

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

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Number 23



## **GOD SUPPLIES; MAN MISUSES**

*We Must Learn How  
to Manage an Economy  
of Abundance*

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# CHALLENGE TO INTELLECT

## What Are We Going to Do with So Much? . .

**T**HIS JOURNAL has preached consistently from its inception that three Major Readjustments were coming upon society, particularly on society in our current United States. The first was the termination of all Wars on the planet, not so much through economic exhaustion as through enforced cosmic guardianship to see that they do not happen in future. The second was complete alteration in Religious Concepts, based on an eventual face-to-face situation with the Great Progenitor of the Christian religion, wherein He proclaims the true facts about Cosmos. The third was a sensible alteration in the structure of our economic lives, in which all productive industry turns cooperative in character and free enterprise—that is free to commit economic suicide every little while because the workman who is the consumer is never compensated with quite enough to buy back what he has created—stops being a great gamblers' pit of profits and losses, with the inarticulate common man the eventual victim.

The orthodox conservative screams "Radicalism!" over any such listing, and when the dispassionate intellectual names the blocs and cartels in the body-politic that are responsible for current bedevilements, the machinery is at once oiled up to consign such thinkers to penal perdition.

None of it alters the fact that humanity on this Sorrowful Planet must pass through the dry-cleaning of three stupendous overhauls of its institutions, Governmental, Religious and Commercial.

Wars have got to be called off because advancing Civilization can no longer afford them.

Religion must alter its notions of what constitutes true spirituality and Denominations cease being theologic political parties, with a paid chairman and Local Committee holding the jobs of filching voters from each other to win the moral elections.

Economics must be reconstructed, so that the order of commercial life is not first a feast and then famine. This last is by no means any primary school prob-

lem. Attempts to consummate it have led to those exaggerated dictatorial systems known as Communism and Fascism. The fault with them has lain in the fact that they were not spontaneous contributions or cooperations from the citizens themselves. They were "Do As I Tell You or Get Your Neck Broken" fiat on the part of individuals who considered themselves masterminds, assuming they could build police forces to compel obedience to what they masterminded.

Now we approach a time when the three great institutions of earthly society face overhauling through force of circumstances, Militarism, Religion, and Commercialism. That the Saucer Men may aid in the first; and Christ Himself in the second, is beside the point.

We are concerned for the moment only with the third.

**I**F THE lessons of history have any significance for us at all, they have demonstrated that when any government subtracts so high as 25 percent of a people's revenue for purposes of its own international exploits—of course through the confiscation that is politely known as taxation—that nation or people so supervised, is doomed to collapse.

Federal, State, and local taxation this year is due to take something like 90 billions of dollars out of the assets of United States corporations and citizens. True, a goodly portion of it is turned back into trade, by being used to subsi-

dize payrolls for the public servants, including the military. But it has the effect of impoverishing the individual citizen in pursuit of jurisdiction over his honest individual earnings.

In 1914 the major nations of Christendom embarked on a program of sanguinary military conflict that quickly burned up the accumulated savings of humanity for the past 400 years or more. The cost of killing an enemy human being in that war—before it was finished—entirely aside from the moral iniquity involved, averaged around \$18,000. The miscreants who had loosed it eventually fanagled to get the United States to join in on their side, to assure "victory" . . . but in the terms of peace settlements, laid down conditions that brought on its resumption in 1939. Before World War II had run, the cost of killing an enemy human being—just one!—had arisen to \$85,000. And civilization began to go into debt, drawing upon the largess of the future, to provide the gargantuan funds. Now in the atomic clean-up period of these two conflicts, the cost of killing just one enemy soldier has gone above \$100,000.

War truly has priced itself out of the market.

Instead of political and military leaders calling the thing off, telling humanity quite frankly, "We've got to call an end to it because we can't afford it any longer!" jingoism and national vanities, not to mention continental fears generated by past performances, seems to be planning bigger and better wars—which humanity has run out of cash to finance utterly.

It wouldn't be so bad if the cost of an individual shell had been \$100 and such had been manufactured and exploded until the supply of either shells or moneys ran out. But what has happened has been a crackpot policy adopted of freezing untold amounts of future wealth in industrial potentials for these bigger and better wars that make them necessary for the economic machine to operate in gear at all. So a War Economy has appeared, and fighting must be originated and perpetrated to keep whole populations in jobs. The whole land of America is consequently spotted with mammoth industrial plants, all kept alive by going in debt to the future.

If anyone wants an outstanding illustration of how God supplies and Man

misuses, consider the order announced recently as having been awarded by the War Department for army tanks to the amount of \$200 million.

Every tank to be made by this gargantuan expenditure of wealth will be obsolete, say the military experts, before it leaves the factory assembly line! All that God-given material and Man-misused energy tossed away. And why?

Because, in our upside down economy, in a land where production far surpasses public ability to consume, something must be done to keep workmen in work. If workmen are not kept employed making necessities, let them make unnecessaries at Government expense—meaning taxpayers' expense—\$200 million of obsolete tanks being very much unnecessaries in the present world situation with Russia falling apart before our eyes.

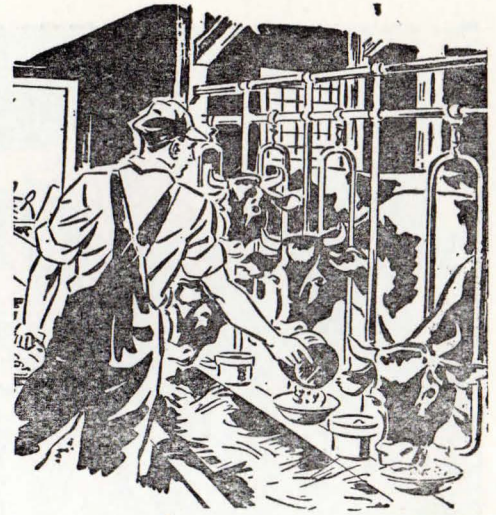
Truth to tell, the situation is similar to a grocer buying his wife a \$5,000 mink coat which he can't afford, so that the furrier will trade at his store and have some money with which to pay his food bill.

And the Washington politician comes along to that grocer and furrier and reminds them with a pat on the shoulders of each, "You never had it so good!"

But the whole crackpot situation is what the white races of the world are being forced to solve as introductory to the Golden Times . . .

**I**NDIANA this autumn is facing the greatest corn crop in the history of the State. Other States as to other crops are similarly situated excepting in the Southwest where permanent drought is settling in. But one of the chief reasons why agriculture is so avidly pursued, with such excessive crops—more than there is storage-space to accommodate—is federal government subsidies to maintain crop prices at par.

The trouble with subsidy payments, however, is the fact that instead of merely stabilizing a price situation for those in a given agricultural or food processing line already so that they do not lose money on a standard crop, thousands of others immediately engage in the raising of the crops to get the guaranteed profit, and there is over-production, spoilage, and the public left holding the bag all around. The public has to pay the subsidy out of its taxes to keep food prices up on a level where it can't afford to buy the products so priced, while the stimulus to surplus production gets worse and worse.



All of it means higher taxes generally for the purpose of keeping prices high. And as if the whole paradoxical system were not enough to bedevil us into imminent bankruptcy, we have been maneuvered into bearing most of the cost of the United Nations world government—as much as our whole federal system cost us in the days of Wilson—while at the same time we are also taxed to help support Britain, France, and a dozen important countries of Europe under the guise of foreign "aid" . . .

The overhaul on it all comes, of course, when our people run out of capital. In the confusion and prostration that results, the Luciferians expect to begin their tomtom beat, "You've tried everything else and it's failed to work, so let's stop browbeating Communism and give it a try."

It well can be called a test of the I-Q of the American people, as to whether they possess sufficient grey matter to continue self-governing.

**S**UPPOSE we look at the whole picture with calm, clear eyes, however, estimate the abuses for what they are, minimize our name-calling and political jig-sawing, and consider the quandary as constructively Cosmic. *What we are confronting and experiencing is a phase in the evolution of the peoples of this globe*—and if beings from a higher plane came along and solved it for us, we should learn little that stayed with us.

We don't need Saucer Men to enlighten us that only when people are distressed do they halt and think—providing they be not too much distressed. The facing of the fundamental cost of Luciferian mismanagement of public affairs is due to be a stupendous reckoning. If, however, it does away with contradictory and pernicious practices that have been steady-

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# Our Space-Ship Not Permitted

*Cosmic Law  
Prohibits  
Interference  
by One Planet  
in Another's  
Evolution . .*

created last May by intelligence officers of the military air transport service.

The former major said many Air Force pilots have seen the saucers and are convinced they are interplanetary craft. He told of one B-29 crew which sighted 22 of the saucers over the Gulf of Mexico. He said the plane's radar clocked the flying objects at 5,000 miles an hour. Then, Keyhoe said, the "blurs of blue-white light" joined a huge unit which he believes was the "mother ship." The B-29 crewmen calculated that the "mother" moved out of sight at about 9,000 miles an hour.

**MAJOR** Keyhoe's first book *The Flying Saucers Are Real* was one of the outstanding Saucer volumes of 1952, followed by Gerald Heard's *Is Another World Watching?* Frank Scully's volume *Behind the Flying Saucers*, was ignominiously discredited, for no reason in the world but that the same group of Air Force Officers who apparently elected themselves mental wet-nurses of the American people, "decided" that it "wasn't in the public interest" to have the facts come out too early as Scully presented them.

However, it took George Adamski and George Hunt Williamson to put the jinx on the pseudo-federal censorship, with their reports on what happened in that desert canyon in Blythe, California, at noontime last November 20th.

*VALOR* is in possession of the Adamski book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, airmailed by its London publishers, and has read it carefully and sympathetically. More about this volume presently. Corroborating the chronicle that Adamski and his co-author, Desmond Leslie, offer with supporting affidavits of eye witnesses of the highest prestige and integrity, George Hunt Williamson is about to appear with a book the last of October, *The Saucers Speak*. Williamson and his colleagues say they are in contact with two Mother Ships forty miles up.

And as though more confirmation of the actuality of the Saucer arrivals were required, Orfeo Matthew Angelucci, a

**A**N INTERNATIONAL News Service dispatch out of Washington on September 28th announced to the country that at last the Air Force has movies which prove that the mysterious objects flashing of late about our North American skies actually are craft from another planet. Retired Marine Corps Major Donald E. Keyhoe said that the pictures were taken over Tremonton, Utah, on July 2, 1952, but were never disclosed because a group of officers decided such action "was not in the public interest." The dispatch goes on to say—

The Air Force promptly denied it has kept the movies under wraps. A spokesman said the owner of the films—Navy Warrant Officer Delbert C. Newhouse—can make them public if he wants. The spokesman added that the Air Force still believes weather conditions are the cause of the saucers—and not men from another planet.

According to Keyhoe whose book, "Flying Saucers from Outer Space," will be published Oct. 5, the movies show a formation of round, glowing objects

maneuvering at high speed over Tremonton. He said Air Force and Navy photographic experts spent months analyzing the films and officially concluded that they could not be aircraft of any known type. Keyhoe said another secret analysis of unidentified flying objects was made after the summer of 1952. He quoted Albert M. Chop, a former Air Force press official, as saying, on the basis of this study: "If the apparently controlled maneuvers reported by many competent observers are correct, then the only remaining explanation is the interplanetary answer."

In 1952, the Pentagon said a series of mysterious objects sighted over Washington that summer was caused by "temperature inversions." But Keyhoe said he has an official Air Force statement declaring that weather conditions did not cause the sightings. There haven't been many flying saucer reports in the newspapers recently, but Keyhoe said plenty of them are pouring constantly into the air technical intelligence center at Dayton, Ohio. He said flying saucer reports by airline pilots are kept secret under a confidential plan called "Cirvis" which he said was

# Guests Say They Are to Alter Earth Destiny

plastics worker in an aircraft plant just outside of Los Angeles, tells the most amazing story of all in the initial number of *The Mystic Magazine*, "I Traveled in a Flying Saucer." VALOR has private knowledge of the fact that more than Angelucci have been taken for voyages in Saucer craft. *One of the outstanding authorities on Saucers has ridden in the interplanetary craft seven times, and made two trips to the Mother Ships.*

All this constitutes the gravest confirmation that the supreme exploit of the ages has been achieved. Intelligent beings have surmounted all interspatial obstacles and begun forming liaisons with one another across the emptiness of starry sky.

If this is not the "story of the century," then mankind's mental equipment is in sad need of overhaul.

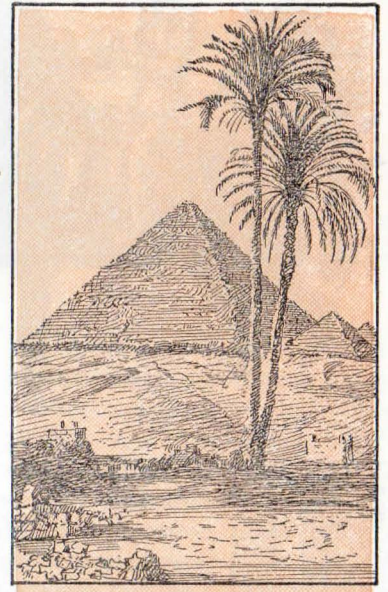
**T**HE ADAMSKI book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, co-written by Desmond Leslie, is a 232-page volume giving at last an official and detailed version of precisely what happened in the California-Arizona desert last November 20th. Adamski had been for two or three years keenly alive to the literal exploits of the Saucers. Photographing them and the Mother Ships from Palomar through 6-inch telescopes, he was suddenly apprised

by Extra-Sensory Perception of the forthcoming landing of a Saucer somewhere in the vicinity of Blythe, Cal., on the November 20th date—a method often employed by the Saucer People to transmit messages. Gathering a party, consisting of George Hunt Williamson, anthropologist, and his wife Betty, with Al Bailey of Arizona, and Mrs. Bailey, together with Prof. Adamski's secretary, Mrs. Lucy McGinnis, and Mrs. Alice Wells, they proceeded to the rendezvous.

Adamski relates how the Mother Ship first descended low enough to be perceptible to all the party, then, harried by U.S. Air Force Military planes, it withdrew. Presently a lone Saucer descended, during the noon-hour, disgorging its obvious pilot, who walked down the canyon to meet and converse with Adamski.

The Polish-American's description of the contact, the conversation, and the resultant accident to his own right arm when he stepped too close to the Saucer, is told with a clarity and sincerity that precludes any fabrication of the text-material. VALOR happens to be fortunate in being in correspondence with Prof. Adamski and getting his additional private advices about the meeting.

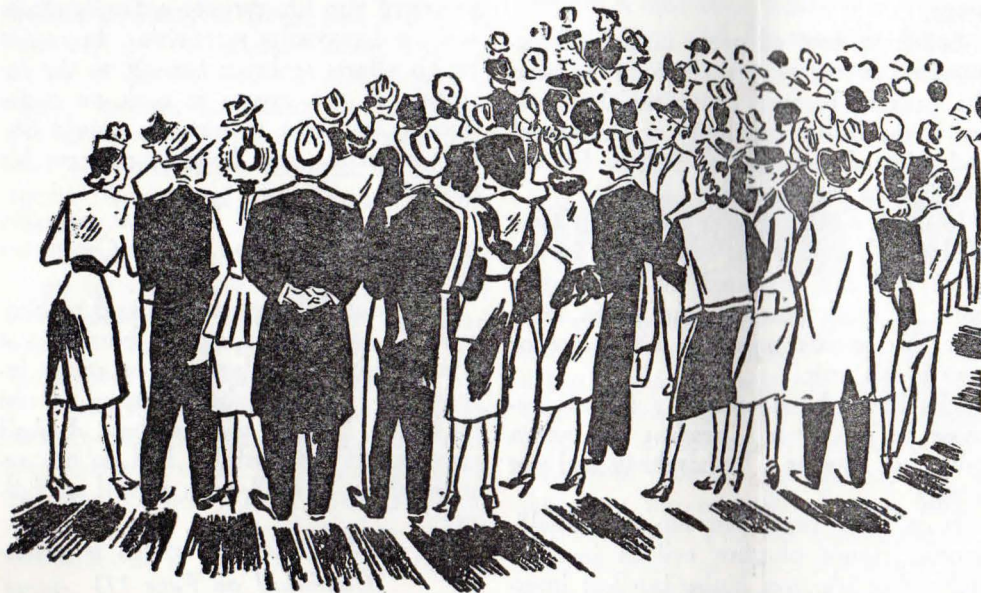
"I felt like a little child," Adamski states, "in the presence of one with great

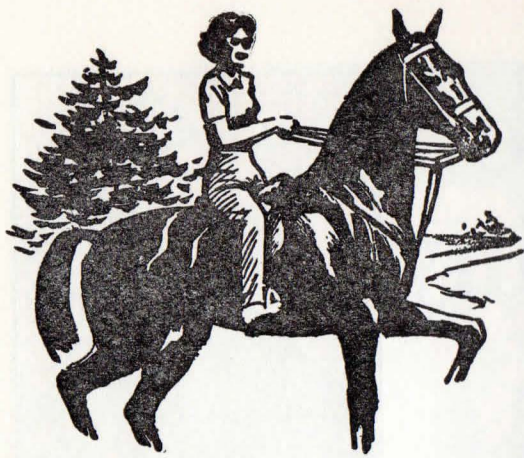


wisdom and much love, and I became very humble within myself . . . for from him was radiating a feeling of infinite understanding and kindness, with supreme humility. To break the spell that had overtaken me, he extended his hand in a gesture toward shaking hands. I responded to it in our customary manner. But he rejected this with a smile and a slight shake of his head. Instead of grasping hands as we of Earth do, he placed the palm of his hand against my palm, just touching it but not too firmly. I took this to be a sign of friendship . . ."

**I**N ANOTHER place Adamski says, "The flesh of his hand to the touch of mine was like a baby's—very delicate in texture but firm and warm. His hands were slender, with long tapering fingers like the beautiful hands of an aristocratic woman . . . He was about five feet six inches in height and weighed, according to our standards, about 135 pounds. I would have estimated him to be about 28 years of age, although he could have been much older. He was round faced, with an extremely high forehead, large but calm green-grey eyes, with slightly higher cheek-bones than an Occidental but not so high as an Indian's or Oriental's; a finely chiseled nose, not conspicuously large, and an average-sized mouth with beautiful white teeth. As nearly as I can describe his skin, its coloring would be an even, medium-colored suntan. And it did not look to me that he had ever to shave, for there was no more hair upon his face than upon a child's."

The feminine element will be interested in this: "His hair was sandy in color and  
(Continued on Page 10)





# Could You Draw a Chart of Your Mortal Career?

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

**T**HE PERSON who, in his forty-fifth year, begins lamenting that life is a wastage and a spoil, must have had definite ideas at some earlier date of what his better career should have been, in order to make such comparisons possible at all. This of itself involves a quality of intelligence that we can by no means designate as common. Persons who can be correctly designated as common, never give a thought to their comparative success or failure in life, the calendar around.

It seems a noteworthy fact that the vast bulk of the human race has only arrived at that quality of consciousness where "being" of itself is what intrigues it, not the social gradation of the personal function.

The great human herd, from Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand, seems as gratified as it is amazed, merely to find itself alive. If let alone, and not made to suffer undue physical privations, it accepts caste and rank without the slightest resentment. In fact, it will help to defend and preserve caste and rank, by a sort of spiritual instinct, as being quite the proper organization of mortal society. It does this in a blind acceptance that the day will arrive when it will merit the same defense and protection and so it creates the cosmic obligation in advance.

If amazement at life itself in the very common person be doubted, watch the expression on the face of a peasant at the singing flight of the meadow lark, or the birth of young to one of his animals, or the splendor of royalty suddenly revealed in flashing sunlight.

Much maudlin sentiment has been poured out—like sickish frosting over black-bread—to the effect that upper-caste humanity should get very much excited over the lack of equity in the lot

of the honest hand-artisan in the lower brackets, because the latter seems so cruelly denied the social advantages which those in the upper brackets are supposed to enjoy to surfeit.

Poems like Markham's, *Man with the Hoe*, are sighed over by the pseudo-intelligentsia, and great social revolutions are promoted, that troglodytes may be transformed into princes overnight.

**I**N ALL the mawkish and mischievous business, the point is overlooked that what the intelligentsia happens to be doing is transposing its own quality of consciousness to the plight of the peasant, and working up much lather as to how the intelligentsia would feel if transferred to the commoner's status while still retaining and exercising its upper-bracket standards of intellectual sensation.

And nothing of the sort could actually occur.

Speaking now of great masses of humankind in the raw, the peasant is born the peasant because becoming the peasant is the fullest capability of his mental and spiritual development that he has arrived at, to the moment.

It is his earthly brevet to be that type of lowly husbandman, and if he be let alone and not exploited, he will derive quite as much pleasure and profit from that role as any prince in his palace or poet in his attic.

His life is by no means a failure, because he was born a peasant and not a prince, or lives as a husbandman and not a poet.

It is, nine times out ten, the intelligentsia caste's plotting evil in its own right, that it's own higher-intellect inter-

ests may be the better served, that makes out the peasant's lot to be a sorry one indeed, and bestirs the troglodytes to grab up a pitchfork and go on a rampage.

There is scarcely a case in history where honest peasants, humanely treated and equitably rewarded for wholesome toil, have ever revolted of themselves, or petitioned legislatures to raise them to dukedoms.

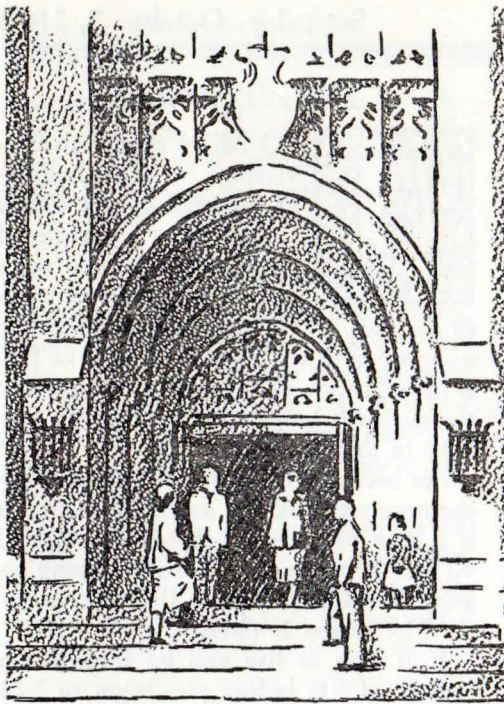
It is Nature herself who has made these distinctions, and most of earth's turmoil comes from unbalanced busybodies' striving to readapt society to their notions of what the world should be, if only they had the power to make all folk like themselves.

**T**HE PERSON then, who in his forty-fifth year is given to lamentation over the "failure" of his career, had a certain degree of intellect to start with, and could view society and advancement objectively. This he did, and tentatively classified himself. He was not content with merely being alive. His aliveness must take some peculiar form, pattern, design, or function. He meant to start in one place and finish in another. Being born in a family without worldly goods, he meant to end his own days amply supplied with kine and shekels. Or being projected into life through a family strain without community recognition, he meant by his efforts to bring himself to the attention of the masses in such an indisputable way that monuments would display his name, and holidays preserve his memory.

Broken down and looked at nakedly, however, both of these are but Complexes to Power.

The youthful aspirant has said to himself: "I have gotten myself born into a status without goods-power or social influence. I will set about gaining to one or both. If I so acquire these, I shall term myself 'successful.' If I do not acquire them, I shall term myself a 'failure'."

So people of wealth—which is goods—  
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# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## Who Do You Think You Are?

After that interval, which of course was only seconds, the dean relaxed a little and repeated the question, "I said, who do you think you are?" Then he smiled, as he let them down gently with something like this; "One of the most vital things you can learn in life is to know who you are and what you are here for." And he proceeded to give them one of the finest short, heart to heart talks on life and its possibilities that I've ever heard.

being, you have iron, about enough for four ten-penny nails; you contain enough phosphate for approximately eight thousand matches; you have enough fat for seventy-five candles; you hold enough hydrogen to fill a good sized balloon; you have got enough water to fill a ten to fifteen gallon tank; you have enough mineral substances, besides, to make one hundred eggs, a bowl of sugar, and six teaspoons of salt. Altogether, you can buy yourself for less than a day's wages.

**S**EVERAL years back, I was one of the faculty members, teaching in a conference of youth in one of our Southern states. Each day we had a chapel period in which the dean of the conference gave a short lecture, or talk, to the total youth body. These morning chapel talks were taken more or less for granted by the young people and, I might add, probably not too seriously.

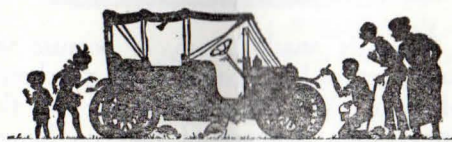
About the third or fourth morning, however, the dean rang the bell with these youth. There were always some preliminaries during the first part of the chapel period, singing, announcements, and certain assignments. While these preliminaries were being taken care of, the dean had been sitting in front, and a little to the side of the student body, looking down at the floor of the chapel, with a rather morose, forboding sort of stare. He didn't raise his eyes from that position until the acting chairman of the assembly announced the lecture of the morning.

Without further ado, the dean quietly arose, walked slowly to the center of the room, directly in front of the assembled youth. Then, he suddenly dropped his right hand from his chin, where he had it thoughtfully cupped and, looking straight into the eyes of those young people, pointedly asked, "Who do you think you Are, anyway?" Then he waited, without a trace of a smile, for what seemed like minutes to those wide-eyed, startled youth.

**D**O YOU know, I think all of us need to be shaken with that pointed question. "Who do we think we are, anyway?" Let's make it personal. "Who am I, and what am I here for? Where am I going? How can I be and become the person I might be?"

There are a lot of attempted answers to these questions. But I doubt that there is much thinking through to a satisfying conclusion on the part of most of us. But, in order to arrive at a definite point in this discussion, let's ask certain departments, or areas of life and thought, the question, "Who am I? or What am I?"

I ask the question of biology, "Who am I?", and I get an answer something like this; "You are a living being. You are not a machine. There is a difference between man and the machine. The machine was made for man, and not man for the machine."



I ask the question of physiology, and the answer comes back, "Why, you're a living, pulsating entity of physical substance belonging to the human species. You are composed of certain physical substances that can be analyzed and reduced to the essential elements of the physical earth. You are constituted as a physical being of some 200 bones as a structure. Within yourself, as a physical

I ask psychology, "Who am I?" and I get the profound answer; "You are a mental being who thinks and appreciates and makes decisions." As if that explains anything.

**B**UT I turn to the realm of the spiritual and ask the question, "Who am I?", and I get the answer, "You are a spiritual being, aware of yourself. You are more than physical substance. You are a divine particle of Universal Consciousness, capable of unlimited growth and expansion into an even greater, wiser, finer being. You are different from the animals below you in that you do possess an awareness of the God within you, and from whence you come, and of whom you are a part. You're going somewhere."

One is reminded of that beautiful Eighth Psalm in which the Psalmist asks, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visiteth?" And the answer comes back; "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

Let's get that vision of ourselves. We are "gods in the making." The Elder Brother adjures in Chapter 207 of the *Golden Scripts*, "Seek the godhood that lieth within yourselves", so that you may get the right perspective on life, and live with ever opening doors to opportunities unlimited.

The following little verses, by an unknown author, border on parody, but they do express good, sound sense for life—

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# Valor

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## Sense and Balance

**S**UPPOSE we don't blink it—the prime subject of interest in this autumn sequence of 1953, is the arrival of the Saucers from other planets. Interplanetary travel is being demonstrated before our eyes, but like the farmer at the circus who beheld the giraffe, "There ain't no such animal!" Now a score of reliable commentators and publishers are attesting that there *is* such an animal. And the Air Force grudgingly concedes that it has known it all along, but feared to trust the American people with such dynamic knowledge . . .

Let's not be too critical of the Air Force. Something too big for it to rationalize appeared in the skies. Cosmos for once had superceded the Pentagon. And the Pentagon fumbled. After all, there is naught in the Pentagon but entirely human men—with wives and children—who are called upon to make momentous decisions concerning all of us.

"Deny it and let the proof leak out," is the formula it followed.

We would probably have followed the same formula ourselves.

All of which has little to do with the reality or nonreality of the Saucer People. They are denizens of higher worlds in our Cosmos. They are standing by, some forty miles up, watching the Earth-Scene and awaiting the Great Avatar's orders.

You are apparently listed in their books of vital statistics for what you are.

After all, what *are* you?

VALOR is intrigued by the whole of

it because in its early books of transcripts in 1929, all this was forecast. Also the Outcome. But because the Recorder considered it all allegorical, nothing was done to acclaim it.

Now, apparently, it wasn't allegorical.

## Kremlin Headache



**W**E COME down to puny and ribald Russia, the Flea Rampant among the nations. The Flying Saucer potentates could wipe her off the map of Cosmos at a stroke—if it were the right thing to do. But the Saucer People, apparently, are adepts in the Cosmic Law. They know that denizens of this Sorrowful Planet must work out their karmic destinies. They are standing by while the work-out progresses.

Bill Baxter of New York, Trojan of Economists, says that Russia is upon her last legs and staggering to collapse.

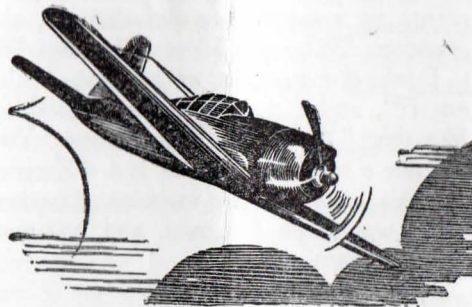
Whom are we going to select among the nations for our "enemy", in order to arm and thus maintain our screwball economy?

Alas, there is no one.

We have no enemies.

We have thrashed them all. We stand triumphant in a world of foes, all of them prostrate and supplicant for succor, and don't know what to do with ourselves.

What a predicament!



Peace is anathema to us because we have been so long reared in the psychoses of War. We are punch-drunk with the annihilation of enemies that no longer exist. Isn't it time we partook of a little sense?

No matter what the explicit date was—that we were supposed to enter the Great Pyramidal King's Chamber—the Aquarian Age is bringing us the Flying Saucers from distant planets.

Here we are, but where are we?

Strange if War should stop because no foes can be identified for attack. That, apparently, can happen . . .

## No Argument



**T**WO MEN cannot sit conversing for five hours—as reported in this week's COGITATIONS a couple of pages along—without some perturbing facts coming to the fore. Two such facts have gotten no mention in the Page 12 opus. The first is identification of the typical Soulcraft; the second is how he got hold of the doctrine in the first place.

For better or for worse, it remains without argument that the average Soulcraft is a man or woman between the ages of 40 and 70, with the age-scale tipping toward the older set rather than the younger. The reason is obvious.

You have to live and go through the ordeals of life before you begin to look for the values in what you may have experienced. It isn't so much that you worry about dying, the nearer you get to the Gates of Transition. It's that the great fundamental explanations in Soulcraft start to interpret the mortal sojourn for you when you've arrived at those years when you start reflecting about the whole of it. Youngsters don't do much reflecting. They merely live and sense the adventure of physical existence. Ultimately the period starts when they ask themselves what it's all about.

Soulcraft makes it clear to them.

So the typical Soulcraft is a person of some intellect, inclined to be elderly and temperamentally philosophical. This likewise means that he's acquired a reasonable portion of this earth's goods and a three-dollar bill doesn't burn his palm till it's spent for an evening's theatrical performance or drinks for the crowd in a tavern. Thus the average Soulcraft is moderately prosperous—particularly the feminine element—and doesn't consider it freakish to buy and own a book for its own sake.

Which brings up point Number Two, how the typical Soulcraft got the Liberation Ideology in the first place.

A rule-of-thumb canvas of Soulcrafters who have visited Headquarters from time to time has brought out the fact that more of the hard-core of its devotees first learned of it through the original *New Liberator Magazine* than through any other source. They either picked up a copy through curiosity at a newsstand or reading-table, or they saw it lying open in a friend's home, became interested in some challenging article and sent in a



subscription for themselves. BRIGHT HORIZONS that now succeeds *The New Liberator* in the same format, has already started performing this service anew.

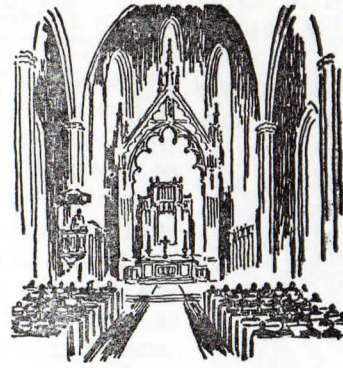
The point is, that nine out of ten Soulcrafters, who have "been with it" since 1931, got their metaphysical education by withdrawing into seclusion and reading themselves into conviction that its text held the answers. If later they attended the Liberation Assemblies or Soulcraft Chapels, it was to mingle with others of similar conviction and hear its tenets publicly discussed.

Soulcraft, however, is probably the only esoteric study offered today, that holds just as much for the serious-minded isolationist off on the Dakota prairie as for the apartment house dweller in a modern metropolis with a dozen radio programs making the area of the airshaft torturous.

You buy any one of its 17 books, get alone by yourself, and absorb them. You can ponder, cogitate and assay their statements. As the great Doctrine of Rationality begins to round out in your intellect, you discover yourself standing on firm spiritual ground. Have you ever stopped to realize that no other such course of study exists in intellectual life today? The nearest approaching it is Christian Science. It has but one volume of consequence—*Science and Health*. Certainly in denominational religion there's no complete library covering the points of any one Belief. The various cults offer you tracts and pamphlets, but no complete library of works covering every phase of mortality and its problems. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* contains all of Theosophy but by no means answers all the quandaries that life presents in day to day experience. Swedenborg left several works that gave form and substance to the Swedenborgin Church, and Stainton Moses made Spiritualism articulate.

But Soulcraft—meaning the skill of the soul mounting successfully up through the worlds—covers every phase of cosmic phenomena, from the Thought Consciousness of God to the latest problem in backward children. And by acquiring and owning its 17 books—really 20 books if *Thinking Alive*, *Earth Comes*, and *Nations-in-Law* become available through re-printings—one reads in solitude and at his own pace of pondering and understanding, and needs no cleric at his elbow to prescribe his limits of conviction.

Sooner or later America is due to awaken to what has happened in the com-



## The Presence



FROM the depths of Consciousness Mundane  
We seek the light of God's Eternal Day;  
Each soul its path must follow to the End,  
Each seeking in its own God-given way.  
The Path which leads to heights in quest of Love,  
Seems oft so lonely as we climb the Steep,  
We falter and we fall, to rise again,  
Our hearts oft torn, we climb with bleeding feet.

This life of Earth, this Valley of the Shadows here,  
Holds purpose vast for those of us who Know,  
The presence of our Father-Mother God,  
This Presence with us always, here Below.  
Our senses five deny this truth divine,  
The truth that God is with us all the Way.  
The senses tell us of Earth's dreary Night,  
There is no night in God's Eternal Day!

Could God forget us for a second, Loving Heart?  
Then you and I would surely cease to BE;  
He holds us constantly within His Mind,  
His arms are underneath, for you and me.  
This sequence, Path-of-Earth seems, tragic, drear,  
Seems oft of little or of no avail,  
'Tis then the Voice speaks in our Spirit Ear:  
"Lo, I am with you all along the Trail."

Earth's Night is passing; comes the newborn Day,  
We sing with joy at coming of the dawn  
And as Earth's shadows go, we greet the sun,  
In Presence, Love Divine, we are reborn!  
The Gift of God within us, that "I AM",  
Is proof beyond all doubt *that God is here*;  
Reside within me, all along the way,  
Dispelling all my doubts and earthborn Fear.

Dear Heart, we are the Temple of the Living God,  
We also are His children, You and I.  
So, in this Presence, hand in Hand we go  
To claim our Many Mansions in the Sky!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

pilation of the Soulcraft Doctrine, ninety per cent of it transcribed by Extra-Sensory Perception from higher states of consciousness.

All of which brings out the reason why the Soulcraft activities are mainly concerned with publishing.

You educate yourself cosmically with a book and a reading-lamp in mental quiet. It is something to note for its unique effectivity.

Of course you've got to know how to read as first requisite.

## Zachary Still With Us



**F**RIENDS of the late Roy Zachary throughout the nation will find interest in the news that he recently accomplished full materialization through the mediumship of Mrs. Brandt at a psychical clinic at Seattle, the last of August. Excerpts from letter written by Rubie Johnson of Redmond relay the following—

"Roy and George Fisher sent particular greetings to you (WDP) at the seance I attended at the Niehan's home two weeks ago. They materialized to Arthur and me as a big surprise, right between my dad and mother, with Pollards and another couple. Roy said, 'Tell Chief I'm never still on my feet a moment and nobody is a stranger. There's only one work.' George F. seemed retiring and modest. He gave encouragement for your work and its great progress and accomplishments. They said they'd be at the Lodge next Sunday. Roy's manner was natural and his voice powerful . . ."

This is the third time Zachary has announced himself, although it is the first instance of his achieving full physicality before people who knew him in life.

Life assumes a different meaning when there are no dead.

## Soulcraft Rostrum

(Continued from Page 7)

"A horse can't pull while kicking,  
This fact I merely mention.  
And he can't kick while pulling,  
Which is my chief contention.

"Let's imitate the good old horse  
And lead a life that's fitting;  
Just pull an honest load, and then  
There'll be no time for kicking."

## SAUCER GUESTS

(Continued from Page 5)

hung in beautiful waves to his shoulders, glistening more exquisitely than any woman's I have ever seen. And I remember a passing thought of how Earth women would enjoy having such beautiful hair as this man had . . ."

He was dressed, so Adamski says, in an one-piece overall suit that resembled a modern ski-suit, with belt around the waist and wrists and ankles tied snugly.

The Adamski narration is a masterpiece of pertinent detail and fine descriptive sincerity.

**A**DAMSKI states that he conversed with the Saucer Man for forty minutes, and describes minutely how this was done, lacking a common tongue. Subsequently they proceeded up the canyon toward the hovering Space Ship. Venturing too close to the mechanism, he made a gesture that carried his right hand into the space between the rim of the ship and the ground. Electrically his hand and wrist was whipped upright with such force as nearly to shatter the bone. The Space Man pulled him away. Yet the shock of that mishap rendered Adamski's right arm impotent for a couple of weeks.

The book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, can be procured from the British Book Centre, 420 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. The price is \$3.50. Publication date is October 30th. Every Soulcrafters in America is apprised to put in an order and get a copy of the volume when it appears. Remember that its author and the Recorder are in close rapport, and what Prof. Adamski states in his side remarks about the contact will be followed through upon, by the editor of *VALOR*. More about this remarkable volume in a subsequent issue.

Suppose we give consideration for a moment to what was said to Orfeo Angelucci, as recounted in his monograph. *I Traveled in a Flying Saucer*, in *Mystic Magazine*—

"We see the individual people of earth," the Saucer Man stated, "as each one really is, not as perceived by the limited senses of man. The people of your planet have been under observation by us for centuries, but have only recently been resurveyed. Every point of progress in your society is registered with us. We know you as you do not know yourselves. *Every man, woman, and child on Earth*

*is recorded in our vital statistics by means of our receiving 'crystal discs.'* . . . We feel a deep sense of kinship, or brotherhood, toward Earth's inhabitants because the evolution of our planet has been along somewhat the same lines as that of Earth. In you we can look back and see our own world going through its 'growing pains' . . . we ask that you look upon us as older, much older, brothers!"

**T**O WHAT does it all add up?

It adds up to the astounding revelation that these operators of the Space Craft are *Christ People in the highest and finest sense!* Only nitwits, or denizens of the camps of the Anti-Christ, would go into dithers over the Coming of the Space People.

*Valor will have much to report to Soulcrafters as it makes its own contacts with these loftier terrestrial beings.*

But this statement from the Saucer Men is pertinent, as reported by Angelucci—

"The aggressive men of Earth want our scientific advancements. For these they would shoot our craft from the skies—if they could. But additional scientific knowledge we cannot give to Earth, as much as we might like to—not even the simple key to the secret of magnetic power. For man's material knowledge has far outstripped the growth of brotherly love and spiritual understanding in his heart. Therein lies the danger. To add to man's scientific knowledge now would be as foolhardy as giving matches to a thoughtless child in a room filled with gunpowder. All that we can hope to give mankind is a deeper knowledge and understanding of its own true natures and a greater awareness of its life-and-death problems facing it. Whether they shall survive upon Earth—or perish to begin anew—this has happened in the past and is possible to happen again!"

The Saucer Men are True Soulcrafters in their Higher Estimates.

More next week!

## Abundance

(Continued from Page 3)

ly undermining the public wealth the past thirty to fifty years, *the reckoning shall show itself as worth the educating ordeals.*

Get interested in it as a challenge to intelligence, and a solving of it as a great

game to be played for the improvement of intellect, and it starts to lose its rigors. To every human problem there is a human solution. Everything depends on how much grey matter humanity brings to bear on it.

## Your Mortal Career

(Continued from Page 6)

power—are generally regarded as successes on the one hand, and people of social influence—or daily domination of associated spirit-souls—are conceded to be successes on the other.

It is attainment to goods or social power that is popularly commended as Ambition, and having accomplished such objectives there is little or no lamenting the "failure" of the life.

Where the average man has fallen down, however, when he reaches his forty-fifth year and declares himself a failure, is in confusing the Wish-to-Power with the Will-to-Power.

The difference between the two—at least as it works in practice—is the existence of a blueprint, or chart, consciously acknowledged, concerning what the life-role shall encompass.

**T**HE MAN with the Will-to-Power has taken stock of himself subconsciously or otherwise, and drawn his Life Chart more or less deliberately. He has said: "This is what I purpose to represent before my fellows on my forty-fifth birthday. I will either have thus-and-such wealth, or this-or-that social influence. In other words, I know precisely what I want to become, and shall permit absolutely nothing to stand in the way of my accomplishment." It may be a business career that such a one selects. It may be a profession. It may be a Science. It may be one of the fine arts. No matter! The young man with such Will-to-Power concentrates on that, and that alone. We say popularly that he "specializes."

The more proper description would be that he "draws his blueprint." Having drawn his blueprint, he assiduously follows it.

He erects his career more or less as a contractor erects a skyscraper. He may not achieve all that he sets out privately to achieve, but he does lift his personality head and shoulders above his fellows. So men acclaim he has attained Success.

The other man, with only the Wish-to-Power, had the intellectual realization of his deficient beginnings, thereby indicating that he could make social comparisons and understand their import.

But that is all that he had.

He designed no blueprint for his life.

He bemoans at forty-five that he does not command what his one-time friend now commands who did design a blueprint. But take note of this—his life is not truly a failure since his status has not altered! He had only the Wish-to-Power at twenty. He still has the Wish-to-Power twenty-five years later. His body has made a lot of motions in that quarter century, and biologically grown older.

Spiritually considered, the man with only the Wish-to-Power has scarcely moved an inch.

At forty-five he is precisely what he was, and where he was, at twenty.

It is the man with the will-to-power, who has adamantly blueprinted and charted his career, specialized and focused on reaching a given status at a given date, avoided all frustrations and obstructions, and then—after twenty-five years of such—met with acute reversal, who has the true prerogative of saying: "I perceive I am a Failure!"

Yet the funny fact is, such men rarely are!

Blueprints, charts, specializings, and focusings, never result in abject failures. The essences of their functionings do not permit it.

**W**HAT Mr. Average American more correctly should say to himself is: "For twenty-five years I have been standing rock-still. I have known War, Romance, and the joy of discovering an unsuspected half-dollar in a worn-out vest. But I am precisely in the spot that I occupied at twenty. For two and a half decades I have been merely funning around, experiencing the business of Existing. Now then, at seventy I am going to look backward on a similar span of time, that I now am deploring as having been fruitless when I regard the age of twenty from the perspective of the present. Am I going to live according to a Will-to-Power blueprint during the coming quarter-century, or am I going to remain in one spot for another two-and-a-half decades? In other words, what am I going to be at seventy, so that my soul and the world acclaim me a Success?"

When a man of forty-five thus chal-

(Continued on Page 15)



## Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

*NO MATTER what your views may be on the After-Life, hold them in abeyance until you have read this challenging volume narrating most of the supernatural experiences undergone by the Recorder of the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS, practically all of them attested by witnesses, then deny or refute continuity of existence if you can . . .*

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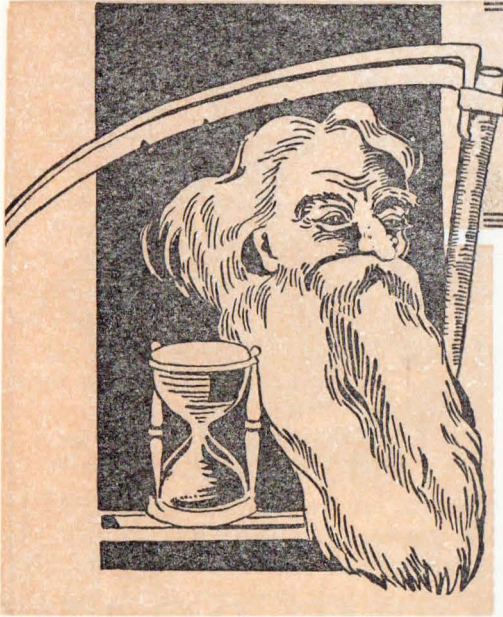
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

# COGITATIONS



**L**HAD an electrifying and stimulating experience Saturday night. One of the outstanding Public Relations experts of great religious denominations in the United States sat in my Noblesville studio and gave me his reactions to the Soulcraft promotional program as he'd been keeping his eye on it for the past dozen years as an outsider. And yet he hadn't been talking ten minutes before I grasped readily enough that he knew what Soulcraft was all about. If I'd asked for a consultation with him as a professional, after traveling eastward to see him, he'd have rendered me a sizable bill—which I'd probably have paid without comment. As it was, he wanted to see Soulcraft go across with a big gesture, and being free to express himself without an eye to pleasing me as a patron, he brought a whole armful of shotguns in with him and let me have barrel after barrel as fast as he could point them and pull triggers. Some of the things he brought to my attention for the first time have been with me every moment since his departure in the wee sma' hours of Sabbath morning. The mood strikes me to make them the burden of this week's COGITATIONS that underwriters of our activities in distant parts may have some inkling of what goes on . . .

o—o  
“THE FIRST big constructive criticism I've got to make,” he began, “is the mistaken impression you seem to be laboring under, that you can get spokesmen for this doctrine in fields afar

that will serve as extension of yourself in relaying it along to the multitude. Before you're really going to make first base, you've got to disabuse your mind of that fallacy. Plenty of people can parrot what you've first said—along with their own so-called 'interpretations'—but they simply can't be extensions of yourself because they don't have in their heads all that you have in yours. There's only one official spokesman for Soulcraft, and that's yourself. And when you start up higher than cloudbanks, whether astrally or in a flying saucer, that's going to be the terminus of the Soulcraft Doctrine. It's your fate and your job to be the Soulcraft official mouthpiece, and without you in the picture there is no Soulcraft. That's my first conviction. My second is more personal. You've got the totally wrong vision of which people in the body politic should be true Soulcrafters. Emphatically they're not the kind that can't listen to more than twenty minutes of your discoursing without their eyelids beginning to droop and their minds starting to wander on where the money's coming from to pay that goshawful bill the plumbing firm turned in Friday afternoon. I've read your general printed publicity. I've attended groups that gathered to listen to your electronic reels. More than all else, I've heard the comment from fellow attendees. It isn't a case of having the temperamental willingness to receive your ideas, it's a case of having the mental stamina to seize and comprehend them for their sweeping basic worth. You've got the biggest thing in the line of revelatory enlightenment that's been sprung on the world since Galilee, but I'll bet you

can count on the fingers of your hands all the people in the United States who truly grasp it. I heard a comment recently from a hearer while the electronic tape was being reversed, that told me volumes: “Pelley does love the sound of his own voice, doesn't he?” one man said, referring to your willingness to stand before the mike and expound for one solid hour. To which the party he addressed returned, ‘I don't mind his verbosity so much as I do the fact that we've had all this before, twenty years of it . . . he hasn't told us a confounded thing new in the past six months.’ Well, I'd heard enough of your reels to identify three brand new ideas expressed within the past twenty minutes. The real trouble lay in the fact that you were asking persons to consider them that lacked the grey matter to consider them, and hence failed to recognize a new idea when it was sprung on them.”

o—o

**I**T WAS difficult to combat this sort of thing, because at once several outstanding personalities in the Soulcraft field drifted into my mental vision. I said, “Well, I'll concur that the comment is often made that the talks I've given are too long . . .” But my visiting Mastermind was exploding again. “Listen, Pelley, don't give me that stuff. I know a group in a nearby city who felt themselves fortunate enough to get hold of a set of your tapes recently, who listened to four of them in one evening, one after the other—four solid hours of them—and not a wandering eye in the bunch. When anyone listens to one of the Soulcraft reels and then says it lasted too long, what he's really saying is, ‘I'm deficient in I-Q to measure up to what I'm being given and sense its value. I simply lack the grey matter to handle topics so big.’ And you're goop enough to continue on, week after week, wearing your life out, turning off reel-discourses to what—in all kindness—are truly Weak-Brains. To do it as a type of spiritual altruism is one thing, but to do it under the mistaken impression that you're essentially a primary grade teacher to infants when you're bet-



ter qualified to assist college graduates in post-graduate courses, is a sort of dis-service to both, not forgetting yourself. I'm telling you you're trying to elevate the spiritual intelligence of the wrong octave of human people, Pelley, and you're never going to get anywhere that counts until you come awake to it."

o—o

I WANTED to know who Mastermind considered the right octave of people? And his rebuttal was instantaneous. "The aristocratic Intelligentsia of the nation today," he affirmed. "And I'm not including in that the phoney radical bunch that is popularly called the Intelligentsia. I mean the brainy and super-intelligent persons on the very highest levels of academic and professional accomplishment. You don't seem to have awakened to the fact yourself yet, that you're putting out material that's truly as *exclusive* as anything in the Masonic Ritual. This Soulcraft Doctrine you've propounded from the *Golden Scripts*, doesn't need to apologize to the brainiest types of people this nation produces or contains, for its quality or its sacredness. Tell me, how many Soulcrafters do you have on your list with incomes in excess of \$100,000 a year?" . . . I told him maybe a couple of hundred, but what did it prove? "It proves," he retorted, "that you need your brains examined. Why isn't it two hundred thousand? There are two hundred thousand citizens in this Republic with incomes of a hundred thousand and upward, you know. And you've got the intellectual doctrine to give them, and they've got the brains to understand it—don't let any Marxist convince you that the plutocratic element in our nation is heartless and brainless. Incomes of a hundred thousand dollars a year require the highest type of intellects to manage and keep intact. But I only use it as illustration of my point. There isn't one name listed in *Who's Who in America* that shouldn't have a nodding acquaintance with the *Soulscripts* and know the *Golden Scripts* like Presbyterian clergymen know their Bibles. Why haven't you gotten them? Because you haven't made a steadfast business of going after them and showing them what both *Soulscripts* and *Golden Scripts* can do for them. You've been content to educate garage mechanics—or try to do it—who attend your meetings to please the pretty girls they want to marry, or the pretty girls themselves who are only attracted by the stuff in *Adam*

*Awakes*. But that's only half of it. Don't you realize that the names in *Who's Who* are thrice easy to convert to what's in the various Scripts, because they don't require to go hunt the seldom-used dictionary when they come chin up with a seven-pound word? You said in an editorial once that you couldn't bring yourself to write down to people, you wanted to pull them up to your academic level. But why should you do either? Talk your own language to people who are familiar with your language in hour-to-hour intercourse. Let them realize that's Soulcraft and what do you have? A lot of distressed-faced folks without the wherewithal to cough up four dollars for your latest book? You do not. You have a great cordon of socially powerful and financially influential folk who are the real mentors of this country, inasmuch as the humbler folk follow pretty much where they lead."

o—o

I SAT and listened to it until long after midnight, I say. And then, as emphatically and constructively, Mastermind laid down one solution after the other for reaching that caste of spiritual plutocrats that he was recommending. I put up a feeble remonstrance at one point, as to why Christ hadn't gone out and appealed to the Scribes and Pharisees of His day, instead of publicans and sinners. Mastermind bowled me over with the taunt, "Christianity didn't get one grain of real sand under its wheels till St. Paul—an aristocratic academician from Taurus—got seriously interested in the burden of Christ's message about twenty years after the crucifixion, but even so it didn't really start anywhere till Constantine, the Roman Emperor, had been converted and given it has okay. Then, with the Council of Nicea, it began going places." . . . I swallowed my chagrin at the truth of this in substance, and asked whether I should revamp my whole program, and make Soulcraft something strictly exclusive to patricians? . . . "NO!" my visitor declaimed. "Revamp *nothing!* Go straight along as you are going and deny the benefits of the doctrine to no one. But don't expect that a lot of poor folk who have to work so hard six days a week for forty dollars that they fall asleep after eighteen minutes of your discourse on Sunday night in sheer mental and physical exhaustion, are going to do any hoisting of Soulcraft banners atop the Empire State Building. Simply alter the scope of your

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objectives. The real Goal of Soulcraft ought to be, *Every Celebrity in Who's Who a Soulcrafter*, and your crew ought not to be so constructed as to personnel that every celebrity in *Who's Who* is reachable by some member of it, and let this high octave of the nation's intellectual quality fight your battles for you. In other words, Pelley, you can sell Soulcraft to this nation from the Top downward, but in ten thousand years I never expect to see you sell it from the Bottom upward!" . . .

o—o

WELL, there it was. I listened somewhat vaguely as he muttered something about sending me a bill for \$5,000 professional counsel, had my name been General Motors or Proctor & Gamble. I thought of all the fine, sturdy, courageous stalwarts about the nation who for ten to twenty-five years had carried the burden of Soulcraft through the heat and grime of public indifference, public scorn, public opprobrium—scarcely one of them outside of that aforesaid two hundred who had his house or his motorcar paid for, but the combined resources from whom have enabled me to bring the Movement to its current status. I thought, as well, of all the wealthy people whose lives had been changed spiritually throughout that same period, who considered they were doing something handsome for the work by sending me a donation for \$1,000 when I particularly needed it in some legal jamb, but considered \$75 a top purchase otherwise, of the Soulcraft literature. I thought of my erstwhile friend, Fisher, now lamenting from the higher octaves of Spirit that while in life he had muffed his chance to leave his entire fortune in six figures to me, to facilitate the work of expansion today. I ended by putting the question as to how Mastermind expected me to turn high-pressure upper-Park-Avenue salesman, with all the other duties that were mounting now to almost unbearable proportions? "I don't expect you to do it," he retorted, "let me worry about that!" . . . "You worry ab-b-bout it!" I stammered. I saw him scowling at me. "You don't think I've come all the way here to Noblesville at my own expense to give you so much of my valuable time, do you, unless I expected to jump into this thing and give you the expert assistance your industry to the moment has merited?" . . . I sat up thunderstruck and stared at him . . . all of which means that this is an excellent place to terminate this week's COGITATIONS.

## "Adam Awakes"



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

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Soulcraft Chapels

lenges himself, it may hit him with all the aspects of shock to discover that he cannot tell what he really wants to be at seventy, any more than he can explain what he truly deplors as not having achieved at forty-five.

Which brings us to this conclusion: Mr. Average American is average because he cannot etch cleanly and sharply just what he should aspire to be, that would make him the antithesis of what he finds himself at present.

### McCarthy's Answers

SENATOR McCarthy, what can I—an average American, holding no public office, and owning no newspapers or radio stations—do to fight Communism?"

You can do a tremendous job if you will. You can help alert America to a danger much greater than Communists in the State Department or any other branch of the government—a danger much greater than any threat from Communist Russia.

Hitler once said, "Give me control of the minds of the youth of a country—give me control of the educational system for five years—and I shall control that country indefinitely."

The Communists thoroughly recognize the truth of that statement. One of their major efforts, therefore, is to infiltrate the educational system of this country and control school and college publications.

The May, 1937, issue of *The Communist Magazine*, sets forth the following directive to all Communist teachers:

"Communist teachers are . . . faced with a tremendous social responsibility . . . They must take advantage of their positions, without exposing themselves . . ."

"Only when teachers have really mastered Marxism-Leninism will they be able skillfully to inject it into their teaching at the least risk of exposure."

Every man and woman in America can appoint himself or herself to undo the damage which is being done by Communist filtration of our schools and colleges through Communist-minded teachers and Communist-line textbooks.

Countless times I have heard parents throughout the country complain that their sons and daughters were sent to college as good Americans and returned four years later as wild-eyed radicals.

# "My Seven Minutes in Eternity"

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The educational system of this country cannot be cleansed of Communist influence by legislation. It can only be scrubbed and flushed and swept clean if the mothers and fathers, and the sons and daughters, of this nation individually decide to do this job. This is a job which you must do if America and Western Civilization are to live.

I warn you, however, that the task will not be a pleasant one. When you detect and start to expose a teacher with a Communist mind, you will be demned and Communist mind, you will be damned and endangering academic freedom. Remember, to those Communist-minded teachers academic freedom means *their* right to force you to hire *them* to teach your children a philosophy in which you do not believe. To Communist-minded teachers academ-

ic freedom means *their* right to deny you the freedom to hire loyal Americans to teach your children. As a practical matter we should remember that good generous salaries are necessary to attract to the teaching profession the kind of people whom you want molding the mind of young America.

We cannot win the fight against Communism if Communist-minded professors are teaching your children. We cannot lose the fight against Communism if loyal Americans are teaching your children.

HAVE we the moral courage to face the fact that a world in which men and women universally loved each other, and where there would be no more differences of opinion, might on the whole be more hell than heaven.

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# Valor

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

**T**HE THING that bids fair to jolt us most about the Flying Saucer people is their degree of what we know as Metaphysical Attainment. The crackpot scientific-fiction author for nearly a generation has been introducing society to an interstellar creature who ran mostly to skull, emotionless and passionless, of course armed with all diabolical gadgets in the way of death-ray guns and possessed of ambition to conquer the various planets and bring their residents into subjection. What the crackpot scientific-fictionist has done, in other words, is portray what he presupposes humankind must exhibit as intellect surpasses all other attributes of Spirit. He forgets that the military conquerage complex is more or less a phase of barbarism and moral adolescence, and that highly developed beings would grow in a consciousness of Cosmic Law, carrying with it consequent beauty of body and temperament. As one attestation follows another from mortal individuals making personal contact with the Saucer People, the pronouncement is emphatic that they are so astute in their moral evolution that they cannot interfere for ten seconds in the drama that earthly folk must play to its finish. The two things the Saucer People *can* do are, first, use their scientific wisdom to prevent Man in his childhood phase of barbarism from destroying his species in precocious exploits attending nuclear fission, and, second, mitigate the evils of Man's aforesaid barbarism on meritorious individuals who in no wise deserve to suffer from conditions or situations for which they are in no instance responsible.

These are, to all intents and purposes, heavenly beings who are making their advent amongst us. They consequently understand Karma to such a finesse that it may require a considerable period for earth's savages and boors to comprehend it . . .

**T**HAT the coming of such advanced beings to earth at this particular period is somehow linked with the King's Chamber computations of the Great Pyramid, only the ignoramus questions. Desmond Leslie—co-author with George Adamski of the challenging book, *The Saucers Have Landed*—even goes so far as to suggest that it was the Saucer people in an earlier Earth visitation who built the Great Pyramid, working into its measurements the time chart of the period they would absent themselves, giving Man an opportunity to supervise his own destiny in the interim and see what he did with it. He hasn't done much that has been startling, it seems. Certainly he hasn't improved on the barbaric formula, "If you have an altercation with your adversary, win it by murdering him." So-called Statesmen, embracing this formula, give it the name War and acclaim it as very glorious. Obviously the higher developed Saucer Folk consider it execratory. But concerning a hands-off policy in respect to it, Angelucci states that he was told at one time—

"Among the countless other worlds in the Cosmos, the children of Earth are as babes, although many of them believe they

are close to the Ultimates of knowledge. Among the worlds, solar systems, and galaxies of the heavens are endless types of evolutions, each one utilizing and employing the predominant elements of its parent planet. Many of these evolutions would be utterly incomprehensible and unbelievable to Earth's people. But I reiterate, we who are here now are from a similar type planet and of an evolution similar to mankind. As older brothers we will aid Earth's people insofar as they, through free-will, will permit us to do so. We are definitely not cosmic 'hot rod' curiosities, burdened with space suits and equipped with deadly ray pistols, as many people conceive of possible space visitors. *We are just friends from a neighboring world!*"

**J**UST FRIENDS from a neighboring world! What an indictment of our vaunted "civilization" that these semi-angelic people fear to come in openly, land matter-of-factly, and greet and mingle among us as welcomed guests. "They are from another world, *so kill them!*" screech the masses of terrestrial troglodytes that make up the rank and file of mankind. Kill friendly and kindly arrivals who said to Angelucci on another occasion, "Cosmic Law actively prevents one planet from interfering with the evolution of any other planet. In other words, Earth must work out its own destiny. We will do everything in our power to aid the people of Earth, but we are definitely and greatly limited by Cosmic Law. It is because the life evolution on Earth is endangered now, that we have made our reappearance here in your solar system—the danger is far greater than Earth's people realize . . ."

Speaking personally, it comes home to me in these fraught and significant months and weeks that apparently the early Soulcraft communications were seeking to enlighten me that it was to be my destiny to function in some sort of liaison capacity in a vast vortex of all this interworld converse and monitorship. I find myself asking in personal wonderment if perchance I haven't already formed my own contacts with the Space People apart from their Saucers, without suspecting their true identity.

Or am I only on the cusp of it? . . .

**O**F ONE thing, however, I'm persuaded. Within half a decade, the Saucer phenomena and resultant guests will be publicly and internationally accredited, the mass fear-complex allayed, and "the friends from neighboring worlds" given courteous and even hospitable reception. And what a mighty revolution it is due to make in our ideologies of Ethics, Mechanics, Religion, and Psychics! One of the western colleagues in touch with the "friends from neighboring worlds" declared in a recent letter, "They seem to know all about you and your work, and consider you one with themselves." *What a responsibility!* It leaves me most contrite. Anyone care to get in on it with me? . . .

*Pellegrini*