

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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## OF LATE WAR FOES, GERMANY RECOVERS FIRST

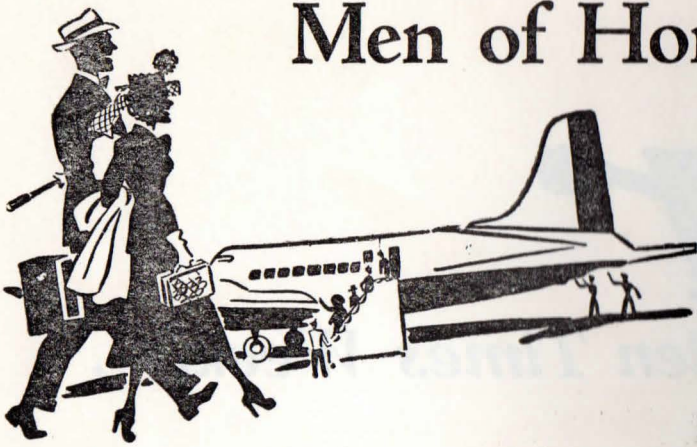
**W**E ARE seriously informed by those who declare they are in speaking contact with the Space Men, that this planet Earth seems to be the only orb in the solar system whose populace resorts to the mass murder of War in settlement of national disputes.

If it should so happen that the oncoming Space Men turn mentors for us in a great upward cultural swing under their guidance, it will be entrancing to learn how the peoples of other heavenly bodies settle situations when kings, czars or dictators threaten global peace by maneuvers that free peoples must re-





# Men of Honor Are Any Country's



sist or go down into serfdom to brutal conquerors. It is only conjectural to argue that the people of other celestial orbs have no such power-phenomena as brutal conquerors. If you have an ambitious ruler, obsessed with a power-complex to add to his domains, how is he to be stopped unless defeated in war?

Millions would like to hear the answer.

**THE SPACE** Men assert that the races and nationals of earth must pass through their own evolutionary period in which the folly and insanity of military conquest becomes apparent, so that it is recognized and admitted by all rulers. The question arises: "Is military conquest a matter of folly and insanity? How can it be such when it adds to a people's or sovereign's domains, swells his revenues and gives him greater prestige and voice in councils of state?"

Take the case of the greatest military state in recent history—Germany.

Germany started out under Bismarck to free the Teutonic peoples of the continent from the global suzerainty of Britain and win them a place in the sun. The Bismarckian policy was augmented by the Kaiser. But did it free the Germans from the gross effects of British Imperialism? All it did was to start an armaments race which came to crisis in August, 1914.

True, the result of 31 years of carnage arrested somewhat British arrogance and global influence. It arrested British arrogance and global influence by breaking the British purse and causing gradual disintegration of the British Empire. But to attain that objective, Germany went down twice to ignominious defeat. Her territories underwent nightmare bombings. Her cities were occupied by her enemies and her populace turned into slaves.

The sincere student of ethics, examining into the events in the past fifty years,

has a difficult time determining just what policy does constitute evolution in ethics.

When a British king, a Kaiser, a Hitler, or a Stalin, decides to go all out in enforcing dictates on the minor peoples of the globe, what alternative expedient can be embraced to restrain him?

A Lenin persuades himself and a coterie of followers that his collectivist ideas hold Utopia for the earth. They are crackpot, impractical, and have been proven by a thousand instances in history not to work. But they do offer an aegis under which millions can be organized to assail the wealth cache of other millions, and for a time it seems that the world must arm anew to destroy his cohorts.

How, in a superior state of civilization, would the Space Men treat with a Lenin? . . .

We sincerely seek an answer as to what takes the place of War, when War is the ultimate recourse of a people determined not to become slaves to racial cupidities.

**THERE** are those who maintain that West Germany chanced to have been defeated by a magnanimous foe, showing enough Christian charity to the fallen to turn about and rebuild her bomb-shattered cities and feed her starving population, in consequence of which she makes the quickest comeback of all participants in the recent three decades of hostilities. In the East, she was occupied by a barbaric, vindictive, non-Christian horde, in consequence of which East Germany is an impoverished land of hate and destitution.

The cold facts are that the so-called Allies in World War II did not aid in resuscitating West Germany from any altruistic or philanthropic motives. They resuscitated West Germany because they

knew that if they did not, she would fall as a satrap to godless Russia and the hordes of a new Genghis Khan—Josef Stalin.

They resuscitated West Germany in their own selfish interests, because they could not afford to have her otherwise. And make no mistake, they have resuscitated West Germany—at the expense of the American taxpayer, who was first called upon to provide the money to pulverize Germany, then turn about and put her back unpulverized.

Do you take note in what has happened, however, that the histories of such times are writ in the characters of men, of leaders. *That* is significant.

In West Germany, Dr. Konrad Adenauer is now, to all respects and purposes, the Teutonic state. Henry J. Taylor, GM broadcaster, gives us this account of him—

**"I** WENT to Berlin to get into the Soviet sector. Certainly there, in Germany, we are winning the biggest American victory against Communism of any place in the world today. I visited the Foreign Minister of Turkey in Ankara, deep in the Anatolian hills. I talked to the Prime Minister in Greece, the Chancellor in Austria and the Vice-Chancellor in Vienna, the French Minister of Defense, finally the Chancellor of Germany, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, at Bonn, overlooking the River Rhine.

"These conversations were private. Only under such conditions will a Chief of State generally say what is really on his mind. In these discussions, I think the most outstanding man I saw in Europe was Dr. Adenauer . . .

"The wheel of fate has turned in Germany this time. Germany has given Europe, and the world, a good man in Dr. Adenauer. Without question he is America's most consequential friend on the Continent. In your wildest dreams you cannot imagine a man more different from the Kaiser or from Hitler. Where Hitler was violent, Dr. Adenauer is calm. Where Hitler was a spellbinder, Adenauer speaks with quiet logic and careful thought. Yet one night when we were together, 25,000 Germans cheered his speech to the rafters in Munich. This past month's election returns, you know for yourselves.



# Insurance Against Wars as a Program . .

"Where Hitler was a maniacal tyrant, Adenauer is Democratic by conviction and in his heart. We sat alone in his chancellery office for over two hours. Dr. Adenauer speaks as calmly in private as in public and has a great talent for concentration. For example, not once in two hours did he break his concentration on the subjects discussed, get up from his chair, reach for a paper, pause for a smoke, speak on the telephone, or move, in fact, as much as a foot. At long last here is a German leader who thinks as a European and world statesman, and is utterly realistic about Germany itself, as well as about Russia.

"For example, Dr. Adenauer said to me: 'Mr. Taylor, we Germans as a nation got rich and powerful too quickly, after about 1860. We have never known how to use our riches and power wisely for either Germany or the world. We have been troublemakers, along with the others. We must learn our lesson. And that is what I have been saying as best I can to the German people. This, in fact, has been the basis for my election appeal, along with urging the coldest American relations.'"

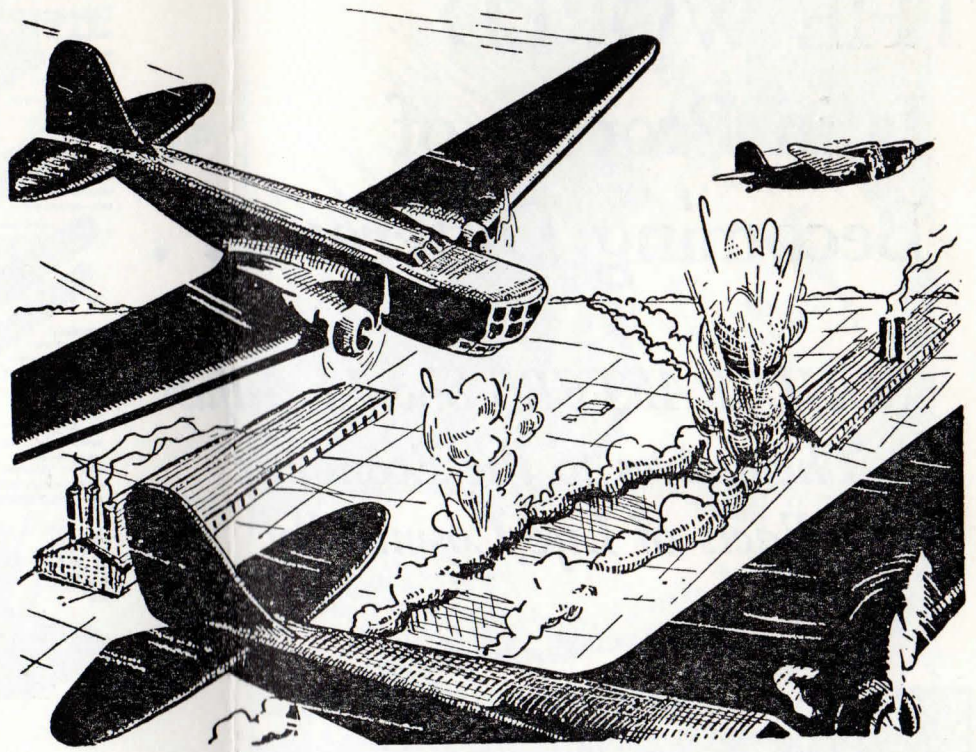
**WE TALK** about "lessons of history", but what are we truly seeing—if we wish to consider the events of the past thirty years in terms of civic evolution?

Are we not seeing States go according to the I-Q or integrity of the men whom destiny summons to lead them?

Should we permit ourselves to be fooled into thinking that there is any such thing as the "evolution" of a State, ethically? When fine charactered men have come to head up any states, up through the long gamut of history, have not those States prospered and conducted their affairs in relation to their neighbors with mercy and equity? When States have been ruled by scoundrels, have they not had scoundrelly administrations and scoundrelly histories?

Wars, in other words, are manmade.

Ought we not to see his problem of the termination of war in terms of the entirely human men who are chosen by fortune to preside at the councils of state. If they are determined to have war, war will inevitably come. If they are determined not to have war, War does not result.



But the "good men" must distinguish both sides.

You cannot have a Chamberlain with his umbrella on the one hand and Hitler with his strong-arm goons on the other. You cannot have a Benjamin Franklin representing a group of persecuted colonies and a George III too stupid to gauge the stamina of his own colonists.

**G**ERMANY, of all our late foes, is recovering fastest because some good men have come into the seats of authority. America, richest in natural and industrial resources, has likewise had good men—and still possesses good men—but they are carefully kept in the background while the mobsters and demagogues keep the public attention.

The ancient adage had it that "any country gets precisely the government that it deserves." We can rephrase it that "any country gets precisely the government that has the wits to appoint men to maintain."

Getting back to the Space Men in the light of what has happened in Germany, they will be doing ourselves and themselves a disservice if they attempt to advise us from their own spiritual evolutions in the individual, to choose men of their own high common character, any

one of whom is far in advance of the best the nations of earth have to offer at the moment.

All of which would seem to boil down to the admission that to get a globe without war, you must first have a globe where the average individual is so far evolved that war ideologies are unthinkable in the mind of the lowest citizen raised to any kind of authority.

How long is it going to require the Earth to reach that happy condition in the average mentality?

And what's the substitute if you can't do it?





# THE WORLD Is in Process of Becoming Different . .

## *SOULCRAFTERS Should Adjust Themselves to the Economic Facts of Life Cosmically*

**I**T MAKES no difference whether or not the Flying Saucers are real or unreal; it makes no difference whether or not America's gift tanks roll into Trieste and provide a Sarajavo incident for World War III; it makes no difference whether or not economic stringency comes and is called Deflation, Depression or Panic—every advice coming down from Higher Planes of Perspicacious Consciousness this current autumn is heavily freighted with one major import of intelligence.

Having arrived at the end of Great Pyramid computations as 1953 closes—although August 20th was incorrect as a specific date—humanity now proceeds into the major alterations that induct a better order of affairs in the earth and produce that great Thousand-Year Sequence that Soulcraft designates as “the Golden Times.”

The Flying Saucers are not to be feared because, instead of being manned with deadly interstellar enemies of the earth race, they are “materialized Christ People” who are stepping down from the space ships in remote desert sections and mingling in modish dress with the denizens of this planet;

Tito cannot make World War III because there is not to be a third war that approximates in any degree the tragic or-

gams of 1914 and 1939;

Panic or *prolonged* financial prostration—and notice that the adjective “prolonged” is italicized—is not to bedevil the human species one hour longer than is necessary to bring intelligent reevaluation of our economic institutions and return global relationships to a basis of a more workable commercialism.

These are not arbitrary statements of synthetic optimism, issued to make an esoteric periodical popular in the estimate of the masses.

They constitute the digest of opinion of all the so-called discarnate entities with whom VALOR-Soulcraft are in touch, not only clairaudiently but in materialized forms and speaking direct to the Editor-Recorder by audible voice “caught” on electronic tapes.

Titanic as the alterations are, which are growing upon the world, *the period of humanity's spiritual testing has already happened and is behind us.* It was symbolized by the military and economic stresses of World Wars I and II. The vast “baths of blood” that accompanied the first two spasms of Armageddon have already occurred and are behind us as well.

These are the opening days of Reconstruction.



*Real Reconstruction!*

**T**HE CURRENT stricture in accepting all this, from the American standpoint at least, lies in the fact that the United States as a territory in this Western world has escaped to date the ravages of bombing, and material demolition that twice assailed Germany, France, and to a degree England.

Had Americans passed through a travail such as Germany, France, and Britain knew between 1914 and 1945, scarcely a flicker of skepticism would arise at the statement that the globe had been through a major crisis and suffered enough. Our United States to the moment has been spared such unhallowed lesion. Because it hasn't included ourselves to the moment, makes such skepticism merely a viewpoint.

Universally, from Antarctic to Cathay, the nations of the earth have burned up and exterminated the accumulated assets and savings of its inhabitants for the past 500 years. Economically, what was not so demolished was immediately “frozen” in stupid but understandable investment in plants, machinery and equipment—stocks to provide a stupendous military potential for wars that obviously are never coming up.

*(Continued on Page 10)*



# THIS Nurse Saw a Ball of Fire Come for Her Dying Friend . .

**A**FRIEND and I have decided that one experience which is a little different from anything appearing thus far in VALOR, may be interesting and helpful to its readers who are earnestly and seriously studying these phases of cosmic expression.

It is an experience that gave me great personal satisfaction, for I saw—and the consciousness remains clearly with me—that I was of assistance at the time of passing, to a dear woman whom I had come to love as a mother.

We were next-door neighbors. Fortunately when coming to Chicago to live, we found an old-fashioned house with light on three sides, a lawn, garden, shrubbery, and fruit trees. So that instead of a flat or an apartment-building with many people living under the same roof, we were in this very healthily favored environment. And what such environment means to a psychic person, too few of them realize. I know that living in such natural surroundings, under some trying circumstances of my life, covering a period of years, has been priceless to me.

My next door neighbor, I soon found, had been the former owner of the house in which we were living. She was a dear little German grandmother who had come to this country with her husband when they were both young, raised a large family, and through her husband's business ability, their industry and thrift, had established a prosperous business and accumulated considerable property. At his death she was left with sufficient income to live comfortably and even luxuriously. But she was always the little old-fashioned grandmother with her old country ideas of domestic life. Her children were

grown and married and her grandchildren were young men and women. They loved their grandmother dearly, she was a great pet with them; yet she was alone a great deal for they had their own personal interests, business and social.

**W**HILE I was much younger than she, I was also of Holland and German extraction, born on the border between the two countries and having received at my mother's and father's hands the same kind of instruction and home training that she had received, made me in some ways more understanding and sympathetic with her views than her own



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

children, born and educated in modern America. And I saw that in spite of her being surrounded with comforts and loving attentions of her family a great longing existed down deep in her heart for the old ways and ideas of home life. This made her sad and depressed at times, happy to have someone near her who understood and sympathized with her "old-fashioned" ideas. So we came to be great friends. Summer evenings I would sit with her in her garden and visit, or she would come and sit in mine. There was hardly a day passed that we did not see each other when I was in the city, and often it was several times a day.

Just what such loving close association entails on a psychic person only those who are so developed can appreciate. In the language of the psychic I was in her "vibration," and for some years I saw many things and conditions around her of which I never spoke, as I did not wish to shock her or intrude upon her strong religious views. But from time to time, in order to verify the accuracy of what I saw and heard, I would ask her questions and she would answer me, thinking possibly that she had told me some of the incidents about which I inquired. At any



rate my questions never seemed to arouse inquiries in her mind as to the sources of my knowledge.

She had lost her youngest daughter who died of tuberculosis approaching young womanhood. This had been the cause of an unspeakable grief. She had often spoken to me of her husband who had passed on, and described his looks and ways. But of the daughter she never talked. *I never saw her husband, but often I would see a young blonde girl about her.* This girl would put her arms about my friend and pat her lovingly on the shoulder. One day I determined, or was impelled, to satisfy myself that the young girl whom I saw was the daughter who had died. I inquired if the daughter, whose name was Clara, had golden hair that hung in curls. She answered, yes. I then asked her if Clara had ever worn a white dress with two ruffles on the bottom of the skirt edged with valenciennes lace and with a ruffled edge with the same about the neck and sleeves, for that is as I always saw her. She said the dress was a white organdie and had been the one she wore when they laid away her body. We were sitting in the house that day and I felt the inclination strongly to say to her, "You have a picture of her in an album locked in a drawer in your chiffonier, go and get it and show it to me."

I HAD never heard of the album nor known of the picture. She, probably too intent upon her sad memories to wonder about how and where I got my information, went to her bedroom, unlocked a drawer in which she had kept the album for years, and *showed me the picture of the young girl I had been seeing around her*, dressed exactly as I had seen her and described her. It was the first time she had looked at her daughter's picture since her death. I think her daughter was relieved when this was done.

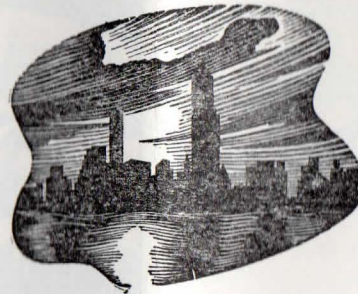
Early in March of 1926, not long after the incident of the album, she suffered a stroke of paralysis and was confined to her bed. I spent a great deal of time with her, running in to cheer her up and relieving the nurse when she went off duty.

Due to those wonderful months when we talked together daily in the most intimate way about the great ogre called Death, all of the dread of passing seemed to disappear. She was ready and anxious to go "home," as she called it, and join those she so dearly loved. Yet, perhaps,

she felt a little of the human fear of making the transition, or maybe an intuitive knowledge that a strong presence on the physical side might assist in making the passing easier, influenced her to ask me to be with her at that moment. In a sort of playful childish way I said to her, "Now, mother, I promise you I'll be with you, but I want you to promise that you won't leave us unless I'm here, for I want to be with you just as much as you want me to be."

Her promise was given.

She suffered another stroke during the summer, but aside from her helpless condition on the right side she seemed to be quite strong.



SOME urgent business called me to Detroit for a few days in October, and I went in to tell her that I would be away two days only. She dreaded to see me go, but it was unavoidable. I kissed her goodbye, waved my hand, and she smiled and waved her left hand to me. This was on a Tuesday and I was to return on Thursday. The next morning, Wednesday, I became so disturbed shortly after my husband had left the hotel that I felt immediately that something was seriously wrong with "mother" and that I must return. I found a train was leaving for Chicago at nine o'clock and that I had barely time to catch it. So without telephoning my husband I dashed off a brief note to the effect that I was impelled to return to Chicago as I was certain that "mother" had taken a turn for the worse. I caught the train and at five o'clock reached home.

Mr. T-----, a son-in-law, met me at the station with his car and explained that "mother" had suffered another stroke, that she was failing rapidly, kept asking for me, and seemed much distressed at my not appearing. I felt that the fear that we would not be able to keep our mutual promise was disturbing her, but I said nothing at that time. The members of the family were very much opposed to

anything that approached the "supernatural"; they spoke of grandma's visions as "spells"; when she had a "spell" they would send for me, for they said I seemed to help her quiet down and had such patience with her "ravings."

She was in a semi-conscious state when I arrived. After about twenty minutes she rallied, recognizing my voice and said with a great sigh of relief, "Oh, it is all right now." And then she whispered that Clara was present and had told her that I was on the way. "I could not go before you came," she said. I knew that she was referring to our promise.

"They are all here," she said, "waiting to take me home." And she fell into a stupor in which she remained for a week.

On the morning of the 27th I saw a change that was not apparent to the doctors. They pronounced her condition better than it had been and assured the family there was no cause for alarm for that day.

AS SHE lay calmly sleeping—to their eyes—mine had seen the physical body growing smaller and smaller. The family was preparing to go to their homes for the night. I said nothing until the doctors had gone. Then I begged the members of the family to remain. The tears were streaming down my face as I told them—despite what the doctors said—that I knew, sensed, and saw things that doctors did not see and that this was their mother's last day on earth. It would mean much to her future peace of mind, I went on, to have her family together there and they would be heartbroken in a few hours if they did not remain.

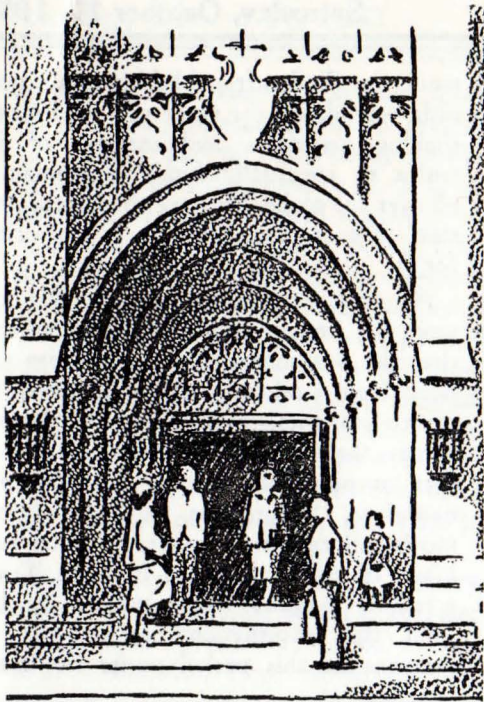
Feeling that I was hysterical they decided not to leave. I went to the bedroom where my dear friend lay. The nurse came in to tell me that the family would remain.

I ate a bite of supper and returned to the bedroom. In about an hour I began to feel a great change in the room. It seemed as though I were fixed in one spot. The nurse said afterwards that at half past eight I stood transfixed, looking up at the ceiling, with my hands held before me as though in prayer. The expression on my face so scared her that she ran from the room. I recall that she tripped on the rug as she ran.

*As she left the room I saw a great ball of bluish white material like gauze pass through the ceiling. There seemed to be*

(Continued on Page 14)





# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## "If I Were Young Again"

my mind can work as a relay station for my real and eternal self, my soul.

**I WOULD STUDY AND STRIVE TO THINK FOR MYSELF.**

One of the old philosophers has left us this wise saying; "At the age of ten we wonder, at twenty we imagine, at thirty we cogitate, at forty we think, at fifty we have 'an idea or two', at sixty we have two ideas, and at seventy we are working on 'one idea'."

I would keep an open mind and strive to be an original thinker. I would seek for truth from whatever channel was available. It is not so necessary to think *about* things as it is to think *through* things to a satisfying conclusion. And in it all, I would keep a clear vision of my infinite value to God, and of the inestimable value of every soul in all the world.

**I WOULD TRY TO MAKE A REAL SUCCESS OF SOME ENDEAVOR.**

**T**OO MANY of us are like Artemus Ward, who said of himself, "I tried to do too many things, and succeeded." We succeed in doing so many things that we fail to do anything—well. The real test of success in life is not how much we do but how well we do it. A passage in the *Golden Scripts* is most appropriate to this; "How shall I make you know that the end of the road is not the thing that mattereth, but rather the manner in which it is traveled."

**I WOULD STRIVE TO LEARN EARLY TO LIVE WITH OTHERS.**

I would cultivate, in every possible way, the art of living kindly, understandingly, but effectively. Life and human relations do not call for passivity, wallflower piety, or bellicose religiosity. But they do sorely need human beings who know how to be graciously kind when kindness is needed. They do call for men and women who are able to place themselves in the other fellow's shoes, as it were—to know how to judge the causes and conditions that have led to another person's

attitudes and actions. Only through correct understanding can one rightly appraise his fellow man.

It is not, necessarily, the fellow who creates the best show, or who shouts the loudest, that leaves a lasting influence on human lives. Rather, it is one who has learned how to correctly evaluate human life and human situations, and acts accordingly. That is effective living.

**I WOULD TAKE UP SOME GREAT CAUSE AND BATTLE FOR IT.**

**N**OT because others had done so, or because the masses did, but because I believed in it with all my mind and soul. It might be an unpopular one, as far as mass thinking was evidenced, but it would be one in which my thinking and my actions would square with my best self. The time might come when I would have to admit mistakes in judgment, but I would never want to stand before a mirror and have to say, "You, sir, evaded and compromised!"

**I WOULD SPEND SOME TIME EACH DAY IN THE REALM OF THE BEAUTIFUL.**

One can always find strength, breadth and depth, by time given, regularly, to reading a poem, singing a song, in earnest meditation, or even a walk in the open to truly practice enjoyment of God's natural and personal touch.

It is said that Martin Luther, each day before he began to write, placed a flower on his desk. He felt the need of being reminded that amidst all the sordidness of life, and the ugliness of much of human character, there was beauty, fragrance and loveliness.

**I WOULD GIVE MY YOUTHFUL ARDOR TO JESUS THE CHRIST.**

I would not try to understand all about Him, nor all that's been said and taught about Him, but I would do my best to emulate the marvelous, magnificent life. I would strive to find the real meaning and satisfaction, in my own life, found

(Continued on Page 15)

**H**OW OFTEN have you exclaimed to yourself? "Oh, to be young again!" What would you do if you were?

They tell us that one shouldn't live in the past, that one should keep his eyes on the future. And yet, I doubt that the person lives who has not looked back on his youthful days and uttered that same cry, "Oh, if I were young again."

Now, I am not concerned in this article as to why this is so. Nor do I overlook the fact that, all things considered if we did suddenly regain our youth in this one life, we would probably live the same kind of life that we have lived. But, perhaps there is value in a personal evaluation of the possibilities, both for we who are middle-aged or older and those who are young.

If I were young again, and could see life in the perspective of fifty two years, I would strive to do and to be some definite things. Let me name some of the fundamental ones:

**I WOULD BUILD THE BEST POSSIBLE PHYSICAL BODY.**

**N**OT that we can all have the physique of a Jack Dempsey. But the Almighty has provided a pretty good house of flesh for most of us to live and work in. It is a wonderful mechanism, created for a great purpose: that of providing a means of expression, and an instrument of educating experiences. The better the body I can build and care for, the better



# Valor

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## Big-Time Stuff

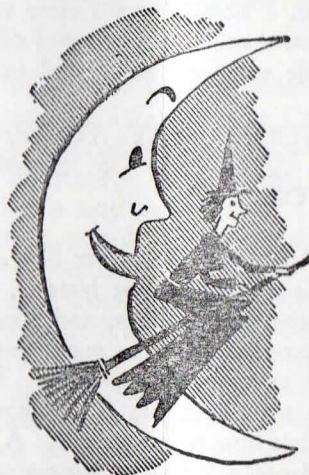
**B**ERTIE Lilly Candler, internationally famous materializing medium as portrayed in *Why I Believe the Dead are Alive*, made it possible on a recent evening for the Editor to talk audibly and personally with some of his higher mentors in the presence of twelve to fourteen staff members. The affair had to be arranged too quickly—in a matter of hours because of Mrs. Candler's congested program—for it to become otherwise than a strictly personal conference with entities on life's higher side. A twenty-minute parley ensued not alone with Daughter Harriet, who was present in one hundred percent materialization, but with George B. Fisher—who conferred for a full fifteen minutes—and two other personages, an internationally famous religious leader who has been on the "higher side" since the turn of the century and a biblical character who has not found it necessary to enter incarnation in the past 1900 years. All of these celebrities appeared voluntarily, and their converse left no doubt as to identification of their personalities.

At last information has come down from sublimer realms as to the true explanation for the Flying Saucers, and clarification was given to the Editor's legal complications of the moment. The Editor-Recorder proposes to use much of the information derived from such sources to form the basis for an early electronic reel that will be released to chaplains of

Soulcraft Chapels in due course of business.

Three weeks bygone, in the Soulcraft Discourse called *Husbandmen*, Harriet talked to her father from a seance-room in Hanford, California, promising to appear to him in Indiana in her sublimated flesh. Thousands throughout the nation heard her filial greetings from the electronic tapes on that occasion. Since the last issue of VALOR, that promise she has kept. But it was a more sedate and serious-minded woman who addressed this closed Soulcraft Group—in a type of converse she had never before essayed. The grave crises of the times seemed to have made it the astute thing to do.

Only one of the ten or twelve Higher Personages appearing, disclosed any perturbation over the imminent possibility of war, and his contribution consisted of an earnest appeal for all present to pray for the integrity and acumen of the State Department representatives—not forgetting the nation's President—who must conduct the negotiations over the current explosive Trieste episode.



Emphatic vocal confirmation was accorded your Editor for all recent counsel respecting the Saucer personnel, its mission to earth at this time, and the more sacred admonitions coming over in recent *Golden Scripts*. But much, much was transferred respecting individuals prominent in Soulcraft affairs, that was of too private and personal a nature to proclaim publicly. The Editor must only bury it in his mind and be guided accordingly in his relations toward such persons. The Reverend Jadwin and Mrs. Jadwin, incidentally, had their first experience confronting celebrities from life's Transcendent Octaves.

Soulcraft, declared Fisher—the New York businessman who had formerly

made the Soulcraft publishing plant possible—stands on the verge of a continent-shaking expansion and increase of its truths to spiritually famished humanity all over the globe. He gave the Editor and staff personal directions as to preparing for it.

All of it is made of record in this column, to impress upon lay Soulcrafters that the sentiments and counsellings uttered from week to week—and month to month—in these publications are by no means the caprices of subconscious—or even inspirational—mind. Definite admonitions, adjurations, and enlightenments, all caught permanently upon two hours of tape recordings in these Transcendent People's literal voices, are behind the information being given to America at this period under Soulcraft auspices.

Probably the materializations of this week were among the most important and vital that have been bestowed on the Soulcraft personnel in the whole past quarter-century—with the sole exception of the *Golden Scripts* texts. But let field devotees not be overly disappointed that notice was not given them to be present. It was not that kind of occasion. Harriet, Fisher, and the two world celebrities—whose names it is not the part of discretion to divulge—did not wish it. They arranged the session with the Editor-Recorder privately to supply him with detail and confirmations requisite to this work. There will follow a public session for field personnel later in the season.

Of the ten to a dozen materializations, all were as substantial and vocal as any person sitting in the group in flesh. There were no other phenomena excepting these personal appearances, all plainly discernible and tangible in ruby light.

Harriet's address will be made available to field Chapels in full. Fisher's address will have such parts presented as are of major public interest, but with personal counsellings to the Editor deleted.

So—signing off till next broadcast.

## Gobbledygook



THE HEARING on the Plea in Abatement in the libel suit of Pelley vs. Winchell, took place on Wednesday afternoon, October 7th, before the Marion County Superior Court at Indianapolis, Judge Lloyd Claycombe presid-



ing. Winchell's attorney, the Hon. Hubert Hickam, entertained those present for the better part of a half-hour, explaining to the Court the intricacy of the publishing arrangements which makes Walter immune from assaillment. Seems Walter really works for the Hearst Newspaper Syndicate, for which he receives something like \$100,000 a year, with \$15,000 out for withholding tax. If a newspaper in the hinterland buys a packet of syndicated features that includes Walter's yak-yak, nobody's responsible for any damage done. You must sue your own newspaper publishing the stuff, and earn its ill-will.

Pelley's counsel, George A. Henry, made a spirited address to the Court, suggesting that all you had to do to save yourself harmless from everything from adultery to homicide was hide behind a sufficient number of interlocking contracts. Judge Claycombe didn't like that. Attorney Hickam ignored the sarcasm and took another thirty minutes to explain the exact nature of those interlocking contracts.

The Indiana statute declares that where a principal has an agent in Indiana for his wares—whether they be syndicated columns carrying libel or coffee-grinders pulverizing Portland cement—the agent is the party on whom legal summonses must be served. Walter gets around it by saying that he's working for no one but Hearst, not for the local papers printing his doggeral. If Hearst happens to make a sale in a distant part, it's just too bad for the party damaged. He as principal had nothing to do with it.

This puts it up to the one libeled to sue the local newspaper, VALOR repeats. But again the local paper claims it did not deal with the party uttering the alleged libel.

It dealt with a merchandizer, publishing what it bought in all good faith. Typical gobbledygook, in transactions as well as language. All neat and technical.

Walter bragged recently to a million readers, "Oh, how he wished he could get Pelley on the witness stand and ask him a few questions." Well, the eager beaver can do so by merely coming to Indiana. Pelley can't go to New York—his parole officer won't permit it. However, this may not always be so.

Pelley publicly volunteers to go on a witness stand anywhere that he *can* go and answer any question Walter or his attorneys may put to him—providing



## BREATH



THE TEACHING of all truth is thine,  
Contained within the breath;  
That knowledge gained by breathing right  
Will prove there is no death . .

The Allness of the ALL is yours  
For you to HAVE and HOLD,  
For Thought and Breath when understood  
Will Truth to you unfold.

Breathe, deep within, absorb the Truth,  
Exhale, with thoughts that bless,  
By thinking only Godly thoughts  
We thereby cancel STRESS.

All things, whate'er your eyes may see,  
Or consciousness may give  
All breathe the knowledge of our God,  
For all things breathe to live.

The Breath of Life breathed through his nose  
Gives Man his life complete;  
By breathing in all thoughts of Love  
Makes Life, in Man, replete.

All power lies within the breath  
And BREATH of Life is FREE,  
Breathe deep, absorb, and Know Thyself,  
All things must breathe to BE.

The rocks, the trees, the grass that grows,  
All live by Godlike breath,  
The very stones beneath thy feet  
Breathe life—there is no Death!

We live, and move, and think, and act,  
In Breath from God above;  
There is no place where He is not;  
Our God gives Breath and Love.

Each breath we breathe we have from Him,  
We EXHALE thoughts of Love.  
Our God is present everywhere,  
Around, within, ABOVE!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



# "Adam Awakes"



## The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

### THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

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

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*Send Your Order in Now!*

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

**Soulcraft Chapels**

Walter is present. The only condition is that Walter accord Pelley the same courtesy.

What this hearing is due to develop is the interesting decision that if Judge Claycombe gives the decision to Walter, he lays every newspaper in the State and nation wide open to individual suit while Walter goes harmless. If he gives the decision to Pelley, Walter stands to lose \$750,000 of his curiously gotten wealth.

As one newsman remarked after the Wednesday hearing, "If His Honor rules against you, it's bound to make every newspaper in the country look twice at Walter's column as being too vulnerable to hazard publishing. Likewise, it puts them on the spot with every other commentator, including a lot at the nation's Capital."

Uh-huh.

But if Judge Claycombe throws Pelley's suit out of court, as not having obtained adequate service of summons, listen for Walter to scream his derision.

It won't be the end of the lawsuit between Pelley vs. Winchell, however.

Pelley promises Mrs. Winchell's little boy faithfully. *Next case!*

## The Robe



IT IS not often that VALOR makes the witnessing of a motion picture a *must* to its readers—but Lloyd Douglas' *Robe* is such a screen play. And the spectacle of five to seven thousand earnest Christians gathered in one theatre to witness this drama written around the Crucifixion, almost rivals in heart-warming grandeur the momentous story being told on the screen.

As shown at the biggest playhouse in Indianapolis, the projection introduced the new Cinemascope technique, which widened the screen-action to more than fifty feet. The scene in the throne room of Caligula's palace covered a panorama of five hundred to a thousand people, with every face depicted minutely.

For the benefit of those who have not read the novel, the drama tells the story of what became of Jesus' robe after the Roman centurions had cast lots for the garment. The Roman tribune who superintended the crucifixion at Pilate's command becomes converted by what he witnesses, when he sees the effects of Jesus' behavior and teachings upon the Master's

survivors. But it is a picture wholly without propaganda—excepting the greatest propaganda of all, that Jesus' command to love one another wins out in the end over force and brutality.

Victor Mature, as Demetrius the Greek slave, "steals the show" as the colloquialism has it. His acting must be remembered long after that of Richard Burton as Marcellus is forgotten—assuming it can be forgotten. As Demetrius is converted by his witnessing of the crucifixion, his emotional metamorphosis is portrayed in his features. To VALOR's editor it was the highlight of the evening.

A pure and unadulterated Christian story being produced on the screen by an all-Christian cast and technical crew! . . . strange things are happening in these post-Pyramid days.

Or aren't they so strange, when we truly stop to think about it?

## Different World

*(Continued from Page 4)*

Tito is in no place to wage war against the free nations of the world and his whole comic-opera army wouldn't last two days in an assailing of western civilization. A republic that whipped Hitler and the Mikado—Germany and Japan—simultaneously, before it scarcely got groomed to fight—has nothing to fear from a pompous Balkan bigot whose fundamental interest in Trieste is provoking a situation that strengthens his military position with his own people, at a time when all of great Communistic Russia on his East is breaking up.

That Russia will join him and thus divide the earth into hemispherical armed camps afresh for an indefinite period, is another laugh for those who know the inside facts privately, let alone how they came by them. Russia is a hollow shell of power that exists chiefly on grandiose "plans" with just enough military "front" distributed throughout the earth on propaganda newsreels to give it semblance of menace. Russia is already in the throes of collapse and disintegration.

THAT Britain, under its decaying monarchical institutions, might be psychopathic enough to be the world power that backs Tito secretly—did he visit London this past year merely to see the Tower of London and the Troopings of the Colors of the Windsor Castle



Guard?—is a far more likely possibility in that antiquated British Tories still cling to the “divide and rule” principle that was so successful for Britain in the days of Victoria.

But what is being sought now—with the age of nuclear fission and space ships—is sound and permanent *Reconstruction* of world society, with a sweeping out of debris of the recent world cataclysms and the placing of bastions for a new order of affairs down deep in the subterranean strata of international practicality and probity.

**A**RE WE going to war with the dying Bolshevik slave empires of the Near East? Can we call it “war” to make a stern and resolute business of cleaning up the guerilla bands left in the more inaccessible mountains of civilization in the wake of major conflict? After the American War Between the States, sizeable bands of diehards and recalcitrants operating under the flags of both factions, continued to require the attention of soldiery almost into the Eighteen-Seventies. The point is that you don’t truly end a war and call it that true peace has come, until *all* parties to the conflict have ceased to exist—as parties.

Nostradamus tells us over and over that some sort of stramash must be fought that seems in or around Turkey in the Eastern Mediterranean. “The waters of the Adriatic will be dyed red with the blood of the Oriental” is the spectacular way he describes it.

The armament-makers and false economists of the world must have the last clinchers of disciplinary lessons administered to them that the days of nuclear fission mean that the sanguinary equipment needed to supply the armies of 1914-1919 are now archaic.

But insofar as the United States is concerned, war economy *as an economy* must be supplanted by a commercial scene in which wealth confiscation in forms of excessive taxes is entirely renovated, production geared closer to sound demand, and compensations restored to the rank and file of the populace so that it may acquire the peacetime goods chopped out of its multitudinous machines.

These are the renovations that now are afoot. Anyone neglecting to properly estimate them for what they are, does himself a disservice.

It isn’t a matter of introducing a new system so much as a matter of regulating the system we already possess.

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## *The American Magazine Esoteric Classic*

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**Y**OU should begin your study of the whole Soulcraft philosophy with the reading of this epic and understand what happened that began the recording of the monumental Scripts. Nearly three million people have read this narrative since it was first published in 1929. It marked the beginning of an era in new Spiritual Acceptances . . .

### **SOULCRAFT CHAPELS**

**Noblesville**

**Indiana**

**T**RUE Soulcrafters feel no alarm at what now ensues.

It would be, of course, a most delightful prospect if with World War II liquidated, the nations of the earth “went back to work” and in peace and tranquillity reordered their affairs to heal the wounds of thirty-one years of conflict and everybody forgave everybody else and became friends. But we have armament-makers and a growing unemployment problem with us. The easiest way out is to put the nonemployed into the armament plants and a bedeviled Administration maintain a semblance of prosperity by continuing munitions-making as before. To consume the munitions so produced, a war must be in process somewhere. So, with our economic lives psychopathically dependent on carnage in consummation, the diplomats must produce the conflict

or see their countries collapse commercially and their political potentates dropped from power.

*Complete economic collapse and temporary prostration is the only method by which military crackpotism can be brought to final stoppage.*

We can face that fact like adults. Such price is worth paying . . .

**T**HE STEPS by which such economic collapse arrives are too plain to miss. First, as the public comes to realize that no more financial bonanzas to the laboring man are to arrive from the Asiatic conflict through war orders of prodigious size, everybody starts clipping down on family expenditures. And this starts to show first in installment buying. It commences to fall off. Bills are not paid  
(Continued on Page 14)



# COGITATIONS



RAY brought up a truckload of freshly bound books from the Indianapolis bindery tonight and among them was a new batch of *Drags*. Party in Chicago wanted a batch to send to friends, says he, as forthcoming Christmas gifts. So I had them bound. I sat for a long time in my writingroom, flipping through the pages of a specimen copy and thinking long, long thoughts. It was my third successful novel, published by Little, Brown & Company of Boston in 1925. But an author's successful book, any book, is like a flesh-and-blood child. Events attending its birth—otherwise its writing—were notable. It had the usual complications with petty maladies in infancy, reached adolescence without fatality, and sugared off into present-day maturity. I realize now that it represents a definite sequence in my life.

—o—

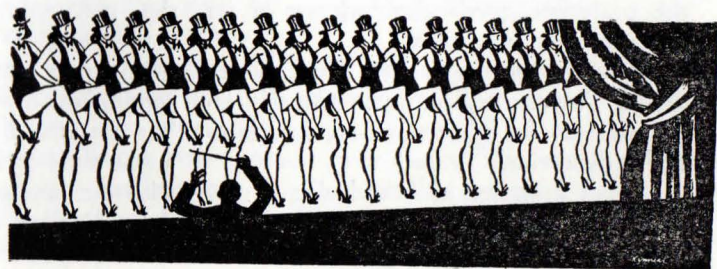
MY FIRST book, *The Greater Glory*, was an enlargement of my outstanding magazine story, "Their Mother," published in *The American Magazine* in 1917 and creating such a hit that—like "Seven Minutes in Eternity" which got into print ten years later—it sold the periodical out upon the nation's newsstands in a fortnight. I'd found a lone copy of *The American* containing "Their Mother" on the reading room table of the U. S. Consulate at Irkutsk, Siberia, during my war stint for Uncle Sam in 1918, talked Consul Jenkins into letting me carry it away, and used it for elaboration into a book while coming home across the Pa-

cific in 1919. When it was published it sold 7,000 copies. Everybody in the writing game tried to tell me how wonderful that was—for a first novel. It caused me to make a cynical noise with lips and tongue. Besides, I considered Little, Brown & Company had murderously butchered the story, trying to edit it when it didn't need editing. Even today, almost forty years later, I still maintain it didn't need editing. I was smarting under the flop I considered it, when Sinclair Lewis brought out *Main Street* and a New York editor retained me to write a critical review. I couldn't read the tripe—which, by the way, no less an authority than George Horace Lorimer of *The Saturday Evening Post* termed "a libel on the American people." At least I couldn't read the tripe to its end. Halfway through, I fired the book at the wall. I reached for my scratch-pad. I'd write a book that portrayed the American small town as it was. I happened to be filled up with magazine-story assignments that year, so I had to do my improvement on *Main Street* while traveling about the nation for a series of stories for *The Country Gentleman*. I wrote *The Fog*—for that's the atrocious name I gave it—on Pullman trains, in hotel writing rooms and week-ends spent in other people's guest rooms. Finally I had a pile of manuscript, mostly hand-written, eighteen inches high. I took train up to my closed country place in Vermont, burrowed my way through the snowdrifts into my abandoned residence, built up a wood-fire in the kitchen and settled down to consume endless pots of tea, while I edited that manuscript by reading it aloud. Two weeks of that isolation, then I took train back to New York and had a professional stenographer pull me a clean copy of the manuscript. This I sent up to Little-Brown with instructions of the stern-

est nature that if they meant to touch so much as a semi-colon, they could ship it back and I'd deal with another publisher. Little, Brown answered that *Fog* was a book that didn't need editing but they would want to correct a gal's age in one place where I'd figured my arithmetic wrong, and did I mind changing the name of the cook book which the heroine was reported as using to the *Farmer's Cook Book*, which they published. I sent back a telegram—collect—that fixing the gal's age and the cook book was okay, then went on about my business and awaited publication. Within two weeks of this last, I had a best seller—for 1921. It had sold 146,000 copies and gone into British and Scandinavian editions before I got my first royalty—something like \$29,000. That's the way authors make money . . . providing they don't go to sleep and have Seven-Minute experiences that lose them up strange ravines of spirit. *Tempus fugitted* for a couple years and Little-Brown were getting restless for another such hit. When did I plan to have my third novel ready? I wrote back that I hadn't planned that far, with royalties of *Fog* still coming in and me being engrossed with doing the scenario for the screen version of it, starring Cullen Landis and Mildred Harris. Fact was, I wasn't mad about anything, as I had been about *Main Street*.

—o—

I WAS "batching it" at the period in a Greenwich Village studio, to wit, 27 West 10th Street. And one pleasant Sunday in May of 1924 I thought I would relieve my spiritual tedium by sailing the bounding main up the Hudson





River to Albany, viewing the landscape on either bank and generally voyaging recklessly. I hied me over to the West Street dock, went aboard a big side-wheeler and ensconced myself on the upper deck to meditate on what I could do as a third book, subject, question mark. A callow cloak-and-suiter passed in front of me with his arm around a gal. He trod on the editorial page of an *Elks Magazine* that had become torn out and was wafting across the deck. The page went under my deck-chair with the cloak-and-suiter's heel-mark on it. Having nothing to read, and knowing the editor of *Elks* as I knew my own landlord, I picked it up to see what he'd said. He asked a big question in 36-point type across the top of two columns: *How Many People Are You Supporting Who Ought to Be Fending for Themselves?* That struck me where I lived. I knew, as slathers of brother Americans knew, that most of us were supporting too danged many people who ought to be Fending for Themselves. I began listing in my mind all the relatives or near-relatives who from time to time had heard of the earnings I made with naught but a jimmy-pipe and a typewriter, and "touched" me as regularly every time they went short. As the list grew, so did my risibles. I began getting mad again, and that was precisely what was necessary for the breeding of a bonanza. By the time I reached Newburgh—which is halfway up to Albany on the river's western bank—I had my plot sketched out for *Drag*. The heck with steamboat rides. I went ashore and sought out the proprietor of the Pallatin Hotel, whom I listed as an acquaintance. "How much for a room in your flea-bag?" I queried him in my politest manner. "I have a yen to abide with you while I write a masterpiece." He looked me up and down with a fishy eye and asked, "Do you walk in your sleep?" I told him that if I did, he had my permission to konk me on the head and put a stop to it, but I frequently *worked* in my sleep, but walking or working, how much to abide with him till I had the book finished? He said thirty-two fifty a week—with typewriter-noise. I holed up forthwith and that night started the biography of David Haskell . . .

o—o

I DETERMINED to do a book now in which I could spread myself as humorously as I pleased. Dave was to be a small-town newspaper publisher who

married the somewhat stodgy proofreader, only to discover he'd married all her relatives, yea unto the fourth generation. He had relatives for breakfast, dinner and supper. He had unknown aunts and uncles walking in on him at all hours of day or night and staying "from now on", and nephews and cousins and what-not hanging from chandeliers, turning up under tables and being delivered with morning groceries. Back of the irony of it all was, of course the clear-eyed Woman Who Understood and Helped—but it wasn't the dim-wit he'd wedded. Finally he kicked over the traces, went to New York and did a musical comedy that scored. Instead of being bankrupt small-town publisher, he was a Broadway sensation. And did the relatives hear of it? They most certainly did. They hired special trains and busses and hayricks to convey them down from Vermont and swarm in with a whoop. They assailed his nifty uptown apartment and began taking the place apart. Right there was the place that David blew up. In one of the most comical sequences I think I ever put on paper, he caught up the dishpan from the apartment sink and let 'em have it . . . with all it contained. Then he went berserk with that pan on their noggins. He beat the 'ell out of 'em. It needed the Bronx Riot Squad to return Manhattan to normal before it ended. I read this noble opus over, and knew that while it wasn't up to *Fog*, still it was a book that would increase my income tax. It came out in the autumn of 1924—for the Christmas trade. And I'd uncorked another jackpot . . .

o—o

ONE OF the first to read it and get belly-laughs from it was the famous inventor of that big animated bulletin-sign that encircles the Times Building in Times Square, New York. His name was Frank Riley. He had me up to dinner in his West End apartment—to meet his Nellie. Nellie was a glorious Irish dish—of corned beef and cabbage flavored with tabasco. Obviously she and Frank had had their troubles with relatives of all sexes, ever since Frank had made his million on that sign. Frank propositioned me before the evening was over. Would I let him stage it as a play, with Frank Craven in the lead—it would be a Broadway riot. I said I wasn't averse to enjoying the financial emoluments from a Broadway riot, theatrically considered. So I went back to my bachelor lodgings the

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## "DRAG"

the Editor's third novel, in a neat clothbound edition—to make your shelf of Pelley Books complete. This was the hilarious story that starred Dick Barthelmess when it reached the screen, the first all-talkie production ever filmed. You buy 359 pages of laughs for **\$3**

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

richer by a thousand-dollar binder. But *Drag* as a play was never to be produced. First off, I landed in a law suit with Mae West, she who makes Brigham Young turn over in his grave whenever she travels across the State of Utah. Mae was staging a play that season that she'd given the name of *Drag* and it wasn't a dramatic presentation of my book. I made Mae let go, legally, and she called her Come-Up-and-See-Me-Sometime by some other label. But Craven meanwhile had signed up to do six plays for Erlanger and the stage deal was off. But while I was still squabbling with Riley about the \$1,000 earnest-money, Warner Brothers came alive on wanting the movie rights. Some week I'll take this page to tell you the weird story of selling the movie rights on *Drag* to Warner Brothers' purchasing agent—in which psychics were involved. Haven't time for it now. But I closed a deal for the screen rights to *Drag* in five figures, and it went to the coast to become the first all-talkie movie that was made by Warner Brothers-First National. Dick Barthelmess played the role of David. The musical comedy I'd charted him to write, when the screen version came out, featured *Song of the Nile*, which became a national song hit back in 1930. Successful though the picture was, God knows, Dick wasn't a comedian and the best comedy scenes fell flat. Still it was a novelty because nobody in particular sang a song every two minutes to keep up the interest. Along with the movie rights, I cleaned almost as much from *Drag* as I had from *Fog*. . .

—o—

SO DO you wonder that with Ray Heg-  
inbotham, my bookbinder, delivering me a couple hundred copies freshly bound tonight, I sat with a copy in my hands, read a well-remembered page here and there, sniffed the bilge-breeze again coming off the Hudson River into my hotel room at Newburgh and thought my long, long thoughts? . . . The Chicago man who wants a mess of the books to send to his relatives this Christmas—probably to make him articulate in a vicarious manner—claims it's the best book I ever wrote. Trouble with him, his judgment is impaired with too many relatives in his hair. The best book I've written to date is *Road into Sunrise*, and if I wasn't blackballed all over the nation by the pro-Kremlin element, I'd have gotten rich off *Road*, and Soulcraft would have the world by the tail and a downhill pull

financially. However, I'm by no means griping over the sales of *Road*. It's doing very nicely by mail, thank you. But what am I going to do with all these freshly bound copies of *Drag*? They don't do a thing but make people laugh—or make relatives mad. Got any relatives you want made mad? Send you a copy for three dollars to mail 'em?

—THE RECORDER

## Ball of Fire

(Continued from Page 11)

*two great living eyes looking from the ball; it descended to the pillow at the right of where "mother" lay, and rested upon it.*

Through the bedclothes I saw a form emerge over the body, perfect even to fingernails and toenails, of the same transparent bluish white substance. It gave a slight jerk and then rested in a horizontal position about six inches above the body. The round ball on the right pillow uncoiled as the form emerged. It took distinctly the figure of a man. One of his arms he placed under "mother," the other above her, with her head on his shoulder. *Together they floated above my head, to the corner of the ceiling from where I had seen the round ball of bluish white substance appear. Merging into one they disappeared from my sight.*

I went to the sitting room where the family was seated and said, "Our work is done, your father came for her."

The clocks all said nine. I then realized that the message of time had been given to me at six o'clock, but I had been too agitated to sense the significance.

## Different World

(Continued from Page 11)

for high-priced luxuries already contracted for, and have to be replevined. Transportation—meaning automobiles priced out of the public buying power—gets the first blow, naturally. Transportation is transportation. You can ride over a given stretch of territory in a car costing \$250 as readily as in a car costing \$2,500—it is terrain coverage only that is being bought. Therefore the first signs of this adjustment and economic renovation come in the used-car market.

Look about the used-car lots of your own city or talk with used-car dealers.



Used-car lots are jammed with replevined or traded-in cars till they resemble a Hollywood Boulevard traffic congestion on premiere of a world movie spectacle.

This is immediately reflected not only in the motor industry in Detroit but in a thousand plants making supplies and accessories for automobiles throughout the country. That means a sharp fall in the value of the stocks of these nationally located companies. Thousands of other commodities in the finished goods fields, such as chemicals and electrical equipment, begin to be similarly affected. City people cannot buy country produce. The farmer starts becoming distressed. He applies to his government for parity aid. His government say it's sorry but its got to cut down on appropriations because the tax-take is lessening.

The vicious circle is operating—healthily.

Finally the Treasury officials start looking into the nation's money supply and realize it has been gutted.

Bankruptcies start in waves.

Employers can't pay the dizzy wages that were current under a war economy. The trade unions try striking to maintain the status quo. That only makes the matter worse, because employers welcome struck plants, giving them excuse to shut down. But shutdowns don't feed hungry babies. The fathers slip in sidedoors and offer to work for less if only the essentials for life can be provided. Gradually such proposals are entertained. But to sell to those men with lowered wages, price curtailments have to come.

This is all healthy deflation. It is the operation of the grim law of Supply and Demand.

The diplomats conspire and say, "If we can get a good major war started, we can return to the commercial status quo." But no good war can be produced because there are no parties in strong enough financial shape to fight it. Germany is just getting back upon her feet. Japan has learned sense about militarism. France, Italy, Britain, are deep in the throes of internal troubles—with Russia surpassing the whole group of them in such regard. Some little pompous toad like Tito, plays with military matches and fires a couple of Balkan barns and hayricks—and is knocked over in two days. There just aren't any foes of consequence to fight. *They've all been thrashed.*

So the munitions men go bankrupt. They reorganize on a basis of making

# "FIGURE YOURSELF OUT!" . .



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If you want all the Numerological significances to hand for quick reference, acquire a copy of *Figure Yourself Out*, a reprint of the Numerological articles published in VALOR. Bound in red leatherette like *Elucidata*, 74 pages—

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Noblesville, Indiana

peace time goods, but nobody has money to buy them.

All of it is the disciplinary aftermath. And who, in his senses, would try to balk it?

Gradually Production for Consumption and Cooperativism in a new guise becomes the successful order. Thereat the curtain has risen truly on the Golden Times.

Get this program in your head and you find yourself hoping that things get worse fast so that they may get better fast. Don't bet on God or the Space Men arriving with gargantuan buckets and bail.



ing stupid humanity out. Both will counsel man—but they will not interfere with the working-out of the karma that has

produced the whole stramash. *That would be cheating the human race of the mammoth lesson coming to it from the gory vicissitudes of the past three decades.*

Where to invest any money you may have left?

Invest it in knowledge that goes into your own skull, about the eternal verities coming into their own again, that you may serve in administrative capacity with acumen high above your fellows.

We can let it go for the week at that.

### Soulcraft Rostrum

(Continued from Page 7)

by the blind man whom the Master had healed, when the man answered his interrogators, "Whether or not he is a sinner (whether or not I understand), one thing I know, that wherein I was blind, now I see."

But then, I am not young again. So I shall have to do my best with the years that are left. And in all of them, I shall try to keep young in spirit. Will you join me?



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SIX MONTHS: \$3.00

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



THESE ARE the days when I'm doing a lot of thinking about Soulcraft. I mean, where's it going from here? I'm having it demonstrated that the likeliest way to circulate it isn't by Billy Graham revivals. It's telling truly hungry people what it is, letting them get away in a quiet corner with a Soulcraft book and discover it. While some chaplains write lamenting letters, how hard it seems to get new people into groups, I'm privately and quietly adding new Soulcrafters by the thousands. I have, in fact, worked myself into a situation that in popular lingo is known as a Jam. I can't do more work personally because, there being only eighteen hours in any one day, I've about reached my limit. And because I'm not running a racket, I can't load on the tariff to compensate for more high-priced executives. With the mail from new Soulcrafters swamping me, demands for money for legal expenses are following suit. It's a poor time for certain elements to start a clamor for "something new in the Soulcraft literature", not a continual rehash of "the same old data" I've been proclaiming the past quarter-century. As if there could be much dramatically new in Truth!

THE IRONY of the situation is, nobody clapped a gun to my head and *made* me stop my career as a successful writer to disseminate the transcripts reaching me clairaudiently. No mentor was required to tell me that I was throwing away the financial increments of twelve to fifteen years, to begin such a program of spiritual instruction. The material seemed so dynamic that I felt the urge to share it. Something like 30,000 persons wrote me, after the publication of *Seven Minutes*, either recounting their own experiences along the same line or begging me to write more about my own. It took three secretaries something like four months, merely to acknowledge those letters. There was, I thought, a great hunger and thirst after righteousness and it ought to be filled. So I *did* try to fill it. I filled by sharing what I was getting. My sharing of it cost me something like \$40,000 out of my own pocket the first year I did so, in addition to the average annual earnings of \$30,000 that I forfeited in the magazine field "by going Spiritualist." Even A. Conan Doyle, famous brother author of Sherlock Holmes, carried on considerable correspondence with me from London, the summer of 1929, cautioning me about divorcing myself from my hard-earned literary prestige for a tuppence' worth of "fame" with a fickle esoteric public. Fact is, I didn't go through with it for the sake of a fickle public. I did it because My Elder Brother requested that it be done, and "when the host rushed in from the skies" I would know my reward. How was I to know *then* that "the host that rusheth in from the skies" might be literal Space Men? No matter. I didn't do it *expecting* reward. I did it because it seemed to need doing. I've issued a hundred and seventy-eight Script lessons, written seventeen Soulcraft books, delivered 127 weekly electronic discourses, and all the while kept from two to four publications

coming out regularly. How many letters prescribing spiritual therapy I've answered from correspondents over this past quarter-century, beggars the imagination. All this in addition to transcribing a million-and-a-half words of clairaudient transcripts, waging five law suits—which cost me a total of \$91,500 in attorney fees, bonds, or other legal expenses—and altered the badly muddled thinking of something like 50,000 persons. The giving away of eleven thousand copies of the "*Golden Scripts*" after physically publishing them was mere detail . . .

SO I repeat, these are the days when I'm doing a lot of thinking about Soulcraft—and where it goes from here. I'm realizing at last that I've got to do more conserving of my physical self. I'm now—I might put it—in the Host-Rushing-In Sequence. The days are passed, now, when I can spread myself over the country as I did in the heyday of the Silver Legion. Fitting the Saucer key into the Esoteric lock, I know more about the significance of the Saucer People than I'm at liberty to divulge. I've got to conserve myself, I say, and concentrate on building a structure that can carry on itself. And while I'm on the subject, let me lay the criticism of those who ask why—if this press of business is so great—I undertook the publication of *Bright Horizons*? *Bright Horizons* is almost no tax upon my time. The material that goes into it has been years written. I arise at 5:30 each morning, spend an hour at my typewriter and prepare a daily article before Headquarters awakes. Two weeks of this have scarcely passed before the 48 pages of text is available for the monthly. But *Bright Horizons* is part of the structure I'm building, to bring the purport of Soulcraft in easy and attractive segments to the newcomers. They see it on the reading-table of a friend, and an article headline catches their eye. They start reading and want to borrow it. The owner suggests they subscribe for it. Subscriptions are coming in heavily in consequence. But it's all going directly into Soulcraft. Personally I get nothing from it. I get almost nothing out of Soulcraft, anyhow, and this is a good place to make it public. My living expenses—yes. About \$90 monthly—\$22.50 weekly. The only use I have for money is financing my legal exoneration.

SO THAT'S that. I'm not especially exercised about the "give-us-something-new" people. I know, in the first place, they haven't comprehended yet what I've already given. But there are a hundred thousand new students suddenly discovering it. Fine and dandy. They've got twenty-five years of discovering what I've produced the past twenty-five years. So I'm fixing matters up that the literature itself does the work of exploitation. Where's the Chief? Maybe keeping a rendezvous with a Saucer Man. There are worse places to go than up . . . Sooner or later every Soulcrafter will discover it . . .

*Pellegrini*