaster and wider spread of the telescopes that man creates and mounts, the vaster the assemblage of worlds that each gargantuan lens reveals.

Where does it end?

Man cannot comprehend where it "ends" . . . perchance there is no end!

Newer and greater Milky Ways sweep into view, the further man pushes his audacious sight into Cosmos. And here
(Continued on Page 15)



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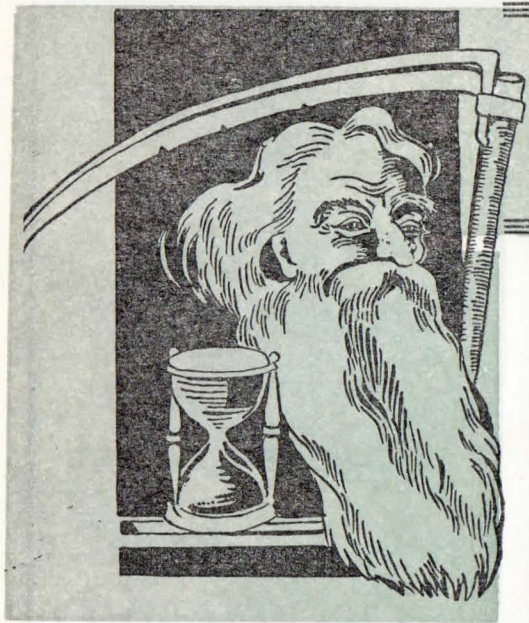
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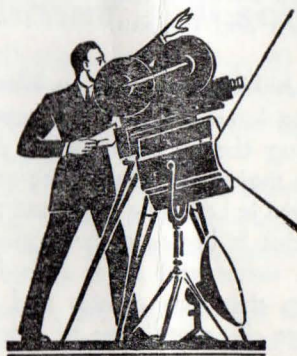


OCCASIONALLY an evening arrives when nobody is visiting Headquarters, when there's neither tornado, blizzard, nor cataclysm happening outside, when the printing plant is silent except for the distant thump of the linotype where the night operator is setting copy for VALOR, and I can relax and ruminate. What do I ruminate about? I search my memory for this or that, which might make interesting chit-chat for an atom-bomb generation, I frequently end by feeling very ancient, very experienced, very antiquated. Seems in those quiet hours that my life has spanned two worlds, the America I knew fifty years bygone—particularly before the first World War—and America of the present, which is a different culture, in a different continent, on a different planet. It was an America—as I've remarked before—without a motion picture, without a radio, without an automobile, without an airplane. What it did seem to hold was celebrities of a peculiarly native breed. Tonight, as I ran some of them over in my mind, it suddenly struck me what an amazingly long list I seemed to have contacted, some to know personally and even intimately. How a poor minister's small fry from the back hills of New England could contrive to saunter out into a hectic world and confront so many of the great or near-great surpasses credence. . . What the significance has been, I can't suggest. Elbert Hubbard of Roycroft fame, was

the first. But already I've told the episode of Fra Elbertus . . .

o—o

I STARTED out upon my newspaper career in 1911-'12, as western Massachusetts man for the *Boston Globe*. That brought me first contacts in the field of politics. I recall Cal Coolidge when he was a freckle-faced and twangy-voiced alderman up in Northhampton, before he packed his bag with a pair of darned socks and his other collar and went down to see Senator Winthrop Murry Crane about the Coolidge name going on the Republican State ballot for lieutenant-governor. That was the year Teddy Roosevelt feuded with William Howard Taft and came up through Massachusetts as standard-toter for the Bull Moose insurgents. It was a contact with Teddy lasting only three evenings at most, yet five years later at a rodeo in Sheepshead Bay, where I happened to be holding down a job as Publicity Man—Public Relations Counsel today—he placed me instantly and even called my name. Teddy had that gift. Really I was scouting for story material for the *Saturday Evening Post* in the Wild West Show business, but Teddy's interest was personal. Incidental-



ly, it happened to be the same week I came upon Will Rogers, of whom more presently . . . How in the world did I ever manage to meet the celebrities I have? They run through my mind like a phalanx of phantoms . . . The variety of them . . . from Buffalo Bill to Hop-

Along Cassidy, alias Bill Boyd; from Fanny Crosby, blind hymn-writer, to Theda Bara and Joan Crawford; from Al Jennings, Oklahoma ex-bandit to Robert Sharp of the Secret Service, not over-looking Bruce Barton, the sanctimonious fuddy-duddy, and a host of others I might mention at random—I suppose it was being in the writing business that oiled it. I naturally bumped 'em . . .

o—o

BUD KELLAND, creator of Scattergood Baines, and I were once co-residents of the same little Vermont town, when he ran the local clothes-pin factory and I ran the boiler-plate weekly; I have shadows in my memory of long evenings when we sat in my newspaper office with lamps unlighted and only the glow of the coals in the corner stove to illumine our figures. He gloated over the sale of his magazine serial *Sudden Jim* to west-coast movies, and told me how he angled it. Later I was to give him hearts and spades at both the writing and movie game when we were living in the same New York period, and Arthur Vance, editor of *Pictorial Review*, would cry to me, "Neither you nor Kelland are writers, you're salesmen, and I'm only the mug directed to sign on the dotted line," apropos of magazine fiction. Now Bud's up in the stratosphere as bucket boy to the Republican National Committee while I'm the bloke who assailed the Reds fifteen years ahead of time and got himself quartered in a nice comfy jail. There was Talbot Mundy, writer of men's books about India—*King of the Kyber Rifles* and such—member of my private psychical research group in Manhattan after *Seven Minutes*. There was Natacha Rambova, Rudy Valentino's heart-throb, also in that rally. But all those literary celebrities came after my adventures as G-2 operator for Uncle Sam in Russia, and eight years in silent movies . . .

o—o

MY BIG celebrity colleague in silent movies was the original Lon Chaney,

as I've often recalled in these memoirs. I'd written a serial for Karl Harriman of the *Red Book*, who advised me to offer it immediately to the screen. I did, and Jules Brulator bought it for Hope Hampton and Chaney came on from the Coast to play the "heavy"—\$500 a week. Last picture I was associated with him, he was taking MGM for \$5,000 a week. We finished up *Light in the Dark*, and saw it ruined in the cutting-room because Chaney had "stolen" the opus and the angel of the piece was only promoting his lady. So Lon said, "Come along out to the Coast with me, Bill, and be my scriptman." And I went, and we made my first story *The Shock* for Carl Lammle for \$28,000. It grossed \$390,000. So Old Carl called us in and buttered us. We could make any "pitcher" we desired and did we have suggestions? Chaney suggested his life's ambition was to play Quasimodo of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. "You should play a football pitcher!" the producer gloomed skeptically. Nevertheless, we did go ahead and film the "football pitcher" and no sooner was it sun-arching than Creighton, Lon's boy, ran away with the a furnace-dealer's daughter over on Santa Monica Boulevard object matrimony, and I had the job of holding Lon from committing infanticide. He was a spindly little rooster then, Creighton, Lon's son by his first wife and his only progeny. Today you see him occasionally in the talkies as Lon Chaney Jr., weight 225, six-foot and all hair and jowl. How *tempus fugit*! . . . Joan Crawford was one of my dates in those halcyon days—or daze—child-ballet specialist by the name of LeSieur, just out from Chicago, wanting to rough-house all over the place whenever she had rompers on, and doing it. Nights came when I held my own in draw poker with Wallie Beery, the aforesaid Bill Boyd—alias Hopalong Cassidy—Walter Lang, Dot Reid—Wallie's widow—Grant Dolge, all of it in the days before my psychical awakening. Out in the next room, Henry Walthal—"Little Colonel" of *The Klansman*—mellow with something not Coca-Cola, recited Poe's *Raven* to the walls, waiting for Mary to come and drive him home. Chester Conklin, Mack Swain, Dusty Farnum, Huntley Gordon—of the Irene Rich domestic team—Blanche Sweet, Buster Collier, Mary Astor, Betty Compson, Charley Murry, Kate Price (remember *The Cohens* and the *Kelleys*?), were my pals and patrons when I was back in

Public Relations line anew for the experience, the camaraderie and the pelf. Tommy Meighan and Alec Francis; Owen Moore, Mary Pickford's first; Theodore Roberts now and then; Anna May Wong and Sessue Hawakaya; Janet Gaynor and Mary Dresser—were acquaintances if not intimates. And the Big Parade of them is now far, far against the backward horizon, dimming into mirage. Oh well! . . .

o—o

IT WAS I who helped arrange the Big Dinner at the Astor House for Bill Hayes when he left the President's cabinet to become czar of the flickers, which produced the Theda Bara tie-up that I've rehearsed previously, with William Randolph Hearst the highlight of the speechifying. My acquaintance with that combination later gave me nodding acquaintance with Victor Herbert, De Wolf Hopper, and party by the name of W. C. Fields, only funny when inebriated. Day the big 1929 collapse broke in Wall Street, I was closeted with Frank Craven, who was contracted to produce a play of mine, only certain Down-Town complications snagged it. The New York literary crowd of yesterday—Heyward Brown, Bob Davis, Ellis Parker ("Pigs Is Pigs") Butler, Dorothy Canfield, Will Durant, Maggie Cameron, "Stewt" White—Stewart Edward White to you—Basil King, S. S. Van Dine, Sophie Kerr, Will Levington Comfort—I didn't require to say to them, "My name is Pelley, I also write." I recall another affair that I helped stage that nearly broke the Follies . . .

o—o

THE BOYS of the Irwin Brothers Radio wanted to mush-mush over-town and cheer Will Rogers, and could I arrange it? . . . I suppose I could . . . Fifty-seven varieties of bull-doggers, broncobusters, and wild-horse acrobats moved over to Broadway, and 42nd Street parted like the waters of the Red Sea to let 'em through. Elevators to the Amsterdam Roof sagged, when they'd gone up, and were never the same lifts afterward. Rogers started in a bawdy skit that season that made the nerves crawl. Curtain lifted on a mystically curtained stage. Six cubbies resembling phone-booths stood presented six feet apart. Up over the front of each, was tacked seven feet of wallpaper, white-side out, vertically. On this wallpaper were freehand sketches of *Woman Back Through the Ages*. Booth One, Civil

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War times; Booth Two, Colonial Times; Booth Three, Days of Chivalry; Booth Four, Plato's Greece; Booth Five, Cleopatra's Egypt; Booth Six—*whisper!*—the Edenic Paradise before the Serpent messed the scenery. Lights, haunting but characteristic music. Then, *Crash!* . . . out from Booth One stepped an antebellum dame in bodice and hoopskirts, who danced to the side of the stage and took her bows. *Crash!* wallpaper rent on Booth Two, and Betsy Ross in typical costume did more dancing and took bows. *Crash!* paper on Three and Wherefore-Art-Thou Romeo hammed it to music to the prescenum arch. By that time the audience was catching the idea. The girl who crashed out was the exact replica of the silhouette on the sketch. Being the New York Follies, Eve at the end could mean but one thing—if Lady Godvia stepped through, the place would get pinched. But after Aphasia had crashed and danced and bowed out of Four, and Cleopatra out of Five, the moosic halted in electric midair. Fifty-seven cowpunchers halted in midair likewise. They waited to see the Mother of All Living become a memory to take back to Oklahoma and points Northwest. But neither Godiva nor Adam's Rib stepped through. The "nude" was Will Rogers. He slouched through that sheet of paper like a dying calf with his mouth full of mush, only it was chewing gum. *And Ziegfeld's hostelry exploded.*

—o—

I MEAN detonated. If they'd had their guns on, Will would have been saved that plane-crash in Alaska. As it was, he nearly had his brains knocked out, where seven of the better shots substituted bottles for bullets. Amid the wreckage, guy by the name of Gibson—Hoot Gibson, Universal star later—was seen crawling on all-four out between a pile of tables that resembled a second-hand auction sale after the ladies had left. Rogers always did I think I staged that rumpus just to get publicity for Irwin Brothers Rancho. Last time I saw him was at an Author's League Dinner where he made that crack about the ladies' postwar knees. I was merely the man who'd set 57 varieties of Montanan troglodytes to take him prematurely out of show business. . . And here I am, in the sixty-fourth year of my age, teaching Mysticism to Los Angeles from Indiana. Truly can I say with Carroll Carstairs, "If Death should

come with his cold hasty kiss, along the trench or in the battle's strife; I'll ask of Him no greater boon than this: that he shall be as wonderful as Life!" . . . And how! . . .

—THE RECORDER

Heaven or Hell?

(Continued from Page 6)

matically arrested at physical death, go along into the divine courtroom voluntarily? If one or two of 'em here and there should elect to bolt, where would they run, and what does the divine sheriff grab when he succeeds in overtaking them?

SUPPOSE, however, that the said spirits are scared along in herds to the Judgment Hall, and meet God sitting eternally day and night, to designate which shall go to Heaven and which to Hell. Laying aside the question of who represents the defendant at the bar, how much time is allowed for presentation of the evidence in the cases of both defendant and prosecution, and how the culprits are made to abide by the verdicts rendered, consider as well the fate of the "good" soul that has qualified to escape hell and go on upward into realms of eternal bliss. As yet no stipulation is made about the bodies required, in order to take advantage of the delights and entertainments of the orthodox Hereafter.

A great deal is said while on earth about receiving a "robe and a crown," and about receiving a "harp" on which to praise the Lord God forever. But no provision seems to have been made for a body to don the robe, or a head upon the body to wear the crown, or hands in which to hold the harp. Particularly is nothing said about learning to play the said Irish instrument.

All souls, on successfully passing the divine judgment on their goodness or badness, would seem by the implications of orthodoxy to become expert harpists at once. An least we are told nothing about harpist schools for the new arrivals, where they are taken in and rendered into efficient musicians.

Granted, however, that there are such classes, and that there are as many entrants as there are new people dying daily, and getting into realms of bliss—and eternal harp music—has anyone ever

stopped to consider how big the said orchestra becomes before eternity is run, who leads it so that the harps shall twang in unison and not sound like several million tom cats wailing off-key on the back fence at once, and what else there may be to heaven besides this perpetually-expanding musical exhibition?

Palomar Telescope

(Continued from Page 11)

in our own little private neighborhood of the constellations, intelligent beings begin spanning the distances between the satellites and we marvel at the wonder of Flying Saucers.

What we truly *should* do, is give strict attention and respectful adulation to these people, thousands of years beyond and above us in wisdom and culture, who apprehend our little flyspeck of a planet and light upon it exploratively, proposing to aid us in our atomic and other problems, whether we solicit their aid or not.

As for this allegorical myth of the Almighty walking in any Garden of Eden in the cool of any antediluvian day and apostrophizing any original Adam and Eve about the theft of fruit from a divine apple orchard, we may be forgiven for consigning the whole to scorn.

The suddenly revealed Cosmos is greater than the whole of it.

Suppose we raise our intellectual sights and view the universe!

Flying Saucer Pilots

(Continued from Page 3)

consider it outside the bounds of possibility that the Saucers stand by to transport them to safe areas?

If persons of our own spiritual breed were operators of them, might we not have reason to suspect it?

That the people in the Saucers are well-nigh angelic, in looks as well as address, is reported by all who have formed contact with them. They are said to be unnecessarily shy, and yet to be in advance of us psychically by tens of thousands of years. Amazingly, they demonstrate they are in complete knowledge of the state of international affairs on earth, understand the nature—and unquestionably the identity—of marplots keeping the earth in a

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville

Indiana

boil, and yet display no yen to interfere. Their program seems to be, to rescue and preserve all those who merit it, and to let the cataclysmic forces of Nature treat with the rest. Already they have given evidence that in their more advanced civilization they consider massed wars of any sort insufferable. George Hunt Williams says in a letter received this week, “Do the ignorant of the earth look for monsters in these Saucers? We are the monsters by comparison. They are unbelievably beautiful, and an exquisite light apparently surrounds them.”

What do we want for angels? Are we capable of recognizing angels from other worlds if, as, and when we confront them?

BUT SOULCRAFT sees in the whole dramatic sequence only the arrival

of the Messianic foreguards who are—so to speak—charged with the commission of collaborating with the chieftains of The Goodly Company, as great crises ripen and “the lords of the Harvest” prepare for the sacred reaping..

Indeed, let the skeptical or facetious cling to what notions they please. If it turns out that those wise in the text of the *Golden Scripts* are the outstanding sages of earth, knowing the score, we can afford to wait and let events take their courses.

One thing is certain: by no manner of means is it coincidence that atomic energy, space-ships, and worldwide drought all make their appearance upon the globe simultaneously.

“He who hath ears to hear, let him hear!” . . .

Published Every Saturday by
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
P. O. Box 192 Noblesville, Ind.

Valor

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
ONE YEAR: \$5.00
SIX MONTHS: \$3.00

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



EVER and anon some dear soul writes in amazement, "How do you do so *much*?" The Soulcraft Scripts, books, and publications continue to pour out and presumably someone must be reading them. But while I appreciate what seems to be a compliment, I cry to myself in equal amazement, "How do you do so *little*?" The day at the most is only eighteen hours long. I start it between five and six a. m., and fall asleep reading in bed as a usual thing between ten and eleven p. m. I take no time whatever off for meals. An average of two out of those eighteen hours must be given in all courtesy to visitors or sales people—besides, many of these it is within the order of pertinent business that I must see. If exigencies demand that I make a motor trip to nearby Indianapolis, my work-day is shattered. One thing I am fanatical about, the mechanical lay-out of all our periodicals, and do much of this typographical make-up with my own hands. Printshop matters have recently been readjusted so that Melford devotes himself unrestrictedly to press work—and the Soulcraft publications are improving in consequence, but the effect of smooth press work is wasted if the typographical lay-out resemble a country newspaper. Fifty per cent of every day is forcedly given over to supervision of mechanics. That leaves me about five hours to attend to the matters about which people write me letters. Understand, this goes on practically seven days a week, thirty days a month. The machinery doesn't run on the Sabbath, of course, but its availability gives me opportunity to alter or reanimate the advertising. However, the backlogs of mail do pile up. And the august Fillmore Cranberry Boggs, Esq. pays me a visit and pontificates that I am very inefficient to spread myself so. My time is supremely valuable "getting out the material."

I HAVE had forty years production management. While it is the height of inefficiency to put an eighty-dollar man on an eight-dollar job, F. Cranberry Boggs, Esquire, fails to grasp that in the Soulcraft production management I must be controlled by two things: the revenues coming back from the publications on which the wheels themselves turn; second, the availability of persons equipped with brains enough to know a composing stick from a wheelbarrow and that when it starts to pour water from outside clouds, it is desirable to seek shelter from the wetting that results. In other words, my job is to keep *Balance* in this project. Soulcraft for a considerable time has been paying its own way, generally. Moneys that may have been borrowed from time to time were to meet emergencies that could not be foreseen, or underwrite legal expenses of exoneration. If a millionaire ever came along and said, "Here's fifty thousand to properly finance promotion so that returns underwrite an increased staff of executives, thus enabling you to live longer," Soulcraft could be up in the hundreds of thousands,

by actual percentages proven to be reliable. But millionaires are paying heavy taxes today, that the government may have another \$200 million to manufacture tanks that are obsolete before they're off the production line. Men's spiritual progressions can wait. My attitude is, "In the mocking bird's eye they can wait. *I'll do what I can with what I've got.*" If the expansion doesn't go forward faster, that's out of my control. The Lord must have some reason for not giving the green-light to the missing millionaire—perhaps the Lord is equally sympathetic with the millionaire about his taxes." So I do meet the payrolls every Friday night according to what I can afford in the way of labor, and cover the rest of the ground myself. Surely I agree with the plutocratic F. Cranberry Boggs, Esq., that I'm probably working myself into a condition for ascension earlier than I would do otherwise, but what would I gain by conserving myself with my typewriter in a cloister while \$180 worth of stock is being misprinted in the press room because no one spotted the mistake that I spot at first glance?

SOULCRAFT under one trade-name or another has now been beaming enlightenment to the public on spiritual progressions for a matter of a quarter century. In its twenty-sixth year it is climbing and expanding. More brand-new Soulcrafters were added to the lists this past summer than in any three-month period since I went to sleep and enjoyed "Seven Minutes." Working eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, four and a half weeks a month, without the luxury of any more time off than an occasional evening at a photoplay, is the raw, hard grind of "establishing a Movement." Someone has to do it or the Movement doesn't get established. Probably scores and even hundreds of worthy Movements have never been established because the parties responsible weren't willing to so apply themselves. F. Cranberry Boggs, who got his bankroll from his grandsire's selling rotgut whiskey to Oklahoma Indians, thinks he offers a clincher argument when he screeches, "But if you break down by working yourself into a hole in the ground, what becomes of *everything*?" . . . Well, first if I break down and work myself into a hole in the ground, F. Cranberry Boggs for one thing doesn't get any more books for \$3 that hold \$100 worth of enlightenment for his benighted soul—thus shortsuiting me on the \$97 he doesn't pay—second, I *don't* break down because I won't indulge myself in the luxury; and third, so long as I can say to the Elder Brother, I did the best I could with the talent you gave me and increased it a hundred-fold, I'm not going to stew myself into prostration because it didn't happen to be a thousandfold or a millionfold. Let the millionaire who didn't come through, do his own remorse off in a heavenly corner. God is holding me to accounting for no one but myself . . .

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