

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly...*

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

Volume VI

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, February 13, 1954

Number 16

## LET'S NOT FORGET EDISON

*in Our Roster of  
the Illustrious . .*



**A**T MILAN, Ohio, 107 years ago this past week, was born an American too little adulated in this age of Flying Saucers, global governments and nuclear fission. He was Thomas A. Edison, and his birthdate was February 11, 1847. He lived down into the memories of men and women now in mortality. Chiefly they recall him for his inventions of the electric light bulb and the phonograph, not to mention his celebrated summer excursions up into the Adirondacks with John Burroughs and Henry Ford. But the real Edison was typical product of an age in America that may never come again.

In early life he was denied the privileges of continu-



ous schooling but acquired a wide and varied stock of knowledge by his own industry.

It was an era in American development when such a career was the rule and not exception . .

**B**EFORE he was twelve years old, Tommy Edison had become a train boy on the Detroit & Port Huron branch of the Grand Trunk Railroad. In a corner of a baggage car he set up a telegraph instrument and learned to operate it expertly. This led him to explore the phenomena of batteries, wires and instru-



ments wherever he could find or acquire them.

His first invention to be patented was a commercial stock indicator and the proceeds of this innovation, which at once came into wide use, enabled him to establish a laboratory at Newark, N. J. Later this was moved to Menlo Park—which became synonymous with his name.

From this beginning he became world famous as one of the greatest inventors of the Twentieth Century.

Among his more important inventions may be named the aforesaid phonograph, a telephone for long-distance transmission, a system for duplex telegraphy—which he subsequently developed into quadruplex and sextuplex transmission, the carbon telephone transmitter, the microtasimeter, the aerophone, the megaphone, the incandescent electric light-bulb, the kinoscope—otherwise the motion-picture projector in its original form—and a storage battery for streetcars and automobiles.

Actually he was the father of today's talkie movies for in 1913 he synchronized the phonograph and kinoscope and got talkie films, although the invention was still imperfect and he never had time to go back to it and develop it.

In 1878 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government, a commander of the Legion in

1889, and was the recipient of the insignia of a grand officer of the Crown of Italy, bestowed the same year by King Humbert.

What is *not* so well-known about Edison is, that he was intensely interested in all forms of Psychological Research . . .

**R**IDING up to New York one night in the early Thirties with a member of the White House Secret Service detail, the editor of VALOR listened to a strange tale which the man unfolded, seemingly from an expert and intimate knowledge of what occurred by hour in the Executive Mansion during the days that Calvin Coolidge was President. Later your editor obtained quasi-confirmation of it from his colleague Baird Spaulding, author of *Masters of the Far East*, who had been acquainted with Mr. Edison personally . . .

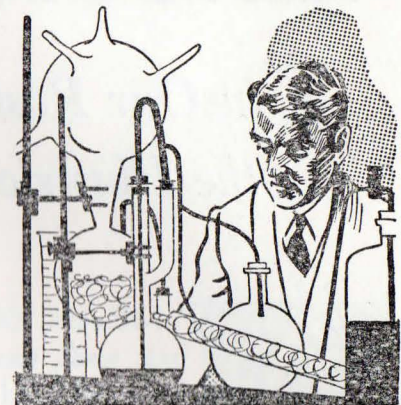
"There's one invention that came from the Edison list," the white House Secret Service Man related, "that the world will probably never know about. That was a contrivance that might be termed a Mechanical Ouiji-Board. Know what I mean by a mechanical ouiji-board—a device sensitive enough to register Thought simply by making the mental projections? I never saw the thing myself but I heard plenty about it through my particular job and the hookups with the White House and what President Coolidge was persuaded to do about it.

"Briefly, what Edison did—after almost a lifetime of interest in spirit phenomena—was to concoct a mechanical arrangement whereby Thought Projections scored on some sort of sensitive apparatus that resulted in a dial or pointer being activated. In other words, if you could hatch up an apparatus that received the propellations of Thought, they could be transmitted to a delicate metallic pointer that moved at will on a semi-circular dial holding the letters of the alphabet. The net result would be that any discarnate intelligence might be able to record on such indicator a series of alphabetical letters that spelled out a word. And a series of such words so spelled out, transmitted a message.

"The idea that impelled Edison to engage in such exploration was open-and-shut communication with the world of individuals who had graduated out of mortal bodies. If they had access to such

a contrivance, they could force the pointer by powers of mental exertion to 'point' to certain letters on the semi-circular dial and thus communicate their thoughts. The 'ell of it was, that Edison actually perfected such a contrivance, and the 'spirits' began to come through and tell how it was with them in their afterlife status.

"But it wasn't at all what humanity had been led to believe from the Bible and orthodox traditions. Particularly did some of the mentalities responding to Edison's explorations communicate so, declaring that the religions of the world were a total imposture on human logic and credulities. In other words, when a soul quitted the mortal encasement it by no manner of means found itself on the way to the judgment-throne of God, to be dispatched to heaven or hell for its deeds in the body. Everything claimed by the modern Spiritualists and Psychical Researchers was instead the fact. They merely issued forth from physical bodies in phantom or light-bodies and stayed around in this earth-world until their times came to vacate in company with all their loved ones."



"WELL," VALOR's editor commented as the train hurtled through the night up past Trenton and New Brunswick, "what became of such mechanism?"

The Secret Service Man made a gesture of futility.

"It was squelched," he declared.

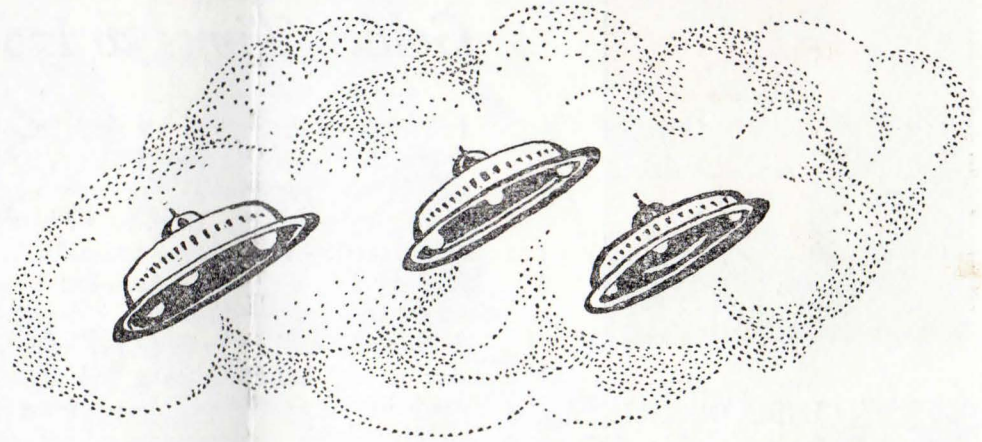
"Squelched!" gasped the editor.

"Yeah. It made hash of the doctrines of orthodox religion, proving they were lies in respect to what happened to the soul after flesh. So, when the incontestability of the invention had been demon-

(Continued on Page 14)

# What You Should Know about Astronomy to Understand Space-Ship Activity

## *A Third Paper on Wonders of Space Not Commonly Known to the Man in the Street . .*



**I**N THE light of the Space Ships and what they are demonstrating, it is not beyond bounds of possibility that our entire astronomical hypothesis may be completely stood upon its head and revised over the imminent generation. Take the matter of Light itself. Roemer, Danish astronomer working at the Paris Observatory in 1700, assumed he "discovered" the speed of light at 186,000 miles per second, by a unique method. Let's try to comprehend it if we can.

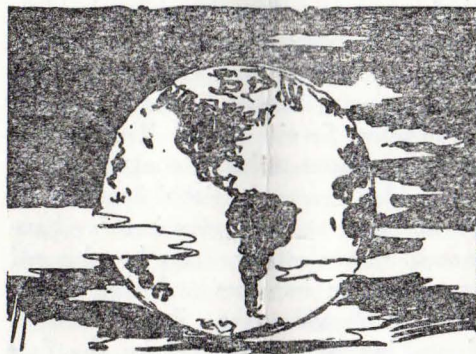
He had been struck by the irregularity of appearance of the first satellite of Jupiter in emerging from the shadow of its parent body, or in entering the shadow when viewed from the other side. It occurred to him that here was a possible opportunity to test the much challenged question as to whether light travels through space instantaneously. If the transit of light be not instantaneous, he reasoned, the rate of its speed might be tested by observing the occultation of the satellite from different regions of the earth's orbit, assuming of course that the satellite itself revolves with perfect regularity, its observed and calculated time of revolution being about forty-two and one-half hours.

The first tests—according to descriptions given by Henry Smith Williamson—were not successful. That is to say, they failed to show the expected difference. But they were made at the interval of only a single revolution of the satel-

lite and therefore timed the transit of light only through the distance of less than two days flight of the earth itself. When the test was repeated with a longer interval of time, so that the time of transit of light across the entire orbit of the earth was in question, a difference was observed, which Roemer estimated was twenty-two minutes. He correctly inferred that light had required an appreciable time to cross the orbit of the earth, though his measurement was not precise.

Later observations gave sixteen minutes and thirty-seven seconds as the time required by light to pass the distance of the earth's orbital diameter.

This gives about 186,000 miles per second as the "speed" of light—a highly important "constant" for the use of future observers. At any rate, this major discovery immortalized the Danish astronomer's name and other applications of the principle led to other major discoveries immediately.



**A**S IS often the case in such situations, however, the sudden appearance of an explanation that seemed to fit the circumstances did not guarantee that it was the truthful and only explanation. Coincidence of evidence might enter in.

Today our most advanced scientists are not sure even that light is incandescent. What seems to be incandescence may not have been traveling as such through space for untold millennia at all. Incandescence may be a phenomenon requiring polarity of the organic optic nerve to give it being. Certainly we know that there is little or no incandescence unless there be some media, such as clouds of dust, to diffuse the "light rays", or at least clouds of dust associated with an atmosphere.

The vital question arises, what is a ray?

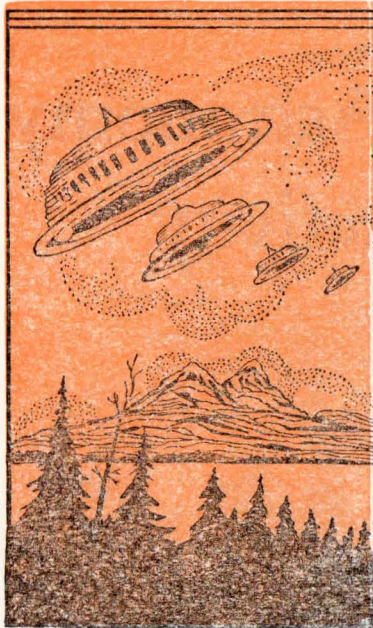
**I**N THE Stratosphere, say the Space Voyagers, is zero darkness, as the solar potential has not yet been stepped down by the atmosphere's resistance, to an octave of incandescence that our eyes can interpret. Light therefore without a polarity of media to diffuse it, is invisible. But the interesting problem intrudes here, is it the atmosphere that does the "stepping down" or is it the earth's magnetic envelope?

We are told—and have been informed since childhood—that the "shooting stars" we discern of a dark summer's night are

*(Continued on Page 11)*

# SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



## Golden Times to Hold Great Inventions

**T**HEOLOGICAL dogma, pictures "heaven" as a place where those who have been true to church tenets will be lead by the hand of the Master into shaded groves and there left for eternity to rest and meditate with the harp-playing "angels" singing praises unto the Father!

Needless to say this is far from the case when we consider the reality of "heaven". However, it is natural for man to picture the after-life in this manner, for he constantly hopes to be rid of the materialistic pursuits of lucre and fame. Love for money, there is, but only as a means to his attaining freedom to do what he wants when he wants it. But man is never satisfied with "inactivity" . . . men who retire almost invariably get active again in some way. And when we think of an eternity of "idleness", it becomes ridiculous, to say the least.

To picture the "many mansions" our Infinite Father has prepared for us as rest homes where men lay about in a state of morbid drowsiness or lethargy, is both childish and insulting to our Creator! People who really *think* will never entertain such thoughts for a moment.

**T**HE AQUARIAN Age then, is not going to see a decline of inventive activity or pursuits . . . the Master is not going to abolish everything except a picnic-society that drives the Father to distraction with ill-sung hymns!

The Father's "mansions" are bee hives of activity . . . where each individual is working out his destiny and serving his

fellowman to the best of his ability. Our "heavenly" reward in the Golden Times will be the opportunity for more and more expressive labor in order to better serve ourselves and others. Harp-playing forever? No, a thousand times no! That would soon become "hell", as it was for me when I used to practice two-hours a day on my accordin as a lad. Man needs intense activity and the opportunity to expand his consciousness. Working at something you despise in order to eat, of course, is something else . . . and living to work, or working to live will cease as such! Every person has something wonderful to contribute to society, and many times in our present set-up these persons never get a chance to present their talents to the world because of the faulty economic practices of today.

**A**N ITALIAN naval officer, working secretly under supervision of the Italian defense ministry, claimed recently that he has developed a system for beaming electricity through space *without wires*. Prominent scientists said if the claims of the naval officer, Giuseppe di Nitto, prove true, the effects on modern living could exceed even the most daring science fiction, and would be the most sensational scientific achievement since atomic fission.

The inventor told the press he has solved the problem of converting electric power into magnetic waves which can be beamed through space to receiving sets which reconvert them into electrical energy! His process applies the universally-recognized principle of "the reversibility of the electro-magnetic field."

Professor Sergio Bruno Toniolo, an expert on electro-technical construction at the Galileo Feraris National Institute of Turin, said many experiments have proved that electricity can be changed into magnetic impulses and then reconverted to electric power. But the process always has been hampered by the fact

that magnetic waves have refused to be funneled in a particular direction.

"My device is almost complete," the inventor himself said. "I have worked on it for twenty-two years and I feel I am near complete success. It is a magnetic electro-generator which allows it to send through the ether beams of magneto-electric waves. Those in turn generate an electro-magnetic field. These waves, which are of special nature, travel through space at greater speed than normal ethereal phenomena, causing excitement of universal magnetism in a state of variation of field. Special receiving sets transform the waves from a magnetic into an electric field, according to electro-technical laws."

**T**HIS NEW invention is only one of many you can expect to learn about in the New Age. Unbelievable things will be revealed in science that will increase our enjoyment of life beyond belief!

In the coming months you will hear more about the so-called "saucers" also. These craft have been seen over the Quantico Marine Base in Virginia everyday lately. Radar trackings have been very frequent. On December 31, 1953, sentry's on guard at a desolate part of the base saw a "saucer" craft try to land. Marines were dispatched to the scene too late. The sentries are now getting "the works" from investigation teams and are "unavailable for others to question."

A brass curtain has been lowered around flying saucer investigations. Visits to Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio have been banned. The reason given for this action: The hope that the move will simply cut down the number of "saucer" reports. Is this the real meaning behind such a move now being studied at a West Coast military air field?

But no "curtain" is going to keep these craft from making their scheduled ap-

(Continued from Page 10)

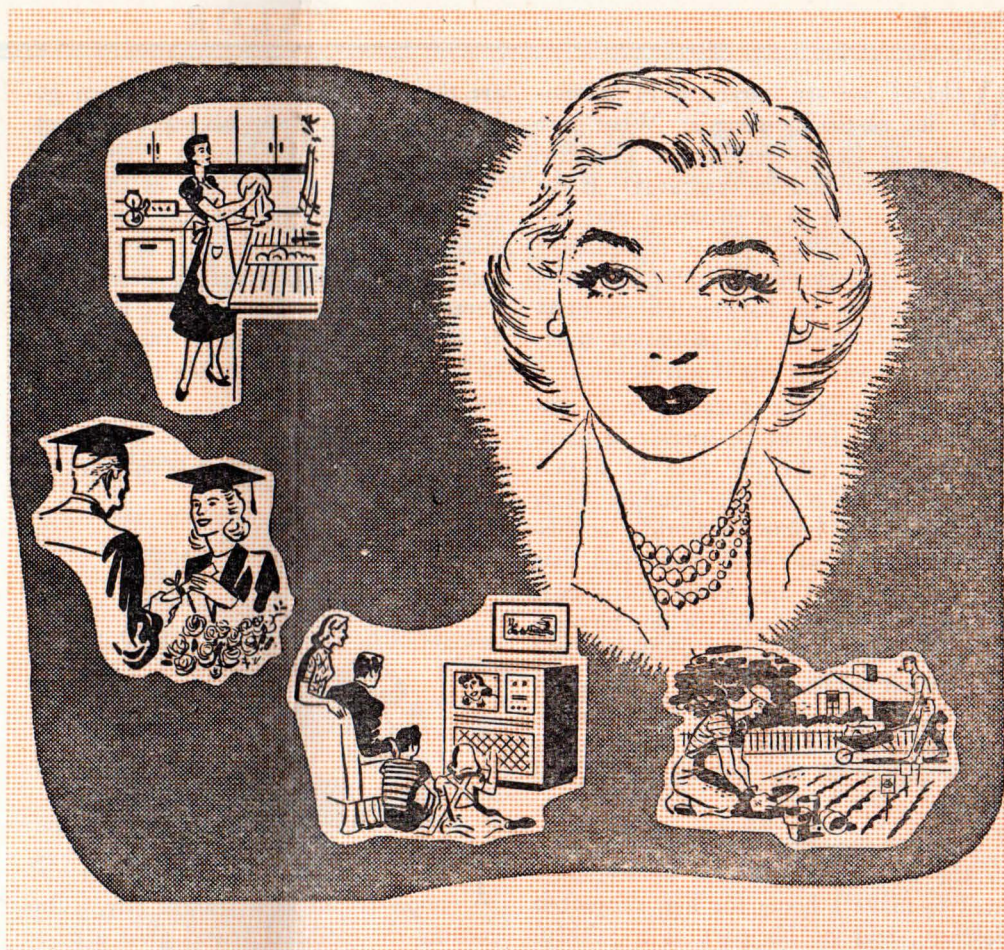
# The Role of Initiative in Karma . .

**L**T WOULD seem to be a sterile business to go to a man or woman who is in a mess and expect to win his or her endorsement for a doctrine by informing them they probably had the mess coming to them anyhow, but as soon as they get into a state of mind where they don't care much whether they are in a mess or not, the mess will vanish.

They have the right to retort: "What difference will it make, after I have attained to such state of mind, whether or not the mess continues or doesn't continue? You are simply asking me to do a mental stunt—so anesthetize myself in regard to afflictions of life that I no longer sense them. I can do that now, without pothering around in a maze of metaphysics. I can, as a matter of fact, go out and get drnuk. That too will put me into a state of mind where the mess no longer exists for me—and I don't have to do any work beyond bending my elbow. What I want to know is: how long must I endure this thing that has afflicted me, and why shouldn't I get relief from it while it afflicts me? Arriving at a state of indifference is no 'out' and telling me that I'll be well-loved when I don't care much about love, is a fool philosophy."

So argues the man who misses the point of karma and its discharge entirely, putting the whole plight in which he finds himself—and escape from it—into the category of attaining to a State of Mind.

**N**OW it is by no means a bad proposition to attain to a proper state of mind—providing anybody can say what it is but the professional Nice-Thought Thinkers—but what we are discussing in talking about the correct discharge and vanishment of karmic quandaries is not any state of mind but a complete evolution or renovation of the character.



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

**W**E ARE talking about viewing quandaries so objectively that we can no longer be affected by them subjectively.

We are discussing the proposition of so imbibing and absorbing—consciously and constructively—the increments from any karmic lesson so rapaciously and amply that the character-need, causing the karmic situation in the first place, no longer is of moment.

We commonly call such absorption the Discharge of Karma.

Our karma dictates that we enter upon a given program of events, or even set of passing circumstances, because we require the spiritual profits sure to come from experiencing them. We go through

with the business. The instant we have gained such profits, there is, of course, no longer need in logic for the situation to endure. So we end it.

Sometimes this termination is brought about by the little-recognized activity of our own subconscious minds. Sometimes it is brought about by the activity of the minds—subconscious or otherwise—of those persons who have been associated parties in making the dilemma. Sometimes we reach a downright rebellion at circumstances and make up our minds, consciously and deliberately, that we are going to face a change. Whatever the method is that becomes employed, the result arrived at is the same.

Becoming "fed up" with any given situation means that it has imparted to us all the spiritual increment it had to impart to us.

We sense intuitively, as it were, just when we have done all that was expected of us in a given complication. We know to a hair's breadth just when Compensation is overbalancing Obligation. We may continue in the situation after such recognition is arrived at, but it will ever be under protest.

**WHAT** we are interested in examining at the moment is: What part does the deliberate exercise of Initiative play in Karma and its discharge? If we feel that we are in a situation that has a karmic basis, how far is it equitable for us to go, in taking thought and striving to mitigate its harsher effects upon our spirits?—"make the situation tolerable" is the way we might put it.

Let us handle the question in a concrete pattern. Let us be specific as to illustration and take the case of a personable girl who in her younger years and before her bump of worldly sophistication was in any way developed, has had an adolescent love affair with a boy, married him upon a more or less physical basis, perhaps given him children, and then—after she has seen more of the world and life—confronted the heart-rending question as to whether she is fated to this sterile union for the rest of her mortal years?

The man may be a good sort. He may, to the best of his limited ability, have tried to make a home for her, support it decently, and do his part as a faithful husband. His shortcomings are of the head, rarely of the heart. He simply is degenerating into a stodgy, middle-aged man, with few illusions and no ambitions, content to drift with the tide of life and do his best, whereas the wife realizes that she has natural capabilities cutting her out for something bigger and more significant than mere wife to a nondescript.

Such a woman, seeking solace spiritually for the abrasions from her predicament, gets into contact with some esoteric teacher.

"Your predicament is karmic," says the latter, judging purely from the surface indications. "You made a pact with this man to be his wife before coming into life. Certainly you are brighter than he is, mentally. You could undoubtedly make something of your life if you were detached from him and free to work out your own salvation. But until you absorb all the lessons that are to be gained from your humdrum situation, it is going to continue. This man needs you to mentor him and help him. If you don't do your job by him now, you will find yourself doing it in some future life, so what difference does it make?"

"But," protests the woman, "I really don't know consciously what the lessons

are that I'm supposed to learn from going on in this depressive predicament. You tell me that so long as I have need of the lessons, and so long as this man seems to depend on me, my role must maintain. But meanwhile, from the spiritual standpoint, I'm going crazy. My home is a prison. I'm ossifying mentally. If there's spiritual gain in that, I want to be shown it. What's the matter with me, anyhow?"

"Take a month's vacation," advises the other. "Go off and get a perspective on the whole of it."



**THE WIFE** does so. She visits a girlhood friend in a distant city. One evening the girlhood friend gives a party in her honor. Among the guests is a man whom the wife has never set eyes on before—at least in this life. Yet the instant he steps through the door, and is introduced, our woman under discussion feels a thrill in her heart. It seems as though she has known this man always. He is more intimate to her spirit than her husband with whom she has lived a decade. Before an hour has passed, she realizes in alarm that she—a respectable married woman—has fallen in love with a comparative stranger at first sight. She seeks her bed that night in a tumult. She feels that it would be a form of legalized prostitution for her to resume habitation with the man she married so thoughtlessly in the romance of immaturity.

As the novelists and scenario writers say: A Situation develops!

**SHE DOES** not return home. She sees the stranger-who-is-not-a-stranger again and again. What she imagines as her former moral code, begins to break down. It comes to her that life thereafter will never be the same if she has to put this man deliberately from her life. Perturbingly enough, the man in the case, feels the same way about herself.

What shall they do?

"You'll have to divorce your husband," he suggests, "and marry me."

"But I can't," she wails. "I've no grounds for the divorce excepting that John now appears the Wrong Man."

In her despair she hunts up the metaphysician and relates what has happened.

"You probably have known this Man Number Two intimately in one of your former lives," he conjectures. "Perchance he's your spiritual counterpart. That's all quite explainable. But until your karma is discharged in regards to John, you probably won't find ways opening to divorce him and be happy henceforth with the man more adapted to you."

"But when shall I know when my karma is discharged in regards to John?" It is no adolescent romance or infatuation with her this time. She knows who she wants and precisely why she wants him.

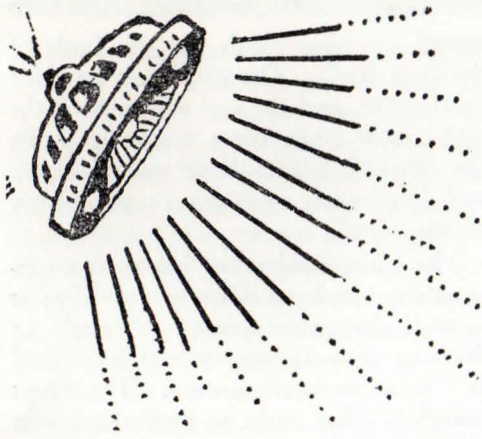
"I can't tell you that," he responds, "seeing that it is your own affair entirely. Anything I might say would probably influence your own discrimination in the matter. I can't take your karma upon myself by making direct suggestions."

"Then what good is a knowledge of metaphysics to me?" the woman wants to know. "I'm in a mess and want to get out of it. You tell me I can't get out of it till my karma is discharged with John and I've arrived at a spiritual condition where I'm indifferent as to whether Alfred marries me or not. I may know a mass of esoteric principles, but if I can't apply them consciously to solving this situation, what do they get me? I might as well know nothing of esoterics and go it as blindly as any woman of the streets."

**HERE** is one of the most trite Triangle Situations that exists in human life. If it does not develop from a woman meeting the Other Man, then it develops from a man meeting the Other Woman. To tell such people, in such a domestic quandary, that so long as they rebel at remaining stifled in their domestic lives, they have karmic need for the stifling and the situation will not—or should not—terminate until they have become calloused or indifferent to it, is to give them no consolation that profits the spirit.

Besides, it is a wholly incorrect interpreting of the principle involved.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



# BETHURUM AND CLARION LADY . .

*Concluded from Last Week*

**L**AST WEEK VALOR told in these pages the story of Truman Bethurum, desert-worker of Redondo Beach, California, and his meeting with a ravishing woman commandant of a Flying Saucer in Nevada desert. The account as published in his home-town paper, was reprinted in VALOR for a national audience. Now comes the "follow-up" on the original narrative.

According to West Coast visitors at Headquarters, a feature of the first Bethurum contact not related in the *Daily Breeze* newspaper was the escape of an interplanetary dog, that had been brought to earth by Aura Rhanes and her Saucer-crew. As VALOR gets the tale second-hand, this canine escaped the Clarion Saucer while the repairs were proceeding which gave Bethurum his opportunity to visit with the lady commandant, and took off through Nevada sagebrush. Captured subsequently when it begged food at a nearby ranch-home, it was perceived to be a true dog anatomically, but with curiously "slotted" eyes instead of global eyeballs, and a coat that more resembled the fur of an Angora rabbit than the ordinary dog's hair. It is VALOR's understanding that this dog is now the cherished prize of a ranch family in the West.

At any rate, here is what the Redondo newspaper had to say the following week, concerning Bethurum's exotic story—

**E**VER since *The South Bay Breeze* printed in September 1953 Truman Bethurum's account of his visits aboard a flying saucer, the editorial office has received many letters and telephone calls from persons wondering if Bethurum had made more contacts with the visitors from space.

From time to time *The Breeze* reporter checked in with Bethurum to find out.

It was learned that Bethurum had been making visits to the desert area in an attempt to make another contact.

However, Bethurum reported seeing nothing more than evidence of flying saucer trails across the desert skies, adding that at times he had returned to his home in Redondo with a stiff neck and, the last time, with a severe cold.

His letter to *The Breeze*, received during the past week, sums up his activities since the spotlight of the flying saucer followers was turned on him as a result of the September story in *The Daily Breeze*. His letter follows:

"Dear Sir:

"As you know, your interview with me in September of this year regarding my 11 contacts with a space ship from another planet created quite a furor as far as persons unacquainted with the reality of the situation was concerned.

"Your presentation was plain, uncolored and, from my viewpoint, fairly presented for readers to believe or disbelieve as they chose.

"I know the copy was run twice in *The Breeze* and once in the *Culver City Star-News*, also excerpts in various other papers and periodicals.

"A veritable avalanche of correspondence to me was immediately begun by persons all over the United States. A surprising thing to me was the fact that at least 75 percent of the mail was from persons who have had sightings of space ships (well distinguishable from any propeller jet or rocket-propelled craft).

"My wife and I at the time of the interview were planning a trip into the desert area where each previous contact was made, so that she might talk to the people with whom I worked at the time and decide for herself as to fact or fiction of the situation.

"We visited all that could be located, some far from the original locations. And now, instead of being a doubter, my wife is thoroughly convinced of the reality of the situation.

"We had a bed mounted in my truck and we visited several of the exact spots where this huge craft had landed a year before. We stayed awake and scanned the sky for any new visits. Many times strange lights and fluorescent effects were plainly visible in our chosen locations, although we did not have the pleasure of seeing the scow on the ground and talking with the occupants on this trip.

"We were in the area approximately a month on this trip. We left Redondo without fanfare, but soon had an audience in the desert, over 300 miles from Redondo. We made many new friends and renewed acquaintance with several families from the Los Angeles area, also several families both in Nevada and Arizona.

"Many people looked us up to report sightings in the same general area, and other folks told us the names and addresses of people that had viewed the space crafts in flight in various locations.



"I have made several talks regarding my experience—the first of which was at the Overton, Nevada High School.

"Later, I spoke to a group of aviators in the Los Angeles area, then to a group  
(Continued on Page 10)



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

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

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

VOL. VI FEBRUARY 13, 1954 No. 16

## Overall Picture



AMERICANS with an efficiently working knowledge of Soulcraft in their heads can view the Changing World Scene with no small equanimity. For others without Soulcraft's enlightenment to illuminate their thinkings there is only muddle and confusion and international transgression prefacing despair.

The Big-Four Conference in Berlin has reached a stalemate over the unification of East and West Germany. In the Orient another Korea seems to be on the make in Indo-China, with millions more dollars of American taxpayers money being lavished on the French, who seem to be only half-heartedly concerned as to whether they hold Indo-China or not. At home the Bricker Amendment, making treaties subject to Constitutional law, has been all but lost, talked to death in the Senate with the President on the side of the internationalists in practice if not in policy. The American economic picture presents over-equipment industrially and over-production reaching a point where warehouses from coast to coast are bursting with glut. The morning paper contains an article by Westbrook Peglar in which he puts the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court on the sizzle for expressing liaison with Petrillo, the head of the national Musicians Union—an organization as dictatorial as anything conceived by Stalin or Hitler in their primes. And Dr. Henry P. Van

Dusen of Union Theological Seminary comes out with an address printed in a coming issue in which he declares that never in the nation's history was Religion more active in the lives of our people but Morality worse disregarded. All of it looks like a colossal canvas of the nation and the world riding to Tophet in a hack.

Actually it's an exhibit of public desperation of spirit at stepping up the pace of life to a speed beyond the capability of the average mind to absorb profits from experiences.



THE AVERAGE mortal in life today would seem to find himself in the dilemma of the provincial small-town farmer, journeying to Manhattan from a village whose traffic includes one train a day and sometimes as high as seven automobiles before the General Store at once, precipitated into the crush at the corner of 5th Avenue and 42nd Street at the 5-o'clock rush hour. In the language of our times "he can't take it." Neither his mind, his nerves, nor his habits have ever been geared to it.

Ours is a civilization, in other words, where "too few do the thinking for too

many" . . . but that's not the fault of the "too few". Thinking must be done by someone, and the real salvation of the social scene must come eventually from the "many" lifting their mental sights and intellectual activities to the octave of the "few".

The adept Soulcrafters has come to regard the whole world-scene for what it is, and what it's supposed to supply in the way of a service—to the individual as well as to whole groups. The adept Soulcrafters has come to understand *why* that scene is what it is, and seeing its significance he can preserve his poise.

The world is *not* careening to Tophet in a horse-drawn vehicle. The intellects of everyday two-legged people must be expanded to treat with subjects worthy the attention of spiritual adults.

It's spiritual adulthood that's the earth's crying need.

What is *your* I-Q from the spiritual standpoint?

## Vodka Stalemate



IF WE get it firmly fixed in our thinking that Russia is only around because she serves certain realistic purposes in the strategies of the international policy-makers, we shall have our cues to understanding the travesty of the pow-wow that is reported as rapidly going haywire in Berlin. Billy Rose, in his syndicated column this past week, presented two portraits of what life has become this winter behind the Iron Curtain as reported by a refugee who got through the Curtain into West Germany. Two hundred millions literally starving to death—due to the failure of the frozen potato crops—people unable to issue forth in the sub-zero cold because of inadequate clothing, housing shortages as bad in the great industrial centers as they ever were back under Lenin—meaning that nothing has been achieved of consequence in the past thirty years—and because two hundred tanks are sent into the streets of East Berlin to preserve order during the Big-Four Conference, Bolshevia is a mighty fortress of potential destruction that might overrun Europe between sunrise and sunset with greater efficiency than any legions of Kaiser or Hitler.

The thing is a joke.



But bear seriously in mind that all this military menace is necessary to keep our own industrial economy on even keel. Having made too much of everything for ourselves here in United States, far beyond our consumers' power to acquire, we're forced to go in for munitions-making in a major way or collapse. It's an incredible forecast to make that American participation in the new Indo-China War is well-nigh inevitable because "war is good for business" . . . how are we going to preserve the economic status quo otherwise? If you want to be stopped cold in your probable estimates for world peace, read this list of countries selling goods wholesale to the Red Chinese as published in this past week's papers—Britain being the prime merchant in the whole of it and only the United States conspicuous by its absence. But is anyone so naive to think that American war goods for the enemy wouldn't go from our shores to Britain and thence be conveyed at second hand to China's Communists? As Joe Martin, Speaker of the House, gave out recently, "It's pro-Kremlin talk to say anything is wrong with our economy." In other words, intelligent analysis of the world situation must not be indulged in, because it would put so-called Free America in so woeful a light that Moscow would be gainer. That's what Joe implied.

The end of the whole of it is due to come, of course, when the debt limit becomes prohibitive. When the Public Debt becomes so colossal, due to all these international expedients to keep the world's machine-wheels turning, that our wage-earners can't even meet the interest, that's the End of the Cycle. Already our interest on the public debt is *three times* what it cost to conduct the whole federal government when Woodrow Wilson took office.

When all of us run out of money to pay taxes, then will come the true pay-off. It's that simple and elementary.

The point is, what are the bona fide thinkers of the nation going to have ready for a workable system when such stalemate is reached?

Berlin Conference, phooie!

There are matters more vital in the off-in than "bargaining" with a taciturn Molotov, whose recalcitrant attitude is the only role he can play and not let the works collapse in the middle . . .



**BY** CONFLICT only, thus do men grow strong  
 Not conflict with the sword or lance or knife,  
 But conflict with the lower self of self  
 Thus do men learn the lessons taught by life.

The one and only enemy that man has ever had  
 Is this, the lower self he must combat,  
 Through many lives on earth, to fill this need  
 To know this truth is but divine fiat.

Defeat may serve as well as victory,  
 To shake the soul, to let the glory free  
 When the great oak is strained by mighty wind,  
 The boughs drink in new beauty and the tree

Sends down a deeper root on windward side.  
 Only the soul that knows earth's tragic grief,  
 Can know God's blessed rapture. Sorrows come,  
 That joy in turn may light the soul's relief.

The soul in searching through this earth born path,  
 Encounters tragic scenes in depth of night  
 'Tis only by such contact with this earthly strife,  
 By knowing darkness he can value light.

And so, through life on life we come and go  
 Thus learning lessons which each life can teach,  
 Unto that final time, when each shall know  
 The wisdom of God's Love for ALL and EACH.

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

### The Bricker Spasm



**NOTICE** that the real policy-makers kept you from learning the true essence of the Bricker Amendment.

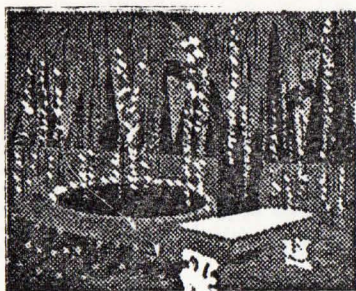
The thing that Senator Bricker originally started to accomplish was to correct the menace to American liberties threatened by the clever ruse of treaty-making in the set-up of United Nations. But what he ended by achieving was a senatorial talkfest in which everyone talked about something else. The "something else" was the probability of the Chief Executive's being hamstrung by the Congress in making international commitments. It was a minor issue mushroomed into a major issue to serve as smokescreen for the real accomplishment

that was threatened—the invulnerability of United Nations.

United Nations was set up as a seeming international court to minimize possibility of future wars, by the clever expedient of some bright brain figuring out the implications in our constitutional principle that treaties took precedence over constitutional procedures.



Meaning that if a great and permanent conclave to keep international peace could be successfully assembled, it might keep the American populace quiet and hoodwinked on the real issue being forged



## “My Seven Minutes in Eternity”

A NEW  
\$1 EDITION

*The book you should read first, to understand how Soulcraft came about*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE  
ESOTERIC CLASSIC

*First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .*

The Story that has had a 3,000,000 circulation

**YOU** 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

behind the scenes. Get the American government to “make a treaty” with this international ensemble—composed of every riffraff nation under the sun—and whatever legal rulings such ensemble enacted took precedence over American internal law, including the Bill of Rights.

In other words, the Constitution provided that an American citizen accused of crime should know the charges against him and be tried by a jury of his peers. If the United Nations “charter” said just the opposite, that an American citizen, or any citizen of any member nation accused of crime, had no right to know what charges faced him and the jury system could be replaced by a Soviet magistrate who ruled by fiat, the latter stipulations prevailed . . . because of the “treaty” in existence between the United States and United Nations, which took precedence over the Constitution.

However, there's no cause for alarm—as yet. It's not “talked to death” permanently. The moment the first American citizen is shanghied overseas to stand trial for not relishing Malenkov's last speech and saying so too lustily, the Bricker Amendment comes back with a bang.

Only that which hurts, educates. Divine principles still run this international show, regardless of whether or not the global strategists care to acknowledge a divinity greater than themselves or not.

### Too Many Ages



**A**BAD error was made in VALOR recently by announcing George Hunt Williamson's new book, *The Saucers Speak*, as being published by the New Age Press, Los Angeles. Mr. Williamson's new book is being published by New Age Publishing Company, 1542 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles 26, California. It seems there are two such firms, the Press and the Publishing Company, both named “New Age” but with no connection. Checks in payment for the new Williamson volume on the Saucers, made out to the Press, may have been partially responsible for the delay in acknowledgment and perhaps delivery of the work.

It is one of those coincidences that give mailmen and reviewers headaches. If you haven't heard from your remittance

sent to the *New Age Press*, write Dorothy and Franklin Thomas of the *New Age Publishing Company*.

They would be only too eager to aid in straightening matters out.

VALOR apologizes.

### Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

pearances! Recently, several craft have been observed by residents of Prescott, Arizona. The President of the Sportsman's Club viewed eight such craft for over an hour; the Sheriff of Yavapai County saw a “saucer” himself in the presence of several witnesses. One of our leading businessmen, and owner of a Western-Wear store, obtained a close-up view of a hovering “saucer” as he and his wife drove down the mountains toward Phoenix. And the manager of the local radio station, saw a “flying disc” along with his wife as they drove to work the other morning.

So Dr. Menzel tells us we are seeing *ice crystals* . . . come now, doctor . . . ice crystals and billowy snow with port-holes and landing gear? His theory is more fantastic than the idea of spacecraft!

*Keep looking up* . . . if you see anything that doesn't fall into the category of “natural phenomena” or “temperature inversion”, write and tell us about it!

### Bethurum

(Continued from Page 7)

luncheon of very interested people at Rands Roundup Cafe on Ventura Blvd. in Sherman Oaks, also to the Adventurers' Club of Los Angeles, later to the Los Feliz Lions Club, and then to the Wilshire Exchange Club at the Chapman Park Hotel in Hollywood.

“I find much more interest than ridicule or disbelief.

“Many persons of high repute in private life, and also public service officials (used for lack of their official permission to use names) high in official esteem have visited my home and, almost to a man, have given corroboration to parts of my story as printed.

“As the captain (of the visiting spaceship), Aura Rhanes, stated:

"Knowing us will open new eras to you," was no joke.

"Our home has not been the same.

"Ministers, astronomers, aviators, doctors, writers, movie people, scientists and engineers of all categories, everyone from professors to grammar school children and workers in every branch of industry have visited and discussed this seemingly most important situation of our time.

"The notes of my conversations with these space people have been written into a readable manuscript and may soon be published, probably under the heading, 'I Was Aboard a Flying Saucer.'

## Astronomy

(Continued from Page 3)

meteorites of molten substance from burned-out worlds, that have wandered into the track of our planet through Space, to become luminescent from "friction" with the earth's atmospheric envelope. "Striking" this envelope, as the terminology has it, they develop heat through friction and "burn themselves out", only in rare instances actually arriving at the earth's surface. "Science" tells us that something like 100,000 of these bombard the earth's atmosphere every *second* of time around the day, the week, the month and the year. How the statistics were collected is not made clear to us. But what decidedly *is* made clear to us with the appearance of the Space Ships is the fact that any one of them will travel in a horizontal or oblique line quite as fast as any meteorite entering our atmosphere, and they will not "burn up" or take on incandescence. Why the difference?

Short-wave communication with the Space People develops the interesting fact that the earth's atmosphere, as such, has precious little to do with it. The atmosphere is not so great a deterrent to speed as to manufacture incandescent friction.

It is the earth's magnetic envelope that causes such disintegration! There is a lot of difference to the astrophysicist between the atmosphere or even stratosphere and the earth's "magnetic envelope" . . .

**T**HE EARTH'S magnetic envelope is a Field of Force. The atmosphere alone is by no means a Field of Force.

The earth's atmosphere is a gas, composed of hydrogen, helium, and oxygen. We can grasp the notion of the difference by presupposing that a handful of steel filings are dropped upon a table near a powerful electromagnet. True, the nearby window is open and a summer afternoon breeze is wafting through. But let someone throw the switch on the magnet and see which "force" the filings obey? The scientists of yesteryear apparently beheld the filings in movement, in a manner of putting it, and said, "The summer afternoon breeze is responsible," not being aware of the powerful magnet exerting its "pull" in the vicinity. But to get back to light . . .

Light *is!* . . . so all sacred mysticism tells us. It is the basis for all that is appreciable or apprehendable in the formal world of substance—and by no means is it confined alone to the phenomenon of incandescence.

*Even the Ether itself, for all we know to the contrary, may well be an aspect of Light at a given vibration, or manifestation.*

That Magnetism has a speed of manifestation that really is three times the reputed speed of light, is a bit of information handed down to us by those coming into our planetary envelope from other worlds.

However, we do have incandescence, as demonstrated to us by the appearance of the stars on moonless nights. Is it not fair to ask in our present benighted condition then, what *is* the manifestation or "ray" entering without our orbit of observance that when brought into opposition to the electromagnetic forces of earth, gives us the phenomenon of iridescence? And how explain the *aberration* of light pertaining to certain stars? We know that when we stand under summer stars and watch any one of them intently for a period it will give the uncanny effect of swaying or swinging. The heavenly body of itself does no such thing, . . . it is the "light" coming into our plane of natural influence that thus misbehaves and gives us the aspect of the star itself cavorting.

Something is traveling at an apparently uncanny "speed" through Cosmos from these interplanetary bodies, at any rate, and when entering into either an electromagnetic field or an atmosphere, trans-

(Continued on Page 14)

# "Adam Awakes"



## The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

### THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

**H**ERE 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.

*A Book Every Married Couple Should Read!*

*Send Your Order in Now!*

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

**Soulcraft Chapels**



# COGITATIONS

**I**HAD the caprice this week to make an overall estimate of how many books I'd written—and I mean big, heavyweight, bound books—since that day in January, 1919, that I stepped off the gangplank with the manuscript of *The Greater Glory* in my bag that I'd written in the three weeks coming across from Yokohama. Right now I'm finishing up the manuscript of *Beyond Grandeur*, the latest of the Soulcraft volumes following *Adam Awakes*, dealing with the whole stupendous material of Immortality, and it's now February of 1954. Subtracting 1919 from 1954 gives a writing-time of 35 years between my first and my latest. And in that 35 years the number happens to reach 99. This gives an average of three books a year, one every four months. I'm counting everything in this estimate. Ninety-nine volumes! I contend this is a record. What other author, ancient or modern, has such a repertoire? I've even astonished myself . . .

o—o

**F**IRST, there are 15 volumes of short stories. I wrote 140 short stories—really 148 is nearer the correct number—before I threw over my magazine market to embark strictly on Esoteric writings. And those 148 were published in every standard magazine in America, from the *Saturday Evening Post* to the various Munsey publications. I have the whole list before me. The great bulk of them went to *The American*—in the days when it was the outstanding home periodical of America—with the *Red Book* running close second. I see *Cosmopolitan* in the list, *Pictorial Review* and *Collier's*. But primarily I was a Crowell Publishing Company author. True, none of these tales of New England—and branching out from New England to every corner of the earth—have as yet been enshrined in bindings, but before I make the Pass-

ing I hope thus to publish them as a private pursuit, just to view them in polished editorial form on a shelf. Fifteen volumes! Next to them come the serials. There are 21 of them—from *The Blue Lamp*, run as continued story in six weeks of *Collier's*, to the *One-Eyed Mayor*, written for Pocket Books as a mystery yarn in what I called *The Lula Day Series*. *Lula Day* was supposed to be the spouse of a detective police sergeant in a midwest city such as Indianapolis, and her books are the record of her husband's exploits among the characters of the midwest underworld. *The Red Suitcase* is the first of these. *Dark Happiness*, the second on the serial list, was run in *The American* for 1930. *Dark Happiness* was the last big job I did for *The American*, although *An Eagle Flies the Night* appeared in *Collier's* later, published by the same company . . .



**W**ITH the publications of *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*, however, I was definitely off on esoteric writings, and have remained so ever since. But when it came to novels, published and unpublished, the list is equally formidable. *The Fog* became the bestseller of 1921, *Drag* followed three years later—being the first all-talkie movie to reach the screen, featuring *Dick Barthelmess*—with *George P. Putnam's Sons* publishing *Golden Rubbish*, done around the theme of Mysticism developing in an American business-

man, and running through *The Chuckleheads to Road into Sunrise*, done by Soulcraft. Twenty-two novels, one of them requiring three volumes—*Transfiguration*—comprise the titles, *Heaven Must Be Earned*, *These Our Destinies*, *Surrender*, *Of Mud and Stars*, *Island Ecstasy*, *Women Have Their Gods*, *Yours Is the Earth*, *Old Sweet for Taking*, *Cabin in the Clearing*, *Crushed Orchid*, *Chains Can Be Golden*, *Walls of Isolation*, *Dragon on the Roof*, *Caesar or Nothing*, and *Street-Light Princess*. All these are books, peopled by living, breathing characters, running to 300 or more pages each. Then there are eight volumes that are more or less autobiographical . . .

o—o

**T**HE DOOR to *Revelation* headed these off, of course. It was a 481-page recital of the author's life up to the year 1938. Its subtitle might be, *The First Fifty Years Are the Hardest*. I was 48 years old when I brought its pages to a close, telling in detail my anti-Communist fight to rid the nation of its subversives but without portfolio. Now I have the book deleted of its anti-racial features and intend to make a Soulcraft item of it at an early date as an out-and-out tale of life's experiencings—my war years in Siberian Russia as a G-2 Man giving the volume its climax. *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* is a 302-page volume of my psychical explorings. *My Seven Minutes in Eternity* has already become a classic. But what I haven't said much about to the moment is the pet project I've entertained for many months, to reprint all these Cogitations in four volumes, dividing them as to subject matter under the four titles, *Almost Innocent*—the stories of my boyhood in Massachusetts—*This Banknote World*, *Satan Exalted Sat*, and *Few Die and None Resign*. *This Banknote World* will take all my business experiences, with *Satan Exalted Sat* and *Few Die and None Resign* covering my meanderings in Bolshevia, Hollywood, and Americana generally. The

autobiographical material should end with the Portals of Light electronic series, putting into print for permanent reference the psychical explorings I related concerning Harriman Milton, Luther Robbins and Charlotta Corning. Of course it's with my mystical writings that most Soulcrafters are concerned . . .

o—o

**W**ITH the completion of Beyond Grandeur next month there are 19 volumes between Behold Life and Elucidata—Thinking Alive, Earth Comes, Star Guests, Adam Awakes, Blessed Event, Forget Me Not, Undying Mind, and something like 12 volumes of collated and bound Soulscripts, each volume taking its title from its opening Script. Blessed Event is the big Soulcraft book on Getting Born into Mortality, the same as Adam Awakes concerned itself ahead of time with matrimony. Forget Me Not is a 320-page manuscript on every phase and aspect of Karma. Undying Mind is a 697-page digest of every phase and aspect of Metaphysics and Mysticism, with particular attention to personal psychical development. I can attest that it's devastating in its sweep, and there won't be much left for the commercializers to sell—ala magazine advertisements—at \$60 the course, when this particular number is published. These books are *all written*, understand, . . . they could start over the linotype tomorrow if I owned such a machine that wasn't plugged to its distributor-bar with reprints of what's already been produced. Of the Civic and Economic books the number runs to five . . .

o—o

**B**EGINNING with No More Hunger, then offering Thresholds of Tomorrow, Something Better, Challenge to Crisis and Solving Life, the same idea will be worked out, transcribing permanently into type-chapters the electronic discourses in Challenge to Crisis and Solving Life. Then follows the Miscellany . . . three volumes of Little Visits to the Homes of Great Americans, three volumes of the Blue Lectures I delivered at Galahad College in 1932, Nations-in-Law in two volumes, the publication of the Christ-Life series of electronic tapes that I've given the title of The Coming of the Elder Brother, Figure Yourself Out—the pocket handbook on Numerology—then the Eyes of Understanding series of electronic talks, the whole ending with Twilight

Clear, the deluxe book of Soulcraft poems . . . 99 full-fledged books! . . . 9,907,130 words—almost 100,000 words to a volume. What an awful lot of talking I've been doing on paper since that morning I set foot on the aforesaid *Siberia Maru* gangplank with the manuscript of The Greater Glory under my arm!

o—o

**J**UST THOUGHT I'd mention the list because after they're in type I really don't plan to do any more. If you began reading Pelley books, with all the spare time you had at your disposal, *it would take you two years to digest all the words that have flowed from my typewriter in the past 35 years.* To date you've had access to about half of them. And yet nothing is holding up their publication but the coin of the realm available for the printing. I don't have to compose another page of manuscript; they're all on paper as of this writing of a grey afternoon in February of 1954. Do you realize that if I were able to sell but 25,000 copies of each book—in a nation of 160,000,000 readers—the total revenue *would run around 9 million dollars?* No, I realize I haven't said a word about the Book overshadowing all the other Soulcraft books, the Golden Scripts. But I didn't author them, I merely transcribed them. And transcription doesn't count. However, if you wish to include Golden Scripts in your Soulcraft library, the figure is brought up to an even hundred volumes. And at an average thickness of 1½ inches per book, the shelf required to hold them *would be 12 feet long.* And if you chose to take a line of type—just one line—and add it to every other line in all the pages of all the other 98 books, do you know how long a parade of continuous words you would have? Something close to 62 miles of them! *Miles.* Suppose instead of writing ten or twelve typewritten words along a sheet and then throwing over the carriage and writing another line of similar length beneath it, I had done all this writing on a continuous string of ticker-tape, in ordinary 12-point typewriter type, that ribbon of recording paper would have reached halfway across the state of Indiana. Get in your car sometime, set your speedometer at zero, and ride continuously for one to two hours at 30 miles or more per hour, imagining all the while that along the edge of the pavement flowing behind you is a



## What You Can Buy for \$65

The **COMPLETE** Shelf of  
all major Soulcraft Books  
in print at this time.

Seven Minutes in Eternity	\$1.00
The Dead Are Alive	\$3.00
Behold Life	\$4.00
Star Guests	\$4.00
Adam Awakes	\$5.00
Thresholds of Tomorrow	\$5.00
Soulscripts (8 volumes)	\$40.00
Something Better	\$5.00
Road into Sunrise	\$6.00
Elucidata	\$1.00
Figure Yourself Out	\$1.00
Twilight Clear	\$5.00
Golden Scripts (Value \$5)	Gratis
	\$80.00

Send your cheque for \$65 and  
save \$15 by buying at once

**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS**

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

## Are You Puzzled by any Special Aspect of the Supernatural?

By all means order  
and read the fasci-  
nating book - -



## Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

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

**\$3.00 the Copy**

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

string of words that has been birthed on Pelley's typewriter concerning this or that, and perhaps it will give you some idea of how long a typeline nine to ten million words may be, set in type that average ten words to the 4-inch typeline. Words, words, and more words! Has any other author ever done as much, *and gotten paid for it?* If so, who is he and what was his totality of words throughout his career? .. Isn't it about time that I shut up and went up to live in Etheria? . . . The ayes have it . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

## Astronomy

(Continued from Page 11)

lates into the appearance of a dart of fire. Whereupon enters in the traditional phenomenon of Refraction.

**R**EFRACTION means the bending of the "rays of light" on passing from one medium to another, strikingly illustrated by thrusting a stick slantwise into water. A similar "bending" is supposed to occur when light comes from outer space into the earth's atmosphere. Refraction then is so marked that the displacement amounts to upward of a half a degree, so that when the sun seems to rest with its lower brim just at the horizon, the entire body of the sun really is below the horizon.

But refraction or no refraction, if incandescent light does not "travel" as orthodox astronomers have accepted since 1710 but is instantaneous and other factors explain retardation, or what appears to be retardation, then Einstein's Theory already is as dead as the dodo. What does not travel cannot "bend", just as what does not "bend" cannot come back to its starting-place.

The practical application of all of it comes down to the realization that when we step out under tonight's stars, we may by no means be looking actually at what we suppose we're looking. We think these various heavenly bodies, to glow through the reaches of interstellar space must manifest some condition of fire, and that if we approached them closer and closer we should gradually become aware of their seething heat until we ourselves were consumed.

Maybe it's not that way at all.

In the Soul World there is no sun visible, nor moon nor stars. *Yet it is light all the time.*

The question is, is it incandescent light? . . . or is incandescence as we know it a mere phenomenon of organic perception and animal consciousness?

The new Astronomy must solve it, with the Space Ship help . . .

(This is the third of a series of papers on the new Astronomy. The fourth will appear in an early issue—Editor)

## Thos. A. Edison

(Continued from Page 2)

strated and the prospect loomed of everyone in America, who had the price, acquiring such a contrivance to "communicate with the dead", the leaders of the ----- Church got action. Yes, sir. They made representations to Cal Coolidge—which is where I came into the picture and learned about it—that any such revelations would upset the whole Christian religion with possibly a total overthrow of all religious influence on the masses. Cal called Edison down to the White House and talked him into destroying the whole discovery."

"Calvin Coolidge did that!"

"It was the economic aspects that persuaded Coolidge to do it. If the assumptions of the ----- Church in respect to the Hereafter were shown up as false and spurious, the effects on the national economy might be disastrous. The Church kept its grip on the masses through tariff on humanity's credulities respecting the afterlife. It had millions of dollars invested in commercial securities, not to mention diocesan properties, that were the rock and ballast of 'organized' Christianity. Show up its hypotheses of the Afterlife as bogus and erroneous and millions might turn on the Church and repudiate it. Anything rather than that. The very foundations of the American economy might suffer. Better to keep the masses in their spiritual ignorance than to have such an epochal Edisonian invention give average humanity daily and hourly communication with its 'dead'. So to avert an ecclesiastical catastrophe, backed by Edison's illustrious name, the invention was destroyed."

"Destroyed!" the editor wailed.

"Sure! It was the only way to remove the danger to the Church for all time. As I understand it, Coolidge called Thomas A. down to the White House and argued the pros and cons with him, and persuaded him. I know, because I had charge of Edison and the President during the visit. And Edison went home and 'forgot' the whole thing."

SUCH was the attestation of a former White House attache, submitted to VALOR readers for what it is worth. The former White House attache *did* say it. He had little or no motive to fabricate. Thus does Theology hold its communicants in thrall . . . VALOR's editor remembers it most graphically because it thus marked Thomas Alva Edison's achievements in his mind.

But that Thomas A. Edison was a Spiritualist in religion—what he owned of religion—Baird Spaulding attests from his own visits to Menlo Park during Edison's lifetime. Had Edison been permitted politically or ecclesiastically to give his findings to the world, all spiritual consciousness of the American people might now have been regenerated along lines of *Truth*.

The enlightenment, however, was merely delayed. It still is in prospect. Here-wood Carrington tells in one of his recent books about the same contrivance having been perfected at The Hague by a Dutch psychical researcher, and Car-rinton attests publically that he brought the specifications to New York and constructed a similar contrivance that gave perfect results.

However, don't overlook the significance of the Flying Saucers in the *denouement* of the whole of it. *They* may demonstrate to brainstrapped man what the churches and the Coolidges haven't let him know. Tens of thousands of the occupants of the Flying Saucers are alleged to be the risen souls "of the just men made perfect" who have found means mechanically to lower their vibrations—and the vibrations of their vehicles—to earth substantialities.

What an illustrious rebirth awaits Man, when literality of the Afterlife is thus mechanically established!

Anyhow, this is the birthmonth—and the birthweek—of the illustrious Edison. Let him not be forgotten in these days of Flying Saucers and nuclear fission! . . .

# "FIGURE YOURSELF OUT!" . .



## The New Liberation Handbook on . . NUMEROLOGY . .

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—

**\$1**

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
Noblesville, Indiana

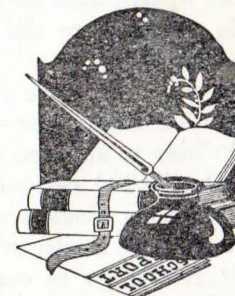
Every Student Needs a Copy! . .

# "ELUCIDATA"

(Pronounced "E-loo-cee-day-ta")

## Glossary of 100 Terms Used in Soulcraft

No more running to the dictionary to learn meanings of words while reading Soulcraft literature. With the pocket-sized ELUCIDATA at hand you turn to its Index and find in a matter of seconds a carefully prepared explanation of the ten-pound word that baffles you . . .



56 Pages Burgundy Binding

One Dollar the Copy : Ready for Mailing

**Soulcraft Chapels**

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

# Valor

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

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

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



AM doing a lot of thinking these hectic days about the future of Soulcraft. Where, and how far, do I go with it, from here on out? Exactly four years to the week, I have now had my physical freedom to devote to the building up of this majestic doctrine. But with each week now passing the demands of it weigh heavier and heavier upon me. To use a homely illustration, I've caught a bear by the tail and need help to let go . . . It's almost as bad as that . . . When I came home from Terre Haute in February of 1950 I faced a collapsed and emptied exchequer. I had to get our publications going again from the extreme financial urgency of the circumstances. I began putting out the weekly Soulcrafts—incidentally they are now, four years later, the mainstays of the entire Soulcraft instruction—to be followed a few weeks later by the initial issues of VALOR. Presently I stumbled onto the fact that dictating Soulcraft enlightenment into microphones for electronic transcription meant the interesting of thousands if maintained consistently. Soulcraft started on its Upward Trek.

TODAY what do I confront? I confront a spiritual teaching so tremendous and nationwide that my Headache Number One is keeping its leading literary numbers stocked on shelves for circulation, and my Number Two Headache is answering the mail resulting from their sale. Thousands of earnest Soulcrafters are unaware that it would truly require the services of four high-salaried executives sitting at desks the clock around, to supply timely and courteous correspondence service to the cohorts around the month that address letters to Headquarters. Daily the mail brought down from the Noblesville post office is increasing. Letters—scores of them poignant in their earnestness—whose writers want particular answers to specific personal dilemmas, continue to pile up and accumulate, day upon day, week upon week. I can barely read these letters. The number is too many. Having secured access to a list of a million-and-a-quarter Americans interested in esoteric subjects, we began back in May to acquaint them with Soulcraft literature. Something like 70,000 persons were so contacted. The residue of those becoming Soulcrafters in consequence meant more and more reprints of Soulcraft's material. *Almost the whole plant at present, is engaged in making reprints, excepting for the work involved in producing the weekly VALOR.* But the number of increased applications is spreading. Night upon night I seek my bed at 11 p. m. realizing that scores of new communicants and supporters have materialized during the day that opened at 6 a. m., but moneys received from them must go into replenishing stocks of materials. I had to give up the weekly electronic recordings because they took almost 48 hours from my work-week.

IF I had 25,000 copies or sets of every one of the 51 volumes I have written in the past 35 years available for purchase, I could do an annual turnover in Soulcraft of \$5,800,000. No, you haven't heard incorrectly. The figure is five million, eight hundred thousand dollars—if I never wrote another book. But I can't approximate that, or anything like it. Sheer capital-investment doesn't permit it. What I have discovered during the time that has elapsed since May, is that I *could* sell 25,000 copies of each number if I had them to sell. But alas and alack, I don't have them to sell. I can only sell the moderate stock that I do have on our shelves. And those are diminishing and must forever be replenished. I'm looking at a Soulcraft that could sweep the whole North American continent, but its limitations must be gauged by working capital involved in printing-manufacturing. And not having the stocks to sell, I can't put on the salaried executives who would take the infinitesimal correspondence off my hands. The nation has millions available for foreign aid and squandering on military pursuits, millions for atheistic departures and subversions of every nature. But information that would correct the American Scene still awaits its banker to facilitate. That is my Cross . . .

I'M DOING a lot of thinking these days, I repeat, about the future of Soulcraft. When I pick up the morning paper and read the diatribe of some prominent authority about the dearth of spiritual interest in Americans, I know the poor dolt is talking through his hat—it's not a case of Americans not having an interest in spiritual matters, it's a case of finance not being available for the Lord's work as it's available for the devil's work. Christ had the same dilemma to confront nineteen centuries in the past when he spoke about the coin belonging to Caesar. *I could rejuvenate the whole spiritual aspect of America in a twelve-month if I had access to the same practical resources as the devil's advocates.* But I don't have access and that's that. America's spiritual aspects must expand and increase only at the ratio of the resources supplied by the beneficiaries themselves. But I'm appalled when I survey what has been done as against what could be done.

NEXT WEEK I have the costs of the Chicago Appeal Court record to meet. Success is just around the corner on this, according to attestments of my dear ones who occasionally materialize in flesh and thus reassure me. Here I sit, week after week, therefore, with my twin shoe-soles nailed to the floor of my publishing plant by a federal government that claims to stand for Constitutionalism. I get out these publications—and such reprints as I have resources to produce—as expediency demands. How long does this personal predicament maintain? . . . I'm as interested to know as anyone on our reader-list . . . Any suggestions? . . .