

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VI

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, April 10, 1954

Number 24

GREAT ISSUES MEAN DRAFT OF GREAT MINDS ..

THE ISSUES coming to focus throughout the globe today are truly but a single issue.

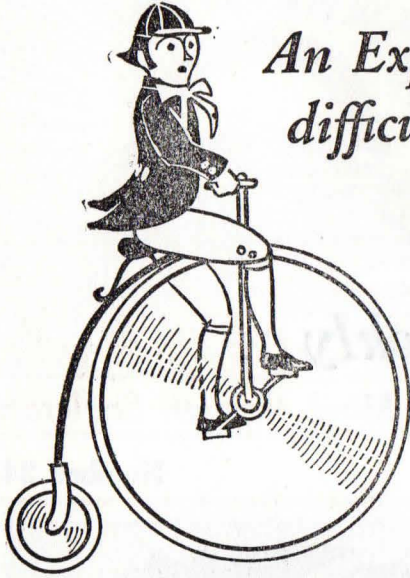
It isn't whether we should continue creating larger and noisier H-bombs, or whether we rewrite the charter of United Nations, or whether we decrease taxes, or whether we require the Senate of the United States to turn into a super-investigating body and pull the cogs out of all the other departments of government as an exclusive activity.

The issue overshadowing all other issues is whether or not our present earth-situation contains the persons with the requisite grey-matter to encompass the magnitude and significance of today's global momentum and interpret it correctly in terms of fundamentals.

Have we the personages, in other words, with the I-Q to comprehend and credit what it's all about?

If we haven't—or they can't function because they're prevented from functioning—what can become of civilization as a whole? (over)





An Expert may be one who streamlines around petty difficulties only to devote himself to one grand fallacy

PERSONALIZED intelligence doesn't necessarily mean ability to spell all the words in the dictionary correctly, or pronounce that a Lincoln is superior to a Cadillac when a high-priced motorcar can be afforded. Personalized intelligence is the capability for maintaining an understanding cognition of all factors and elements performing anywhere on the earth at any given time and to what they eventually add up.

The average industrialist considers himself intelligent if he be identified as a specialist in his line, knowing more about one given subject than any associates or contemporaries. How does such designation stand up if there be a group of Smart Boys in a penthouse over in the adjacent city who are perfecting overall conditions in which they ultimately succeed to complete control of all industry and all specialists and hire and fire them as commonly as accountants or stenographers?

Go to some of the assertedly "biggest men" in America and ask their opinion of the whole subversive situation being unearthed in Government.

"Sorry I'm not political-minded," they will defend themselves. "We must leave those matters to statesmen who are experts in such things."

Statesmen indeed!

In the next breath and with a slap of the palm on the editorial page of the latest newspaper the same "big man" will exult, "After all, feller, you've got to admit it's the Voice of the People that rules this country, and so long as we've got that, why should we worry?"

The man who truly knows the score

gets out and away, to commune with himself on a lonely roadside and seriously debate the mentality of human nature . . .

THE TRUTH of the matter is, that specialization works in precisely the opposite direction to high I-Q for the general interest. Specialization concentrates the whole life-attention on oneself and leaves the overall situation at the mercy of any international burglar who has designs on the nation's spoons.

Nine-tenths of the "big shots" of America, sociologically speaking, are less than infants in arms when it comes to being "handled" to close the gargantuan conspiracy against free government supposed to be supervised by public opinion.

Public opinion has become what the writer of the lead-editorial in last night's newspaper has typed and had published as a "think piece" and the big specialist is subconsciously elated that someone else has said what he lacks the universality of knowledge to express, not to mention originate. He doesn't even possess the fundamental information to determine whether or not the declarations in the "think piece" have been sound or false. The Voice of the People is yak-yaking, and that is well. As for the fellow who really knows and is in a position to discriminate, he is a stirrer-upper if he sounds off contrarily. Charge him with tossing refuse on the public streets and arrest and imprison him. Do whatever you please to shut him up so that the specialist can go back to his specializing and not be required to harken to distractions.

Our Founding Fathers were not thus inhibited.

ALL YOU require to do, to make the Voice of the People say what you want it to say, is scare enough readers of newspapers far enough out of their wits so that editorial writers react in the proper palliatives, and you have your conspiracy in the bag with the Joe McCarthys under the table gagged and hog-tied. Right now the fearsomeness of the Bigger and Costlier H. Bomb serves precisely such purpose.

You want to assure the stability and longevity of a super-government that can override the specifications of the Bill of Rights and nullify the provisions of the U. S. Constitution. The way to do it is childishly simple. Scream "National Defense!" against the background of higher and mightier detonations arriving from the southeastern Pacific, so that your editorial writer will concur in the utterly traitorous conclusion that the alternative is global parliament—and the Voice of the People echoes "The heck with the Bill of Rights! . . . do *anything* to save us the dilemma of tons of debris raining down from the skies!" That such global parliament is already fixed up as the instrument with which one small megalomaniacal group expects to run the world, the "big industrial specialist" is too busy with his specializing to grasp or even wish to grasp.

"It's beyond me!" he confesses, fuming because his stenographer is not back from lunch.

Truth to tell, it is beyond him.

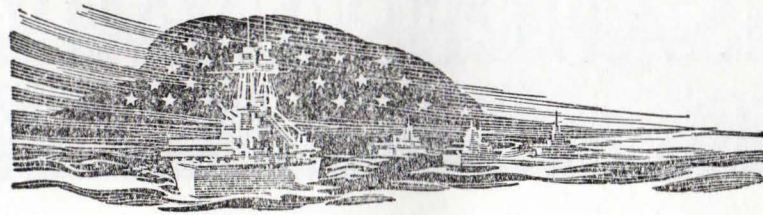


That's the real defect ailing the nation in this Dark Hour. It's beyond the grasp of brains that *hoi polloi* has always regarded as final court of solution to major quandaries . . . or rather, it's outside the ground familiar to the specialist and beyond which he is lost. Say this to him, however, and watch the anger purl up from his collar.

"Are you implying," he will bridle, "that I'm a moron?"

You look for your hat, sighing to your-

(Continued on Page 11)



The Terrible Truth!

*Editorial in Indianapolis Star on Admiral Theobald's Data
Adds Up to Pelley Vindication for Publishing Expose
of White House Efforts to Create Pearl Harbor*



HIE OUT to a newsstand as soon as you have opportunity and buy a copy of *United States News & World Report*, which is a 20¢ magazine published out of Washington, D. C. by David Lawrence and associates. Get the April 2nd number of *United States News & World Report* for a 10,000-word article over the signature of Rear Admiral A. Theobald, United States Navy, Retired, substantiating every last indictment of the Administration charged by the American-Firsters back in 1942 that America's participation in World War II was the deliberate connivance of one Franklin D. Roosevelt and the men about him to add America's military might to the cohorts of Britain.

Men went to prison in 1942 for saying precisely what Admiral Theobald now pronounces the documented truth. Yet the courts refuse to clear them.

Japan's planes came over Honolulu on December 7th, 1941, in automatic response to the arrangements that Roosevelt and his cohorts had made that they should come over.

The thing was a set-up . . . so Admiral Theobald implies in his astonishingly candid report on what he declares to have learned since May of 1945.

The Indianapolis Star, one of the most powerful newspapers of the Midwest, immediately inserted a leading editorial in its issue of March 27th, that expresses

what the American hinterland now feels about the entire Pearl Harbor horror. VALOR now reprints this editorial as a national public service, as follows—

FOR THE fourth time since World War II, documentary evidence, damning in its volume and completeness, has been presented to prove without question that President Roosevelt knowingly and deliberately forced the Japanese to attack us at Pearl Harbor and thus put the United States into World War II.

First Frederick Sanborn, working under the handicap of being refused all the files from the government, revealed in "Design for War" some of the steps taken by Roosevelt that forced the Japanese into the corner from which they came out fighting.

Next Charles Callan Tansill in his brilliant and comprehensive "Back Door to War," written after he became the first historian to be allowed to see the State Department files involved, showed how Roosevelt and Secretary of War Stimson maneuvered Japan first into the fall of the moderate and peace-seeking Konoye government, and then into the Pearl Harbor attack. "The question is," wrote Stimson in his diary at the time, "how we should maneuver them into the position of firing the first shot without allowing too much damage to ourselves." Step by step Tansill showed how he and Roosevelt successfully answered this question.

Next came "The Turbulent Years" by former Ambassador to Japan Joseph Grew. Grew, who was in Japan all during this pre-Pearl Harbor period, noted how desperately the Japanese sought peace, how repeatedly they begged Roosevelt for a meeting in the Pacific or in Alaska, so they could end the strangling blockade we had imposed on them without resorting to war. He also noted how Roosevelt spurned every opportunity to negotiate the end of the war in China, withdrawal of Japanese troops from Indo-China and an honorable peace in Asia.

Now Rear Adm. Robert A. Theobald, who was at Pearl Harbor when the attack occurred, lays down the devastating and convincing climax to this record of perfidy by an American President. In his book, "The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor," published first in the *U. S. News and World Report* yesterday, he brings forth the record that cannot be refuted by emotional loyalty to a dead President or by objective analysis. President Roosevelt "deliberately invited the Japanese attack, knew it was coming, and deliberately withheld this knowledge from the U. S. commanders in Hawaii."

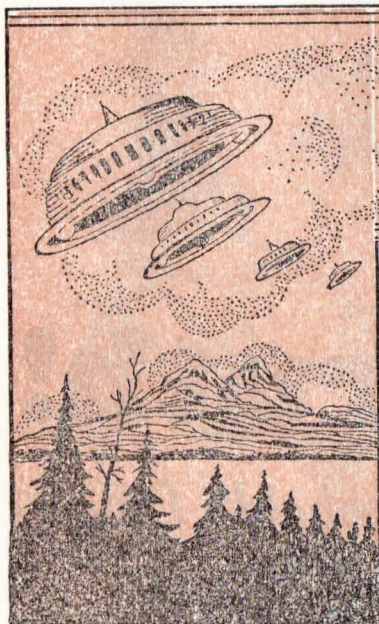
ROOSEVELT called Pearl Harbor "The day that lives in infamy." He was right, but the infamy was all his.

If there is any defense for Roosevelt's deliberate provocation of war it can only be that he thought he was right and that

(Continued on Page 9)

SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



Saucer Occupants Being Studied on West Coast

section of Muroc have not been allowed this privilege the past few weeks. There is an air of mystery about the whole thing, but don't bother to call the Public Relations officer out there, because he just won't know what you're talking about!

The term "captured" has been used to describe the saucer's reason for being there, but I doubt if the craft was captured in the true sense of the word. In the first place, no one (not even the U. S. Airforce) can "capture" a saucer. Somewhere in the plan it was essential that this particular saucer "come down" at Muroc, and it was also necessary for the occupants to stay there for a period of time. How long this will be no one knows . . . probably the occupants themselves do not really know the exact moment of their departure . . . that will depend on many things, and orders will come from "higher up".

Why did the President leave one hunting trip vacation and immediately go off all the way to the West Coast just to play golf? I don't believe he went on any pleasure trip . . . the indication points strongly to the fact that he was being briefed on important interplanetary matters! Could the saucer at Muroc have anything to do with this briefing?

OUR President knows what's going on in the skies above, and I believe he's trying to do something about it. By that I mean that he's going to do his best to cooperate with the space visitors and take matters into his own hands as far as giving out information to the people. He knows that atomic energy is now out of the hands of the people . . . that's why he attempted to appoint all civilian heads in the Pentagon recently. Maj. Keyhoe speaks in his latest book about the "silence" group at the Pentagon. One group wishes the information given to the American public; they say it isn't fair to the people to give out mis-

leading and erroneous statements. The "silence" group wants everyone to think we have a vivid imagination or that we're seeing "floating cotton puff-balls" or reflection from the wings of wild geese!

This "silence" group has very good reasons for being silent! There are some very nervous individuals in Washington, and they are busy trying to figure out who to pass the "buck" to when the "cat" is finally out of the proverbial "bag".

This is not the first time our government has been contacted by space visitors. It happened some time ago in Alaska, and it has taken place via radiotelegraphy, also! I don't know just what's going on at Muroc, but don't worry about our heroes, the saucer pilots . . . when it's time for them to leave there, they will do so . . . and safely. *No power on Earth* could prevent that, I'm certain.

MARCH FIELD, California also came in for its share of saucer publicity. A few weeks ago, a group of teenagers were passing near the base in their car. Glancing onto the base itself, they observed a nice shiny-looking saucer resting on the ground. They stopped their car and got out in order to get a better look. After all, who wouldn't . . . you don't get to see a saucer everyday, you know!

When they had observed the craft at closer range, they noticed it was sleek, smooth and apparently nobody around. Still curious, they decided to get an even closer look. As they neared the craft, they suddenly saw a man step in front of them. He raised his arm and threw something at them. This "something" turned out to be a large "ball of fire". It passed them and struck their car. They immediately turned and fled, driving into the Sheriff's office in a hurry.

The young people said that the man wore some sort of a half mask on his face that appeared to be metallic in na-

(Continued on Page 9)

FRANK EDWARDS admitted recently, that since the Airforce has put the "lid" on saucer information, it has been extremely hard for him to get any disc sightings, etc. This happened after the reported California saucer "capture".

On March 2nd., Senator Chase asked the Airforce if he might see the films mentioned in Keyhoe's book, *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*. A date was set for him to view the film, but when the Senator arrived at the Pentagon, he was told that the film in question had *accidentally burned up just before his arrival!* All of this took place after the Airforce had told the Senator that they had no proof that the saucers exist! How long are they going to keep this information from the American people and how long are they going to keep our own representatives in Washington in the dark on this matter!

SOMETHING big is going on at Muroc, over on the West Coast! For weeks, the rumor has circulated that the government has a saucer and its occupants under intensive study there. I do not believe this is just a wild bit of fantasy . . . for I have checked into the matter and found the following facts:

A certain section of Muroc is under strict guard. No one is allowed to leave this area with a pass, and no one is allowed to enter on pass. All leaves have been cancelled. Experienced pilots who have always been allowed to land in this

HOW the Process of Materialization by Thought Is Mastered on this Plane

(Psychically Received)



ALL LIFE is merely a matter of vibration. The higher the rate of vibration, the higher and stronger the created thing.

Thought vibrates at a higher rate than anything concerned with Form, and therefore is a subtler and stronger agency than any other within your control. If you master the Subconscious through which these Thought Vibrations go out and reach other minds through *their* Subconscious, you can literally control the thoughts of one who has no protective barrier of knowledge.

More than that, you can if you know the method *create concrete materialization of the spirit-substance that is the universe.*

But this comes only to those who have toiled for years to achieve the technique. For the present you must be satisfied with the simpler forms.

The first step is inner repose. The next is a constant holding of a visualization of the thing desired as though it were already accomplished. Then you must endeavor to surround that visualization with an atmosphere of Love and Harmony. This is possible only if the object of desire is really a worthy one. Not that any unworthy desire may not sometimes be achieved in this way. That is known as Black Art and Black Magic. This however, is the setting in motion of a negative force and its final outcome is a boomerang against the one who unleashes it.

When you work upon any project there are two questions involved: What you do and say, and what you *think*. And the first is perhaps a tenth of the whole. Of course if your thought is constructively in harmony with your word and deed, you have a ten-tenths proposition.

YOU DO not concentrate upon the way in which the thing is to be accomplished, nor even upon the persons who will bring it to pass, *because then*

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

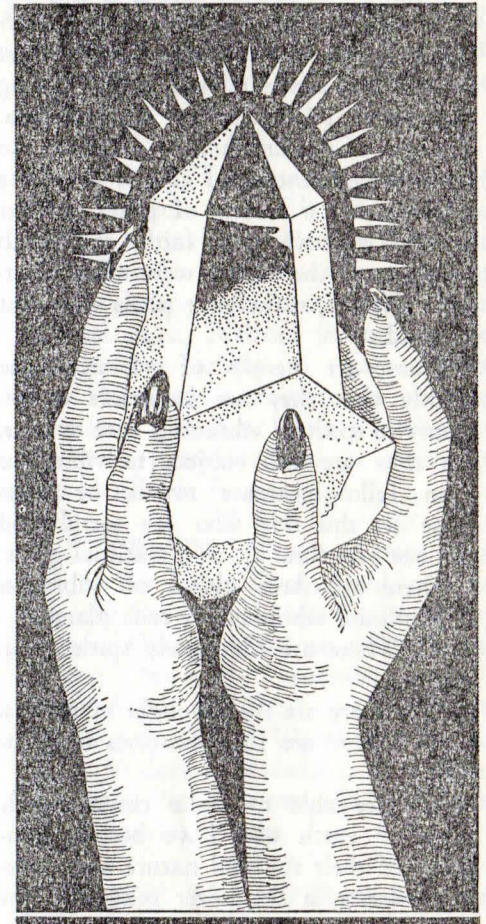
you limit things to the persons or means your limited vision sees. In the spiritual universe may be potentialities much greater than those you grasp and if you dwell simply upon the complete and perfect thing always as a simple unit for the expression of a much bigger possibility, then you paint the picture with the vibrations of thought and it can go on to the next step which is Materialization.

This materialization may be accomplished in many ways. The simplest is usually through action upon the thoughts of others who are in a position to forward it, but remember you may have no conscious knowledge of *who* is best qualified to forward what you want. If you send out your thought vibrations in the right way they will be picked up wherever it may be by the right person.

As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. And this goes for body, soul, and spirit. We add to this: As a man thinketh in his heart *so is the world he lives in!*

Now if you have labored to bring a worthy thing to pass and have added to that labor the Power of Thought, free from any doubt or hate or any destructive vibration, *then it is already yours!*

But remember again, it is the Subconscious through which the constructive vibrations must pass to reach their goal and if you are not in control of the stream it may carry doubts and fears of which you are not consciously aware. It is for this reason that we say the first



step is inner repose. Without that you have no way to control the Subconscious.

You ask if this means that you can influence the subconscious thought of anyone *anywhere on the planet?* What is Space to a fourth dimensional activity? When a vibratory rate is high enough, it practically has none of the barriers of the concrete world . . .

NOW WHEN you thus visualize, it is helpful to draw a word picture of the desired consummation, not with many details but the essences of it, and repeat orally the word-picture in a somewhat rhythmic form. This is not because the words help in the accomplishment directly, but because they help get the right idea into the Subconscious and shut out random or contradictory thoughts of

which you might hardly be conscious. In other words, they help to concentrate and focus your own mind. These words must never be phrased in negative form and you must hold clearly the mental vision at the same time you say them.

What we have been saying is only for such occasions as offer opportunity, preferably before sleep at night and the first thing in the morning. Add to this during the day any chance for concentration. The rest of the time simply do what is to be done with the mind at rest as to the outcome and a feeling of peace in your heart. To prove your faith, act in all things as if the matter were already settled. That is, make your plans with that in mind.

There are people of vibrations so earthly that they are incapable of response to spiritual vibrations such as ours, but they are still subject to vibrations from fellow-incarnate minds, or from those on this side who are earthbound and not yet vibrating on a spiritual plane.

There are three planes of Vibration with infinite vibrations in each plane—

- (1) There are the purely spiritual vibrations.
- (2) There are the Thought vibrations.
- (3) There are the vibrations of Matter.

We are able to make contact with those of earth who have become conscious of their spiritual nature and therefore vibrate in the lower ranges of the spiritual plane as well as in the others. Those who are thus graded also vibrate in harmony with others like themselves and you have as a result what is commonly called Affinity.

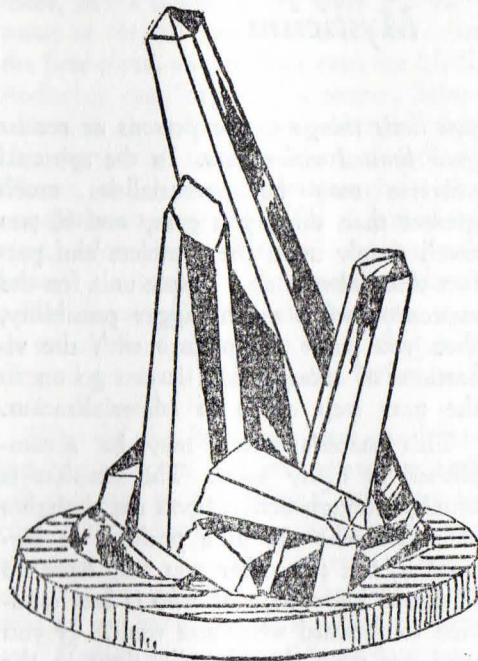
ON THE mental plane the rate of vibration may be raised by taking thought, and by study, and by practice, and by meditation. The vibratory rate of the body is its index to health as acquired through proper care and right thinking and spiritual harmony. Because of the last, the body's vibration rate is automatically raised and it becomes a finer instrument for the spirit's use. The rate of spiritual vibration is raised by every spiritual vibration the soul gain.

Is idle pensiveness a Thought Force? Sometimes most effectively! Because a condition of unconscious repose is present and the subconscious is easily accessible.

This is a source of possible trouble because you may negate your moments of concentrate by thoughts of doubt or fear sent out in such unguarded moments.

Materializations are the essence of Thought, working out in crude matter, but guided by the intelligence of the materializing ego. They are made by vibration of such pitch and tone that they go beyond any of the Rays, so to speak, and are made of pure ether.

The ether is the universe in raw. It is Spirit awaiting manifestation but without any guiding intelligence. It goes to the outermost boundaries of so-called space and then folds in upon itself in a manner that you could not understand without understanding what is meant by the Fourth Dimension.



When a Directing Intelligence wishes to make Spirit manifest, the first move is to get permission of the directing intelligence of Universal Spirit. When this has been allowed for a worthy purpose, the next step is taking thought to the type of Materialization desired. This must always be for a constructive purpose and often the best form suited is the purpose to be obtained.

When that purpose has been determined upon, the ways of Materialization are many and complex.

THE UNIVERSE is motion. Motion is an attribute of the all-pervading Spirit of Love. You cannot have Materialization therefore, without having

Love. When Love and Harmony are therefore present, intelligence can start the ether in motion wherever it happens to be that the manifestation is desired.

Intelligence is self-motivating when it is a manifestation of Love. Being such, it can also motivate the ether in which it functions. There are properties in the ether not yet discovered by chemists or scientists that help intelligence in the business of Materialization. They are radio-chemical substances which when acted upon by Thought produce that queer wave known as the Electron from which all matter is built up.

Now when a materialization for a worthy purpose is desired, you can see what happens. Thought vibrates *in* and *on* ether and starts radio-chemical disturbances of these as yet unknown properties, and from them is produced the electronic wave and the simpler forms of Matter. The simpler forms of Matter by the application of still more intelligence can be built up instantaneously into the most complex. Time is not a factor in this process. It can be done almost in one operation and we get a materialization at once.

When you want to materialize in Thought in another brain, the process is not much different. You always have automatic permission when your purpose is worthy. So there is nothing then to prevent you from so exercising the *same* sort of intelligence which any of us would, to appear to you in flesh. That is, start the ether spinning in Thought Waves faster and faster until they begin to produce heat. This heat is a form of electricity which energizes the life stream and flows in it till it finds its objective in human affairs.

WHENEVER you want a materialization in thought in the brain of another, the first thing to do is to step up the conscious vibrations in that person by means of your own subconscious sending station. Do this by calmly concentrating on the object or purpose to be obtained. Gradually increase the feeling of Love and Harmony within the heart. Keep this up as long as the emotions will stand it. There will be a stimulating outflow of energy into the ether that will gradually build up subconscious activity in the minds of those concerned in your objective. *They may not be the*

persons you imagine at all, but they are connected with the project or they would not get the vibrations.

Just so long as you keep stepping up the ether vibrations you will build up subconscious knowledge into deliberate conscious action. The process is not difficult but it is complex and requires some practice. You should not be carrying any other purpose or thoughts in your brain when attempting a concrete materialization. You must concentrate by elimination of every irrelevant topic and idea, so as to have a clear sending channel for your idea to be materialized.

Do not try to concentrate by overly fixing the conscious attention on the objective. Take it easy but make it simple in constructive aim and pursue it diligently.

You can materialize thoughts favorable to your worthy purposes in others by calm, deliberate and single-track fixing of the whole attention on the person, thing or purpose, and holding it there until the whole thing has actually come about. You may not know the process involved but you will be in possession of the rule that governs it.

That is the way that the Hindu Yogi move inanimate objects about. It is very easy to accomplish when you have a bit of practice. It means the employment of persons on this side, however, who are invisible to you and not any materialization out of raw ether.

This of course accounts for much of the mystery in telekenesis. The strength does not necessarily have to be close and inside Matter in order to function. It can come through a variety of sources, all of which are commendable at will. One of these sources is ectoplasm, as we have said in a previous discussion. In broad daylight this ectoplasm is invisible. It is only seen when it employs some form of materialization. Nevertheless, it may be in existence anywhere at anytime and reach out from the Fourth Dimension when feats employing strength of any sort are required.

In a darkened or red lighted room it is possible under certain conditions to see this ectoplasm with the naked eye although usually materialization in some degree or other is present.

THE THEME of materilization has been the origin of much literary and
(Continued on Page 14)

WEEK IN RETROSPECT:

LONG distance phonecall from southern California reports that 3,000 people attended the Spacecraft Convention on Sunday, April 4th, at George Van Tassel's Giant Rock airport. Speakers were Van Tassel, Frank Scully, and Soulcraft's Williamson. No saucer landing for exhibition purposes but mysterious fireball demonstrated over the head of crowd, finally exploding with loud report . . . George Hunt Williamson will have fuller reports next week . . .

GEORGE Adamski spoke to crowds of 3,000 to 4,000 in Detroit on Friday. Almost no heckling. Interest keen in Saucers. Audience was a cross-section of all brackets of humanity. At autographing session of *Flying Saucers Have Landed* book, Soulcraft's representative said many asked about Pelley. Adamski declared Pelley's work was "in pattern." Then Adamski hurried away to Cleveland and Manhattan. Too busy to come to Noblesville. Besides, Adamski doesn't agree with Soulcraft's Fisher that Saucers are etheric. Makes a difference, apparently, whether your book has become a bestseller or not.

NEWs arrives from Snoqualine, Wash., of the Passing on March 22nd, of Roy Zachary's mother-in-law, Mrs. Christina Kring. On Feb 23rd Roy's widow Ruth, brought her mother to the Seattle Hospital for heart treatment. Elderly Mrs. Kring, always a staunch Soulcraft, responded to treatment and seemed convalescing until suddenly afflicted with a mental stroke from which she never regained consciousness. Seattle correspondent comments to VALOR's editor: "It was because of Grandma Kring's faith in you and her knowledge that you were right that made it possible for Roy to be gone from home so much and do what he did for The Silver Legion." Deepest sympathies to Ruth.

GENEVIEVE Johnston has brought out first issue of *Interplanetary News Digest* in professional format. Franklin and Dorothy Thomas are printing it for her at New Age Publishing

Company, 1542 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles 26, Calif. 32 pages. Many Soulcraft contributors. Well worth the \$2 subscription price. If you're interested, her address is Box 426, Joshua Tree, Calif. More about it next week.

SENTIMENT seems to be changing in Indiana when *The Star* does not hesitate to give the Pearson letter on "The Terrible Truth" most prominent double-column position on center of its editorial page. Melford in turn has begun getting letters of congratulation from Indianapolis strangers in complete agreement with him. Both editorial and Melford's letter included in article on Page 3 of this issue . . .

ATTOURNEY Dilling's 64-page Brief on the Pelley Case appeal, now before the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago, filed on schedule and causing favorable comment for a thorough job well done. It's now up to the Chicago Court. Usual time for decision, 30 days or therabout. If unfavorable, immediate recourse will be taken to U. S. Supreme Court . . .

GEORGE Hunt Williamson started his new job as Associate Editor of VALOR this week, having come through to Noblesville following the big Giant Rock spacecraft meet. From now on out, VALOR will specialize in latest and most authentic Saucer developments. Bill Manspeaker is gradually getting hold of Headquarters affairs, releasing the Chief for other summer activities. Watch announcements on this page hereafter for timely developments . . .





A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

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

VOL. VI APRIL 10, 1954 No. 24

Alerted

NEWSPAPERS put forth the inquiry, Shall We Go to War in Indo-China? The answer is, Of course! That United Nations Thing brought into existence by Hiss requires that wars always be waged somewhere to make its offices of moment. Give the United Nations no war to supervise and it becomes as moribund as the Old League of Nations. You can't have an international parliament that merely keeps the peace. There's nothing in the way of silica to hold it integrated.

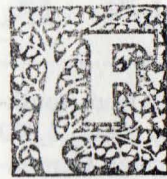
Strange that in all this hullabaloo about United Nations, seemingly in existence to contain Communism, no question is ever raised about the damage previously done to the free nations of the world by "recognizing" Bolshevik Russia in the first place. That's a *fait accompli*.



The most powerful of wicked forces were not only unleashed in this world by living men, but *ex post facto* recognition of the wickedness is taken for granted. Nothing you can do about it.

Of course no one followed such odd code of morality when one-time Dillinger was cleaning out Indiana banks . . .

Happy Life



FROM Cleveland, O. comes a strange indictment of our modern civilization . . . Life as a convict in Ohio State Prison was sheltered and orderly, and to Arpad Beres, 31 years old, it seemed so secure he begged to go back after nine months of freedom. Committed for armed robbery when he was 23, Beres served an 8-year sentence and became prison barber. He was released on parole just before last Christmas and his family tried to give him a boost to stay honest. Beres stood the buffetings of freedom until recently, then he broke into a scrap yard office and notified police to come and pick him up.

"On the Outside everybody wants money, money, money," he griped. "It's rush, rush, rush. At the Pen, everything is orderly and you know just what you can do. I broke into the scrap yard just to get back. I didn't steal anything."

But as usually happens in life, Beres wasn't accommodated. The Judge tossed out the burglary charge, accepted a guilty plea to unlawful entry and referred Beres to a psychiatric clinic. Anybody who had rather live in prison than outside must have something wrong with his brains, such was the Judge's viewpoint, not comprehending that the joke was on the type of civilization that made him a magistrate.

The reason, of course, that our prisons are filled is because the average inmate isn't oriented to the pace of so-called Civilization in the free world. The entire human race is being pushed into a velocity that gives small time to really absorb the increments of experiences.

Pressure!

Stand up to it or go to a psychiatric clinic. And the real trouble with a psychiatric clinic is, that the wrong set of persons are asking the questions . . .

Boom-Boom!



ONE IS not required to study to be a moron to realize that something has happened in the atom-bomb industry that has jarred the bridge-work of the researchers themselves. The latest

H-bomb blast—if it *was* an H-bomb blast—gave such an awesome effect that even the Bigger-and-Better-Explosion experts were impressed by the fact that the limit of nuclear demonstration might be at hand. One thing is certain: Try out the detonation of one of those world-busters under water and a tidal wave is due to wipe out San Francisco and Los Angeles. Apparently that tears it.

But the limit of H-bomb destruction has not been reached.

Thirty-seven years ago in a Wall Street banking house, it was arranged for a million dollars to be transferred via the Baltic to Lenin when he came through in a sealed freight-car from Switzerland, that he might buy the services of three regiments of Latvian mercenaries and chase Kerensky and the People's Assembly out of Russia. Twenty years ago the same interests arranged with the White House Gang to "recognize" Russia and put Bolshevikia at the council table of the nations.

If nuclear fission, stimulated by the potentials of Russia to retaliate, works all sorts of havoc with Manhattan-on-the-Subway, what can it be but the payoff for such manipulating?

Vice-president Nixon comes out in the Sunday papers with the announcement that the H-bombs are now so vast and so terrible that the assurance of international peace is at hand. Don't wager any important money on it.

What is sown must be reaped—otherwise one-cell human mentalities learn nothing.

Why deny the Communist-financing Crowd of Wall Street what it provided a million dollars to create? At least let it enjoy a little real worrying . . .

Hush-Hush



FROM an airmail letter just received from a London editor: "My own view is that IFSB was closed down under pressure from American authorities because their bulletins were coming too close to the truth. In a similar way our air force pilots have been dissuaded from talking about the subject in public. A meeting is being held over here on March 23rd when some of the more daring spirits are going to make

an attempt to break down the secrecy. I understand on very good authority that Neville Duke, who for a short time held the world's air speed record, has seen Flying Saucers and was to have been at this meeting but finally cried off. I am trying to get to the bottom of this particular story and if I have success I will let you know.

"I have a strong feeling that important news is going to break somewhere this year. The interest over here in Britain is growing solidly and people who were skeptical before are now giving great signs of curiosity even if they have not been converted. I can assure you that this is quite remarkable over here, and yet my countrymen's reasoning powers are pretty strong. I am enclosing you a clipping from the *Daily Mail* showing a photograph taken in Lancashire—a large full-face view of a Saucer coming in over a hill. As you will see, the *Daily Mail* was rather nervous at the last minute and published the picture with what almost amounts to a disclaimer. However, I can tell you that behind the scenes they are considerably shaken."

As might be deduced from report after report coming from various countries, the global masterminds are halted cold. Anything pertaining to materialistic earth they could manage to handle, but when higher-dimensional beings whirl down out of interstellar space they find themselves spinning in a vacuum.

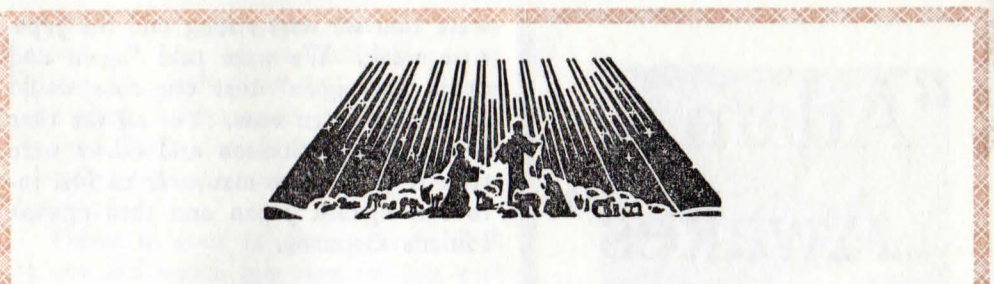
Too bad. We should shed tears.

Saucers

(Continued from Page 4)

ture. They couldn't remember if the "fireball" was flaming when it left his hand, or if it burst into flames afterwards. This incident reminds us of the Italian sighting last year, where a man observed two occupants of a saucer with metallic half-masks on their faces.

The "fireball" had dented the side of their car and the painted surface was burned or scorched! Needless to say, no harm was intended as far as the young people are concerned! The only reason the saucer pilot threw this object is because he wanted to keep the youngsters from getting too near the dangerous resonating electro-magnetic force-field around the saucer. What better way



"The I-Am of the Me!"



AM I not greater than the stars, the mountains or the sea?
Is not the One who made them all a Parent unto me?
Does He not live within me, just an atom of His Plan,
Endowing me with kinship that I may say, "I AM?"

'Tis this "I AM" that merits my very hallowed care,
And shows me how to live it until I do declare
What follows starts the workings of a mighty cosmic yeast,
Releasing me from bondage or homage to The Beast . . .

Has not Our Elder Brother in compassion showed the Way:
"I AM the Truth, the Light, the Love, unto the Perfect Day?"
I AM the sacred Name of God, I AM His gift to man,
What higher thought can come to us than knowing of His Plan?

To say "I AM" means victory, or threatens with defeat,
It means we are progressing or skulking in retreat;
A very sacred knowledge this, the "I AM of the ME",
I would not use His name in vain nor from life's rigors flee.

God help us all to live the Truth, that speeds us on our way,
To help us know the "I AM'S" might unto earth's final day,
Let Love reach down and lift us, that we may clearly see
In glory and in majesty, the "I AM of the ME!"

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

could he have gotten them to leave? And he didn't have to say a word!

Getting back to the Muroc incident for a moment, we understand that this affair is of prime importance, and it seems that the Mr. Chop of Maj. Keyhoe's book, was called out to Muroc at the same time, and a powerful group of business men and industrialists were invited by the government to meet there, but they met elsewhere.

Who's getting briefed . . . And for what?

The Terrible Truth

(Continued from Page 3)

the American people must be forced into doing what he thought was right. But in a democratic republic a President is supposed to serve the people, not betray them or secretly commit them to wars they oppose.

Is all this still incredible to Americans? The facts, unvarnished and irrefutable are on the record. We were lied to. We

"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.

A Book Every Married Couple Should Read!

Send Your Order in Now!

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

Soulcraft Chapels

were told we were strong and the Japanese weak. We were told "again and again" that our sons would fight no foreign wars. Yet all the time Roosevelt and Stimson and others were secretly plotting to maneuver us first into war against Japan and then against Hitler's Germany.

AT PEARL Harbor 4,575 American officers and enlisted men were killed. Four battleships were lost and three more put out of action, along with three cruisers and four destroyers. We lost 177 planes. All these men, all these ships and planes were "expendable" because Roosevelt knew the only way he could force the American people to go to war against Hitler was to stir up our anger by a devastating attack upon Americans.

The Japanese were told, before Pearl Harbor and not long after Roosevelt met with Churchill in the Atlantic, that our blockade and embargo of oil would be continued unless Japan got completely out of China, abandoned the puppet government in Manchukuo and broke off all treaty relations with Italy and Germany. This was an ultimatum—of which the American people never heard. And, "President Roosevelt, by the note of Nov. 26, definitely and deliberately brought war to the United States. He had flung the gauntlet into Japan's face."

And when we won, we tried Japanese Foreign Minister Matsuoka as a war criminal!

Not only were the American people kept in the dark about Roosevelt's intentions—so were our military commanders in Hawaii. The secretly-obtained information proving to Washington that the Japanese were about to attack Pearl Harbor was withheld from Adm. Kimmel and Gen. Short. Roosevelt, on Dec. 6 after receiving the decoded Japanese message triggering the attack said, "This means war." But Adm. Stark was prevented "by higher authority" from warning Pearl Harbor. Gen. Marshall was either ordered or otherwise led to take his now famous horseback ride while the bombs were being loaded in Japanese bomb bays.

WASHINGTON knew what the Japanese intended. Roosevelt wanted it to happen. And so nearly 5,000 almost defenseless Americans died at

Pearl Harbor. And so, because our fleet was knocked out at Pearl Harbor, thousands of other Americans in the Philippines died, suffered torture and fought heroically under Gen. MacArthur and Gen. Wainwright for their country against odds that their own President had stacked against them. And so Roosevelt got his war with Hitler.

The iron curtain of silence about Pearl Harbor has been lifted. The elaborately contrived plot to place the blame on blameless and patriotic commanders instead of on the President who betrayed our fighting men at Pearl Harbor, and the citizens who believed in him back home, has been exposed. The terrible truth is revealed for all Americans to see. The greatest democracy in the world was betrayed into war by the man the people elected to serve, not to rule them. If we had a dictator, we could not have been more easily marched off to battle.

This happened once to America. It must never happen again.

Three days after publishing the foregoing editorial The Star printed the following letter, under double-column headlines also on its editorial page—

P. O. Box 186
Noblesville, Indiana
March 30, 1954

Editor, The Indianapolis Star
307 North Pennsylvania Street
Indianapolis 6, Indiana

"Dear Sir:

"I have just finished reading your lead editorial entitled 'The Terrible Truth—Again', published in this morning's issue. Many thinking readers of The Star will applaud your forceful and revealing indictment of the late President Roosevelt and his war-Administration and their betrayal of this nation into World War II. I, too, am heartened to read the truth so vividly presented but my applause is very much subdued by the intimate knowledge that another nationally known publisher is still being penalized for printing, 14 years ago, the same indictment, in equally ringing terms, that you embodied in this morning's lead editorial.

"I am moved to ask: What is the reason for the indisposition to take full cognizance of the William Dudley Pelley case with all its attendant illegalities and abuse of sacred constitutional rights? Pel-

ley's 'crime that resulted in a 15-year sentence and current restrictions on parole was none other than that he displayed the courage to put into print 14 years ago the same indictment of Roosevelt, et al. that you now confirm as being accurate and true.

"Pelley made a complete, day to day expose of the behind-the-scenes plotting to maneuver this nation into needless, bloody war. Certainly you should be commended for your editorial. At the same time is it not fair to ask: How about a little justice for William Dudley Pelley who was telling a bedeviled and propagandized America 14 years ago what you are belatedly saying today?"

MELFORD PEARSON.

Great Minds

(Continued from Page 2)

self that it hasn't been a Big Brain so much as a Big Character that you had hoped to locate in him.

So your real concernment resolves down to a dearth of Big Characters because, if they existed, now if ever would be the occasion for them to disclose themselves. Their very bigness would make it a natural.

It's a terrible thing to possess the type of mind capable of encompassing comprehension of the global diableries afoot only to realize that you're regarded as freakish and a nuisance . . .

It's a still more terrible thing to realize that the global manipulators of last night's editorial writer—always by indirection—are counting on the fact that you *will* be regarded as freakish and a nuisance if you go too far in unmasking their intents.

They rely—because they must rely—on the constitutional dumbness of the Big Shots not to accredit in others the execution of evils they would never contemplate themselves.

So the globe reels along with no more distractions to perturb the self-complacent Big Shots than higher and more fearsome bombs sending their reverberations in from the southwest. Almost, one might put it, Red Russia or China is not the center of the bomb encirclement. Actually it's the industrialist Big Shot with a perimeter of nuclear fission closing in on him to a point where he'll snarl

angrily, "Set up your dratted parliament . . . set up any old thing you please . . . only leave me alone to the one thing I happen to be an authority in and don't disturb my own sense of decency with prate of international conspiring."

Persist in your enlightenment of such a one and watch him turn on you with the exclamation, "So you're one of these now Communists yourself, are you? It's to Russia's greatest interest to call off this wholesale scare of our people so that they want a halt called to further nuclear experiments, and so you're playing their game."

That's the point where you exit in earnest.

How can you expect grammar-school students to understand higher calculus? . . . Big Shots? . . . apple butter!

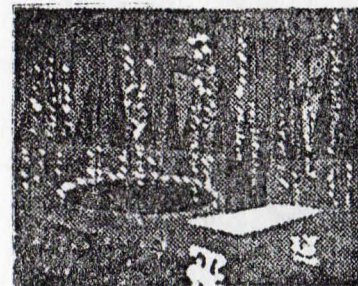
DEARTH of real acumen to comprehend the issues of the times! . . . is it any wonder that Higher Octave Counsel indicates the sending in to us from other planets sufficiently potent intelligences to "straighten out" the grammar-school students without letting them know that any higher calculus is being involved?

The Golden Scripts have apprised us that incarnated in this generation are the souls of some of the mightiest men who have ever walked earth, "never has the world seen such aggregation of talent." The cynical may ask, "Fine! . . . where are they?" The answer is, they may well be the same stirrer-uppers in cases, seeking to arouse and broaden the mental viewpoints of those whose intelligence the populace disastrously takes for granted. What we are passing through at present is the Golgotha of selectivity, giving the false monarchs of statecraft and industry the chance either to prove their merit for heavier commissions or expose them to their common adulators as "stuffed shirts and phonies".

A man doesn't require to be dishonest or hypocritical to be a "phoney", sometimes he can be a bigot when the Crowd has been led to receive him as a pundit, or a leader of men when he's truly but a noisy foreman in his own circumscriptions and enthusiasms.

Apparently the Great Mind overseeing the whole social convulsion is equitable

(Continued on Page 14)



"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"

A NEW \$1 EDITION

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

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ESOTERIC CLASSIC

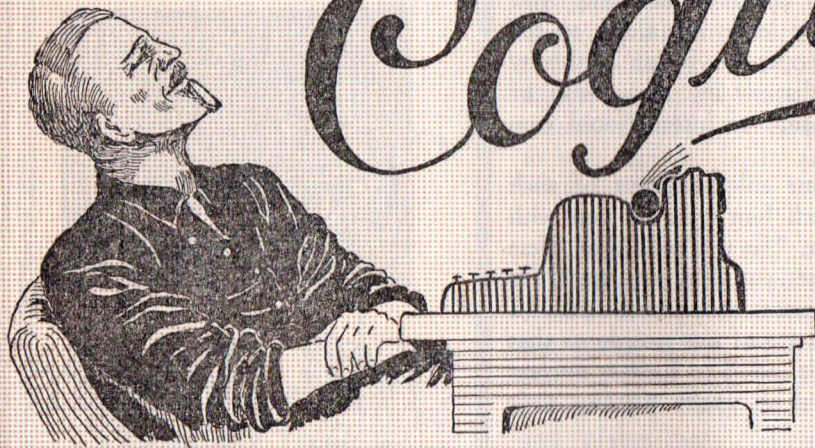
First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .

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

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Cogitations



SOMETIMES I tilt back my chair, cast my mind back over the six and a half decades—almost—that have gone, and ask myself an odd question:

If I had any given sequence of my life to live over, which sequences would I specify? Naturally, none of us cotton to sequences in such retrospecting that are unpleasant. So what I am asking myself to determine is, which sequences of my life have been the happiest? I confess I can't say. Happiness is relative. If someone asked me which experiences of my career have been the most profitable in spiritual returns, I would unquestionably reply my nine months in Soviet Russia during the height of the Bolshevik Revolution. I saw sights and scenes in that nightmare that will never be erased from memory. But would I care to go through them over again? *I would not!* Probably if I were to decide the question purely on a basis of Interesting Reactions I would specify the eight years I spent in Silent Flickers in Hollywood. I went to Hollywood in 1922 when the Boulevard had only three structures that ran higher than three stories, the Security Building, the Guaranty Building, and the Alexandria Hotel, and in the eight years ensuing I made films in every studio but Paramount's, and met everybody of importance in the industry but Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. But always I was haunted by the pressure of Making Good—the eight years held not a moment of relaxation and Being Natural. No, I've got to go further back than 1922 to designate the Happiest Period of My Life. So if I culled out

a sequence that I'd truly like to live over again, I think I would specify the period between 1907 and 1910 when I was ordained to leave high school to go out to upper York State and function as treasurer of my dad's paper corporation. I was 17 at the time. When I became Treasurer of the project, I had to advance my age by five years, the treasurer of a corporation being expected to have attained to his majority. I just conveniently called myself 22. I may recount to you later how always carrying this five years forward turned up as no little patriotic embarrassment . . .

—o—

DO YOU know why 17 to 20 were years of my life that I'd like to go back and live over? You'd never guess in a month of Sundays. *Those were the days when I could smell!* . . . not only were they the days when I could smell, but I'm on fairly safe ground in saying that those were the days when the things that I smelled were sweetest and tenderest. Looking back on those three years in Fulton, N. Y., some 25 miles north of Syracuse, it comes to me that never before or since have flower-buds and blossoming shrubs given off a more delectable perfume in the springtime, or burning leaves supplied me with a more exquisite aroma in autumn. I was approaching my majority and plunged in my first adolescent romance—which might have had something to do with it. But I still think of those years in terms of scents . . . lilacs in moist spring rain, the odor of the paper mill with its beaters charged with sulphite, the haunting nostalgia of old shingles heated by summer sun, the acrid scents of fall, the sterilities of icy winter

—and how icy those Upper York State winters *could* become! Those were three years of Exquisite Smells. Like a terrier dawg, I lived by my nostrils. Then I went back to Springfield, where The Pelley Toilet Tissue Company became the fourth largest such factory in the nation—with a payroll for 103 to be met every Saturday—and branched off into newspaper work, then into magazine-story writing, then went to Japan in 1917 for the Methodist Centenary and Rockefeller Foundation, then sojourned for the better part of a year in Russia—where we didn't call 'em smells but *stinks*—then came home to Vermont again to dive off into a befouled river for a swim and come up with Galloping Typhoid. Nine weeks in the St. Johnsbury hospital with Galloping Typhoid burned out every "smell bud" in my nostrils. I haven't smelled a scent nor an aroma nor a plain downright stink for 33 years. Smell as a sense just simply *isn't*. If I didn't have my memories of Upper York State in spring and autumn, I wouldn't know what reactions from the smell-sense could be like.



IT WAS cracking my noggin on the overhanging bow of a big cypress tree overhanging the befouled river that really destroyed my sense of smell. Like every Piscean I was utterly at home in water and only two weeks before had swum Lake Taylor in Vermont on a bet—which is five miles from shore to shore. But I yearned for a swim on a hot summer day in the adjacent Passumpic River,

left the house, divested myself of garments, climbed the cypress tree by the river's edge and went through the motions of diving off. But straightening for the dive, my skull came in contact with the overhead bough and I fumbled my technique. I hit the water's surface like a mortar-board, and gave a great gulp as the breath went out of me. I'd been told by the purists that the sewage of St. Johnsbury city emptied into the Passumpic River but it had made no impression on me, out of breath as I was with that tree-bungled dive. I swallowed a couple of quarts of the Stuff and came up panting. Couple of hours later, up on the lawn of my residence I didn't feel so good while playing a game of croquet with current visitors. Suddenly I keeled over and they carried me indoors. That was about three-thirty in the afternoon. Hour later I was conscious of a siren screaming somewhere and opened my eyes to see the roof of the City Ambulance above me. I was bound for St. Johnsbury Hospital by doctor's orders. And my temperature seemed to be racing the speedometer. I have not the slightest recollection of being toted into the medical precincts. Last I remembered was the roof of that ambulance, then a little French Canadian nurse on one side of my cot was rubbing my right leg with ice and an old veteran of an R-N was rubbing my left leg with a whole icehouse of it. I wasn't expected to live until morning. However, I did, and leveled off into something like nine weeks and some odd days—very odd!—that now permits you to come into my office in Noblesville, Indiana, smelling of road-tar, skunk-oil, halitosis, asafetida, and various degrees or stages of acute alcoholism, and I'll never give you a second sniff. I won't be able to smell even the eight-cent cigar I may offer you if you've come to buy Soulcraft books. It's a unique liability. I do miss out on a lot of plain and assorted stench; on the other hand, I might really desire to know what scents are like, but the privilege is denied me. That overhanging tree-bough did it . . .

o—o

ONLY two times in my whole 64 years have I been ill—that nine-week stretch with typhoid in St. Johnsbury Hospital and a twelve-week operation in Gallinger Hospital, District of Columbia, twenty-three years later—which ought

to speak well for the therapeutic immunities of Soulcraft. Twenty-one weeks of illness out of 3,328 of health! The only trouble with either occasion was, they wouldn't turn off the *heat* . . . I awakened, I say, in that smell-losing sequence with a couple of nurses rubbing me with ice. My temperature ran up to 103, then 104, then 107, then 132—which is only hundred degrees above freezing. Why that ambulance hadn't delivered me to the St. Johnsbury Ice Company's warehouses, where I could have had the sawdust tamped down solidly about my neck and been forgotten, I could never make out. But around sun-up I returned to the land of the living on a cot-bed, swathed in dry linens, four orderlies engaged in dragging out two trained nurses. What they did with those nurses, I never found out—I hope they were given decent burial. When I reached the crisis of the fever they rang no gongs, there being other patients in that hospital who might think it meant Fire! . . . but I got through whatever crisis existed without gongs being sounded and proceeded to dehydrate—and lose my sense of smell. I dehydrated so recklessly that they let visitors look at me through peep-holes to see how thin a man could become, and live. I got so thin in my limbs that they frequently put my "pajama" trousers on my arms, thinking them my legs and once I was entirely mistaken for a nourishment-tube. In fact I went from 160 pounds to 85. And the diet of egg-nogs they fed me—for nine weeks—caused me to take a vow never to look another nog in the face though I lived as long as Methuselah . . . and I never have. Try me on a nog sometime and see if I succumb to it . . .

o—o

ABOUT the third week that I lay in bed and worried about the next nog coming through the door they had to fix its lock. Just to show you what accompanies the losing of your sense of smell, they sent for the hospital carpenter who specialized on locks and when he walked in with a tray of tools he set them on the floor by tossing them from the height of his shoulder. His tool-box crashed down and I crashed *up*. It was pure Action and Reaction. My nerves were in no shape to have locksmiths toss trays of ten-pound tools on the waxed floors in mid-summer heat, and having no more ballast



What You Can Buy for \$65

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

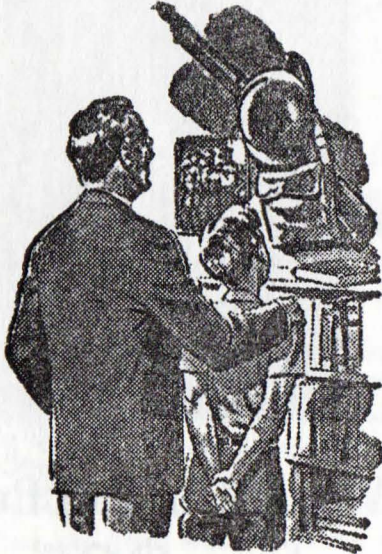
Seven Minutes in Eternity	\$1.00
The Dead Are Alive	\$3.00
Behold Life	\$4.00
Star Guests	\$4.00
Adam Awakes	\$5.00
Thresholds of Tomorrow	\$5.00
Something Better	\$5.00
Soulscripts (9 volumes)	\$45.00
Road into Sunrise	\$6.00
Elucidata	\$1.00
Figure Yourself Out	\$1.00
	<hr/>
	\$80.00

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

Next 30 Days Only!

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

Are You Puzzled by any Special Aspect of the Supernatural?



By all means order and read the fascinating book - -

Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

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

\$3.00 the Copy

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

in me than egg-nogs, I levitated. Fortunately a nurse standing to the left of my cot clutched me in time to save me from becoming badly bruised by the ceiling. I always called that episode the Crisis. Next day I began to read hospital library books which meant I was mending. I proceeded to read hospital library books and mend till the sixty-second day, and by that time they decided they needed my compartment. Old Abbie Fairbanks, of the Fairbanks Scale Company, came after me and took me home to Passumpic in her limousine. Halfway to Passumpic the limousine blew a tire and the chauffeur had to get out and change to the spare. While changing, he must have met with misfortune because when he got back beneath the wheel Abbie said, "James, what *have* you stepped in?" and I suddenly realized I was required to go through the rest of mortality enjoying but four senses. I couldn't smell one dratted thing that had happened to James . . . and never have done so since. You can come into my office in Noblesville any day or season of the year, made odoriferous by anything in the known universe before you enter, and I'll be as blissfully ignorant of it as a babe unborn. Of course the folk at the plant think this is tragic, because the jet of the gas-heater might extinguish any night in my studio and I would sleep right through it and wake up in Elvssia. But that's how it is. I can't SMELL. Whether I've been gainer or loser from the deficiency, is a matter of opinion . . .

o—o

I CLAIM this life holds more stench than it holds aromas, therefore I've gained. But you'd be surprised what a difference a little smell makes when it comes to giving "atmosphere" to a given scene or dwelling. With me, everything odiferous is a blank. Yet I do remember days and times when the henhouse smelled different than the First Methodist Church, and Kelley's poolroom smelled different than Bogart's Undertaking and Embalming Parlors. The large and pompous gentleman certainly smelled more like the Springfield Brewing Company than he did the perfumery counter at Berry-Ball's Department Store. Yet I manage to get along and have not yet been asphyxiated by illuminating or other gases. . . How did I become embarrassed by that five additional years

tacked upon my age? When the draft of 1917 came along, everyone thought me five years older than I was—and exempt. Then when I stepped up and gave my correct age, the town said I was trying to be smart and a hero and get shipped to France, anyhow. Instead, I really got shipped to Russia and had to smell all those exquisite odors in which Russia abounded . . . before I lost my capacity to do it. Life certainly is funny. Do you challenge these statements? Put it to the test. Step in whatever you like and walk in and see if I notice it. Just see if I notice it . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Great Minds

(Continued from Page 11)

enough to give every outstanding personage the crucial opportunity to judge himself as competent or incapable as regional referee in the titanic bankruptcy of statecraft and morals that looms ahead.

But the real issue before this global public in the current juncture is the successful drafting of Big Minds to play the pivotal roles opening with too much certainty for comfort.

How can such drafting occur until such competent mentalities are identified?

And how to set about identifying them?

Well, the sagacity or lack of it with which they come to see the motive behind the H-bomb publicity, increasing in tempo by the hour, is a fairly apt criterion!

But again you've got to have big brains to get it.

Materialization

(Continued from Page 11)

spiritualistic humbug. It is not possible to materialize promiscuously or to scare people at night. That is employing it negatively and reacts quickly on the instigator. When materialization is effected it is usually for some very constructive purpose and only for a moment, as the energy employed by Thought to get the result must be tremendous.

You ask why we do not cooperate in the cause of psychic science. Because we are not interested in advancing the cause

of psychical science; we are only interested in advancing the cause of religious spirituality, which is quite another thing. We are not above a materialization when it means the strengthening of faith. But as for scientific experiments, so-called, why should we be interested in convincing a lot of skeptics who will not believe even after they have been shown? We have better ways of employing our time, even as our Lord did no tricks of magic to gain followers but worked vast miracles when it meant the saving of individual souls.

This whole subject of materialization, both of Matter and Thought, is something that you should investigate and practice fully.

When you have a point to attain in Space, you figure the distances before trying to figure out equations. It is the same with the activities of the Subconscious. You must establish the principles of contact before you go trying to make the human equation balance. You have made the human equation balance in times past, after figuring distances, so to speak, and you felt the proper satisfaction over your mathematical achievements though you did not always recognize their premise.

You have been given a gift, let us say. It is rare and worth receiving. You have a sense of gratitude for the gift. But if the giver owed you money you would somewhat discount the gift as a gift and feel somewhat cool toward it. The same applies to a project that creates a gift by Thought. It is due you for your work in creating it and so having received it you do not feel that you should be overly concerned at getting it.

THE VIBRATIONS begin instantly when you start concentration, and reach their maximum power when you send love and harmony out with them. They do not die and have to be renewed. They go on and on and keep in motion until they find their human objective.

When there is no doubt or fear, they get through your subconscious at once with the greatest ease. In fact your Subconscious is eager to send them out as it anticipates a pleasant return. Only when Fear enters does the way get blocked—and always remember that doubt is a form of Fear.

The contact is always subconscious in

You Can Now Get the Soulscripts Up to Volume Nine . .

There are 13 Weekly *Soulscripts* to each Volume in the order of their publication. Each 13 is bound in a beautiful cover of burgundy-colored leatherette. The Ninth book in this series of Sacred Esoterics has just come from the bindery and can now be shipped same day that order comes in. There are three more volumes to come, making 12 in all or 156 Scripts to the collection. There have been 117 issued to the current week, making 39 still to come. This means the *Soulscripts* will continue to be issued until approximately November, 1954. Price \$5 per volume.



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana



"The Saucers Speak!"

For 14 months western short-wave radio operators have been taking down messages in International Morse Code from senders who assert they are stationed in Space Craft overhead. George Hunt Williamson—who made the Venus man's footprints in plaster Paris—and his co-author Alfred C. Bailey, have written a 128-page book, narrating the messages they have logged on short-wave. Send \$2 for a paper covered copy to—

NEW AGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1542 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif.

the recipient, when enough is stored up, and it must crop out in action. The vibrations reach all those in any position to advance what you wish done but do not imagine always in the same degree. Some are spiritual minded and easy to reach; others are not. Gradually however, the Thought Waves accumulate until they cause a kind of distress and then comes materialization in form of action.

Do passing thoughts irrelevant to Materialization do any permanent damage? Practically none if caught in time and neutralized by others of shame and chagrin.

You start sending out vibrations the moment you start thinking about a thing, but so often the messages are without effect because blurred by wrong associations or taxed by fear and doubt. So you can see what you can accomplish when you proceed sure and calm and fearless. *Every vibration is a sort of emissary of personal power that cannot be lost or ignored.*

MAKE OUT your income tax correctly and you go to the poorhouse; make it out incorrectly and you're in the doghouse.

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



HAVE the whimsy to add an editorial comment this week on the subject of Devil Worshipers. For that is what I name them—not unkindly. Do you know whom I designate as Devil Worshipers? I designate that specific type of orthodox intellect holding Satan and his cohorts to be just as powerful and personal in the earthly scene as Christ or the Christian "Host." Of course such intellect doesn't accredit the Devil as being thus powerful in definite expressions of words. But it credits Old Nick with a literality that makes him so practically, as attested by reactions. The thought to mention it on this page comes from a typical letter received this week from a prairie town out in Kansas—or maybe it was Nebraska. "I am serving notice on you," says this missive, "to stop, cease, and desist from mailing me any more of your hellish literature. Any system of philosophy or ethics that challenges the Vicarious Atonement, or the fact that Christ died for our sins, is secretly a temptation of Beelzebub's. How you can make a commercial business of putting such foul tracts in the mail as you do, only discloses the depths of depravity to which you have sunk. I feel as though I should sterilize the front door mailbox on my residence where some of your mail was deposited this week. If any more of it is sent me, I shall Take Steps." The warning, of course, was not signed. In nine cases out of ten such communications are anonymous. How in the world am I to strike a given name off a mailing-list when I don't know the writer nor his address? Probably I should go and consult Old Nick, whom I'm supposed to keep in the back closet under the stairs. He should be able to identify the writer in a shake . . .

OF COURSE, it is only one such response in a thousand that comes in thusly worded. Nine out of ten persons, learning of the matchless beauty of the spiritual assurances in the Soulcraft literature, respond nobly and wholesomely and great profit accrues to both of us in consequence. But these dyed-in-the-wool Fundamentalists are a headache unto themselves. Whenever I encounter them and they begin their teeth-gnashing at me, I simply shrug as I can and pity them for limitations. Because they actually *do* believe in the literal existence of a monster with forked tail and cloven hoofs. Moreover, a monster on spiritual par with God. Ask them where such Old Nick originated, and I've even had them try to convince me that he was eternal with God to begin with—or from the Beginning of Creation . . . hadn't

he been on hand in the shape of a serpent in Eden, to tempt Eve? Did Holy Writ say anything about God having created him as God was supposed to have created the beasts of the field and ultimately Man? So if God hadn't created him, he must have been co-original with Jehovah. Put that in your pipe and set it afire . . . Yet none of such pundits seem to realize that by thus interpreting Genesis, and attaching so much power and significance to the Mephistophelean offices, they are worshipping the Serpent quite as much as they are worshipping its Divine Contemporary. Certainly, of the two, they accredit the Devil as being feared the most by anyone who's got a lick of sense and can look about him and see the world as it is. Devil Worshipers! What else call them? Wherever your heart is, there will your worshipful emotions be also. Why otherwise have emotions at all? . . .

OR WE have another class of brethren—and some sistren—who willingly credit discarnate intelligence and survival but who forever are preaching at you to beware the existence and influence of the Dark Forces. Whatever goes awry in psychical work is ever due to prevailing influence of the Dark Forces. If the day's stock market go against the novitiate in spiritist matters, the Dark Forces were responsible. They are responsible for everything from a Dear John Letter sent by the faithless wife eloping with the fullerbrushman to the breaking of the fourth tread on the stepladder that dislocated mother-in-law's neck. By paying such attention to the Dark Forces, not to mention using them as scapegoats for everything that happens throughout the week, this type of Demon-Adulator is feeding the negative people with power to continue their deprecations. Declare that they don't exist, and they don't. *They have no power to operate since the soul on the earthside supplies them with none!* To give them the power by continual obeisance to their mischievous potentials is to indulge in a form of worship of them. People in the highest echelons of spirit inform us that the Devil is strictly a creation of man's rationalizing of the potent activities of Ignorance on this earthplane.

¶ THE DEVIL cannot have much power over the person with strength of character to eat and relish one salted peanut

Where Wisdom enters, the Devil hies out the window . . . So I merely feel sorry for these devil-worshippers whose hinterland mailboxes are so contaminated by the Soulcraft advertising-matter. They are utterly sincere, and assume they are doing the Lord's work even though it mean genuflecting an occasional knee to His satanic colleague, Nick. Soulcraft's First Cause has no devils, big or little, about Him. The very notion is abhorrent.