

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume VI

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, October 31, 1953

Number 1

SOULCRAFT CONVENTIONS EVERYWHERE!

A
New
Idea
for
Handling
the
Distribution
of
Spiritual
Information

SEE PAGE 2 . .



Soulcraft Is Headed

CONVENTIONS To Be the Program in 26 of the Nation's Key Cities



LAST WEEK a three-page letter went out to Soulcraft chaplains from Massachusetts to Oregon. It is reprinted below for the information of all whose spiritual interest is increasing in the Soulcraft Enlightenment. It is a plan evolved to bring Soulcraft to national attention while in no sense establishing a cult or attempting formal organization with its consequent memberships and official obligations.

Going down upon the Soulcraft rosters at Headquarters are the names of new Soulcraft readers and students, running from the hundreds into thousands. Along the lines described in the opening article in last week's VALOR, the founder of Soulcraft has no desire to establish a religion, a denomination, or even an esoteric study course entailing fealties and personal duties. And yet some means have had to be found to recognize the mass interest growing in this major contribution to the esoteric information of our time, and cement the morale of those who would give this new presentation of the eternal verities their loyalty.

The answer is a scheduled series of State or District Conventions, to be attended by all those who may have discovered Soulcraft and may wish to mingle with those of similar spiritual convictions. They are to be held twice each year,

bringing all Soulcrafters within a given territory into a week-end association and camaraderie, enabling them to hear the most outstanding speakers procurable on Soulcraft fundamentals, together with prospects of gathering and hearing from those responsible for the entire national project.

They are to be supervised by the Rev. O. W. Jadwin, assisted by a corps of trained assistants from Headquarters, and are to follow a definite program—a program that blends the Lyceum Idea into a District or State “get-together” held in seasons not so near together that they suffer from loss of novelty.

Let's have Chief Pelley's letter to chaplains first, then the new proposals will be further commented upon—

Noblesville, Indiana
October 24, 1953

DEAR CHAPLAIN:

We are getting so many new Soulcrafters on our lists from all over the nation, that something must be done about them. They are not so situated that they can come weekly to electronic broadcasts, nor can they afford amplifiers of their own. But they do want to meet and mingle with other Soulcrafters.

After long cogitation over this national situation, Mr. Jadwin and I have arrived at what we believe to be the ideal

solution. This letter to you may be general in character but it does break the announcement for the first time to all prominent Soulcrafters. Please consider it as significant a communication as I have ever sent you.

As I have tried to make clear in the first article in last week's VALOR, my big boogie in considering the Soulcraft work nationally has been the possibility of a formalized church or cult growing out of it, with consequent responsibilities of management on Headquarters. But there is a way to get around it, with all the camaraderie and esprit de corps of a cult but without organizational politics producing a program of problems to be solved.

It has seemed to me that the answer lies in a *Permanent System of State Conventions of Soulcrafters*, to be held at least once every six months in a prominent city in your State easily reachable by all Soulcrafters in their motorcars, at which a Saturday-Sunday program can offer the most attractive platform features, from celebrated speakers to Soulcraft movies, and all regional problems thrashed out by representatives from Headquarters. As opportunity offers, I shall, perhaps, be present at some sessions myself if the territories are not too distant from Noblesville.

My idea, in conceiving these permanent conventions, has been to have them take place over week-ends, so that motor parties can be made up without husbands and fathers missing time from their jobs, holding one convention in the winter or spring and the other in the fall or winter. Instead of trying to sustain a heavy and expensive Lyceum system, attendance on which might prove to be precarious, I would seek to provide the most interesting national speakers who were obtainable, in addition to the Rev. Jadwin, or possibly myself—if I were able to attend. For instance, it might not be difficult to

Into New Extension

get men like the Palomar astronomers to come to such a State Convention and address Soulcrafters on their experiences in contacting the Saucer Men in the California desert as has been described in the new book, "The Saucers Have Landed." That sort of speakers—on subjects that are red-hot in current Soulcraft publications . . .

Mr. Jadwin has been anxious to get going in the field, but preliminary contacts have immediately introduced the difficulties of fixing satisfactory dates or responsibilities for arrangements where groups in a given city were small. To call all the Soulcrafters in a state like Ohio, for instance, together in a city like Cleveland, giving it the widest sort of acclamation and making it a red-letter event, specifying the precise dates a reasonable distance in advance, together with the enticements to attend, then six months later holding a similar convention in Cincinnati, would achieve the integrating morale without obligating local Soulcrafters of any one city to a continuing and exhausting program.

Putting our heads together, Mr. Jadwin and I drew up the following tentative dates—to illustrate the idea for this announcement. Suppose, in the pages of VALOR, we publicized the following list of cities in which Soulcraft Conventions could be slated until the idea had a thorough workout—

- 1 Wisconsin (at Milwaukee) November 28-29
- 2 Ohio (at Cleveland) December 12-13
- 3 Pennsylvania (at Philadelphia) January 2-3
- 4 New York (at New York City) January 16-17
- 5 Florida (at Marianna) January 30-31
- 6 Texas (at Dallas) February 6-7
- 7 Missouri (at St. Louis) February 20-21
- 8 Colorado (at Denver) March 6-7
- 9 Utah (at Salt Lake City) March 20-21
- 10 California (at Los Angeles) April 3-4
- 11 California (at San Francisco) April 17-18
- 12 Oregon (at Portland) May 1-2
- 13 Washington (at Seattle) May 15-16



When Mr. Jadwin had completed this round of Convention supervision, he would start in on approximately the same circle of states, with perhaps the cities changed according to their locations within the State. Tentatively, the second round of Conventions—attended, remember, by hosts of new Soulcrafters who had come into the Movement meanwhile in result of the new aggressive sales policy at Headquarters—would stack up something like this—

- 14 Wisconsin (at LaCrosse) June 5-6
- 15 Ohio (at Cincinnati) June 19-20
- 16 Pennsylvania (at Pittsburgh) July 10-11
- 17 New York (at Buffalo) July 24-25
- 18 Florida (at Miami) August 7-8
- 19 Texas (at San Antonio) August 21-22
- 20 Missouri (at Kansas City) Sept. 4-5
- 21 Colorado (at Grand Junction) Sept. 18-19
- 22 Utah (at St. George) October 2-3
- 23 California (at San Diego) Oct. 16-17
- 24 California (at Alameda) Oct. 30-31
- 25 Oregon (at Grants Pass) Nov. 6-7
- 26 Washington (at Spokane) Nov. 13-14

Twenty-six Soulcraft Conventions per year—one every two weeks *somewhere*—for Soulcrafters to gather in and enjoy themselves! Thus, Ohio would have an autumn convention this year in Cleveland and a summer convention next year in

Cincinnati; New York would have a winter convention in Manhattan and a summer convention in Buffalo; Washington State would have its spring convention in Seattle and its autumn Convention in Spokane. Soulcrafters of each State would then be able to associate with those of their own esoteric faith at least once every year and perchance twice—depending on which section of a State they might happen to reside in. At these Conventions they can hear the latest news about the growth of their Movement and listen to the messages provided by celebrated speakers, but when they are over, no one would be under particular obligation to keep activity stimulated until next year's Convention. Little or no organization politics need arise to plague earnest members or leaders, all the important speakers could be certain of audiences composed of Soulcrafters throughout those localities. Best of all, Headquarters could post Soulcrafters in surrounding States to be on hand and hear the speakers presented. The Saturday-night session of attendants can be featured by a dinner, followed by a Soulcraft color movie on activity at Headquarters or in other localities, the Sunday morning session can be strictly devotional, led by the Rev. Jadwin, with appropriate sermon along Soulcraft lines, with the big finale of the gathering coming at the

(Continued on Page 14)

Capt. Russell Grenfell Writes Terrific Book

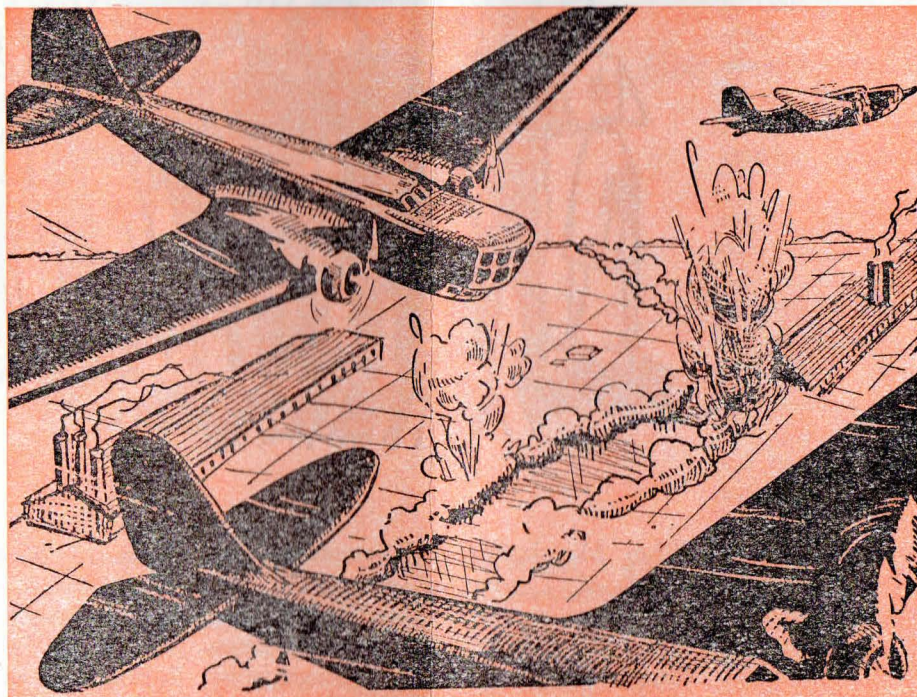
"Unconditional Hatred" Strips Mask from British Perfidy in World Relations

IF YOU wish to have a preview of what will eventuate from all the "foreign entanglements," pacts, agreements, covenants, conventions etc. in which America's false leaders have involved her with the UN, NATO, with Europe, in the Pacific and all over the world, read the new book, *Unconditional Hatred*, by Captain Russell Grenfell, who

served in the British Royal Navy for thirty years. This book is a fair, dispassionate analysis of the subject matter, with the British flair for understatement. It is obtainable from the Publisher, Devin-Adair Company, New York.

This honest Englishman really despises War and desires "peace for as long as possible," even while admitting the inevitability of war so long as human nature remains what it is. He inveighs against those hypocrits—in all countries—who drag their peoples into war. As he says, it is *not* the nations or peoples who clamor for war, but only a few individuals who, in their lust for power or other ulterior motives, drag the innocent into their senseless conflicts. If earth's people were more alert, understanding these matters, they could better judge, evaluate and halt their lords of war-making.

Captain Grenfell delineates how war-mongering "Sir" Winston Churchill maneuvered and manipulated with our sickman, FDR, to bring us into World War II—while Mr. Roosevelt was assuring our mothers that their sons would *not* have to go to war. These two old war lords were inflexibly determined that Germany and



her regime should be utterly exterminated—including her women and children by savage, ruthless bombing—and incidentally Britain practiced this sort of bombing on German civilians *before* Germany retaliated with similar bombing on London. Capt. Russell Grenfell quotes this snorting old war-horse, Churchill, speaking to Parliament on September 21st 1943: "The twin roots of *all our evils*, Nazi tyranny and Prussian militarism, must be extirpated. Until this is achieved, there are no sacrifices we will not make and *no lengths in violence* to which we will not go." Which statement as to the root of all evil was, of course, a figment of the imagination. Thus did warmonger FRD (who ordered a million caskets for our boys, while publicly saying they would not be sent to foreign war) coined his vicious phrase, "UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER," with the hope of utterly annihilating the Germans—even as they sued for peace: just as we did similarly in Hiroshima. Both of these infamous politicians, who visualized themselves as great Military Strategists—which Captain Grenfell plainly shows they were not, were so dumb or else so purposefully

conniving that they shut their eyes to the threat of Communism-Bolshevism - Sovietism (of which there was already plenty of evidence): they refused to see or comprehend the vacuum they would thus intentionally create in Europe through the destruction of the **ONLY** fine fighting machine *against* the evil of Marxism - Bolshevism

—Germany. Rather, each in his own country, took control of the Press and set the flame of UNCONDITIONAL HATRED burning against Germany—which certain American commentators and newspapers keep fanning briskly to this day—with all sorts of contorted lies and false charges against her. Lord Vansittart in England together with his henchmen coined a slanderous epithet against Germany: "Butcher-bird," (meaning that SHE started all the wars), while FDR and his henchmen sought to blacken their record in America.

EVEN after Yalta, superannuated Mr. Churchill brusquely disposed of Parliamentary criticism by saying that he "declined absolutely to embark here on a discussion about Russian good faith." (From London Times, Feb. 28, 1945). He told the House of Commons that, "The impression I brought back from the Crimea and from all other contacts is that Marshal Stalin and the Soviet leaders wish to live in honorable friendship and equality with the western democracies. *I know of no Government which* (Continued on Page 11)

Most of Us Recall Vaguely Our Interludes between Lives



ABOUT nine out of ten people gaining to an interest in Esoterics, do so because a strange prenatal instinct whispers that there should be some easier and less distressing method of living life, and extracting its profits, than the terrific mental and muscular effort required for self-preservation in this world of physical substances.

If they hunger for a dish of beans to fill their stomachs, they ought to be able to withdraw into the Silence and "think" beans into existence. If they need a warm house to protect them from wintry winds, they ought to be able to "imagine" such a house, and forthwith enter into it.

After providing for all the rest of life's necessities—and even luxuries—there are not lacking those who conceive that they ought to exercise their minds and obviate the necessity for conventional funerals. They should be so able "to command the Powers of Thought" that in the twinkling of an eye they should think themselves and their bodies out of existence.

There is no record anywhere of anyone's having done so—not even the Christ Himself—the Ascension of Christ, as aforesaid, having occurred after He had passed through the quite natural termination of spiritual life in the physical body by His death on the Cross.

Nevertheless, these people have a vague instinctive inner certainty that the Powers of Thought are the short-circuiting cure-all for whatever distresses afflict man in his biological and social states, and that a sufficient examination of the tenets or metaphysics should bring them to performing focus.

And a thousand quacks and charlatans rub their hands and cry: "Quite right! You put yourself under my instruction and I'll show you how to do it. . . . There will be six lectures, incidentally, the cost of attending which will be one hundred dollars. In addition, you will be expected to attend all my classes and be known as one of my followers. It's no harder than that!"

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

NOW people who feel this vague and instinctive confidence in the Powers of Thought are by no means indulging themselves in brain storms, nor hoping to make life's quandaries easier by the exercise of wish-fulfillment imaginations. They derive that vague and instinctive confidence in the Powers of Thought FROM somewhere, or by reason of their bygone and symbolically-remembered experiencings.

What we have every evidence to believe they are recalling, are the contemplative episodes between the mortal lives, when, as in present-time nocturnal dreams, they had only to conceive of a condition and forthwith it seemed to actualize. To the degree to which it actualized—insofar as their concepts were concerned—they entered into it as performing entities.

Bringing about wanted conditions in earth-life then—their intuition tells them, or rather, beguiles them—ought to be no more difficult than laying themselves down and dreaming a dream.

So, led on by this Will o' the Wisp, and not having sufficient esoteric wisdom to recognize what purpose the physical world fills in regard to it, they assume that there is some mystical formula or preachment somewhere, the mere perusal of which will put them in practical possession of the secret. Or they pay over their pathetically hard-earned dollars to hear cult-leaders mouth "profundities" that truly are but inanities cloaked with eleven-pound words.



It never dawns upon them that if the said cult-leaders held the secrets they proclaim, they never would be under any necessity for charging dollars for holding classes.

Even Christ Himself, the greatest metaphysician the earth has ever known, never once indicated anywhere that He held secrets to impart, which when accepted, would obviate the necessity for any further energy-expenditures in the practice of mortality, or that harkening to His tenets would make of the earth-experience "flowery beds of ease."

While it is alleged that on one occasion He fed the Five Thousand with the increase from five loaves and two fishes, there is not one recorded instance where He ever connived a similar increase to feed Himself.

His whole ministry was one long preachment of the theme: "Ye must be born again!" or "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden and I will give you rest."

He didn't say, "This one mortal life is the only time in which you are born," nor did He agitate: "Come and learn of Me and I will disclose to you the secret of never getting weary or letting yourselves be laden."

He offered antidote, consolation, counterbalance for a surfeit of labors or discomfitures; but never once promised total escape from them while in earth-life, or argued that they were unnecessary if one would only become adept in practicing Powers of Thought.

True, He did say often that the Powers of Thought rightly practiced, were powerful enough to move mountains; but

there is no evidence that He ever attempted to transfer a mountain from location to location Himself, and when He desired to go from Jerusalem to Galilee. He walked! He didn't dematerialize Himself or His disciples in Jerusalem and materialize them in Galilee two minutes afterward.

NOW the honest metaphysician, the one whom it is safe and profitable to follow—because, like Jesus, he is aware of the place and purpose of natural laws in the physical world—never preaches any easy short-cut to affluence or physical indolence by gaining an adeptship through the Powers of Thought.

The honest metaphysician tells his pupil: "Whatever is worthy of attainment or possession in life, any form of life anywhere, is worth working for—and the more valuable the achievement or possession, the greater the amount of energy that will be necessitated for its realization. Whoever tells you otherwise is a liar and a cheat!"

Particularly is this true in the domain of metaphysics. Metaphysics, of course, is naught but the study of the physics of Mind—that is, Mind in its relationships to physical things.

When we consider the physics of Mind as a study, we are exploring what the things are which Mind cannot do, as well as the things which it can do. The very essence of the study of the things which Mind may be able to do, designates that there are things which it is unable to do, else we should not be called to examine the Powers of Mind at all.

If there were not certain things which Mind could not do, Mind would be all-powerful and therefore not recognizable.

By being able to do certain things and obviously not able to do others, Mind is thereby identified for what it is.

It is a power which does certain things and does not attempt other things.

FOR instance, Mind of itself has not the power of vocal speech. Vocal speech is a product of muscular energy performing in the organ known as the larynx. Therefore we can say that Thought of itself is silent. The exact nature of a thought can be conveyed by means of larynx-noise; but noise as noise, and thought as thought, are two separate and distinct phenomena.

If this were not true, we could never recognize one from the other.

To get back to the idea that whatever is worth possessing is worth paying for, and the greater the value the heavier the price that must be paid in some sort of energy-expenditure—even the Powers of Thought have to treat with this law: "The thing known as Value in the concepts of mind is nothing but memory of the vigor required to be displayed in energy expenditure to bring the valued item into being or possession."

The same law is expressed popularly in the maxim: "What we get for nothing, we never value!"



In the exact ratio that the Powers of Thought are expected by the esoteric pupil to perform in producing food, clothes, shelter, or facility in dispensing with funerals, they can only be acquired by a labor that is forever equal to the benefits derived.

Instead of telling his pupil, therefore, that the Powers of Mind and Thought operate to get him values for a less-than-muscular display of energy, the honest metaphysician tells his pupils that it requires a GREATER display of energy to materialize the things of life by thought than it does by physical labor, and that if the pupil is looking for a short-cut to affluence and indolence through pursuing metaphysics as a study, he is heading straight for disillusion and sterility.

This, of course, is precisely what the would-be adept does not want to hear. He expects to be told that by a few simple mental exercises he can gather into his grasp whatever his caprice dictates, and in common parlance "get something for nothing."

THE charlatan, discerning that it is to his pecuniary advantage to encourage this delusion, says: "Sure you can! Follow me and I'll show you how—and

the down-payment is five dollars!"

The honest metaphysical adept has to hear this abuse from the pupil: "Follow you when you promise me nothing but hard work and heartbreak? Do you think I'm crazy? Life is hard enough as it is; what I want is a let-up, a knowledge that will let me enjoy the values of hard work without having to perform it."

"But I'm not interested in either adding to the hardness of your life, or saving you from it," the adept responds graciously. "I'm inviting you to explore Truth with me, and know to a certainty what the celestial statutes are that make Life what it is."

But the amateur esoteric is no aspirant-philosopher. "What I'm after," says he, "is more pay for less work, and if you can't show me the formula for getting it, I'm going to become a pupil of Swami Whoozis. For fifty smackers he's advertising to show me how to materialize a million dollars' worth of gold in ten easy lessons."

"Why doesn't he employ his own instruction and materialize a million dollars' worth of gold, and give you fifty 'smackers,' to first show that he can do it?"

But the amateur esoteric doesn't listen to that.

THAT MIND can and does control Matter, is a tenet of metaphysics as old as Pythagoras, tacitly demonstrated times without number. Mind only controls Matter, however, after a pattern of law made and provided for such cases. Moreover, the energy expenditure—whether the control is physical, mental, or spiritual—must always equal the value of the thing derived.

To illustrate, it requires just as much energy—mentally expressed—to pick up an axe in the woodshed "by thought" and split a block of stovewood, as it requires to pick up the axe with the hand and halve the block with a muscular blow.

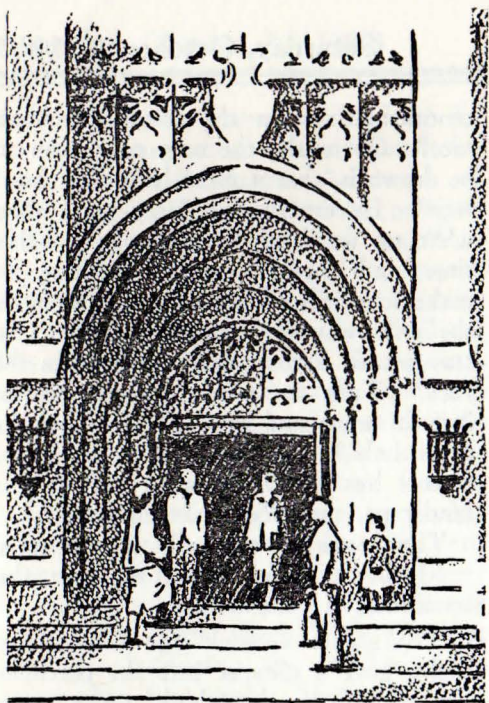
If this be doubted, observe the adept putting on a demonstration of controlling some form of Matter by the Powers of Thought. His forehead and upper lip drip with as much perspiration after the feat, as though he had taken the simpler method of stretching forth the arm at the behest of Mind and performing the stunt with muscular effort.

But such displays of Powers of
(Continued on Page 15)

Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

One Thing Needed



ONE OF the fundamental traits in the character of Jesus, and one much abused and misunderstood, was his spirit of humility. When one speaks of humility, there are always those who immediately think in terms of passive meekness or sanctimonious sentimentality. And that was farthest from the mind of the Christ.

It seems to be the makeup of a host of us to think in terms of bravado, affectations show of courage, or other like traits of character that too many times are a defense mechanism. We disregard or scoff at any show of meekness, thinking it implies weakness.

I am aware of the need of positive, courageous living on the part of all of us. There are those of us, however, who miss the real meaning of humbleness of mind in our desire to affect others, or in our efforts to vindicate ourselves or our opinions. Thus we often become pretentious or boastful, and sometimes downright arrogant in our attitudes and actions because our ego must find expression. Or if we don't give expression to our inflated ego vocally, or by physical action, we show it to an intelligent observer by obvious attitudes of self-satisfaction that ultimately may develop into an obnoxious spirit of scorn for others' views, or outright cynicism toward others' opinions or beliefs.

This is not to say that one shouldn't form his own opinions, or that one should not find and hold firm and deep conviction.

But it is to affirm that our God-given right to freedom of thought and opinion is the inalienable right of every person. And it is to further affirm that no attitude, or word, or action of ours should be so expressed as to invalidate or derogate others' opinions honestly held. We have the right to seek to change views we consider wrong, but the other fellow has the same right. And that right is valid to both of us only so long as each of us holds respect and consideration for the other's inherent right.

What has all this to do with humility?

JESUS said in the third beatitude of the sermon on the mount, "Blessed are the humble minded for they shall possess the earth." (Goodspeed's trans.). The humble minded is not the simple mind, or the passive, acquiescent mind. But it is the mind that is aware, at the same time, of both its capabilities and of its limitations. It does not deprecate its capabilities on the one hand, nor boast of them on the other. It uses them constantly and constructively to enhance its potentials because it is aware of its limitations. Within the confines of its present knowledge, it acts with firm and positive conviction. But being aware of its limitations, relative to all cosmos, it is considerate of the other fellow's views. For the humble mind is cognizant of the differences in our angle of observations, or the methods and circumstances by which we have arrived at our views and opinions.

The danger that confronts all of us is that we may become so dogmatic in what

we believe that it precludes any willingness on our part to recognize those differences, and in so doing, we close our minds, not only to the possibility that we might be wrong, but to the discovery of new truths that have escaped us because of our restricted observation.

TO ME, one of the best illustrations of humility in Jesus' mind was his so-called Golden Rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them." Actually he is saying, "Put yourself in the other fellow's place. Understand his position, his circumstances, the causes through which he has arrived at his present convictions. Check them against your own, and use the accumulated knowledge, objectively, to enlarge your own capabilities." Is not this exactly what you desire of the other fellow?

I want to urge that all of us read carefully the 155th Chapter of the *Golden Scripts*. Especially dwell upon the 14th and the 36th and 37th verses where the Elder Brother says, "He who possesseth a tongue that is clever, maketh his speech to cleave as a blade, but he who possesseth a heart that is contrite cleaveth the anger of him who hath vengeance" and, "Have ye a burden that ye would cast from you? Give thought to the burdens borne by your brethren. Have ye a hunger to rise up and conquer? Conquer your hungers and know your achievements."

William Penn said: "Sense shines with a double lustre when it is set in humility. An able yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom."

St. Augustine said: "The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient."

Benjamin Franklin said: "After crosses and losses, men grow humbler and wiser."

Confucius said: "Humility is the solid foundation of all the virtues."

Thoreau said: "Humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights."

John Webb said: "Knowledge humbles."

Jesus said: "Blessed are the humble minded, for they shall possess the earth."



Valor

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Pound 'Em in the Face



ATTEND any film feature, Technicolor or otherwise, anywhere in the forty-eight States. The prior week's previews have proclaimed the film to which you are inveigled to expend an hour and half of time as "A Drama of He-Men of the Old West." You relax for ninety minutes of entertainment. What do you eventually have delivered to your attention?

You have ninety minutes of one set of he-men pounding another set of he-men in the face!

The irony of such dramas is, that they do not pound one another in their faces literally. They only simulate pounding one another in their faces. A slurring remark is uttered. Our noble hero coil-springs his arm and lets a left-hook go to the villain's jaw. But does the villain receive the left-hook and pass out? He does not. He takes a mighty punch to the jaw as nothing more than a slap on the cheek, so back and forth the contestants struggle. One sock on the chin point in real life would stretch Ye Villian as six feet of cold flesh. But if the fight ended that way on celluloid, there would be naught left to continue photographing. To and fro the "fighters" punch, knocking over tables, barrels, beer-kegs, lesser furniture. Not a blow seems to register until five or ten minutes of such balderdash has run. Then the "heavy" gets it proper and gives up the ghost. Your editor in the Twenties

staged too many of these phoney fights not to know the technique. Still that is not the point.

It is all so tawdry when considered from the viewpoint of the Higher Dimensions.

Let a Saucer Man from Venus come to earth, get into a Hart, Shaffner & Marx suit and pay admission to a modern movie to learn our ways. How do we settle our arguments? We pound 'em in the face. How do we receive the side remark about our womenfolk? We pound 'em in the face. How do we resolve international contests involving the life and destiny of millions? We stand one row of uniformed men up before another row of uniformed men, and point firearms at 'em. A proper number of Sons of God proceed to stagger and fall with lead slugs through their foreheads. This is supposed to settle arguments between nations.

It is just another form of pounding 'em in the face.

Truly are we elemental creatures, existing in the only location approximating Hell that exists in Cosmos.

How the Saucer Men, with a civilization a hundred thousand years old, must pity us. . .



Time Out for Repairs



OUR EDITOR, since the celebrated Candler Seance of October 14th, has been marking time. What else is there to mark?

Soulcraft has suddenly proven that the entire United States could be "sold" to a different set of ethics in a twelve-month—if the wherewithal were only available to carry out the proper publicity campaign. The wherewithal is not available to carry out the proper publicity campaign. Then why waste further

sentimentalities on the so-called human race? Obviously, the only conclusion to be drawn is, that it must learn "the hard way". By experience. Very good, then what are we doing, wasting our valuable time and mental energies seeking to make lovebirds of a species that believes the only way to settle an argument to stay settled is to pound somebody in the face? Turn the whole human species into an arena and let one-half pound the other half in the face. With teeth and bloody bits of tongue spat out at the landscape, then Right should prevail.

That seems to be the ethical conclusion.

Maybe it settles something, but the something is controversial.

The seance a week ago Wednesday night, gave a glimpse into the psychology of people who think on a more refined octave of mental oscillation. But how are you going to make it of moment? People on this plane have advanced no further than the artistry of pounding one another in their faces. And people on the Higher Plane make lamenting sounds with their tongues or their lips and let 'em go straight ahead pounding each other in their faces.

This is supposed to be Evolution.

Maybe it is.

Pound enough human beings in their faces, swell their lips and splinter their noses, bash out their eyes and alter the contours of their profiles, and the race makes progress. What else do we conclude?

Sorry, but there's no money to lay commonsense on the line for the so-called Sons of God to absorb and do different. So in lieu of money not being laid on the line to advance the Principles of the Avatar, get your opponent before you and pound his face to pulp.

It's a face that ought to be pounded to pulp on principle.

Heigh-ho, Progress! . . . Lead with your chin! . . .

Leadership



UNITED NATIONS was founded by the Communist traitor, Alger Hiss and his colleagues, seeking a way to permanently emasculate the mighty American Republic through strategy. Hiss had a compatriot by the name of Pasvolksy. They drew up the

United Nations charter modeled on the so-called constitution of the United Socialist Soviet Republics. A crowd of nitwit senators, driven by the patriotic fervor of bringing an end to War, steered the charter through the Senate. The long range idea is to bring America under a world government that shall tell the insurance-salesman of St. Joseph, Mich., how long he may work, how much money he may draw, and what flag he may salute. It gives the Hisses and the Pasvolksys some strange inner satisfaction to thus be arbiters of the destiny of the races, though in a hundred years they will all be as minus as the mightiest statesman who ever drew breath in the year 1066. Now, there being no other way to circumvent the anti-Red sentiment that has grown throughout the earth but foistering United Nations upon a free people as a super-government, send all Senators and Congressmen home and turn the United States Capitol into an historical museum.

Many of the Senators who voted for the United Nations Charter are now confessing shamefacedly that they never even read it. They "took it on faith" because the party whips okayed it. There are reported to be over 200 congressmen who favor withdrawal pronto from this international mischief bear-trap. But the American press doesn't dare sound off about its true purpose, fearing the loss of advertising revenue from the people who command it.

This supercilious and atrocious thing, openly deriding the liberties of a generation of Americans brought up to an integrity of constitutional government, ordered us into a Korean War that cost us almost as much in lives and money as World War II. And it isn't ended yet, and God knows when it's due to be ended. All in the name of World Peace, Amen!

They proclaimed United Nations Day as a sort of ex officio holiday, to give the super-government lads something to rant about. All State governors were supposed to huzzah for it. Out in Utah, one Governor with his head screwed tightly on his shoulders, not only refused to acclaim United Nations Day for Utah, but went to the Seattle Conference of Governors and sought to get President Eisenhower to repudiate the whole stinkeroo. His name was J. Bracken Lee.

It took a MAN to do what J. Bracken



Memory



MONK bespoke me long ago
While dwelling on Life's Ebb and Flow,
"No thing in life is ever dead,
All things are born of God," he said.
"E'en that in earth that seemeth so
Progresses Up from down below.
The rhythm of the stars should be,
A lesson vast for you and me,
The world is rhythm, pulsed in Light,
God's Law of Love supplies its might.

Obey the Law of Loving Test

On every plane where manifest;
Blessed is the man who dwells on earth
And thus finds Isolation's worth;
Who sees that he could not progress
Unless Rebirth he did assess,
Who greets each life with Faith afresh,
Recalling former lives in flesh.

To read from memory's Open Book

He gives his reborn soul a look
And sees that Love has set each rule,
That each Life is a Day in School,
To be absorbed and stored away
For use against some future day.
Thus up the spiraled course we grow
To broaden, widen, as we go!"

Thus spake my Monk in accents mild—

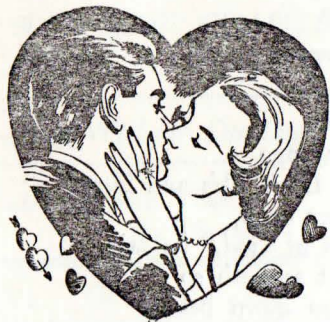
"Trust all to Love, for Love, my child
Holds all that IS on Planes of Light,
It tells one only of the Right.
For Love is just, and Love is kind,
In sealing tight the carnal mind.
You cannot be a god in turn
Unless Love's signet you do earn."

This lesson is of mighty worth

To we, who come in life through birth.
And you who read these teachings true,
The blessings of my Monk on you!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

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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

Lee did. Incidentally he's not a Mormon. He's merely a level-headed American with a fairly clarified sight on the whither in which we're drifting. But Utah, Mormons et al, can be proud of him.

It isn't generally known as yet, but by 1955 the international spiderweb boys figure to have the international situation fixed so that the United States is forced to do what the U-N dictates—or else!

Maybe in such a day, the simon-pure Americans left can rally around and behind J. Bracken Lee.

Meanwhile, President Eisenhower should pardon Alger Hiss as the great exponent of international sell-out so that he may move hither and yon perfecting the chicane further on United Nations and other Days.

President Eisenhower believes in the United Nations, doesn't he?

Why shouldn't he exonerate the man whose brain put it over on a war-worn world? To acclaim United Nations as the earth's last hope while its progenitor lies in durance vile is neither kosher nor consistent. Alger's in durance vile for nothing more serious than being a traitor to his country. Every morning's papers report on traitors worse than he. Traitorism is becoming a fine art. Why pick on one who did nothing worse than set up a super-government for the Overseas Boys?

Yes, so long as the President is for the thing that Hiss created, why not be for Hiss and forget it?

We might know where we stand.

More about Saucers



HERE is new interest and excitement over the flying saucers controversy thanks to the statement by Frank Edwards, Mutual Broadcasting Company commentator, in his September 22nd coast to coast program, making public a charge that the Air Force has deliberately withheld information from the public concerning its findings on flying saucers.

Additional light on this controversy is thrown by material in a book, FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED, by Desmond Leslie and George Adamski, now published by the British Book Centre, New York. An appendix to the book contains the minutes of a meeting of Air

Force reserve officers at Sawtelle, California, on June 1, 1953, led by Al Chop, former Public Relations Head for Project Flying Saucer for Air Corps, Washington, D.C., also Public Relations Head for Pentagon having to do with release of all publicity and official statements re flying saucers. The meeting, which took place in the Veteran's Administration Building, was for the purpose of briefing these officers on flying saucers and to instruct officers on the kind of information and observation the Air Force is seeking.

The most astounding paragraph in the minutes of this meeting is the last one which states: "There was intense interest displayed by all present and it was generally agreed that the Air Force has decided, unofficially, that these saucers came from out of this world."

The minutes state: "Chop said there had been over 3,000 cases investigated, 25 per cent of which had been ruled as authentic and inexplicable. He said the Air Force emphatically denied they were producing anything remotely resembling these flying saucers and the Intelligence Department was just as certain no other country in the world was producing them. In the face of this declaration, Chop said that the Air Force still refused positively to state that these saucers were interplanetary, although it conceded that they 'could be.' He pointed out that such a statement, without absolute supporting evidence, would bring public demands for proof and would place the Air Force in an untenable position. He said one of the difficulties now was to get top scientists to investigate the phenomena of flying saucers because they feared public ridicule, despite the fact that many privately believed these saucers to be coming from outer space—at least to be not of this world.

"Chop admitted that the Air Force had badly bungled investigations and public statements with respect to the flying saucers at the start. He said they were not equipped or prepared to handle this research and felt it necessary to make covering statements, stalling for time until they could get organized. . .

"Dr. Menzel's book was discussed. He is the astronomer who attacked Scully, Newton and others who held to the flying saucer theory, attempting to discredit them by attributing the phenomena to temperature inversion which caused refractions of light from ground to icy particles in the upper atmosphere to produce

effects on radar screens as well as optical illusions. Chop said the book by Dr. Menzel was 'beautifully written' but that the Air Force did not think anything of it.

"Chop said that even a beginner radar operator could detect the effects of temperature inversion, which had to be severe to create this condition. He spoke of the appearance of great numbers of flying saucers over Washington, D.C., last July, on a night when temperature inversion did not exist and which ruled out, in this instance, Dr. Menzel's theory."

Grenfell's Book

(Continued from Page 4)

stands to its obligations even to its own detriment more solidly than the Russian Soviet Government." Inasmuch as the Soviets were and are notorious for NEVER having honored their agreements or undertakings with the Western nations, it is amazing how the astute Mr. Churchill arrived at this completely false conclusion. It is most peculiar that doddering Mr. Churchill should not have had access to information disproving this theory (just as some of the rest of us did), especially when, soon after W.W. I, British and American troops were endeavoring to put DOWN the Bolshevik-engineered revolution in Russia. There's no other answer, but that such men are dumb for a price!

With amazing candor and honesty, Captain Grenfell proceeds to show that anything which Germany may have done, under provocation, has only been exceeded in vileness and ferocity and torture BY Britain and America, not only against Germany, but others as well. He documents the war-making score from 1815 to the year 1907, by the nations named, as follows:

Britain	10
Russia	7
France	5
Austria	3
Prussia-Germany	3

CAPTAIN Grenfell documents these endless wars in Europe, (and gives his reference works), showing how today's "friend" or Ally is tomorrow's enemy, for greed and profit and ulterior motives. He proves how repetitious, endless, malicious lies and propaganda have been (and are still) circulated about

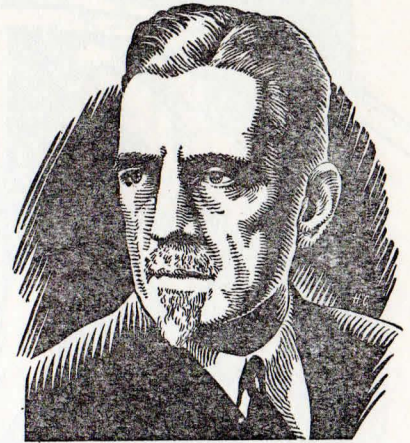
Germany, falsely accusing her of being the "Butcher-bird" of Europe, even though Britain, France and Russia, as shown by the record, were more truly war-mongering than Germany. Other less virile and less intelligent peoples have always been jealous of the Germans. Virtually all this sort of lying propaganda emanates from the same International Cabal, whether in Britain or America—merely because Hitler's Germany sought to throw off the Marxist yoke of slavery. Captain Grenfell claims that many thousands of innocent young Britishers have been uselessly slaughtered—just as have American youth. Why don't the fathers and mothers of these innocent massacred young men WAKE UP, and go after the REAL war criminals?

If it were not so tragic, it would be humorous the way the ignorant idolize and lionize these two "butcher-birds," Churchill and FDR, who caused so much death, destruction and torture of human beings. Wily old Churchill never did save US (nor his own people) FROM anything, because the true record proves that Hitler never intended to invade either Britain or America: in fact, he HELD BACK the victorious German Army from invading Britain, when France fell. All Churchill has ever done is to involve US in the catastrophes which HE first created, through his own stupidity and serving of alien interests. You can't consort with Machiavellians without some of the pitch rubbing off onto you. This old discredited "Butcher-bird" now turns and twists every which way to involve US *again* in one of those disastrous International conferences with the Bolshevik Russians, because he thinks Britain will gain (and he himself will wear a halo as a "peacemaker") while WE pay the bills, as usual, and lose our shirt.

Because of his candor in writing this documented book against war and war-making politicians who knew nothing, actually, of the correct arts and strategy of war, Captain Grenfell was compelled to have his book published in America. But it is a great piece of literature, indicting our times.

It is some consolation to be told that the Saucer Men have the cosmic and karmic record of every individual on earth, and that in the human assay that is imminent, men—no matter how famous—are to be known for what they are.

We'll see where Sir Winston rates in the lineup . . .



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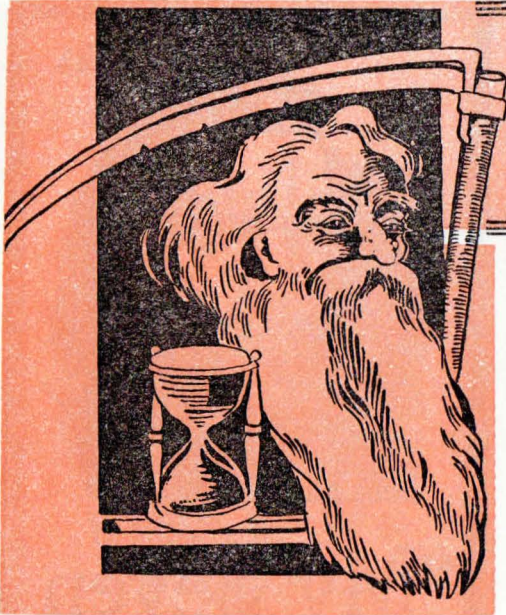
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

COGITATIONS



LKNOW it is a fact that I mystify my friends as to why I seem to lapse at times onto the grossest of mundane strata in respect to Humor—Humor spelled with a capital H. I should be dignified, sanctimonious, above and beyond all capricious enticements of merriment when the town's officious banker slips on the ice at the top of the hill and goes sliding to the bottom, acquiring the persons of two school teachers, a seamstress, and a local exhorter for the W. T. C. U. en-route. Fact is, that the odd idiosyncrasies of this so-called Human Race have a queer attraction for my sense of the ridiculous. I looked in the dictionary for a definition of Ridiculous and this is what I found: "The act or practice of exciting laughter at a person by means of jesting words, caricature, mocking, etc., in the sense of slightly contemptuous banter; to laugh at mockingly or disparagingly." All of which is a lot of eye-wash. We laugh at people for the simple fact that Spirit thinks it is all-important and dominant in the earth-scene, only to discover that the factors of earth-life can stand Spirit on its head, and when it does, we chortle. Still, that is not what I started to write about in considering this week's *Cogitations*.

—o—
FOR a year and a half I allocated a lot of jokes to the back page of VALOR. I did it in malice aforethought. I sought to get Balance in the serious equation of esoteric effluvia that filled the preced-

ing forty-five columns of material, and relieve the human ego of its excess vanity pressure. What I actually succeeded in doing was offending a great cross-segment of Soulcraft Invincibles who had made up my mind that the final page of VALOR should not be "wasted" on such "trash"—if they wanted to chortle, they could go buy their own private copies of Joe Miller's Joke Book. So reluctantly I turned the last page over to *Afterthought*, and reserved my jokes to myself, after I'd gotten safely tucked beneath the covers at 11 p. m. of any working day. But I still do retire to my private cot at 11 p. m. with copy of any new book of pleasantries, and indulge my soul with derisions at this human race until comes midnight and slumber. Meaning that my favorite volume at the moment is *The World's Best Jokes*, edited by one Wade Copeland, and published by Halcyon House, Manhattan. Between its two covers are 394 pages of anecdotes, presenting the human race in all its poignant travesties of Thought and Action. I am on a Job, here in this Valley of the Shadows—and Sorrows—but that is no reason why I can't smirk at the weaknesses and imbecilities of these mortals whom I presume I Have Come to Help . . .

—o—
IHAVE studied this volume with more than passing interest. Mr. Copeland has compiled a veritable unabridged dictionary of Humor, ranging through smiles, giggles, titters, roars, guffaws, and hearty abdominal groans, so that it is not difficult to interpret the colloquy—"Who

was that Book that I saw you reading last night?" and the answer, "That wasn't a book; that was a goldmine!" But I do discern idiosyncrasies in Mr. Copeland's editings. I am struck by the fact that he falls into the common weakness of his editorial brethren and divides humor by races. What I want to know is, *Can* humor be divided by races? Are races *as* races ever funny? I shall take this Up as I presently come to it. What truly annoys me now is *why* I am intrigued by any jest like the following—

Two old maids were observed, after attaining inside heaven's gates, to be playing a peculiar game. One would bend down and permit her companion to kick her vigorously in the bustle. Then the one so kicked would advance a couple of feet, bend over, and receive the same treatment. They were keeping this up, all over the interior of heaven, when an Old Resident opportuned an angel. "I say, Old Chap, what are those two spinsters doing?" he demanded. And 'twas said the angel smiled quietly. "They've learned since getting Up Here," he responded, "that St. Peter had been keeping no records of their conduct on earth!"

Why in the world this should strike me as being Funny, I can't for the life of me explain. I must have a very low and depraved sense of the ridiculous, rigorously hidden from the multitude. Don't ask me the reason, I can't figure it. Why do I feel the impulse to smile when the Brave Young Thing grasps the champagne bottle, preliminary to christening and launching the battle cruiser, and

asks the Captain with serious countenance "How am I to hit this craft with this bottle hard enough to knock it into the water?" Values of certainties are all mixed up, I suppose. I unmix them by laughing. Values are inverted. When earthly matters operate back-end foremost, the result is merriment. Don't ask me why. Personally I doubt if I even did a comic thing in my life.



IT SAYS in Lewis Copeland's masterpiece that all Jokes can be divided into categories. There are American Jokes, Yankee Jokes, Rube Jokes, Negro Jokes, Irish Jokes, and Scotch Jokes. In proof of it, he cites a few samples. Sample of American Joke: A young lady comes into a drug store and asks if it is possible to disguise castor oil. "It's horrid stuff to take, you know," she enlightens the druggist. "Righto," he agrees, and he waits on another young woman who desires a chocolate soda. The young woman glimpses the foaming glass of her companion and orders the same. "Now tell me, Doctor, how would you disguise castor oil?" She persists. And the druggist beams. "My dear young lady, I just gave you some in that chocolate soda." The young woman gulps. "But good heavens, Doctor, I wanted it for my sister!" Funny? Both young woman purchaser of castor oil and druggist should have their heads examined. If that is a sample of an American joke, I'll take vanilla. Next consider Yankee jokes—

o—o

THE SAGES of the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in. "What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him, "would you say Si Perkins is a liar?" Uncle Bill studied the ceiling. "I dunno as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much: When feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs, he has to get someone else to call 'em." . . . Funny? About as comic as a one week widow with a poultice for a three-degree burn on her forearm, coming in to a minister to ask him how much he is going to charge her for preaching the funeral sermon on her lately Beloved. Or take Rube Jokes: Uncle Ezra said, "So Eph Hoskins has gone to Palm Beach! Wonder if there'll be enough going on to suit him?" To which Uncle Eben made reply, "Eph was takin' no chances—lugged his checkerboard along with him." I do not bust a gusset over this. Frankly, it smells. But when it comes to Negro jokes, Herr Copeland rings the packpot. An old Negro mammy, to keep the wolves from the door, eked out a living doing odd jobs for her white neighbors. One morning she announced to her white mistress she would have to quit. "But I thought you needed the work," the mistress exclaimed. To

which the negress replied, "That I did, ma'am, but Ah has got me a swell-payin' job—ah's collectin' fo' the new missionary society." The mistress demanded indignantly, "How much do they pay for you for such collectin'?" To which the other answered, "Ah doan get paid fo' such collectin'. Ah only gets all Ah collects!" Or the one about the penitent deacon who was shouting and trying to be brought to the altar. "Throw yo'self in de Lawd's arms," the preacher exhorted, "confess yo' sins to yo' Redeemer now." To which the deacon retorted, "Not whilest de Grand Jury am in session, Preacher." The preacher showed interest. "Ah tells yo' de Lord will overlook all yo' faults, Brudder Johnson." "Fair enough," said Brother Johnson, "put de Lord on de Grand Jury and Ah gets mahself declared not guilty fo' the fist time in mah life!"

o—o

ITURN to the Irish jokes and I read: "Faith and 'tis a sad affair over to Dooleys," Pat lamented. And Mike asked, "What happened to Dooleys?" To which Pat replied, "One of his twins died. The worst of it was, they look so much alike, nobody kin tell which one is dead, and they're afraid they'll bury the wrong one!" The Scotch jokes: "Scutland has turned oot mony great pipers," and MacDonald, "und she's still turnin' 'em oot." And the sour Cockney grunted, "Will, kin you blime her?" I claim that is a better Scotch joke than this bromide: A well-dressed Scot had fallen into the river and was in imminent danger of drowning when a brave youth leaped into the stream and brought the man to shore. "You're verra brave," said the rescued one gratefully, "ye have risked your life to save mine and I'll reward ye. Have ye change fer saxpence?" . . . Jokes about Americans all have references to the viscera; jokes about Yankees all have references to veracity; jokes about rubes all have to do with seeing the giraffe and declaring there ain't no such animile; jokes about Negroes all have to do with flamboyances uttered by colored preachers; jokes about Irishers must have double puns, and jokes about Scots must pertain to uncanny thrift. This is Lewis Copeland's idea of a joke book. Me, I read a joke three times and if it makes me smile triple, I lay it away against a day when I may resume the pleasantries on the last page of VALOR . . .

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BUT WHAT in the world is the matter with me, I ask myself, that I laugh at the jokes at which I *do* laugh? I define it that either Body or Circumstance must seize hold of Spirit and give it a tailspin. I laughed the other night when Silverleaf from the invisible told the story of the matron at the revival who was shouting Glory-Hallelujah all over the place. "Lawd, gimme just one more feather for my wings!" she bel-lowed," and I'll be on the way to Glory!" The preacher called a deacon aside. "Know where to find a feather?" he inquired. "Yeah," the deacon said. "Find it," the preacher ordered, "stick it in and let her start elevating out of here." Or the one about the small boy with the kittens on the church steps. "Are those Methodist kittens?" the Romanist priest inquired, pausing to fondle them. The boy said they weren't. "Baptist kittens, son?" No, the boy said they weren't Baptist kittens. "Maybe Catholic?" the priest persisted. "Nope," the boy pronounced, "they're Soulcraft kittens—they've got their eyes open!" . . . A sense of Humor is a fearful and wonderful thing and no two person's is alike. I do wish I'd saved that back page of VALOR in order to chortle at this human race, but the Ladies Aid Society of the Seattle Chapter of Female Aches and Pains, says it wasn't fittin' to have a page of jokes on a religious publication. Who am I to demurr? . . . If Humor be one of the major ingredients of Love, I must have an unhallowed affection for this so-called human race. I see it in so many ridiculous poses . . .

—THE RECORDER

Conventions

(Continued from Page 3)

main meeting Sunday afternoon featuring the prominent guest-speaker, and the whole weekend event over by 5 p. m. so that return motor trips may be made in time to get the men back to their jobs on Monday morning.

Of course, all the latest Soulcraft books and publications will be on display, so that newcomers can stock up on numbers they have not yet read. The sessions can be advertised in local newspapers or by spot broadcasts. VALOR every other week can be a Convention number of the State gathering that has been held since last publication. Recording each State pro-

ceedings on electronic tapes will feature all sessions.

Mr. Jadwin is eager to be at the creation of this new national Movement and give it his best. Notice that he will have practically a fortnight between conventions to complete all preparations for the new session, and with dates thus being determined in advance, Headquarters can make a business of inviting every new Soulcrafters that has turned up on its lists—to make each attendance as heavy as possible. By such procedure, all points of interest in Soulcraft progression may be kept afresh and inspirational, and the sessions will not come so close that they need entail anything but a motor holiday every six months to attend. Known well in advance, Soulcrafters in surrounding States and localities can make preparations in advance to be present. The two State Conventions can become red-letter days in Soulcraft lives.

This major proposal solves many difficulties for me, the chief of them being the drain that it is on me to make electronic discourses every week, because no matter where in America a Soulcraft Chapel may be located, its members must be interested in convention proceedings and talks by celebrities that have been of moment since last they gathered. In the case of a lecture by a celebrity like Adamski, the full program would be taken on tapes and made available for groups anywhere in America.

That is all I wish to state in this letter. But it gives you an idea of what is stirring to increase the interest and morale of Soulcrafters who are increasing in numbers almost at the rate of a thousand a week in these fraught times. *Hope I renew my personal contact with you at one of these new State Conventions.* Could happen, you know! . . . In the Name of the Master whom we are all striving to serve . . .

Best wishes,
William Dudley Pelley

THIS announcement is but preliminary to the plans now being formulated, and correspondence is solicited with all local group leaders and chaplains on what they feel they can do in their own localities toward making their semi-annual State convention one of the big events in the year.

Write Rev. Jadwin your reaction to what is proposed, and look for further details in forthcoming issues of VALOR.

Soulcraft is starting places!

Thought Planes

(Continued from Page 6)

Thought are never in contravention of natural laws. What seems to be contravention of natural law is more reasonably the operation of laws not as yet understood.

THOUGHT has ability to create or destroy Matter, since Matter itself is patterned by Thought—somebody's thought, somewhere!—but only in conformity with basic celestial statutes enacted by a primordial Consciousness that for want of a more explicit term we call Holy Spirit.

Metaphysics, Esoterics, and so-called mysticism, are merely the curriculum of erudition that determines through examination what those statutes and enactments were—or are—and makes the whole thing available to the pupil who wants to buckle down and WORK to perform them practically.

To say that the metaphysical formulas themselves should produce the wonders—and without adequate expenditure of mental energy—is the same as expecting that a blueprint of itself can construct a bridge or a skyscraper.

In the periods between our serried worldly careers we take the objective concepts that we have found in materiality and proceed to fashion features, decorations and festoons of one sort or another, in more tenuous and obedient aspects of Matter—obedient, that is, to motivating Thought. But all of it is a sort of contemplative existence, so to speak, and we have to return to the physical-material-mortal world of three dimensions in order to suffer the circumstantial experiences that unfold us further.

Confronting the necessity for energy expenditure to preserve ourselves or our organisms during these educative or unfoldment periods, we cannot help harking back in our subconscious memories to those contemplative interlude-careers when Thought alone raised up the concepts that pleased our caprices.

So we feel that "There ought to be an easier way" to live our mortal lives and profit from mortal experiencings, not realizing that while there is an easier way, this is not the plane where it is commonly exercised.

The subject is vast, and a treatise of a few pages cannot do it justice.

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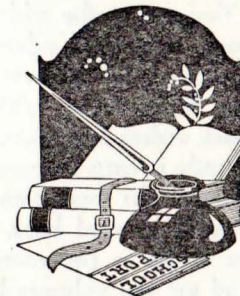
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SIX MONTHS: \$3.00

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

INQUIRES a correspondent in the Far West this week: "I wish you'd write me what on earth's the matter lately at Headquarters. No prompt answering of mail, no new electronic reels for the recorders, no reports of action in the legal cases—has everything gone haywire or have we taken what you've done for us in the past for granted until in a sense you've spoiled us?" . . . There was more to the letter but those are the queries bestirring me at moment. *What's the matter lately at Headquarters?* The "matter lately at Headquarters" is the somewhat novel and bewildering sensation of Soulcraft taking the bit in its teeth and breaking into galloping. Probably the publishing *Bright Horizons* contributed as much as anything to the sudden spurring, that and Soulcraft's new circularizing program. Ten to twelve deep journal pages of brand new readers and students *per month for the past four months* has created a situation where, with little increase possible in Headquarters personnel, schedules have been knocked gally-west and systems disrupted and disorganized.

THOSE who reason superficially, or without hard knowledge of business practices, will exclaim, "Wonderful! Now all we've got to do it sit back and watch it grow—the harvesting of the long years of reactionary phlegmatism and getting the Movement established." To which one might make the somewhat rude colloquial reply, "My eye!" What I'm looking at is not alone a paucity of helpers trained and oriented to handle such increase, but the grim necessity of having the merchandise on hand to fill mounting orders! This coming at a time when the cost of exonerating legal action is a maddening item because of the insufferable dalliyings and delayings of the Courts. You don't produce books with the facility and dispatch of 16-page weekly periodicals. And this goes particularly for reprints. You may have a thousand books upon the shelves of your stockroom. You secure the addresses of ten thousand prospects for those books and mail advertising matter descriptive of them. You have no way of knowing whether 500 copies of those books are going to move or 5,000. Suppose your advertising mail brings back orders for 2,000. You're quite as bad off as though you had only twenty volumes in the first place. That additional thousand books must come from somewhere, and come quickly, or you must send back the payments made for them. It takes six weeks to two months to reset the type, do the press work, and get the volumes bound all ready for shipping. You invest hundreds of dollars in that number of which you're short—and while it's going on, two other numbers or titles have run short. Your working capital, if you're working on a compounding basis, has gone into those surplus copies that may not be ordered and paid for, let alone delivered, for a matter of weeks. To make the deal profitable from the practical business standpoint you must continue your advertising. So presently half a dozen numbers or titles have run short. And speaking again

colloquially, you're in a boil. A boil due to success and embarrassing prosperity. Meantime your bookkeeper is overworked and must take a fortnight to visit New England and restore the strength and morale, one of your best typists has had relatives to die in St. Louis and she must be absent several days to get the Graduates interred, another girl has decided she must get married and have offspring, and your shipping clerk quits cold, having more work on his shoulders than he bargained for. It's a great life if you don't weaken. But you *can* weaken—through having too much work quite as inevitably as by not having enough. You can go balmy investing your capital in more and more books necessary to fill more and more orders in future, as well as by investing your capital in items that you don't move at all . . . and the telephone rings long distance and your attorneys want a couple thousand more to press your legal appeals or lose all you've invested to the moment, while somebody is kicking thumps on the new front door and demanding fresh electronic reels be handed out to him pronto or you've swindled him into acquiring a new recorder with nothing to play upon it but Mother Goose rhymes dictated by his precocious two-year-old assisted by doting grandma. To cap it all, there have been three autos parked out front with people from West Virginia, Michigan and Nevada who want the psychic spots before their eyes explained in a great many words or I'm a shyster only interested in the cheques turning up in the morning mail . . .

ALL I need to send me off into the hysteria of biting off door-knobs and making pretzels of the chandeliers is for someone to sit smugly in my studio's softest chair and remark, "Won't it be wonderful when Soulcraft gets so big in ten or a dozen years that it absolutely improves the spiritual thinking of the country!" I feel like retorting, "No, it won't be at all wonderful! Because, why wait ten years? *I am demonstrating by what's happening that I can change the spiritual thinking of this nation in less than ten months!* The doctrine has been captured. The customers are eager to get going. But so long as it's more important to invest millions in rebuilding Korea, or run down spies in U-N at a cost of hundreds of thousands than conducting a spiriutal rejuvenation here at home, the thinking of America stays just where it is. Meaning that not a thing is missing to put Soulcraft across in this nation with a cyclonic roar but the operating wherewithal. Yet God isn't lifting His hand to contribute ten celestial kopecks to any such program that benefactees should be underwriting for themselves. All of which is a blanket gripe that I'm very, very *busy* these lovely autumn days, trying to make two dollars do the work of two thousand. So go ahead and take that expensive vacation in Texas. Soulcraft will get along somehow." Doesn't it always get along somehow? Who should worry? Now I've got to spend the next two hours trying to answer new mail from new Soulcrafters . . .

Pelle