

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 19

HOW REALLY TO FREE THE PRESS...

THERE is one thing Americans should be told about their newspapers—in justice to those newspapers. Uniformly in policy the average newspaper is as American as the Stars and Stripes, but there has been “dirty work at the crossroads” in the subterranean depths of newspaper publishing. No matter how sincerely patriotic the men may be sitting in the editorial chairs, a way has been discovered to counteract and neutralize them.

Newspapers themselves will never tell their readers what they face in their contractual relations with the unions whose members do the mechanical work producing the journal in question. *But the overall effect is the same as though a Kremlin censor sat at the*





head of every cityroom! It's all in the contract but the loyalty.

MYRON FAGAN, in his latest great expose of subversive forces at work in the United States, *Red Treason on Broadway*, tells on Page 60 of that dynamic work, what he discovered respecting the play-reviewing business in Manhattan when the Reds used every instrumentality at their command to have anti-Communist drama *Red Rainbow* closed up and forgotten with all minimum dispatch.

The morning after *Red Rainbow* opened on Broadway, reviews of this sterling pro-American opus in such an outstanding pro-American paper as McCormick's *Daily News* were as critical and deprecatory as anything in the *New York Evening Post* or the *Daily Worker*. Playwright Fagan was puzzled. Why should such a vigorously patriotic sheet as the *Daily News* carry so vitriolic a denunciation of *Red Rainbow*? On page 60 of *Red Treason* he describes what he learned . . . let him tell it in his own words . . .

"When John C----- entered the service of the *Daily News* he was warmly welcomed into their circle by all the journalists who thought the American way. The fact that he was working for the *Daily News* was his open sesame into that circle. Even Westbrook Pegler, who makes no secret of the fact that he looks upon even a self-styled "liberal" as a Benedict Arnold, extended a warm friendship to C-----.

"For a long time C----- maintained a discreet silence where Reds and Pinks

Political Opinions Protect Reds

were discussed. Then came the congressional investigation of Hollywood and, among others, John Garfield was driven off the screen. C----- flew to his defense with such great fervor that it startled all the doves in the cote into the realization that there was a jackdaw in their midst. If my recollection serves me correctly, Westbrook Pegler burned up their beautiful friendship by publishing a scathing denunciation of C-----'s loyalty to his Red pets. In fact, his raucous caw cost C----- many beautiful friendships.

"**A**T this point the reader might well ask how come that a man as alert as Colonel McCormick is unaware of such doings by his *New York Daily News* Dramatic Critic? My answer is, that I am quite sure that he is aware of it. The next logical question is, why doesn't a staunch American like McCormick fire him? I will answer that by citing a documented case—

"Bill O-----, for many years Dramatic Critic on the *Los Angeles Herald-Express* has long been notorious as an outright Red. The late William Randolph Hearst Sr., fully as American as McCormick, knew it, and it turned his stomach every time he thought of O----- being in that job. But he couldn't fire him for the following reason:

"The Newspaper Guild, to which all newspaper reporters and writers must belong—with the possible exception of syndicated free-lance columnists—and which is heavily infiltrated with Reds, has a clause in its contract with newspaper publishers which prohibits the firing of any of its members for his or her political opinions. It was only after Bill O----- was hauled up before the House Un-American Committee and it was established that he was a subversive, that the *Herald-Express* was able to fire him without a strike being called!

"That is probably the reason that certain Reds are able to retain their jobs with American newspaper publishers."

SO THERE you have the current plight of our American press, Soulcrafter. An open and shut Kremlin proselyter may get a job on a newspaper

no matter how patriotic and anti-Communist in policy, and as a member of the Newspaper Guild may start throwing his "opinions" around. His employer can do nothing about it. He will have his newspaper shut down by the technical union staff if he fires the traitor. Belonging to the Newspaper Guild—dominated by the enemies of the American way of life—gives him immunity to say and conduct himself as he pleases, even though it be Moscow's way that he pleases.

And the publisher stands helpless.

This is what you, as a patriotic newspaper reader, are up against when the eager-eyed boy tosses the evening's issue of your city daily onto your veranda at five o'clock. You who wouldn't pick up a copy of the *Daily Worker* to drop it onto the offal pile with tongs, carry the evening daily into your domicile and read unsuspectingly what the Red workers belonging to the Newspaper Guild have written "as their honest opinion for which they cannot be fired", that are slanted by precisely the same group that shape the policies of the *Daily Worker*.

What can you do about it? Nothing. The smart strategists who brought the Newspaper Guild into existence and made all reporters and writers join it—or else—fixed it so that you could do nothing. Otherwise you'd be interfering with "the sacred rights of labor." All quite respectable. But the nefarious and treasonable objective is achieved.

ALL of it is a segment of the mighty program that is rocking to destruction in these closing years and months of Piscean Times. As for television, the less said the better.

Fagan, in his appalling and stupefying book, goes on to document that scarcely a writer who isn't a Red is permitted to author the scripts that you permit your children to see night upon night upon your television screen. If all the material showing on your Tee-

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LIVING COSTS GOING DOWN!

Dollar Is Rising In Value as Law of Supply and Demand Begins Program of Dissolving Nation's Glut



WINTER has practically ended for 1953-'54. In another fortnight the Spring equinox shall be with us, the sun coming up across the line will usher in Spring and Summer. Just as VALOR has repeatedly assured you, we have come through the first months of 1954 without gloom and doom hitting us. True, the nation is suffering economically from over-production but as price values find their level, we shall square away on a summer of truly momentous happenings.

Economically all is not catastrophe, however, because we have the latest reports from Manhattan economic agencies that actually the dollar is climbing in value. Baxter's Economic Research gives us the cheerful and relieving news that "the American dollar is getting back a healthier color and it's going to gain still more strength from here on out."

Here is how Baxter's—coming to be relied upon more and more by sagacious businessmen—reports the dollar gains by items—

A. YOUR DOLLAR ALREADY BUYS MORE IN THE WAY OF MANY CONSUMER GOODS. Compared with prices a year ago, your dollar is now worth—

- In Meats \$1.30 to \$1.50
- In Butter \$1.10
- In Men's Shirts ... \$1.30 to \$1.50
- In Houses \$1.10
- In Used Autos \$1.10
- In Television Sets . \$1.20 to \$1.25
- In Cotton goods ... \$1.15 to \$1.20

B. IN THE BUSINESS WORLD, CASH IS ALSO CLIMBING BACK INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT AGAIN. Compared with prices a year ago, your business dollar is worth—

- In Steel Scrap \$1.65
- In Hides and Leather \$1.30



- In Zinc \$1.20 to \$1.25
- In Rubber \$1.30 to \$1.35
- In Crude Oil \$1.15 to \$1.18
- In Building Materials \$1.10

While these price changes are important, they are nothing to what is coming in the very near future.

BAXTER goes on to say, "I could bring out the names of hundreds of common stocks that now give your dollar a buying power from \$1.25 to \$3.00. But I want to emphasize that in the months immediately ahead, I look for bear markets galore in many directions, in securities, land, commodities, and other fields. But I also expect a bull market in just one direction, in the value of the American dollar.

"I believe that 1954 is going to see CASH, in the form of United States dollars, make the greatest comeback in buying power ever seen in our generation!"

It is further heartening news that nowhere on reliable psychic charts is there any particular notation of international calamity. True, our whole solar system is pushing into section of interstellar space that has not been known to us in 26,000 years, the course of which we are entering heavier and heavier cosmic-ray bombardments from the constellation of Aquarius. This means continued warm weather and disappearance of surface ice on the globe both north and south. But outside of the fabricated war in Indo-

China to keep Communist prestige alive, there is no imminent international catastrophe scheduled to cruelly harass humanity.

For the first time in the current generation the statesmen of East and West confronted each other across the conference tables in East Berlin and the Soviet kommissars went home empty-handed. Meantime Russia's internal economic problems mount. Bolshevism at least is not on the increase anywhere on the globe, at least. Some psychics are declaring it may have reached its peak throughout the entire world and from here on out sink deeper and deeper into trouble and defeat.

The criminal shootings of five congressmen this past week from the galleries of the House of Representatives already is acquiring its communistic undertones. Nothing is "going right" for the international mischiefmakers anywhere on the planet.

THAT experimental detonatings of H-bombs in the Pacific this Spring may precipitate sizable Saucer counteractions is something that the sagacious are by no means overlooking. There have been warnings that the apex of Saucer activity this summer is arriving in August, and it is entirely sensible and plausible that by a year from today the whole aspect of planetary thinking on the Saucer significances may be altered.

Actually, however, the only real malady afflicting the American nation is the "hang-over" from the former wrong policies and squanderbusts of the earlier pro-Kremlinites. As Daughter Harriet contended in her epochal declaration before a dozen people at Soulcraft Headquarters last October 14th—to be published in next week's VALOR, by the way—"it's the minds of the American people that now want healing." And the one way by

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...



Air Force Admits It Knows What Saucers Are

it shot straight up in a spiral rotating motion.

ON Wednesday, February 24th, a strange cigar-shaped object was seen over Miller Valley, near Prescott, Arizona. A man and his wife watched this object for some time through binoculars, and said it appeared to be quite large and was surrounded by a yellowish luminous light. It seemed to cruise slowly through the sky and finally disappeared behind Thumb Butte.

The local meteorologist-in-charge for the United States Weather Bureau says he is very interested in reports of "saucers", and would appreciate calls when a strange object appears. This man knows that many of these saucer sightings are not due to any freakish weather phenomena.

Speaking of weather, reports are now flooding the newspapers telling of disastrous happenings throughout the world. Japan was recently hit by a smashing typhoon that had ninety miles-an-hour winds. Hundreds left their homes the other day during the Wilkes-Barre, Pa. earthquake. Dust storms plagued the Southwest recently centering in the Texas-Oklahoma Panhandle and extending northward to Nebraska and westward into eastern sections of Colorado and New Mexico. Visibility in some areas was reduced to one quarter mile.

Strange red snow fell recently, covering a Southern Italian city. Now, here is a run-down on other happenings: In a twelve-hour period one-hundred earth tremors were recorded in Guatemala City. A strong earthquake in Chile caused panic among inhabitants of Calama and Chuquicamata. Stone walls split and tumbled.

Strong earth shocks were again reported in Guatemala and the shocks were also felt across the Mexican border where four villages had been destroyed recently by earthquakes. There have been new

tremors in Greece around the Ionian Island area. This is to be expected near these islands, for three large fault lines converge there.

Europe's freakish weather brought new extremes the other day. While England basked in sunshine, a blizzard hit Turkey and great ice floes clogged Northern European harbors. Temperatures in Southern England rose to the mid-50s. Compact ice masses isolated Oslo, Norway's busiest harbor. The ice lay in the Oslo Fjord was almost seven feet thick. About twenty ships lay icebound between Oslo and Faerder lighthouse in the mouth of the fjord.

Along the German Baltic Coast, more ice floes tied up shipping. The icebreaker *Prussia* was ordered from Kiel harbor in an attempt to free small ships sandwiched between floes. Sweden's baltic coast was so cold that police were given orders to shoot some of the thousands of seabirds frozen fast in the ice. From Istanbul, Turkey, came reports of the heaviest snowstorms of the winter. Big ice floes sweeping down from the Danube threatened to obstruct the Black Sea entrance to the Bosphorus.

DR. Howard Shapely has been replaced as Director of Harvard College Observatory, by the anti-saucer scientist, Donald Menzel. Since Dr. Shapely announced his discovery of an atmosphere on the moon recently, it seems he has "stepped on the toes" of too many "authorities." His new book, *Climatic Changes*, will prove to be a real eye-opener. Recently he said, "Possibly 100 million other planets support life, but due to the distance involved, proving this is difficult." Careful now, Dr. Shapely, remember the "authorities" tell us we on earth are unique in creation, we are alone in the awful blackness and immensity of space . . . how dare you think for one moment that life may exist elsewhere!

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RANK EDWARDS, ace news commentator, recently announced on the air that an Air Force spokesman had just made the following statement:

"The Air Force now knows definitely what the "saucers" are, but we dare not reveal this information to the public yet."

Mr. Edwards also said that he has signed statements from some of our top scientists, to the effect that they believe the saucers to be interplanetary in origin and of a high degree of intelligence!

I believe we're in for some big things in the few weeks and months ahead! Sightings have increased to a fantastic number. Most papers are holding down such reports for fear of being swamped with phone calls and mail. Many saucers have been seen over Prescott, Arizona within the past few weeks. I told you about our sheriff having seen one in company with witnesses. The manager of our local radio station and his wife watched a saucer one morning for several minutes.

The other day, one of the town's skeptics came out of his house to observe a strange sight in the sky above him. Slowly coming straight down, was an object that looked like it was made of glass. It was round and light shone through it like it would shine through thick glass blocks. There were unusual straight dark lines running parallel with each other along the bottom. This object only made a noise when it changed its speed. It circled Prescott for over two hours, then

Why the Public Does Not Act to Save Itself from Ruin



THINKING, commonly considered, is the act of bestirring in the memory a given array of factual experiences that have left their dents there psychologically, and using them as component factors in establishing a result in karmic logic.

That is to say, Thinking establishes things to be true by making factual comparisons from recollections of events and thus arriving at a factual conclusion by an unerring sense of spiritual apportionment for the reaching of a certain result.

Thinking establishes. Thought manufactures.

Thinking reaches a result and stops there. Thought continues on forever and is never quiet.

Thinking wants a thing to come true and makes deep and vital probings into the memory of experiences for component parts of the equation one wants to put together. Thought, on the other hand says: "I am glad that I *am*! So long as I *am*, I can afford to accredit myself forever."

Thought is consciousness.

Thinking is sentiency.

Now in this premise there is an errand unto the moment.

IT IS not enough to deal in abstractions, to say Habit is this and Thought is that, or Sentiency something else. We should be concerned always in arriving at definite understandings of events upon this mortal plane—the Rate of Issue of divine beneficences out of the celestial and into the human.

Always we should bear in mind too, that Life is a constant "finding out" of vast cosmic assurances always tempered by remedial action of some sort that is the basis for society's so-called Progress.

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

This remedial action is ever of the practical in utility. This is to say, it savors of individual profit in that it "eases the ordeal of educative pain".

"Practical" profit is always self-profit-utility. It presupposes that for every action there is a reaction in terms of active employment of the ego for the pleasurable inflation of one's self.

When a man delights to tell us how practical he is, let us always remember that he is informing us how ready he is to employ the various agencies of life that he may then be mentioning or in contact with, to profit himself with a definiteness that can be seen, heard, touched, or trafficked in. There is no other definition for the term practical.

The practical man is the self-provident man. He "wants what he wants when he wants it" because he counts on it doing him a specific good in an imminent or continuing transaction.

The improvident man, or rather the man rarely selfish or self-seeking, or the man who delights in the fact of a sunset rather than a broom-handle, is said not to be practical. Why? Because the result upon himself cannot be seen, heard, handled, or traded in to some sort of immediate and tacit profit, common more

or less to all types and conditions of humanity as we find them.

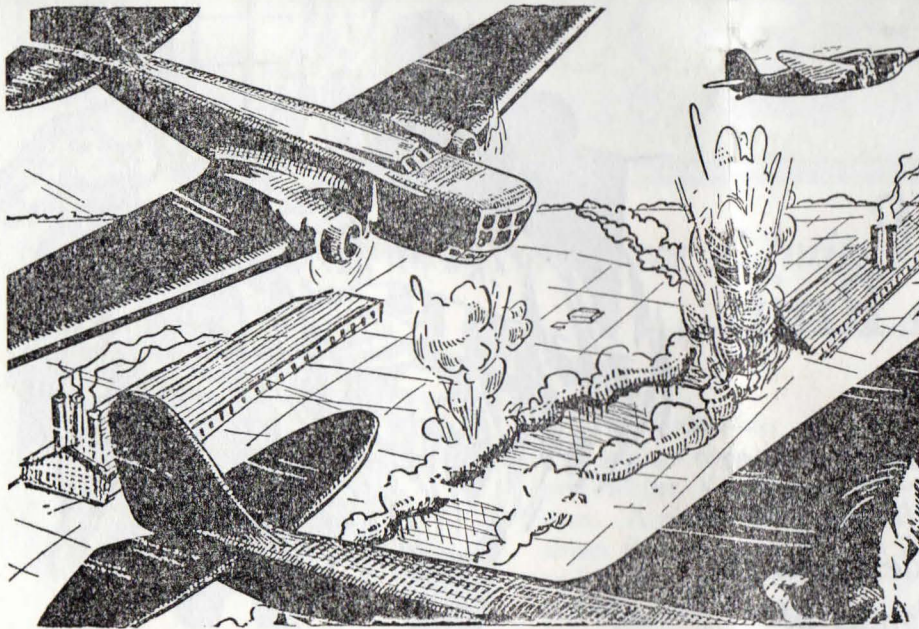
WHEN we come to a consideration of these factors of Habit, Consciousness, Sentiency, and Practicality, and look upon humanity of the present moment, we are tacitly informed of the nature of many of the perversities that are befuddling the Pure in Heart at the present moment in earthly affairs.

Men in earth-life want to know what is good for them. They find out by the exercise of Curiosity. If the result be favorable, they return again and again seeking a repetition of the experience. Thus Habit is formed. They hunt and hunt, with or without the original rewards. Then comes a strange hiatus—

They do not know just why they hunt. They refuse, often enough, to acknowledge the fact behind the habit. They recall only the Fact of Sensation and not the nature of the sensation itself. They give and take in circumstances. They exercise memory and perform in Thought.

But only rarely, and chiefly in the cases of very old-born souls, do they actually think.

You think because you are an old, old soul. You have been through countless earthly careers and arrived at a sense of relative values for relative experiences. Your education has shifted from the status of reactive interest—or the reactions from animal curiosity—to that of abstract consideration of spiritually-geometric equations.



their temple of civilization in a matter of years, months, weeks, or days? As often, in karmic processes, they must come back and rebuild that which they have toppled!

This is something too often ignored, even by those who should be most learned in the Cosmic Doctrine, when a debacle such as Russia bobs up for discussion.

It seems to be a debacle, yes! Millions of souls are ejected by violence from the mortal plane for the moment. But do you take note that whoever is responsible for what has occurred, in any degree whatsoever, must come back into earth-life with inexorably certainty and patiently put back, brick by brick, everything that has in any way been injured or demolished!

In such process they will perceive that Pulling Down accomplishes nothing but a Pain-Experience, and ultimately in eternity they will desist and begin to reason among themselves, comparing the factors involved in toppling over temples before they actually commit it in materials.

IT IS not actually a pulling-down of the Temple of Civilization that is going on at present, however, and this is apparent for several reasons. In the first place, the Temple cannot be wholly toppled—as we commonly call it up in vision when we think of the utter ruin of all which men hold dear in their spiritual lives and manners.

The Temple cannot be toppled because essentially considered, it is not the sort of temple that topples at the caprice of mischievous or stupid human hands.

Neither should we consider that there is going to be a general catastrophe just because one man or set of men have come into temporary political power as the result of certain chicaneries at the polls. The people of this nation want redress from the wrongs that have exercised distressful effects upon them, disestablishing them from those secular pursuits which formerly brought them pleasure. They want to go about their affairs in medium enjoyment and security. They have found out from conditions provided before their earthly advent, that from going to the polls and voting for this man or that man there has come a tuppence-worth of relief—or what they have been pleased to term relief—in that they get a sort of

They are the result—the processes are—of what certain men and women of great cosmic experience have found out for themselves and evolved in abstract hypothetical expressions age after age, until the hypothesis stands good for the original tacit situation or motivating resource.

You cannot help acting in this fashion any more than the animal can help going up to a trough because its olfactory reactions have been exercised by the smell of savory food.

The rest of the world about you, into which you may have come as a species of mentor, is what it is because of what it has not yet experienced.

Now then, how to correlate the two?

YOU SEE things happening in social or political circumstances and you bemoan them.

Why should you bemoan them? Why not become agreeably excited about them as the fanatical Communist does when he fancies that a mere redistribution of wealth through confiscation is going to pull him up to affluence as it tears the affluence of other men down?

The answer lies in this: that you are able, by the very fact of your cosmic years and the richness of your trial-and-error experiences, to call up from Cosmic Memory all the factors in a similar equation that tell you by hypothesis exactly what the real and correct result will be.

You build your karmic hypothesis in a twinkling and arrive at an actual result. You pronounce upon that result

and think nothing special about it. As you say, it is “natural” for you to so perceive the co-relatings of factors and the production of a result.

But these little men-children, still in the diaper stage of human reasoning—or sentiency—do nothing of the sort. They have not lived long enough, or been through enough educating experiences, to enable them to really “think” at all. They do not reason. They feel! Most of what they feel is but the desire to get a pleasurable incitement and have it constantly and continually repeated. They go about their deductions by a sort of brute force, essaying to take the kingdom by violence.

True, often as not they will—and do—pull down temples of human affairs upon their own heads. But does it matter?

Because you can perform this miracle within your own intellect, and by the self-motivated acts of your own spirits, you castigate and berate the remainder of the human race for not being able, or willing, or acquiescent, in doing it likewise.

You do not stop to reason out that all of these processes are strictly karmic.

It is taking a short view of Cosmos to say that God can supply them with but one such temple and that there can never be more—that once demolished, all temples have vanished.

We must, in considering such a thing as has occurred in Russia for instance, take this viewpoint—

What if these bad-tempered and unthinking human infants do pull down

public providence rendered unto them in consequence.

It pleases them to scout and hunt for repetitions of those public services in a little more personal and trenchant manner than has hitherto maintained.

They have "formed the habit of voting" and it will be a hard habit to break because—uniformly—they have discovered in past exercise of the ballot a sop to their vanities, the vicarious substitute for moral courage, or material benefits that accrued from the economic strategies of demagogues. Very good!

They are still searching for a repetition of those advantages, or vanity-appeasements. So let them do it. That is all beside the point.

What matters it, that eventually they shall arrive at a stature of moral cleverness—as well as intellectual astuteness—where they can perform the thinking processes without it costing them too heavily in self-protective goods or assets so that they are erased from the arena of consciousness where thinking is possible of employment at all?

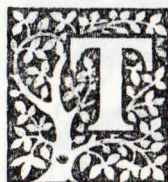
Given a group of a dozen men and women and they will be outrageously angry if they understand you to declare that perhaps only one in the twelve is truly capable of thinking. They will rant and rave and call you unkind names. But the very fact that they do so receive you, will prove the essence of your contention, since if they really did perform the act of Thinking, they would observe as you observe—that the universal and cosmic memory-factors for Thinking cannot be present in all who are alive and functioning.

It is a long way around Robin Hood's barn, but a barn is a barn, and if it were not there to be encircled, no one would recognize that it was his barn and not his house or his chicken-coop, or that barns had paths around them making those who encircle to recognize that they are not traveling about a mountain, a lake, or a brick mausoleum.

IT IS the concensus of opinion among those dwelling at present in the Higher Octaves of Reality that the people in the current American dispensation, voting for this man or that measure in the present government endorsement of a very faulty economic palliative, are doing so because they have either received profit in
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What You Should Know about Pain and Suffering . .

Concluded from Last Week



THE best example of Pain is the toothache. When a tooth aches, you know you've got a pain and to thunder with Greek and Latin origins.

But you fight that pain. You groan and protest and cuss the recalcitrant molar, which is not recalcitrant at all, but simply has developed a cavity that has exposed a nerve.

You give it a battle royal.

The whole household knows you've got such a battle to win, and duffs in to help you win it in order to get some sleep or tranquillity.

It may sound like a Spartan remedy, but if you tried saying to that tooth-nerve: "Now go ahead, you son of a sea-cook, and ache as hard as you please!—I'm going to find out just how hard you can ache, and set about to enjoy it," you might make the discovery that first the tooth-nerve would take you at your word and make you well-nigh do a head-spin.

But after that spasm it would begin to give up.

All of us have known from childhood that the best cure in the world for a toothache is to have a rich aunt arrive from the city and announce that she has two tickets for the evening's local theatrical performance.

Another good cure for a toothache is to go to the dentist to have it drawn and sit for a time in the anteroom harkening to the patient ahead of you groan. It is

truly miraculous how that maddening ache vanishes under such audition—same human being, same hollow tooth, same exposed nerve, but no ache.

What can have happened?

The Mind, under the stronger stimuli of the counter-interest, forgets to fight.

The conflict has stopped.

No conflict, no pain!

NO TWO persons' aches and pains arise from precisely the same causes, of course—any more than three men will all come to the boss and beg tomorrow off because they desire to do the same things in the holiday thus negotiated. But the fact that all three *do* want the holiday is not to be denied.

Ninety-five out of every hundred people in life want a holiday of some sort. Spirit truly is absorbing more from the life-experience than it can handle for immediate conscious profit. But the economic circumstance is a cruel task-master. Therefore spirit makes the body cut strange capers.

Sit down sensibly and figure out what lesson you're supposed to be deriving from the stricture, and being sick becomes silly.

People too often make a business of taking vacations—at a certain season of the year and unmindful of the stresses laid upon them during the remaining fifty weeks. All of which results in no vacation at all.

The vacations whose lack makes the body "give up" are the vacations that are needed as a counteracting experience to high-voltage vicissitude, when Inside Spirit is gaining more sensory wisdom than it can humanly digest.

Vacations should be time-out to catch up on experience-absorption.

Spiritual weariness is the thing that makes for illness—or the condition wherein illness develops. And spiritual weariness is naught but spirit's inability to absorb the profits from daily adventurings

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Insurance

COMMENT often appears in the Soulcraft correspondence: "How regrettable it seems that a great spiritual Movement like Liberation-Soulcraft had to be sidetracked during its adolescence by activities of a political or anti-Red nature that apparently went far afield from the real spiritualities, earning the onus of condemnation for secular activities of an 'anti' nature that resulted in legal persecutions."

The dear sweetness-and-light people who thus bemoan the checkered personal history of the progenitor of Soulcraft are missing a point that is the very essence of the doctrine. Incidentally, they are casting critical reflection on the integrity, sagacity, and character-discriminations of the Great Mentor Souls on higher octaves who selected the man who is establishing Soulcraft as the instrument and agent for their shepherdings.

There would be only one way to keep the text of such Higher Counselling spotlessly free of the influences of subversion and ulterior control for secretly nefarious ends. That would be to make certain that it was entrusted to one who had acquired an inexhaustive working knowledge of all the personalities and strategems, not only in the American Scene but the World Scene, that were making for disorder, mischief, or moral and cultural malfeasance, to the end that Soulcraft based on the *Golden Scripts* might

become one doctrine over which no unhallowed influence gained either open or surreptitious control.

That point is major.

To this current moment, in consequence of the Recorder's erudition in subversive conspirings, Soulcraft has been kept absolutely clean of any personalities or influences that might use it to hoodwink the public further concerning international plottings or cultural deceptions.

If Soulcraft at the present moment cared to lend itself to the clandestine blocs that are everywhere aspiring to control under the guise of established, respected and traditional institutions, it



could command tens of thousands of dollars for its promotion. The fact that such moneys are withheld ought to convince the layman that it is indefatigably Rightist in its premises and principles. The fact that its Recorder is "poisonous" to the great international interests seeking to bring even the spiritual life of Americans into subservience, ought to be regarded as the best insurance policy for Soulcraft's continuing integrity that could exist.

Some skeptics have cried abashed, "You mean to say an absolute trust in Christ wouldn't keep this Movement free of subversive influences, without having to resort to 'anti' crusadings that go out of their ways to bestir aggressive oppositions?"

The answer would be, that in this Great Marathon of Eternal Enlightenment, the torch of true illumination is passed from hand to hand of runners whom the Great Avatar seems to have trained for the contest by such crusadings and reprisals. That is the method by which the Higher Powers first equip those entrusted with a deathless work. What otherwise was meant by His adjuration,

"Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." How become wise excepting through experience?

Nowhere did He state, "Be ye dumb as sheep yet trusting in the Lord that all will be well with you." If this last were true, where would any use for shepherds come in?

Ultimately the day will arrive when it will be publicly recognized that the Recorder's ordeals, in law courts or out of them, were as much a part of the Enlightenment as any idea transmitted by higher clairaudient speech.

Suppose we be glad that there is one spiritual Movement that, so long as this Recorder has anything to do with it, cannot be subverted or used for clandestine ends.

Suddenly John Siddall

COMES a letter from Florida that carries a strange and convincing significance. The lady who sends it, tells of a psychical research group that meets in her city—no particular connection with Soulcraft—that had a puzzling visitation on a recent evening. The letter itself states the significances most clearly:

"Last Friday night," it narrates, "we just had an open forum, because we spend most of our allotted time in spirit-photography. Two at a time were photographed in the seance-room. At no time in the short sequence of it was anyone's name mentioned but Mr. Pelley's. Chiefly the talk was concerned with public reactions to *Seven-Minutes*.

"So after we assembled in the seance-room and the usual greetings were exchanged—and I would say about twenty minutes before the class was closed—a gentleman appeared in spirit and spoke to the group. He told us that he had been standing by Clarissa in the other room and wanted to commend her and the group for undertaking the study of this great truth (soul survival). Also that he would be back again to talk to us. Then to me he said—

"When you write Mr. Pelley, tell him that John Siddall manifested to you.' I was speechless for a second. Of course no one else had placed any significance apparently on Mr. Pelley's use of this gentleman's name in writing *My Seven*

Minutes in Eternity, if at that time, 'way back in 1929, they had read the article in *The American* at all. At least it wasn't a familiar name to them. Well, I nearly fell off my chair, believe me. And that is the gist of it.

"I was so surprised that I can't remember all the things Mr. Siddall told me but he will come again, I'm sure."

Hail and farewell (?) John Siddall! Does anyone remember who he was?

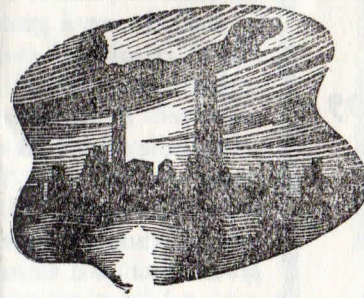
John was the man who took two moribund national publications and merged them into *The American Magazine* of yesterday, raising their combined circulations from 200,000 copies a month to 2,200,000 copies a month. He was the big Scot-American editor who received the original Pelley story, *Their Mother*, in *The American* office in 1916, and promptly wired the amateur author in Vermont, COME TO NEW YORK AT ONCE OUR EXPENSE. Pelley went down. An order for five more stories was promptly placed with him, of a similar tenor to *Their Mother*. It resulted in William Dudley Pelley's name being introduced to the magazine-reading public of the United States.

Pelley continued on the writing staff of *The American* until 1929, when the production of *Seven Minutes* was so vigorously resented by orthodox church interests that an alteration in control of the company was effected on the stern understanding that no more such articles be allowed to appear in the Crowell publications. Pelley was thereafter *persona non grata* in *The American's* columns, and oddly enough, everyone who had had any association with publishing the narrative had to search for jobs elsewhere.

But John Siddall had not been alive when *Seven-Minutes* was published. He had died of stomach cancer in 1923.

John Siddall, however, had been among the first that Pelley encountered on the higher octave on "going over" in his celebrated discarnate transfer in 1928. Pelley had conversed with him in his sublimated condition for a matter of twenty minutes!

ONLY ONCE in the years intervening had John Siddall ever manifested himself until the Friday evening of this past week in Florida. Of a night in 1930, in Pelley's apartment in Manhattan, John had "come through" and declared his opinions respecting the qualifications of his successors on *The American* in high-



Sunset Years



HERE seems to be in writ profound
Some teachings that do not seem sound;
We wonder with each pondering look
How came such in the Sacred Book?
Who dares to claim as Love's decree
How long our stay on earth shall be?
I take my stand against the lie,
I'm here to *live* and not to die!

I've passed my three score years and ten,
The "sacred" limit, so what then?
I've still ten fingers, all my toes,
See Truth with sight, love scent of rose;
Shall I slow down in world so fair
Or waste my years in rocking-chair?
Have I delayed my flight too long
Or should I Pass On with a song?

I've had my birthings by the score,
Have "died" a thousand deaths or more.
What book decrees how long I stay
If I but live the Soulcraft Way?
With years gone seventy or more
What text puts limit to the score?
My mentors tell me I may stay
Throughout the whole Aquarian Day!

I still can love and feel and joke
And play at games with friendly folk;
Perchance the good Lord wants me here
By verse and line to spread His cheer
In this sad earth of want and gloom
Where there is still a spacious room
For greetings gay and laughter sound,
So maybe I'll just stick around!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

"Adam Awakes"



The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

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

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Soulcraft Chapels

voltage critical language. And how John could use it!

Then 24 years of silence.

Behold now, a group of interested psychological researchers meet in Florida in the present year and fall to discussing *Seven-Minutes*. Apparently drawn into the circle by the vibrations of the title, the one-time editor of *The American* steps forth in audible voice and sends Pelley greeting. Through strangers who scarcely were aware that he'd existed! The appearance was voluntary, unexpected, and perturbing.

If such an episode doesn't go to substantiate the bona fide character of survival, what do we want for evidence?

But here's a challenge—

If this Florida group meets again, and contacts John Siddall again, will its spokesman ask him whether or not Pelley's hyperdimensional experience was actual? Will its spokesman ask Mr. Siddall if Pelley did or did not converse with him face to face in the *Seven-Minutes* experience for a matter of twenty minutes, and will John perhaps give the name of the lady-relative who was in their company during the *Seven-Minute* experience and overheard their converse?

If John concurs and imparts affirmative information, what have the critics to reply who have contended from the first that Pelley's *Seven-Minutes* experience was merely a grandiose dream?

Greetings and salutations, John! The editor of VALOR has a particularly warm place in his heart for you. You were the dean of all the New York editors who "knew what the great American public wanted."

Come often, and stay late!

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

Anyway, we don't care if you're director of Harvard Observatory or not, we still like your spirit!

NO TRUE hydrogen bomb has ever been set off on this planet. Hydrogen "devices", yes . . . but no bombs. Besides, two isotopes of hydrogen, tritium and deuterium are used, not *true hydrogen*. The experiment to come off shortly in the Pacific will deal with the fusing of these two isotopes. The re-

sult should be astounding! But, remember, the space visitors *will not allow this planet to be destroyed* as the planet between Mars and Jupiter was. This planet destroyed itself and is now an asteroid belt circling our sun.

Although we will go through a trying period, as ancient prophecy tells us we must, we still have the Golden Age to look forward to. Look at these disturbances with a gladness in your heart . . . for when you see these signs you know the Son of Man draweth nigh!

Freeing the Press

(Continued from Page 2)

vee set were broadcast out of the offices of the *Daily Worker*, you would rise in revolt or use a sledge hammer on the gadget. But the Reds first make sure that they have "contracts" making a man's political opinions under the Constitution sacrosanct, then they open up all levers and give you and your progeny the business.

But you're not openly aware of it.

To such a pass has publicity come in your beloved United States.

But the American newspaper is "on the spot." It has to do business with the Newspaper Guild or you don't get your evening newspaper tossed on your front veranda. No matter what grandiose "mottos" it may print under its masthead—such as that sterling paper *The Indianapolis Star* does—"Where the Spirit of the Lord Is, There Is Liberty"—the contents inside can be colored by the "opinion" of the pro-Red Newspaper Guild.

It's only fair to you to tell you.

Until the government "cleans house" of such debatable agencies as the Guild you're going to be bombarded nightly by the *Daily Worker's* principles in respectable local format.

The only solution to the whole execrable headache is for the American Congress to pass a statute outlawing Communism. Until that is done, subterfuge will succeed subterfuge, and the subversive end will be achieved regardless of the medium.

It's in the interests and perpetuity of the entire Christian religion that such warning is made.

Men will give battle for their religion when they won't for their firesides or even

the future ideologies of their progeny . . . more's the pity!

And the end is not yet!

Pain and Suffering

(Continued from Page 7)

at the same pace that circumstances dictate.

Of course there remains the great question of Karma, in this topic of Pain and Physical Disability, but that is another subject. Karma of itself, however, never forces a person to be sick. Karma, or a knowledge of cosmic debts owing or owed, is merely an additional tax on the already surfeited spirit that results in the spiritual break down. Thus Karma is a cause but not a condition in itself.

All life, of course, is conflict—but in the proper proportion and perspective the conflict is between the elements of life, not between Experience and Soul. There should be no conflict between Life and Spirit.

Then there is no Mental Aspic formed for the pollywogs to thrive in!

Small wonder the Mentors smile when they are asked to give causes for the spots before our eyes!

The Public and Ruin

(Continued from Page 7)

the form of assets, or promises of such. Having known what Relief is in other trial-and-error ordeals, they can naturally be expected to want more of it and elect the man or men who either give it or promise it.

Now the problem is not one of berating the "fool public" for not exercising its memory reflexes or bestirring its age-old habits of accepting something pleasant that is offered for a temporary enhancement.

Neither is it truly one of berating or abusing a lecherous system that says: "Let us perpetuate ourselves by robbing Peter and paying Paul," for that is precisely what is going on at present in high councils of State.

The problem is: how to exercise the public's attention on other past reflexes, not necessarily base, not necessarily unpleasant, so that of two objectives it chooses the one which we particularly de-

sire to have it select in the light of our own transcendent cosmic endowments, capable of erecting hypothesis from the vicissitudes of previous lives.

We should be very foolish, and really get nowhere, to go to the public with a patch on our pants and say in all seriousness: "Elect us to office instead of those nitwits and tomorrow we shall furnish twelve loaves of bread for your families and a new suit of clothes for each member, each week." The recipients could exclaim: "How about the patch on your own suit of clothes? Why not provide yourself with new raiment before suggesting provision for our own?"

In a manner of speaking, that is precisely what is wrong with the whole system of affairs that fails to provide humankind with support at this moment.

Humanity is being offered little more than a collation of abstract ideas, not based on any supposition or assumption of personal profit to society that society can recall within its limited memory processes.

The tenderers of these are making it appear—or striving to do so—that they are really Lords Bountiful unto the nation and when the nation says: "I am hungry!" they turn about and offer it only a philosophical recommendation printed upon a tract, answering: "Very well then. Eat of this, and all shall be well then. Eat of this, and all shall be excellent with you and yours."

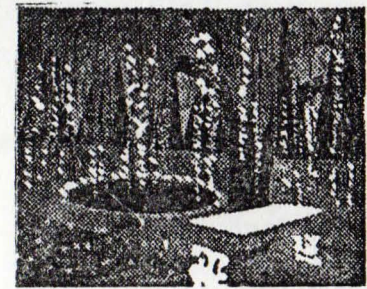
The nation retorts: "But I am hungry now. And it isn't a tract that I want but a loaf of bread."

There the theorists must halt and make the admission that they are quite well satisfied with their own loaf of bread that is cleverly wrapped up in such economic abstraction.

But the other fellow has not reached that point of intellectual metabolism as yet. He has a healthy stomach, and it wants crisp brown loaves of edible wheat. The theorists are not in any position to provide it and the nation knows it, just as it knows that there is a fraud somewhere in claims to furnish him and his family with clothes when the clothes of the theorists are shabby or run perilously near to indecent exposure.

Therefore the nation of nondescripts that have few memory reflexes to draw upon and serve them, accepts the theorists

(Continued on Page 14)



"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"

A NEW \$1 EDITION

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



COGITATIONS

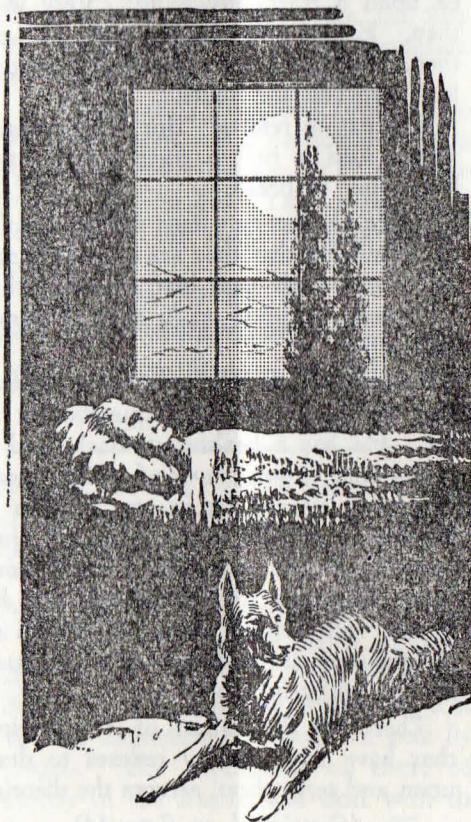
STRANGE to say, reminiscing on the rich and colorful life I've been privileged to live in this incarnation, I find my thoughts turning backward only rarely to what some might term my psychical experiences. Ollie Jadwin came in the other day from a month on the Coast and described how Los Angeles Soulcrafters had taken him on a motoring trip up to the Seven-Minutes bungalow on Altadena's Mount Curve Drive. The quaint little house is still there as I owned it in 1927, although Ollie said that the trees and shrubs I had planted with my own hands have now become so sizable that they practically hide the structure and it's recognized with difficulty. A lot of water has flowed under the bridge since that memorable evening of May 29, 1928 when I laid myself down in the upper northeast chamber and had my Experience of Experiences before morning. All my life I've had particularly vivid dreams, but I've always known them for what they were—dreams and nothing more. Never have I had a second adventure exactly of the nature of that hyperdimensional excursion that shunted my life upon strange rails. Why I should have had that specific experience and never a repetition is not for me to say. I do know that it is still as vivid in my consciousness as though I'd undergone it only last night. But there's one other evening that does second it, of a somewhat different character. It was the night in Manhattan, fourteen months later, that I "had the future unrolled to me as a scroll"—using that metaphor. It stands in the same class with the Seven Minutes in Eternity exploit and I think of it oftener due to the circumstance that whenever one its provisions is fulfilled in the present, I can't help going back of it.

I SOLD the Altadena bungalow in March of 1929 and shipped most of its beloved furnishings to Manhattan. I found a three-room apartment on the second floor of a brownstone residence at 56 West and 53rd Street. And I was no more settled than it became a rendezvous for a coterie of writing celebrities, each of them particularly interested in psychical research. But as the spring of 1929 wore into summer, so many of them lived such distances uptown that the rendezvous in 53rd Street put many to inconvenience and we transferred the Friday night clinic meetings to the home of the husband and wife on upper Riverside Drive whom I named in *Door to Revelation* as Mr. and Mrs. Leslie. Each Friday night aforesaid, Mary of the opening chapters of *Star Guests* would call around in her coupe at 53rd Street and pick up the lady who was acting as my secretary-amanuensis and myself, ride us up to the

Drive where we would find the group of twelve to fifteen waiting, to engage in certain forms of psychical exploration until two in the morning. Talbot Mundy, author of *King of the Khyber Rifles* was among these. So was Natacha Rambova, Rudy Valentino's first wife. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie had lived several years in India, where the latter had improved her time studying Theosophy under the Indian pundits until she had become one of the most capable clairvoyants I have ever confronted in twenty-five years of this odd exploration. Through April, May and June we'd been holding these meetings regularly, some fifteen of us. Finally came the memorable July 2nd when at 7:30 p. m. my telephone rang and Mary's voice sounded across the wire. "I'm going to be detained an hour-and-a-half tonight, Bill," she told me, "I can't pick you up till nine o'clock because I must have a conference with an author about a new serial for *The American*. If you want to go up in a cab it's quite all right with me. But if you'll wait till 9 o'clock, I'll call around and get you as usual. Which shall it be?" . . . I consulted with my companion and told Mary we'd wait. If she'd made it all right with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie they'd simply have to sit around and chat until we got there. My companion remarked as I hooked the receiver, "Well, we've got an hour-and-a-half to kill. Why not spend it taking a 'message'?" . . . We were both in evening clothes, but she got out her stenographer's book and I relaxed in my easy-chair in dinner-clothes. Presently the Higher Voice was addressing me . . .

o—o

“THIS disarrangement of your usual plans has not come about by accident,” that Voice declared. “We have called this temporary hiatus in your evening's activities because this is the last night the group of you will meet.” This announcement turned out unqualifiedly correct, through no deliberate activity by any of us. “Before you go up to the



Drive tonight, we want you to acquire in your mind and thinking the program of what your life and affairs—and the affairs of the nation and the world—are due to become over the coming thirty years!" I told this incident and its uncanny denouement in my biography, *The Door to Revelation*, but I have a new reason for recalling it now. "First," the Voice continued, growing stronger in power as it went along, "advise all your friends who are now playing the stock market, fancying they're rolling up great material wealth, to close out their holdings and desist. Because the last week of October in this year 1929 is coming a crash in Wall Street that is to be felt in all the bourses of the world. The economic bottom will fall out of international finance, ushering in twelve to fourteen years of unprecedented depression, in which millions will become impoverished . . ." Thereupon I heard for the first time that there was such a character in the world as Hitler. The Voice referred to him as the Austrian painter. He was coming to the head of the German people and ultimately precipitate World War II. But long before that time, my relations with Col. Sharp of the State Department Secret Service were to acquaint me with the extent of the Luciferian conspiracy throughout the earth, how it would get its foothold in America, and how far it would go. I was to form an organization throughout this nation that would disclose to such forces what vigilante reactions of Christian Americans could become, launching through my efforts an investigatory committee in the Congress of the United States that would in time act as a perpetual watchdog over American liberties, although I would suffer seven-and-a-half years imprisonment in reprisal at the hands of these thwarted. Hoover was not due to win reelection. The Democrats were coming into power. But for a time they would function as captive to these great subversive forces.

o—o

TIME and time again my lady companion looked across wide-eyed, crying, "Are you sure you're hearing right?" as her hand flew in pothooks over her book. I could only tell her to put down everything I was relaying and we'd discuss its authenticity when we came to type it. Three times, the Voice imparted to me, the organizations I should build

in an effort to save America from the hands of overseas spoliation, would be raided, gutted, and quashed. Three times they would rise indomitable. The fourth time there would be no more intimidation and my real career in the American Scene would begin. "Communism is not due to entrap the United States," the Voice assured me, "though it will come perilously close to succeeding in it. But mark this and remember it—There is a young archaeologist now exploring the caves bordering the Dead Sea in Palestine. There he is due to discover certain scrolls that contain the real truth of the Messiah's previous incarnations on earth, going back to Atlantis. The discovery—or recovery—of these scrolls, with the information they contain, is due to shock and disillusion humanity about the authenticity of the Christian religion as the orthodox accept it. We tell you this merely to mark a certain Time Sequence. About two years after the discovery of the scrolls, signs and wonders will begin appearing in your heavens. *A host not of earth* will become apparent to mankind in earthly skies. You are not to be shocked or alarmed. *The souls responsible for these wonders will be advance agents of The Christ*, ushering in the new reign of the Golden Times upon the earth. They will make themselves known to you in their own ways. You will by this time be the recognized head of a great new religious regeneration that is due to sweep this continent like prairie fire, then leap the seas to foreign countries. But two to three years after the finding of the Dead Sea scrolls, a man will walk into your place of business and say certain things to you. He will be an elderly man, of a strange compatibility with you. Not long will he have been talking to you, offering to give you aid and assistance in your practical problems, before you will identify him by your intuitions as one who came into life along with you to lift the load from you and carry the Battle for True Spirituality to a wonderful conclusion. He will say particularly to you that long has he sought the Truth as he felt it in his Inner Being, and you will say to him, "When can you begin this labor for Our Leader?" He will tell you, and he will keep his word . . . That will be the true beginning of your real result-getting for the Forces of Higher Righteousness . . ."



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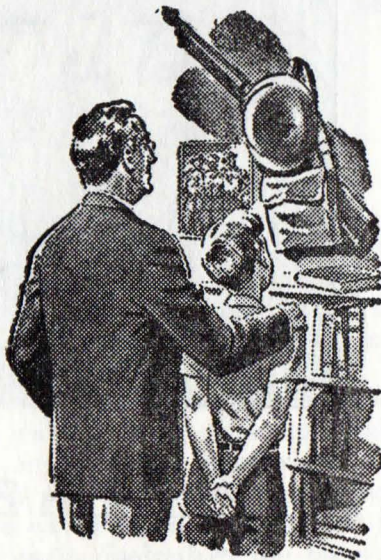
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

PEOPLE in Indianapolis, not to mention the nation, were astounded that I could face the legal ordeal I did at the hands of the Communists behind the Administration in 1942. I'd truly been conditioned for it by the advices that had been a part of my consciousness for thirteen years. Because every specific forecast made to me in that rare ninety minutes' converse of July 2nd, 1929, came true on the nail. When Mary rang the door-buzzer at nine o'clock, her car with motor running waiting at the curb, I had a complete panorama picture of all that was due to take place within this country and the world over the coming three decades. Nothing Nostradamus ever indited on paper was any more accurate, as events would demonstrate. They tried to make out in series of legal travesties in the Roosevelt Administration that by forming The Silver Legion I was an agent of Hitler. I had no more to do with Hitler than a kitten beneath a stove. I'd simply been directed to begin organization of The Legion the day that the Austrian paper-hanger became chancellor of the German people, *given me purely as a time-marking*. Judge then my feelings, some four to five years after the close of the war when I picked up a newspaper in the Terre Haute library and read that a young archaeologist, exploring in caves near the Dead Sea, had discovered ancient scrolls that contained an ancient account of the reincarnations of Jesus the Christ, that some had been sent to the Archbishop of Syria for safekeeping and deciphering, and a portion were coming across the Atlantic to Northwestern University for deciphering in this country as well! Judge my feelings too when I suddenly realized that the use of the term "Host" in that celebrated July 2nd message could be translated, Flying Saucers! Three times my organizations were raided, gutted, and quashed. Three times I rebuilt. And the other evening—to be specific, October 14th—my materialized daughter Harriet, in my Noblesville studio told me by direct audible voice, "Daddy, your troubles are coming to their Great End." . . . I don't reminisce very often about my psychical experiences. But the information they have brought me has never let me down—once! I was so skeptical myself back in 1929 that next morning I failed to type literally all my secretary's pothooks had indited. But not for an in-

stant have they faded from my memory, like the details of Seven Minutes. Which was probably the way it was meant to be. All I know is, that if Soulcraft doesn't take a vast Upward Spurt this year, it will be the first time in twenty-five years that the July 2, 1929 intelligence has fallen down . . . Do I believe it will? . . . I certainly do NOT! We shall see that I am right . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

The Public and Ruin

(Continued from Page 11)

—no matter how brilliant or well-intentioned—as polite visionaries and gives time and attention to the political baker who may have stolen his wheat to make his loaves. Nevertheless he does produce that are savory and edible, so savory and edible that the nation will trade its moral birthright for what appeals so appetizingly from beneath the baker's apron.

NOW in all of this, it must not be understood that there is never to be anything of practical nourishment to come out of academic recommendation. Nor should we look upon it that there will not be the proper method indicated for loaves to be tacitly manufactured of a more wholesome tenor at the appropriate time. We are looking for the moment at how we should regard society, in this interim of upset and economic adjustment.

We should take the position that here we have a world where the average run of humanity is composed of cosmic infants. They lead in certain intellectual pursuits. They excel in certain branches of industry and mechanics. But deeply underlying these attainments there is a strange perversity that makes them want to shed and shun it at times and flee into a sort of mental and economic Nirvana, where they can manufacture whatever pleases their caprice by the simpler act of imagining it into being. They want to approximate the same conditions here in this physico-material octave that they can in the Higher Octaves of Pure Thought Postulation. But the facts of mortal and materialistic life will not permit them to do so.

So they have to be satisfied with the best alternative—that is, looking for some-

one to come along and do those things for them which they can conceive instinctively but not achieve by physical grasp. We say again—

The public does not Think. It feels! It does not reason. It reacts! Remember these fundamentals and do not look for miracles!

To expect the general mass of mankind to grasp intellectually in a twinkling that which is wrong with society, approximately what will fix it, and that its divine brevet is to set about embracing it, is to ignore or contradict the essence of the whole earth-scheme itself.

People are in mortality—as a general thing—to get precisely these lessons from experiencing.

The conditions of public indolence now commonly deplored, and which make public recognition and action necessary, are the very conditions being precipitated by life itself to develop Self-Awareness and galvanize humankind into grasping that its true salvation lies within its own initiative.

What truly is happening all over the earth in this fraught interim is, that humankind is being introduced to vicissitudes that shall imbed new memory reflexes in the average individual which he can hark back to, when subsequently he has use for them in Thinking processes in his lives still ahead.

Living Costs Lower

(Continued from Page 3)

which the Great Public Mentality can be "healed" is by being allotted a period of reasonable military and political tranquillity.

The more reliable *psychical references* indicate that we have well-nigh a thousand years of it ahead of us, immediately "The Man of Evil" shall have made his brief appearance and become the final episode of history for generations now living upon the earth.

So if you've not been seriously damaged to the moment in 1954, take heart that maybe the Gloom and Doom People are more the propagandists of evil for a purpose than is commonly suspected.

America and the world is actually convalescent.

But that spells bad news for such elements as thrive upon its maladjustments.

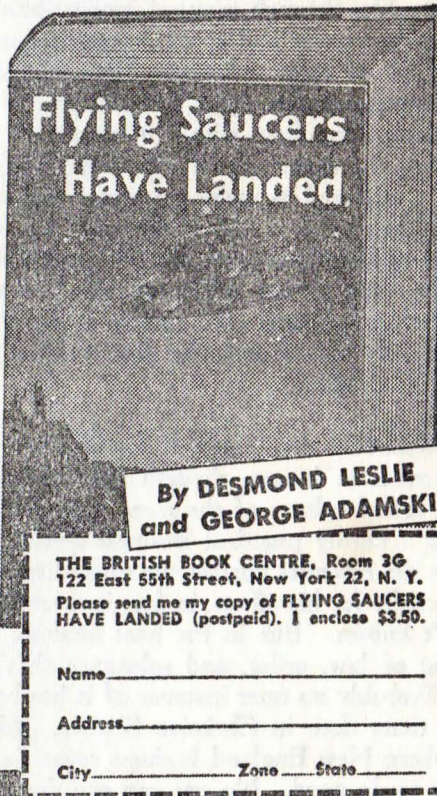
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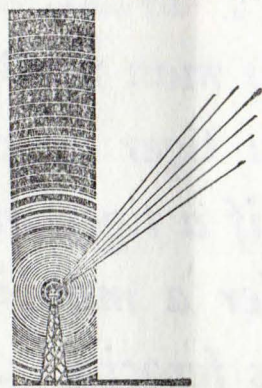
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A f t e r t h o u g h t

THE TROUBLE with so many metaphysical teachers as I've watched them up the years, causing their cults and tenets to be held in polite disdain by "successful" people, is the fact that their progenitors have been more moral idealists than businessmen. It isn't that they've made a mess of their own economic lives and so want to settle resultant troubles through mystical innovations; it's the circumstance that they never had much economic sense to start with. It was left out of their make-ups. Economic sense is the sense that recognizes and acts upon the principle of doing the vital and important thing first, with a minimum of expensive effort, and applying the same rule of efficiency to spiritual enlightenment that is required to make motorcars and sell them in competition. Nevermind if the addleheaded scream "Commercialism!" The enlightenment—or the Movement espousing the enlightenment—that is not self-sustaining is marked for disappearance before it starts. To survive is the thing. Masses of humanfolk only have respect for that which survives. All else is desire-wish thinking . . .

GO BACK over the centuries and take note of all the great departures in human thought that have changed and inspired the moral culture of the race. Somewhere down in each works was a keenly practical Business Brain whose job it was to balance the revenues against the expenditures. He didn't always get credit for his offices, in fact in countless cases his identity wasn't known. But in the final analysis his was the true mainspring of law, order, and substance that kept the wheels ticking. Probably no finer instance of it has been demonstrated in recent times than in Christian Science. Mary Baker Eddy had an inborn New England business sense that even surpassed her desire to do good. No one can say that Christian Science was ever commercialized, but you did pay \$300 a tuition to learn how to become an original practitioner under her supervision. She wasn't always tough about enforcing its collection and she didn't do any evicting if the scholar couldn't make it. But no creed or denomination in the field had less economic constriction in its growth than the Church of Christ Scientist. All honor to the dear lady. Along with her altruism, she had her characterful head screwed on tight. When you get the progenitor of a faith who is at the same time a successful business person, you get an unbeatable combination and behold a doctrine whose influence goes far. Soulcraft has gotten where we behold it today because I've had

to be businessman-publisher ahead of being writer-instructor. But such situation can only endure up to a certain limit. There comes a time when hours enough do not exist in the day for the practical administrator to be teacher likewise and do justice to both roles . . .

SOULCRAFT has never sold any courses nor charged sizable sums for mystical enlightenment. True, at one time it put the figure of \$60 on the cost of a season's tuition at Galahad College, but the experiment was short-lived. It was the fact that the type of student most desired could not be secured under the economic conditions of 1932 that caused the school-phase of instruction to be abandoned. The only likely avenue open for the spread of the *Golden Script* tenets was book and periodical publishing. But alas and alack, in limited editions of such work the cost per unit of production is sometimes far higher than the student feels he can pay. The early years of Soulcraft struggle were due to finding that mathematical point where the cost of production could be brought within the capacities of the student reader's pocketbook. Even today in the Soulcraft mail the critical letter is frequent, "You charge too much for your books; get them out in 25¢ editions and I'll buy the list." It does no good to try to convince such a one that the Soulcraft Doctrine is not a 25¢ doctrine. The situation is not unlike a prospective motorcar buyer writing a dealer, "You charge too much for your cars; get them down to \$25 apiece and I'll ride in an automobile for a change instead of a public bus." The fact remains that no new automobile can be manufactured for \$25. It's not alone the cost of the actual materials that counts but the great array of engineering and executive talent that must be compensated before the finished auto is ready for the highway.

WHEN Soulcraft charges four to five dollars for a 300-page volume that might be created in heavy express printings for a dollar, it is finding a way to compensate the clerical and staff workers, the thousand-and-one items of overhead, the average cost of \$1 per letter that it costs in any office today to answer mail from a correspondent. I might add in a bit of bombast that said book has been written by an author who relinquished a literary revenue of \$30,000 a year to explore the tenets in which the reader avows he's mystically interested. If this be commercialism, then my own head needs examining. Just thought I'd mention it for once, seeing that this week's back page was open . . . Wise Mary Baker Eddy!

¶ *When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport; if a tiger wants to murder a man it is known as ferocity . . .*