

Valor

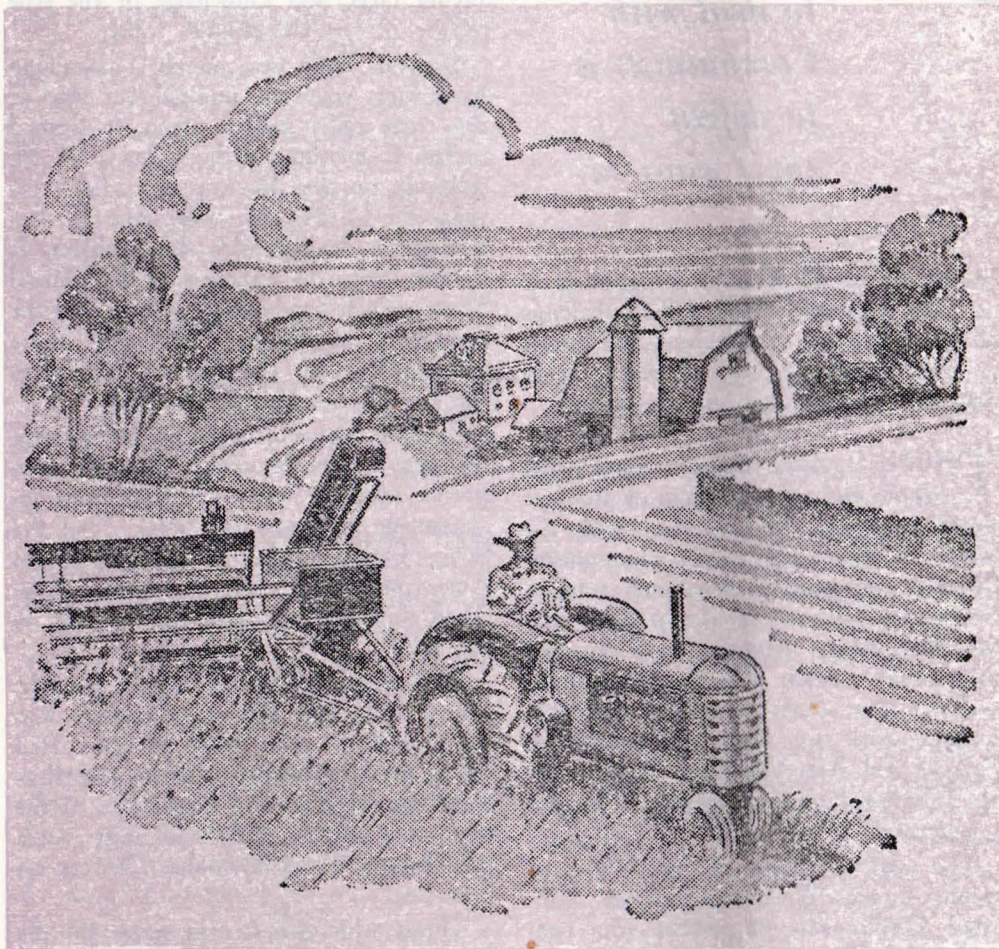
The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume V

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, June 6, 1953

Number 6



SHOULD WE WORK FOR THE QUEEN?

IT IS no particular secret that the one-time proud and indomitable British Empire has, in our time, begun a process of steady disintegration.

Do you know that in early 1939—months before the opening of World War II, the credit of the Government of Britain was so bad that in one day, British Government

bonds fell over 5 points, and the Bank of England was allowed to substitute paper Government bonds as a reserve in its banking system, in place of gold.

The cold fact is, that the condition of the American Government finances, and the condition of their economic system, can be traced to the fact that every basic move of the American people has been concerned, since 1914, in the hopeless and costly job of trying to save the British Empire from collapse.

Every international student has been aware for years that the once-great British Em- (Cont'd on Page 14)

THE AMERICAN taxpayer, since the close of World War I, has given the British Empire the incredible sum of 39 billion American dollars. This figures out to a payment by every man, woman and child in the nation, of every age—including the aged and infirmed—white or colored, of \$260. A working man with a wife and family of, say, eight children, has had \$2,600 taken from his earnings to support Britain.

What have they gotten for it?



Our Permanent the Kremlin's

*The only way
to deal with
Communists is
to defeat
their aims . .*

THE *Indianapolis Star* is Indiana's greatest newspaper. Its psychology is as representative of the American Way of Life, as held by the grass-roots population of the nation, as that of any journalistic enterprise between Pittsburgh and Denver. And its editorial treatment of Communism as of Sunday, May 31st, deserves a wider circulation than the State lines of Indiana.

Ten years bygone, the illuminating editorial that is reprinted this week in *VALOR* from *The Indianapolis Star* could not have been placed in its columns if space had been paid for at advertising rates. Pelley of *The Silver Legion* was sent to prison for 15 years—and served half of them—for printing almost identically the same warning shortly after Pearl Harbor. *The Star* evinced only a perfunctory interest then in the verdict. Pelley paid the price of being too perspicacious. Nevertheless it is impossible to blink the fact that if the anti-Red crusaders of the early 1940s had not plowed the soil for the great campaign of revelation about Sovietism's true nature and sponsorship, the American newspapers of the nation would not today be carrying the revelatory torch zenith high.

At present, however, it is not the nature and design of the "Red-Baiters" that interests John Q. Public so much as what

the climax of the Kremlin situation is to be. The editorial which follows belongs in the *Americana* of our times and attests to the intelligence with which every American should view the question—

THERE is sharp division among the people and the statesmen of the free world over how best to deal with the Soviet Union and with communism. Broadly two general viewpoints conflict. One group believes that it is possible that the men in the Kremlin have changed since Stalin's death, that they have given evidence they want to make a deal, that we can work out some compromises in Europe and Asia and thus attain what Sir Winston Churchill called "peace for a generation."

The other viewpoint is this: We must recognize that Soviet leaders are dedicated Communists no matter who controls the final power in the Soviet Union. The Communists all agree that communism must conquer the world. Communists agree that they will use any method, any trick, any falsehood, any treaty and any agreement to help them attain their ends. The only way to deal with Communists is to defeat their aims, not compromise with them, for every compromise is merely a surrender which advances the Communist world revolution one step further.

The first view is compounded out of a naive trust in human nature, in hope

for the best, and in complete ignorance of the true nature of communism. The second view is compounded of experience in dealing with communism, realism in facing facts, and knowledge of the true nature of the Communist faith.

Senator Taft was merely recognizing hard facts when he pointed out that if the truce talks stalled again, it seemed useless to continue to hope for a U. N. solution to the Korean war. For two years the U. N. has shown constant impotence in dealing with this problem. It is only logical to assume that the United States, which has both the power and the experience in Korea, could deal more successfully with the Korean War than the U. N. can do or has done.

Senator Jenner was merely recognizing the true nature of the Communist conspiracy when he warned against more appeasement in Korea last week. "All the Soviet Union wants," he said, "is to get American armed forces out of Asia. Then time and the fifth column will do the rest."

It is simple realism to assert, as Mr. Jenner did, that the major Soviet aim in these truce talks is to shoulder Red China into the United Nations and thus force the isolation and liquidation of the strongest Asiatic anti-Communist force in existence, the Nationalist Chinese on Formosa.

Those who believe the men in the Kremlin have "changed" and are now ready to "do business" simply reveal an attitude of wishful thinking and ignorance of the true nature of the Communist leadership. The Communists intend to conquer the world—not necessarily by war, but infiltration, subversion, propaganda and internal revolt. Only when they stop being Communists will they abandon this aim. They frankly and openly state that they will use any trickery, violate any agreement, use any weapon to achieve the goal of world communism.

Attitude toward World Program

ONE OF the Soviet's best diplomats, former counselor for the Soviet Foreign Office, Col. Igor Bogolepov, has escaped to this country and has revealed fully the true aims and plans of his former associates—one of whom was Malenkov. His estimate of present Soviet aims is printed elsewhere on this page. We hope our readers will read and believe what he says. The future of America and of human liberty depends on our understanding of the nature of the enemy we face.

Says Bogolepov: "Every form of collaboration with the Soviet tyranny will have to end. Containment and appeasement will only assist the enemy to grow stronger than ourselves, and by pursuing these policies we shall be preparing our own downfall."

"The truth shall make us free." When Americans and Britons and Frenchmen and Indians and others who want to live in peace and freedom understand the truth about communism, then, and only then, can free men unite to destroy communism before it destroys us.

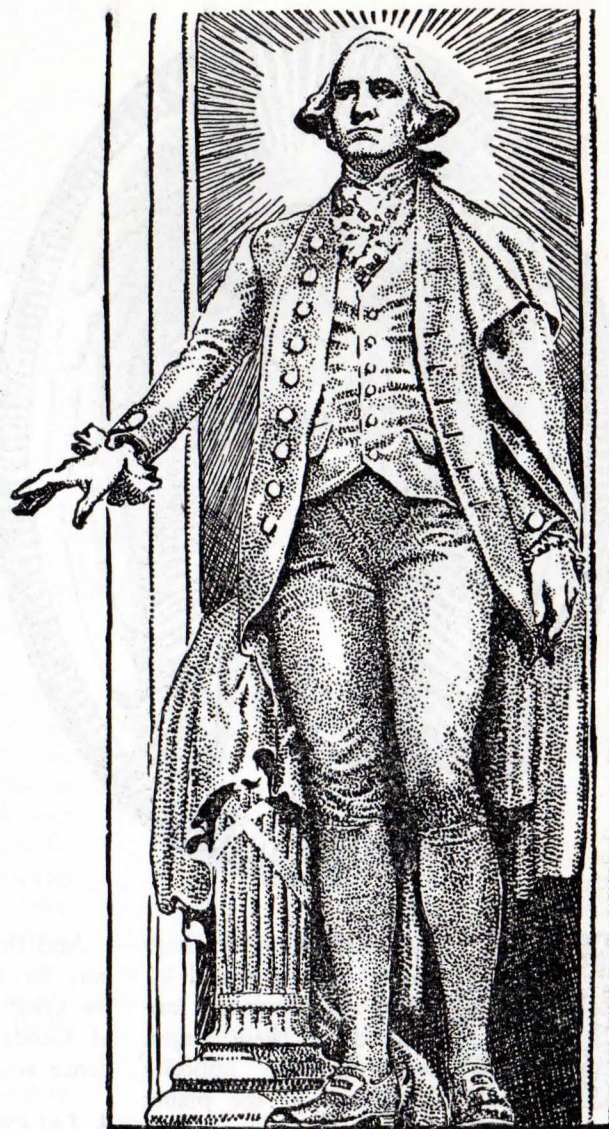
Below, reprinted from the May 20 edition of Human Events, Washington, D. C., is Col. Bogolepov's estimate of present Soviet intentions. It was written by Richard L. Stokes.

THE COMMUNIST'S revolution is dedicated to one fixed and implacable purpose—that of rooting out from the whole world, by means of violence, the last traces of non-Communist institutions, traditions and ideas. By logical necessity, every shift and turn of Soviet behavior, whether conciliatory or hostile, is just another move on the chessboard of a feud to the death. If Americans, including diplomats and publicists, would recognize this unalterable premise of Soviet policy, they would never again be taken in by any vagary, however, tempting, of the Communist "line."

It is idle to debate whether Moscow's latest "peace offensive" is sincere. When the Kremlin and White House talk of peace they use the same word in opposite senses. For Eisenhower, peace is the absence of war. For Malenkov, it is the continuance of war under an alternative guise. In the Western view, to cooperate is to work together in amity for a common objective. In Communist jargon a period of co-operation, collaboration or "co-existence" is a breathing space in which to gather strength for slitting the gullet of one's associate.

MILLIONS of Americans are risking peril by refusing to understand that the Soviets are not a civilian government like our own. The Kremlin's masters are not politicians, financiers, industrialists, labor leaders nor editors. They are soldiers. The West has been paralyzed by their transfer to the diplomatic field of the entire body of artifices until now held legitimate only in war, such as infiltration, espionage, deception and bloodshed.

Regarding itself as having been overwhelmingly victorious in cold war, the Kremlin estimated, long before Stalin's death, that the hour was ripe for another honeymoon with the Occident. If the latter could be duped once more into complacency, it was thought that by 1960—with a year more or less—the Soviets would be prepared for an ultimate reck-



oning with the United States, after which Europe, Asia and Latin America would tumble into their lair.

THE SOVIET Union's design is to take the place of Germany in Europe's prewar economy by enlarging its industrial production to equal that of all Eastern Europe. It has the natural resources and manpower to do so, and has obtained the needed skills through the capture of German scientists and the folly of American lend-lease. At the same time, there is to be a build-up of Communist China to replace Japan as the great power in the East Pacific. Within six to eight years both tasks should be well advanced. For their grand assault on the United States the Soviets count on having by then an irresistible air force and some 500 uranium and hydrogen bombs. All of this spells an era

(Continued on Page 13)

Why We Well May Faith of Caodaism



STRANGE things are happening in our world of today. As previously announced in these pages, over on the opposite hemisphere of the planet a new religion has appeared that seems to be spreading like wildfire—with three to five million converts to the moment and more coming in by the hundreds of thousands.

The name of the miraculous new faith is Caodaism.

It is a unique and rational blend of Reformed Buddhism, Vietnamese Spiritism, and Christian moral altruism, all projected and started by precisely the same clairaudient technique that is giving this western world the *Golden Scripts* and the philosophy of Soulcraft.

Is there any connection on the Higher Planes between the two?

Apparently times have arrived on the world when under the Air Sign of Aquarius it is propitious that revised and energized Faiths are to paragraph and punctuate man's spiritual life as lived to the present. The Orient gets Caodaism, the Occident gets Soulcraft. What else can we think? The affinity of doctrine between the two may have startling denouement.

And the spread of Asiatic Communism may be most gratifyingly contained, as the great moral and sacrosanct principles of Caodaism gain wider and wider credence among the masses of the East . . .

VALOR has made previous mention of the induction of Caodaism throughout the Southern Orient, after having its attention called to the phenomenon by *Fate Magazine* of Chicago. Thereat a missionary-minded Soulcraft of northern Ohio caused a copy of the *Golden Scripts* in unabridged edition to go out to His Holiness Pham Cong Tac, titular head of the new Faith, in the Tayninh Cathedral of Cao Dai, in Vietnam, Indo-China. In due time, back came most gracious acknowledgment to the Revelator of the Soulscripts for the Soulcraft Testament, which has started a sympathetic correspondence. This week arrived at Soulcraft Headquarters a most enlightening volume titled, *History and Philosophy of Caodaism*, by one Gabriel Gobron, a French author, but writing in English.

In this book of 189 pages is set forth the entire history, aims, and tenets whose principles include—

Possibility of entering into conscious relations with all planetary beings of the

solar system, both incarnate and discarnate;

A Cosmos that holds no more secrets for initiates because of their spiritual vision;

Knowledge of the future or clairvoyance for all;

Possibilities of Directed and Controlled Thought acting upon Matter;

Transmission of both Thought and Sound to great distances;

Limited influence upon the actions of other men;

Reading of the thoughts of others, telepathically;

Spontaneous understanding of all languages, in other words, the Gift of Tongues;

Possibility of prolongation of the physical life;

Healing of the sick by laying on of hands;

Powers of duplication and projection of the personality astrally;

Materializations of those who have physically died;

Knowledge and credence of the laws governing earthly return in multiple existences and denouement of Karma;

A brotherhood of man without attempts to undermine racial nationalism that is the basis of patriotism.

THE WHOLE great agenda of these principles began "coming over" to an obscure clerk in the Indo-Chinese Immigration Service at Saigon in a psychical seance back in 1902. As Gabriel Gobron's book naively puts it—

"In 1902, during a spiritualistic seance that took place at Thu-Dau-Mot, where Neo-Van-Chieu was present, a Superior Spirit was manifested and, having revealed to him his future religious mission, advised him to practice the Dao without delay."

Forthwith a great volume of clairaudient Scripts began to be dictated to Ngo-Van-Chieu, known as The First Caodaist, the fame of which started to draw others

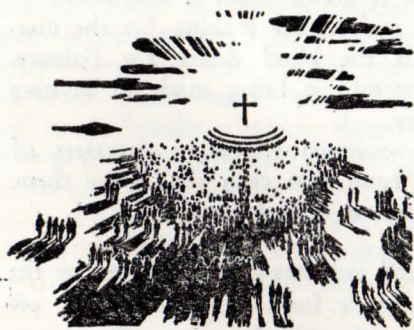
Watch this New Oriental Spreading from Indo-China

to the psychical clinics where the "superior Spirit" was thus finding ways to become articulate and transfer the lore of the Higher Octaves to the millions of the East.

The moment that three wealthy Indo-Chinese princes examined these messages and became convinced of their authenticity, putting up the money to erect a magnificent temple to house the originals, Caodaism began to register with the masses. By rationalizing and reconciling Buddhism, Hinduism and the ethical teachings of Jesus, it started winning converts.

All has not been smooth sailing with the new Faith, by any means. G. Gobron, writing posthumously, states—

"I have given much of my life to Caodaism. I have shared its pain, its sorrow, its discouragements, at tragic times when doctors of philosophy and sons of hate were bullying it and persecuting it in hundreds of cynical or hypocritical ways. I have lived its joys, its hopes, its triumph, at happy moments when Knights of the Spirit and men of good will were granting it a truce or recognizing its right to more justice. In spite of precarious health, I have made these sufferings mine own; they were sometimes added to my almost daily worries. To the trials of Caodaism were added, in a painful fraternity, my own karmic reparations. After overwhelmingly hopeless days, a ray of light has from time to time pierced the cloud and the sun has swept the Ardennes fog . . . For 13 years



I have thus lived the life of my brethren of Vietnam, making it one with mine own . . ."

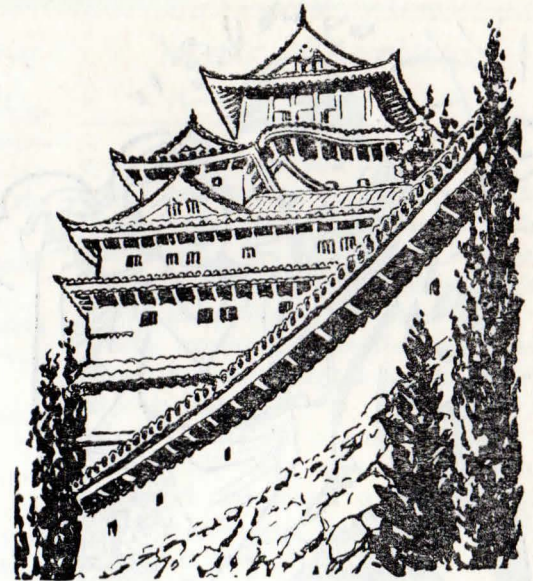
The point is, that something new and rational has appeared in the religions of Asia that seems to be, at this writing, almost the prototype of what began in Manhattan of the U. S. A. on October 28, 1929. Nothing was known of Caodaism in America at that time. Apparently two men, writing something like 13,000 miles apart, received counsel in the same cosmic and spiritual principles, made them of record, and offered them as the basis for a new interpretation of Holy Spirit.

Must the twin events not be significant?

THE TERRITORY wherein this spiritual manifestation happened in the Orient is of itself strategic. Glance at a map of Asia and far down on the Anam and Siamese Peninsula you will see the area belonging to the Federation of the Five States of Indo-China. Viet-Nam is one of those States, the others being Anam, Laos, Tonkin, and Cochinchina. It is in this French Protectorate that the Chinese Communists are making such threatening gestures at present engaging the watchful scrutiny of United Nations.

Thus with Burma on the west and China proper on the east, Viet-Nam assumes great geographical and cultural importance. If these Asiatic Soulcraft principles, already taken deep root and spreading rapidly now, penetrate into India on the one hand and Cathay on the other, it is by no means conjectural that world history will be altered.

At any rate, for the next few issues,



VALOR intends to acquaint Liberation-Soulcraft students with this religious phenomenon of an allied nature expanding to strategic importance on the other side of the earth under the aegis of Aquarius. The Golden Times Weekly will study G. Gobron's book, section by section.

The thing to which religious scholars in this part of the world might well give more attention than they do, is the apparent fact that the Higher Origins of the Soulcraft tenets are already known to the spiritual brethren in lands afar and sympathetically and understandingly commented upon by great Oriental discarnates at current seances in the West.

Doctors of Philosophy and "Sons of Hate" have taken their fling at the same principles here in the Occident, refusing to acknowledge either the import or grandeur of the American movement because it is contemporaneous with distracting economic troubles and political shenanigans. Then too, the American Movement will not permit itself to be theologized. It is a spiritual philosophy by which to understand and interpret life and its social phenomena, not a mere addition to the churchianity of denominational religions of the Occident.

But that two such master Faiths should have begun rooting almost in the same generation, in the two hemispheres, calls for more than any explanation of coincidence.

Altogether it may be well to keep an eye on Caodaism in more than the academic manner.

From it can grow the Link of Reconciliation between the East and the West!



What Was the Real Motive Behind Your Marriage? . .

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

He has no goods-power, no social influence, and only a pittance of recognized economic value to society, with fifty in prospect!

THOUSANDS of young men are asking an equal number of thousands of young women to marry them, with each year that passes, who twenty-five years hence will be making the same plaint. The real motive behind such union may be karmic—yes. But it is not the kind of karma that exercises strongest in the cases where the lives have clean design and purpose.

The motive behind these unions is Incidental Karma.

It is the karma of Motivated Fancy, where Woman as Woman is what the man attracts, because he invites the disciplines of circumscription.

All matrimonial karma is not a constant pay-off. Fresh karma starts somewhere. In the person rightfully termed "average," the matrimonial relationship accrues because one or the other of the parties offers, or invites, repercussion from attributes of which the other stands in need.

Any antithetical woman will answer as the partner in such a youthful instance. Any man who indicates he will serve as a foil for the woman's temperamental expressions, will find himself applying for a license from a magistrate.

The real motive making for the marriage is the blind desire for Balance. The attempt is being made at inviting Stability.

The common educating processes of life demand that each shall serve them. The mating is biological.

THUS two strangers, attracted by the necessity for spiritual discipline, are
(Continued on Page 7)

THE AVERAGE man, who miscalls his Wish-to-Power by the name of Ambition, who has no blueprint for the living of his career, who hunts a job because it means money and is rancorous because his troubles seem continuously financial, is certain to reach the period when he says to himself: "I'm a failure at forty-five because I married too young. If I hadn't loaded myself with expenses of a wife and family, I'd have gotten ahead at a much faster clip."

Ask such a man why he married at all, and he will probably reply: "I'll be hanged if I know! I recall that I wanted a home—or imagined that I did—and having a wife went along with growing a beard, wearing long pants, and drawing a pay-envelope Saturday night."

"Didn't you love the girl?"

"Well, I suppose that I did, and provided you'd call it love. About the time that the 'new' wore off, the kids began coming, and continual expenses have been hounding me since. Now if I'd only waited till I got a good stake, things might have been different."

"If you had your life to live over

again, would you marry the same girl, provided that you could?"

"No, I don't think I would!"

"Why not?"

"Because twenty-five years of living together have shown me that, aside from the children, we haven't much in common."

"Then you wouldn't call it that your marriage is successful?"

"Well, it hasn't brought me much besides expenses!"

"What did you suppose that it would bring you?"

And the average American is stumped for reply.

Truth to tell, he hasn't thought much about it. The girl came into his affairs at a time when he was susceptible to marriage because getting married was the natural thing to do. Yet deep in the background of his mind, he vaguely assumed that it was going to bring him something—something in the way of assets that he now cannot describe.

Almost nothing about his life, however, can he accurately describe.

With the single exception!

He can—and does—accurately describe his "failure." . .

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Speed and Spirit



SOMETHING like 190,000 people paid admissions at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, Memorial Day morning, to gain entrance to the grandstands and bleachers for the witnessing of the 500-mile annual motor speed classic. And what did they see? They beheld a dozen to a score of stripped-down racers tearing in lap after lap about a two and half-mile track—at an average speed of approximately 130 miles per hour—competing to win a first-prize of \$89,000.

This was a pay-off of better than \$22,000 an hour for the contestant who came off in top place—one 'Bill' Vukovich, jestingly referred to as "the Moscow entry" because of his presumable Russian background. There were six crashes during the running of the race and one driver died of collapse from the heat. Decorating the graves of soldiers crossed no one's mind during the holiday which the races seemed to observe.

Weather throughout the rest of Indiana was one of moderate summer heat that day, but the great inverted racing bowl, of brick and cement, permits no cross breezes to waft away the terrific temperature that had quickly mounted. It meant thundering at more than two and one-half miles a minute through the interior heat of a natural furnace. Quickly the race became not a test of skill so much as a test of physical endurance.

All to what end? That faster and sturdier motorcars might be evolved? Who believes that?

What then, attracts and holds the at-

tention of 190,000 people for such endurance test of four solid hours? . . . the opportunity to see human beings caromed into the next life by the bursting of a tire or miscalculation of an opening? Actually, isn't it every year the spirituality in the thing?

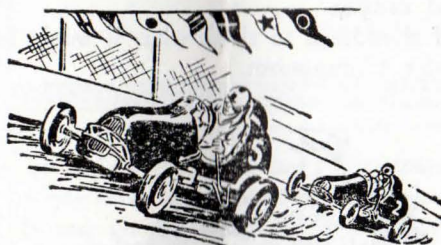
Spirituality in the Indianapolis Speedway Races! Precisely.

It is the triumphant of spiritual man over the inertias of materials and materialism.

Man finds ways to attach incredible power to revolving wheels. He sits between these wheels and essays to control them in performance of their speeds. He pits his supervising mind and coordinated muscle against the blind force of whirling mechanisms. Blasts of insufferable heat arise to challenge him while at this audacious feat. He makes Mind not only drive body through the torment but demonstrates that Mind is superior to both the ferocity of roaring mechanisms and body-consuming temperatures as well.

A hundred and ninety thousand people watch the spectacle. It "thrills" them, we say of it. But it's not the display of the speeds effected that provide the thrills. It's the demonstration that the ensouled spirit of man truly IS master over inestimable motion.

They are watching Spirit discipline mechanism and show which is ruler. At the end, they don't cheer the winner as a man for his endurance. They cheer—actually—the stamina and tenacity of spiritual man for subduing or surviving the hazards of the final word in mechanical ordeal.



Every spectator in the stands feels bigger and better as a spiritual entity when the ordeal is ended and Matter is proven to be still subservient.

Incidentally, it cost most of the spirits at the Speedway Saturday \$3 to \$30 a piece to feel bigger and better.

That most of them will go back next Memorial Day for a repeat spectacle of similar order, proves that they feel they get their money's worth.

It's still Spirit Dominant in action.

Your Marriage

(Continued from Page 6)

brought into conjunction. Biology is served, and passion peters out. The day arrives when the pair look at each other and demand by deed if not by word: "Why in the name of all that's logical did we marry in the first place?"

Each married to give the other something that each sensed intuitively the other lacked.

Individuality did not enter it!

That will come later, in other lives, when each has ceased to be "average," and compensations are of moment for obligations great or small.

Three bases exist for marriage, we are told: First, the increments from the married state as a Condition; second, the payment in kind of spiritual debts previously contracted; third, loving ministrations and unbreakable companionship of twin soul for twin soul, both having been hatched from the same cosmic egg.

The first endures till most of the increments from the married state have generally been rendered; the second endures till debts of spirit are paid in full; the third endures so long as earthly contact is humanly possible—and then resumes in the Higher Octaves.

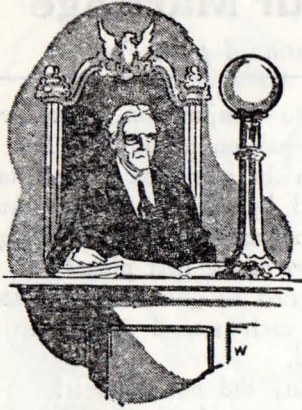
The average man marries the girl who sat across from him in high school and romantically awaited his return from the wars. He may have done it as a moral obligation. He loved the girl physically—in the haphazard way in which his whole life will be conducted because made up mostly of unorganized wishes, envies, repercussions, and sensations. All the same, he was not "in love" with her.

If some other Miss had awaited his return from the wars, he would have wedded her instead.

Holding her responsible for his mediocrity of forty-five, is quite as senseless as bethinking that all his economic troubles would cease if plenty of money dropped into his lap.

The true thing that has made Mr. Average Man average from the beginning, is not Money or lack of it, nor matrimony and plenty of it, but avoidance of analysis in regard to himself.

Entering upon life without plan or purpose, he has remained as static in regard to the enhancements from matrimony as he has remained static in regard to enhancements from environment or occupation. (Continued on Page 10)



"Garden of Prophecy"

. . . Second Volume of "Door to Revelation" . . .

CHAPTER XVII

O'CONNELL, my Washington, D. C. counsel, had appealed Justice Adkins' decision—that I could be extradited back to North Carolina without a charge lodged against me. For a State to demand that one of its former citizens return to it merely for the purpose of being prosecuted—without revealing the nature of the complaint—was neither law nor equity. Had Judge Warlick specified, when suspending my 1935 sentence, that I was to remain for the five years within the State, and North Carolina been able to prove that I had violated such instructions, the aspect of this whole affair would have been altered. But Judge Warlick had done no such thing. He had placed no restrictions on my liberties whatsoever, beyond directing that during such suspension I neither print nor distribute any literature containing figures describing the financial affairs of my commercial enterprises. This I had not violated. In fact, during the four years and eight months before my former prosecutor got himself elected Judge and began all this obvious reprisal against me, I hadn't gotten so much as a traffic ticket in the way of breaking any statutes. I had moved out of the State and ceased to be its citizen. It amounted to passing beyond the jurisdiction of any North Carolina courts. Thus, without giving any reasons for their conduct, they were petitioning the Federal Courts of Washington that I be forcedly made to return.

And of an autumn day in 1941 the Court of Appeals of Washington, D. C. handed down the unprecedented confirmation that I was required to do just that. When a "great sovereign State"

wanted possession of a citizen's body in order to inflict penal punishment upon it, the citizen had no rights that anyone needed to respect. "Sovereign States"—of course in the aspects of their vindictive politicians—were not to be gainsaid.

As I recall it, I was pursuing lawful activities in the city of Seattle, Washington, where I was keeping a speaking date, when O'Connell's telegram reached me, instructing me to fly to the Capital at once. Walking into his office after an overnight transcontinental plane flight, his greeting was—

"I've done all I can for you, Bill. But it looks like we're living under a dictatorship where they make their own laws as they go along. You'd better get ready to battle this out, back in Buncombe County."

I exclaimed, "Can't we get this thing into the Supreme Court?"

"We can try," said Eddie. "But I can't hold out much hope that the High Court will even agree to hear it. You see, your name's Pelley, so that calls for special treatment."

I was getting my education in how thin the veneer of constitutional law may become when audacious politicians run the country's institutions by connivance and caprice . . .

I shuddered to think what it might be under Communism.



JIMMY, my bondsman, who had carried me consistently on one bond from Judge Casey's police court up to the current moment, joined the conference. The relief was large on his face that I had appeared from the West.

"Well," said I to O'Connell, "if the High Court turns us down on certiorari, there's just one final thing I wish you could arrange for me."

"What's that?"

"Arrange matters with some court or magistrate so that I be permitted to turn myself over to Jimmy formally on the steps of the Buncombe County courthouse in Asheville, instead of being required to travel back to Buncombe County in the car of those North Carolina sheriffs as their prisoner. I don't like the rumors I've heard of what they propose to do to me 'for causing them all this trouble' in this whole extradition squabble. Can do?"

"Can do," agreed Eddie, "providing Jimmy here wants to make the trip down there to receive you and discharge your bond down there officially."

"I'll go," assented Jimmy, "if you'll pay expenses."

"How much time have we got," I asked O'Connell, "before you'll learn whether the High Court will accept certiorari?"

"A week, maybe," he suggested.

"Have I opportunity to run back to Indiana?"

"For why?" he asked suspiciously. When you are being a persistent loser in the courts on a political premise, everything you might wish to do to guard your own interests is suspect. I was finding that out.

"I want to make arrangements for leaving my publishing affairs, as well as having some representatives working in my interests in North Carolina so I'll not be held incommunicado."

"You'd better make your arrangements by telephone and remain here in the Capital—at least till we know how the Supreme Court means to rule."

I knew then from the expression on O'Connell's face and the alteration in his manner that he considered this year-long fight as lost.

I CHECKED in at a local hotel, called my Noblesville office, and learned

that Losey, president of my Indiana corporation, had already left for Asheville in his car, taking with him one of my Indiana lawyers.

"They got a tip," my Noblesville communicant reported, "that everything isn't kosher about the legal basis for this extradition. They've gone down to do some gumshoe work in your interests. Better not stir out of Washington, D. C. until you hear from them."

I promised at least not to bestir from Washington without informing the Noblesville office where I might be reached, and resigned myself to sitting the situation out. This, as I recall, happened on a Monday. Or maybe it was Tuesday.

I certainly recall that it was upon a Wednesday—practically the next day—that a call from O'Connell reported that the Supreme Court had refused to be "bothered" with any case that required them to rule on the Pelley status, and certiorari had been denied. As expeditiously as that. I had until Friday noon to "turn myself in". At Asheville, however, Eddie had succeeded in obtaining a ruling that the "turning in" would comply with the dictates of the case if done on the steps of the Buncombe County courthouse, as I'd wanted.

Wednesday night, a few minutes to midnight, in my room at my hotel, the phone rang beside my bed where I was trying to fall asleep under difficulty. What now? Who could want me at this hour of night? I had become so accustomed to all types and varieties of the Double-Cross, that my nerves were wearing ragged.

"Asheville, North Carolina, is calling," announced the limpid voice of the local long-distance operator.

It was Losey.

"Chief?" he queried.


"Yes," I said.

"Listen! . . . Pay close attention and follow orders. *Don't move out of Washington, D. C. under any circumstances*, until Vic and I have opportunity to get up there and report what we've discovered." Vic was the attorney Carl had taken down to Asheville.

"What's up, Carl?"

"Plenty! We'll drive all night and try to be in the Capital by daybreak."

I WAS aroused at 6:30 a. m. by two grey-faced colleagues who had spent the intervening hours driving the 502 miles from Buncombe County to the ho-



REVIVAL

THE ROBINS are returning and my tired heart is yearning
 For the wood camp up the river by the shore,
 Where the trout and bass are lying and the wild ducks are a-flying
 As the Spring comes back up north again once more.
 When the violets start blooming and the bullfrogs begin tuning
 And the ice is gone and brooks all start to roar,
 Then I have to tune the motor, put the old boat in the water,
 As Spring Fever oozes then, from every pore.

I feel so very lazy, thought of cities drives me crazy,
 And I welcome getting soaked up by the rain;
 Winter time has ceased its snowing and the soft south wind is blowing,
 So I'm heading up the river, once again.
 There we have no disconcertion, meaning bathing suit immersion,
 And we hear the night-birds out with mating call;
 Only campfires that are burning will now satisfy my yearning
 And I'll not come back from Nature till the Fall.

Don't know what there is about it but I've never been without it,
 This lethargy we get with leaf of Spring,
 It is not a sickness really but you act and feel so queerly
 When you see this new life-bloom on everything.
 I have asked and found the reason for vibrations of this season,
 And I trust that you may have it too, my love . . .
 Spring finds discord being righted, then with God and Man united,
 It's unending Resurrection from above!

—through WINCHESTER MacDOWELL

tel in which I'd slumbered. Vic tossed a fat briefcase on the rumple of my bed.

"If you go to North Carolina or turn yourself over to that wolf-pack under any circumstances, you're a bigger idiot than you've shown yourself to date," he said.

"Okay," I answered, "let's have it. What gives?"

"The Buncombe County political crowd haven't one legal leg to stand on, pulling you back into their blankity-blank State. The capias that ex-prosecutor Nettles, issued against you was returned by the Buncombe County sheriff and marked 'Not Found'. Then it was

cancelled. And Nettles has no right to issue a second. Not at this late stage of the game. That means there's not a legal paper in North Carolina that's worth its powder and shot. But that's not all. Look at these photostats!"

Unstrapping the briefcase, Vic pulled from it a sheaf of reproductions of somebody's correspondence. Briefly, it had been written from one Buncombe County politician to another Buncombe County politician and constituted as perfect a case of collusion and conspiracy against my constitutional rights as any impartial court in the land could want. Somebody besides myself might have "gone

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to Raleigh" if these could possibly be produced as evidence behind this whole nefarious affair—which had as its basis, remember, the closing up of my publications against further revealments of Reds.

"All you've got to do," said Vic, "is sit tight and let them bring the fight to you a second time. Then produce these photostats. Do you think the Governor of the State will let himself become involved in all this nastiness when these letters are read?"

"How'd you get these?" I inquired.

"We came upon them in some legal files of your case that the Buncombe County prosecutors never thought we'd examine."

I lowered the exhibits and looked at my colleagues.

"The ironical part about *this* development," I said to them, "is the fact that Jimmy, my bondsman, left last night for Asheville, to be on hand down there to discharge my bond tomorrow noon. If I don't show up, then I truly *will* be guilty of a breach. At any rate, let me get into my clothes. The three of us will go over to Eddie's when he comes in for the day."

Had these two smart agents turned up something that was to bring me succor at the last minute—almost literally? We ordered up breakfast with plenty of black coffee. I dressed. In due time we were on our way to O'Connell's office.

It was difficult to decipher what was going on in the Washington lawyer's mind as he read the photostats. Finally he pronounced—

"If you'd turned up with these while we had our case in court, we might have won it. Now I have me doots."

"You have your doubts about what?" demanded Vic. He was a big-bodied, black-eyed man, vehement of temper when aroused.

"That we can reinstate, photostats or no photostats. I suggest that Bill keeps his date with Jimmy at the Buncombe County courthouse tomorrow, then use these photostats at his hearing to clear himself."

"In other words," scoffed Losey, "walk into the wolf's den and show the beast a paper wherein it's unlawful for him to bite Little Red Riding Hood?"

"If you," O'Connell said to me "don't turn yourself over to Jimmy tomorrow noon in Asheville, you ARE in a mess, and no mistake. You can do what you

choose. I don't think these photostats are going to help you locally in the slightest."

Eddie, in other words, didn't *want* to press the case further. It showed in his voice . . . Forty-eight hours later, down in the Asheville Jail, he was to turn his rear to me, part his coat tails and invite me to kick as hard as I could. For Eddie went down to see what happened and help retrieve a tactical blunder if he could.

I descended to the sidewalk with Losey and Vic. The latter was inarticulate. Here was everything for an eleventh hour victory in our hands and our attorney of record wouldn't act. You ran across situations like that, at times. What to do?

"You boys come back to the hotel and get some shut-eye," I directed. "Then we will head for Asheville but make a call en route. I've got a card or two up my sleeve I haven't played yet."

(To Be Continued)

Your Marriage

(Continued from Page 7)

Like the peasant who stares at the mounting skylark, he is still in the condition of manifesting amazement at the sheerness of Life Itself.

He is not yet sufficiently sophisticated to make deliberate discernments as to function.

This awakening must come to him. And in the moment that it comes, he will thereafter not be average.

ALL OF which is Job's Comfort to the American of forty-five, who imagines from his unimportance to society and the universe that his life is a washout. He is securely wedded to the girl who awaited his return from the one-time war. She has borne him three children. Common decency dictates that he support them if he can.

What he does not grasp is: that one of the main items keeping him average is this self-same tendency to blame this or that—environment, parents, money or lack of it, job, early matrimony, what-not—for his static condition of forty-five which he assumes to be Failure, instead of recognizing that nothing which he has experienced has been without its profit to his spirit, and the instant he

turns Wish-to-Power into Will-to-Power, he will start to mount upward.

As many men have wedded mediocre girls at twenty, and made names and fortunes for themselves, spelling Success at forty-five, as those who stayed bachelors.

The woman never lived—unless a helpless cripple from the first—who could hold a man down who truly had it in him to fight to the top.

Wives, even the unfortunate kind, give more to a man in matrimony than they possibly take from him.

It is all in the Point of View!

The average wife is more sinned against than sinning. She marries expecting generally to go through with her bargain. But the man, by his averageness, makes it as difficult as possible for her to give value.

She becomes a hostage to his fortune by the nature of his smallness.

Men with true Will-to-Power, go on upward anyhow—and take their wives with them, good, bad, or indifferent.

After such a one has reached the top, he may look at the woman and decide she is worthless—not deserving of the fortune that his strong will has wrested—and summarily heave her out.

But the man who is average merely muddles in resentment. The thing that was his real motive for entering matrimony to get, he turns and repudiates as forty-five is reached.

He is not a cad precisely, for being a cad requires directed intelligence. He is rather the robot, functioning by reactions.

SOME sage has said: "A man has three friends: an old dog, an old wife, and money!"

The man who, at forty-five, has decided that the handicap of an old wife is the cause of most of his troubles, again is demonstrating the stupidity that has made his life a bust.

The sudden application of Brains to his predicament, carries him straight to the woman who has suffered him in doldrums and makes him confess: "I've been doing some self-analysis and am going to start afresh. I'm going to out purposefully and constructively to reach a surer affluence twenty-five years hence, and I'm asking for your help."

Will he get it?

In the cases of ninety-nine wives out of every hundred, he'll see a welling of eager tears behind discouraged eyelids

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that will cause him consternation.

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But the man must start the business—with the assay of *himself!*

THE PAY-OFF

A VERMONTNER found himself on the witness stand in a railroad damage suit.

"Now you just tell the jury," said the attorney for the dead man's wife, "how the accident happened."

"Waal," said the native, "Jake and me was walkin' up the tracks when we heard a whistle. I got off the tracks so the train could go past. Then I looked 'round for Jake. He warn't in sight, so I walked back a piece. Purty soon I see Jake's hat, then I seen one of his arms, then I seen both of his feet, and finally I kum across his head. 'My crackey!' sez I, 'sumpin' musta happened to Jake!'"

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The Pay-Off

A NEGRO preacher was bothered by the braying of a mule that was known to have a highly efficient pair of heels. One Sunday night, while the sermon was being delivered, the mule became so bold as to thrust his head in the church window and bray in such fashion as to halt the proceedings.

"Is dar one amongst yo', breddren and sistern, who knows how to keep a mule quiet?"

"Parson," replied a man in the second pew, "Ah has learnt in mah younger years dat if yo' ties a stone to a mule's tail, dass de end of his brayin's."

"Breddren and sistern," the parson addressed the congregation, "let him who is widdout sin amongst yo', tie de furst stone."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL conducted a written test on the Old Testament. One little girl, in turning in her composition on King Solomon, had written—

"King Solomon was the wisest king of his time. He built a great temple and lived in one end of it with seven hundred wives and five hundred porcupines."

THE COMMANDER of the Grand Army Post introduced an out-of-town pastor who would be the main speaker at a Memorial Day program. He said—

"We will now have an address from the Rev. Samuel Smith, after which a volley will be fired over the dead."

THE VISITING minister asked the little girl of the house, "Now won't you play a selection on the piano for me before I go?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "I think it is vain to play before company. I only play for my own amazement."

THE CHAIRMAN of the official Board reported to his fellow members—

"I'm sorry that our beloved pastor cannot attend our meeting tonight on account of slight illness. I'm sure we shall miss his vacant face."

THE FORMER pastor came back after many years in another parish, to fill the pulpit of his successor.

"I have only one regret," he said. "I miss so many faces with whom I used to shake hands."

Kremlin Program

(Continued from Page 3)

of concord that would be more dangerous to America than the last eight years of enmity.

Before trying out its change of pace the Kremlin had to find out whether the Republican victory of November actually represented a rejection of Truman-Acheson appeasement. During the week after Stalin died a Czech MIG-155 shot down an F-34 of the United States Air Forces over the American Zone in Germany; the Soviet MIGs destroyed a British Lincoln bomber in the Hamburg-Berlin air corridor, with a loss of six lives. These outrages were deliberate trial balloons. Instead of positive reprisals, the old familiar diplomatic protests fluttered about. Moscow was satisfied that if there were to be a change of climate on the Potomac it would be one of degree only. The initiative was still held by the Soviet Union, which demonstrated its liberty of action by flourishing the ancient coquetties of peace. The maneuver is threadbare, but it seems likely to accomplish its purpose—that of breaking down the American hegemony in Europe.

VARIOUS commentators hailed Malenkov's gestures of reconciliation with glee. The new Soviet regime, they guessed, was liquidating Stalinism. The Presidium's quinquvirate would commit suicide in a series of struggles for power. Communist China would seize the opportunity to throw off Moscovite bondage. The Korean war was about to be settled on American terms.

None of these suppositions has the slightest basis in anything but wishful thinking. Malenkov's policy is simply another phase of Stalinism. The slaughter of his rivals did not weaken Stalin, but multiplied his strength. Even if Mao Tse-tung's China revolted from Moscow, it would still be Communist, like Yugoslavia under Tito. Only force of arms can rescue Korea from the Soviet clutch.

"There is only one way out," Bogolepov concludes. "The West must stop hoping that something will turn up, and that 'George will do it.' It must roll up its sleeves and tackle the job which is necessary if civilization is to survive. Subject peoples, including the Russians themselves, need help to overthrow Communist oppression. Every form of collabora-

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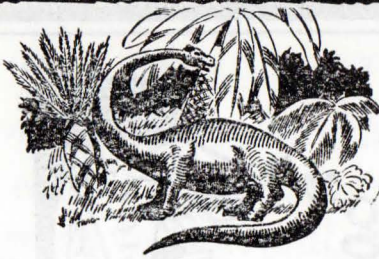
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tion with Soviet tyranny will have to end. Containment and appeasement will only assist the enemy to grow stronger than ourselves, and by pursuing these policies we shall be preparing our own downfall."

The Queen

(Continued from Page 1)

pire was slipping and that a new balance of power was being created in our time. One by one the members of its colonial empire have shown more and more independence of the Mother Country and Government, until the new Queen who has been crowned this week appears to be actual monarch over an area of real estate 84,186 miles square—not quite the size of our American State of Minnesota. True, there are such territories as "British" East and West Africa, "British" Guiana in South America, "British" Honduras in Central America and "British" Columbia north of the Canadian line. But they are almost nothing but courtesy designations. The fact is, that Ireland, Canada, Australia, and India have become independent republics in our time. With the great British Fleet damaged almost beyond renewal in two world wars, the new young Queen is mistress over a Kingdom of Inglorious Traditions and not much beside, not of outstanding world consequence. The tight little marine island at the gateway to Europe for 300 years may still occupy a strategic position geographically, but with her empirical resources gutted by two global wars, she now lacks what it takes to give the position much significance.

Britain has gradually become, up across the present generation, an American dependency.

The American farmer, miner and manufacturer are now supporting Britain.

John Q. Public of North Main Street, U. S. A. really paid the bill for the Hollywood super-spectacle that was staged in Westminster Abbey this week.

"Elizabeth the World's New Hope" runs the eight-column scare-head on the morning newspapers of June 3d.

But Elizabeth is nothing of the sort. She is a nice girl, caught in the destiny of rigorous world event, fated to head the government of once-proud Albion as world forces put on crushing squeeze from both East and West.

Instead of being "the balance of power", Albion and Elizabeth are "caught in the middle."

Does the meat in the sandwich of Karmic Viands find itself able to dictate who shall devour it?

LOOKED at from the esoteric standpoint, the sultry day in August, 1914, when Parliament unsheathed the sword against imperial Germany, karmic compensation started operating to settle the score with Britain and her rulers for the 300 years of brigandage, exploitation and military force that diverted the plunder of foreign lands toward London and made the proprietors of the marauding British Navy surpassingly wealthy. Something like 600,000,000 members of foreign races were put into a scheme of respectable tribute—a quarter of the population of the earth. The American colonies had been first to detach from that suzerainty. Canada, Australia and South Africa followed. Then came Ireland and India. As these acquired independent governments, England was left with the force of her past prestige. And after World War II, the purposeful alien took over on that . . .

Britain is an American economic dependency today, not because of natural denouement of military prostration. War exhaustion left her political ranks exposed to the infiltration of elements who were attempting to remake the world in their own interests—with a crafty eye always upon title to the stupendous nitrate deposits in the Dead Sea in Palestine. These took care that the once-dominant "balance of power" at the gateway to Europe was rendered properly amenable to their designs.

Nevertheless, cosmic retribution and *Aquarian designs* were being served . . .

THE \$64 Question contemplated by the mystically erudite, after surveying the medieval glamors of the Coronation ceremonies this week, is this—

When the American farmer, miner, and manufacturer ultimately make up their minds they have no further moral or traditional obligation to work for the pretty, new Queen, what is to be Britain's fate?

All the most reliable prophecies of Europe's future seem to concur in the promise of an early United States succeeding the current nationalistic bedlam on the continent.

In that coalition, it is apparently to be the phoenix-like resurgence of the West Germans—and not the populations of Britain nor Russia—who are going to be dominant as the Golden-Time element. All this talk about England “coming back” because a pretty and gracious young woman suddenly takes to wearing the tiara of St. Edward, ignores a shaping of world forces that always dictate such matters to cosmic fulfillment.

When the pernicious United Nations goes the way of the League of Nations—as it must because of its spurious premise—we shall inevitably see an Asia for the Asiatics, a United States of Europe, and a Pan-American Union of the governments of the Western Hemisphere dominated by the U. S., apportioning the globe into thirds. And the fact that the apportioning is done in thirds and not in halves, gives a happier assurance of permanent peace than as if military strengths were evenly balanced. Because if the latter were the case, always the quandary would remain as to which would be stronger in event of conflict. With either one of the three always serving as the Balance of Power, the issue would be certain and never controversial. Always it would be known that if two combined against one, the decision would be positive.

And when is such a settlement to mature?

PROBABLY we can prognosticate with fair reliability that it is due to crystalize almost the week and the day that the everyday American decides he is done working for The Queen—the queen as representative of a federated system that unabashedly is not above living on hand-outs from American progeny overseas.

It happens, in other words, the week and the day that it becomes final that nations, like peoples, only hurt others by supporting them in idleness and that the more charitable way to assist the improvident is to help them to help themselves.

Actually, the London coronation this week was pathetic to the mystically erudite. It was a papier-mache mummery of a strength and affluence that has had its day.

All the same, Elizabeth's a nice girl and has her role to play in magnificent event.

As a matter of clean sportsmanship, one wishes her luck.

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



WE STARTED putting *Adam Awakes* through the plant this past month. It will become one of the major Soulcraft books. We had the operations of Great Cosmos delineated first in *Thinking Alive*. Then we had exposition of planetary beginnings, particular those of our own solar system, in *Earth Comes*. To account rationally for the appearance of humanized life, the third book was *Star Guests*—which has now had an unprecedented run for two years. The next big problem challenging us in Ontology as we know it, is the division of such humanized life into its masculine and feminine genders . . . in other words, the creation and evolution of Woman. It is this particular category of the papers in our instruction that will presently appear under this *Adam Awakes* title.

There is a lot more to the subject than the average male suspects.

PECULIARLY enough, I began taking the papers that make up most of this volume, back in New York, in 1931. I'm disclosing no secret when I say that a certain young lady employe in the Liberation office had become involved in one of the most distressing romantic affairs that had come to my attention up to that time. A middle-aged artist of no small ability had sought her out at a studio party and tried to get her to pose for him. Her first reaction had been one of aversion to the man and she had indignantly refused. But as he persisted in contacting her again and again, she had felt what amounted to a mesmeric influence affecting her, that gradually was breaking down her defenses and rendering her nearly frantic with quandary as to what prenatal claims—if any—he might have upon her. Finally she brought the whole situation to me and begged my help. As opportunity offered, I sought out in turn some of the mentor-intellec[t]s who were furnishing me with such profound doctrine in other lines of spiritual research, and asked them to clarify what might be operating in this young woman's karma.

"We'd have to go with you into the whole evolution of the matrimonial relationship," came the answer back, "and that's a somewhat formidable undertaking. We can inform you that these two are decidedly Old Souls and this man has possessed this girl in so many past civilizations that her subservience to him is almost a reflex. Your civilization and culture of the present doesn't countenance such practices, but nevertheless, here you have the effects of them potent in the subconscious minds and characters of the parties involved. If you wish enlightenment of this special character, we will prepare a series of monographs for you expounding the subject. But be prepared for many disclosures that may jolt orthodox thinking upon the whole marriage relationship."

I began taking the papers in September of 1930 and they

continued to arrive intermittently until the middle of 1933. It is these trenchant portrayals that now belong in book form, adding to the Liberation-Soulcraft collection. Actually it may be surprising to learn that they "glorify the American woman" like nothing that Flo Zeigfeld ever succeeded in doing theatrically. But it's the esoteric fundamentals of how the sexes came about, and what the history of Man and Woman has been since, sometimes resulting in the complexes reached by my New York girl employe, that give these papers their permanent value. Women, I'll wager, are going to hold their pretty heads a bit higher when they've read *Adam Awakes*. But probably the same coterie of men who usually disapprove of my feminism will want to fry me in oil.

THERE aren't many of them in such coterie. Most Soulcraft husbands really love their wives and second whatever fine things I can honestly say about most women as an ever present help in time of trouble. But there's one male out in the Far West whose blood-pressure goes up to 207 whenever I have anything extraordinarily complimentary to say about the ladies. He can't give me credit for sincerely uttering credit to Woman for being altogether a superb creature. Supposedly I'm playing a deep, dark game of handing out the sugared applesauce in order to separate the Dear Creatures from their feminine pence. He gets real worked up about it, writing me anonymous letters telling me how Uncle Sam is about to lay his heavy hand on my shoulder for taking money from poor, deluded females, because they want and like my books—most of which letters I turn over to my parole officer in lieu of United States Postal Inspectors. He isn't sporting enough to sign his name to these diatribes so I can meet him in the open. I must stop writing publicly that woman certainly is worth her powder and shot, and say nothing that makes it more difficult for this Desert Sam to live with his Missus . . . although I hazard the guess that the situation is the other way around. However, I'm committed to what I believe in, and I certainly believe in Woman. For one thing, I've never encountered a woman who was afraid to sign her name when she'd sounded off with a particular bit of vocal fireworks, not agreeing with something I'd written. All of which is persiflage to a degree. *Adam Awakes* is a great piece of work, and I can say so because I was mainly amanuensis for it and naught else. We're only printing about 1,000 copies in the Original Edition, by the way. Then that will be Master Volume for reprint editions up years to come.

Don't be backward about speaking for a copy of this book and reading it. Woman may have been a side-issue at Creation but she's the whole works now. You can never go wrong reading a book on Very Important Persons.