

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 3



. . The Businessman's

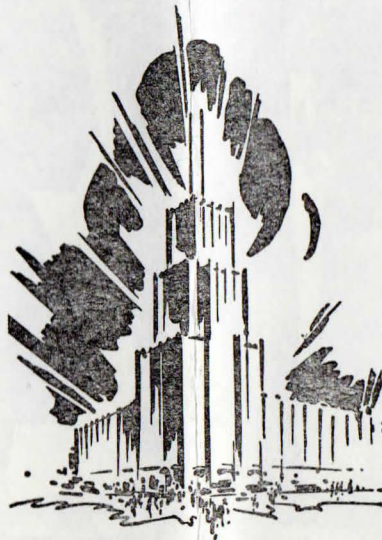
When Humanity Becomes Aware of What the Saucers Truly Are, a Finer Form of Culture Must Appear in the Earth

IN ALL this furore over the "reality" of Flying Saucers—VALOR knows them more accurately by their interplanetary name *Ventlas*—and the various books that are being issued on contact with their operators, a volume written by George W. Van Tassel should by no means be overlooked. Or rather, it might be qualified, some of the information reported by Mr. Van Tassel in his volume *I Rode a Flying Saucer* should by no means be ignored. Van Tassel appends the subtitle: "The Mystery of the Flying Saucers Revealed; Radioed to You by Other World Intelligences in Reaction to Man's Destructive Action." It is a paper-covered presentation of 44 pages and VALOR has been familiar with it since its publication. Let us see first whom George Van Tassel is, and what he has had to tell us that makes his little work of distinction—

He is an aircraft engineer, 43 years old, born in Jefferson, Ohio. He entered aviation after high school in 1927, served as airline mechanic four years, then worked in aircraft for the Douglas interests for nearly nine more years, then Howard Hughes and Lockheed, mostly in flight test jobs. During this twenty-year period of very practical flying, Van Tassel's observations of other craft in the skies was almost continuous and daily. He is now living with wife and three daughters at Giant Rock, 16 miles north of the Twenty-nine Palms Highway, at the Joshua Tree intersection. There he operates a commercial airport, resort, and guest ranch.

Giant Rock Airport had a background of war spy stories a mile long, as Mr. Van Tassel capriciously relates in his brief preface. The previous occupant of Giant Rock, a man named Critzer, was unfortunate enough to possess a German name while the United States was at war in

the last world conflict. Provincial individuals caused him to be investigated so mercilessly that apparently he ended his own life with dynamite to escape the inquisition. Van Tassel had become acquainted with Critzer, knew he was no enemy agent, and helped him financially throughout the eight months of flight test work that Van Tassel was doing for Howard Hughes at Harper Dry Lake near Barstow, California. On Critzer's death, Van Tassel acquired the Giant Rock property, and on the termination of his aircraft employment withdrew there to make it his home. In the clean air, intense quiet, and wholesome outdoor living, Van Tassel began to develop Extra-Sensory Perception rapidly, and his opening contacts with the Saucer occupants began to be established through such channels.



IT IS no time to dismiss such experience and contact with the scoffing comment, "Psychic stuff, eh?" That is coming to exhibit either poignant provincialism or the stupidity of ignorance. On the other hand, there should be supporting evidence to authenticate the bona fide nature of such "psychic stuff" as not

originating in subconscious imagination. It is this qualification that makes *I Rode a Flying Saucer* so notable to VALOR. Its author has received communications by the Extra-Sensory method carrying information that checks with information derived from other sources and by other media, unknown to him.

Van Tassel's book is not an account of an ex-flier being confronted by a Space Man, as George Adamski was confronted, and asked to go for a spin above the stratosphere. It is an account of projecting the consciousness in such manner that his intelligence traveled where his physical self could not. That is a viewpoint that will only be understood by the psychic mentalist. That the end attained is the same, in respect to the information secured, is the one thing that scours. Van Tassel himself says—

"My moronic attempt to convince anyone is only exceeded by the saucer beings themselves. You see, I don't claim to have been aboard a flying saucer; the intelligences that operate the saucers *claim I was aboard!* I am not claiming anything. I only place this information in writing before you, because I believe 'all things possible' in my Creator's universe. I can't even verify *this* belief to you, yet multitudes believe it.

"There is no question left in anyone's mind as to whether the saucers are real. The Air Force has chased them. Radar instruments have picked them up on their scopes. Thousands of people have seen them. If, therefore, they exist, and a man-made instrument called radar has detected and followed them, what is so fantastic in believing that an instrument made by the Creator of this endless universe, has also detected them and received intelligent communication from them?"

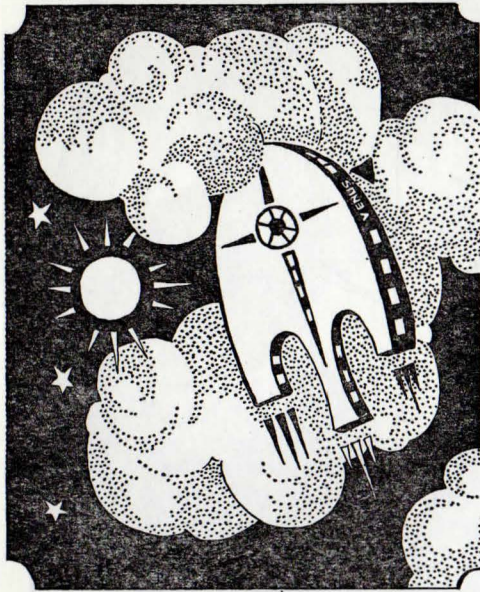
His argument is logical and is conceded. What makes it notable is that what he has gotten, or is getting, checks with similar information gotten by others . . . of whose work he is not aware.

Certain words occurring in the messages from the "saucer beings" call for some explanation that the reader may know what is talked about.

Shan denotes the Planet Earth;

Blaau is the name given to the Fourth Sector of the system of Vela—into which

Thinking Must Alter



our whole solar system is moving;

Schare—pronounced as though spelled *Share-ee*—is the name of a Saucer Station in space;

Ventlas in what the Saucer operators call their own vehicles.

A sample communication of many in Mr. Van Tassel's book is the one received March 21, 1952—

"Greetings. I am Totalmon, 4th projection, 7th wave, Space Patrol, Realms of Schare. Elevation 750 miles above you, speed 170,000 miles per second; returning from the second sector. Our light-cast instructs us to bring you blessings from our Center and the Realms of Blaau. Discontinue."

Or the one received April 4, 1952—

"Salutations to you beings in the 12th Realm of the Third Sector. My instructions are to transmit to you the clearance, authority, and blessings from the center of Schare. We have recently placed 7,000 additional units in the patrol of this system. These will be reinforced in the very near future. I am Latamarx, 62nd projection, 5th Wave, Planet, Realms of Schare. Discontinue."

It is the diction of these bulletins that stamps them with authenticity. Fabricated messages would scarcely be held down to matters so technically prosaic. Neither would fabricated messages contrive to contain matter of so accurately clairvoyant a character as the sample following, sent out on April 19th, 1952—

"Greetings. I am Kerrull, 64th projection, 2nd wave, 4th sector patrol, Realms of Schare. We are now at the planet you call Mars. We shall proceed to your planet, leveling off some 700 miles above the surface. We are instructed from the Center to inform you that due to inaccurate calculations, many of your fellow beings will suffer prolonged illness from an experiment (of yours?) to be conducted next week. This folly, the use of atomic power for destruction, will rebound upon the users. Discontinue."

This message, as Van Tassel remarks, can be verified by medical science. Newspapers began carrying articles signifying a rapid increase in pernicious anemia. This message was received several days prior to atomic bomb tests near Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

IN ONE of the more significant messages received on May 17th, came data that harmonizes with psychical messages received from other sources by other persons than the author of this Saucer volume. Consider this—

"Hail, fortunate ones. I am Singba, Regional Fleet Authority for the entire 45th Projection, all waves, realms of Schare. I am instructed to tell you that the Center Blaau, Schare and multitudes of other centers too numerous to mention, are rejoicing tonight in honor of the contacts that were made with your group last night. As a reward, my Center has given me authority to describe vaguely this ship I command. In your dimensions, what you would call my Flagship is 300 feet thick, 1500 feet in diameter. Our crew is

7,200. No, they are not crowded. Do not forget, they do not have to go around each other. *Neither do our ships.* Our propulsion is the transmutation of hard light particles into soft light particles. Let your scientists figure that one out; not being fourth-dimensional minded, they will discount any possibility of such a thing. Let me inform you further that light does not 'travel'. Light *is*. The transmutation of Energy through intelligent direction causes each cosmic particle to hand this energy called light from one atom to the next. Our ships are composed of Light as a substance, indestructible in the material sense, though we can arrive where we have no further use for the ship and discharge the atoms composing it. Your few smart men of science are guessing up this alley now. This has been a pleasure and I hope to return in the near future. Discontinue."

Van Tassel has published something like 41 communications in his vital and significant book, of which those of August 24th and 31st of last year check with communications on the same subject recorded from the voices of materializations upon electronic tapes made by others, that positively identify the Ventla Operators as coming into this part of the solar system in all constructive love and desire to aid humanity in this difficult period. First the Message of August 24th.

"In the love and peace of Eternal Light, greetings to the mortal being of Shan (earth). Let me first inform you that we are grateful for your continual efforts in maintaining this contact power. For the information of your

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Writings of Patience Worth Only Exceeded in Quantity by Soulcraft Sacred Scripts



THE ENSUING article over the signature of one Jack E. Miller, has reached VALOR's desk, apparently torn from some feature magazine whose identity cannot be learned. It is a capsule presentation of the amazing episode of Patience Worth, writing clairaudiently through a Mrs. John Curran of St. Louis, beginning in 1913. As such, it holds double significance for VALOR readers, inasmuch as only the Pelley transcripts of epiphanal material—now starting to become known all over the English-speaking globe as Soulcraft—have not only approximated but surpassed the Patience Worth dictations in point of words, manuscript volume, or consistent development of a sacred theme. VALOR would cheerfully give publisher's credit for this article, if its source could be determined.

NOT so long ago in the United States, Mr. Miller states, a problem was handed to the nation's outstanding scientists that stopped them cold. They had been requested by sane and sober periodicals to come up with a rational explanation for the phenomenon of Patience Worth. And they couldn't—they simply couldn't.

Who was Patience Worth, and why had she suddenly become a fit subject to tax the combined brains of our leading scientists?

It will be necessary to go back to a sultry evening in July of 1913. Two St. Louis housewives, a Mrs. John Curran and a Mrs. Emily Hutchins were amusing themselves with a popular sport of the times, an ouija board.

In those days, nearly everyone owned a ouija board, which was supposed to enable one to speak with the spirits, receive messages, etc. Spiritualism had just about reached its peak in 1913, and the ouija was a manifestation of this interest.

¶ *Extra-Sensory Perception Aroused in Housewife Wrought Wonder Baffling Scientific World*

It might be well to point out at the outset that neither woman had previously evidenced any really strong interest in mediums and spiritualism—no more, that is, than the average person. And they were playing with the ouija board in the same manner as many women in all walks of life amuse themselves by telling each other's fortunes with cards or tea leaves.

Mrs. Curran was holding the pointer when it happened. "It" was a sudden and strong pressure on her hands, and before their startled eyes, they watched as the pointer spelled out a distinct message:

"Many moons ago I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name."

The two gentle women stared at the message, and then at each other. For a long moment, neither one of them mould muster up enough courage to speak a word. But finally Mrs. Curran swallowed hard, and after a struggle, found her voice.

"Er—exactly who are you?" she whispered.

The answer was immediately forthcoming, informing Mrs. Curran that the lady on the other end was Patience Worth. She had been born in Dorsetshire, England, in 1694, and had always wanted to be a writer.

That's how it all started—the beginning of what is doubtless the strangest and most inexplicable literary collaboration in the history of psychic phenomena. During the next 15 years, Patience Worth, utilizing Mrs. Curran as medium,



produced four full length novels and almost 2,500 poems, for a combined total of 3,000,000 words.

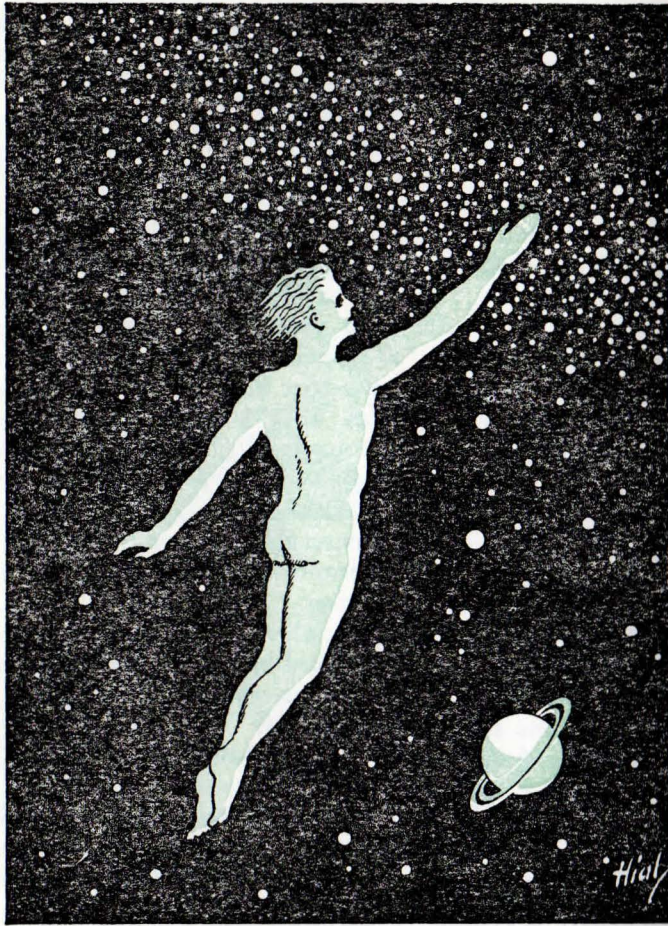
Mrs. Curran was interviewed, and tested by leading scientists and psychologists in America, but none could find any evidence of fraud or chicanery. And the skeptical suspicion of many who at first considered it all part of a gigantic hoax was also doomed to disappointment.

Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, of the Boston Society for Psychic Research, had spent considerable time on the case, and his conclusions were shared by the leading psychologists of the times. Dr. Prince said:

"Either our concept of what we call the subconscious must be radically altered so as to include potencies of which we hitherto have had no knowledge, or else some cause operating through, but not originating in, the subconscious of Mrs. Curran must be acknowledged."

Mrs. Curran's (or, if you will, Patience Worth's) first novel was entitled, "A Sorry Tale." It was published by one of the more reputable publishing houses in July of 1917, exactly four years to the month after she received the first visitation.

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We Are All of Us Suspended Like God in Pure Space . .

Another Paper

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

avenue or channel not been followed.

Natural laws, therefore, are laws which compel self-deciding spirit to develop in a given and definite direction, that as progress is made in the aforesaid direction there shall accrue a vaster realization of one's spiritual possibilities.

Now when we talk about spiritual possibilities, just what sort of jargon are we mouthing? Why should spirit have possibilities, and why should it climb a long

ramp of energy expenditure and physical suffering in order to be able ultimately to recognize and employ them?

OCCUPIED though we may be with the quandaries and harassments of the current day, nevertheless it is a fact that cosmically speaking we are going nowhere. We are walking from birth until death upon one materialistic planet—or planet composed of materials—that in its turn is revolving about a vast fiery body known as the Sun. The Sun is going nowhere, excepting that it in turn may be revolving about some vaster centrosome—Arcturus, Sirius, or some other gigantic star—and all these heavenly bodies hang suspended in more or less empty space, empty at least for our present discussion.

That they have motion about each other means nothing, excepting to supply them with the phenomenon of seasons. They follow around and around the same track, or course, aeon after aeon. All is confined within a given set of cosmic regulations. In other words, all motion—being circumscribed—is more or less static. So motion means nothing, ex-

BOILED down into a paragraph, this is what the human race wants: Self-conscious existence without discipline of any sort, subsisting on minimum energy-expenditure on its own part, and allowed to romp on any octave of Reality at its whim. Opposed to this utter lawlessness of Free Spirit is the mundane universe with its so-called Laws of Control. These Laws of Control are popularly described as Natural Laws.

Between the circumscribing fiat of Natural Law, and the caprice of the self-conscious individual there is ever a sort of war. Natural Law says that the Spirit shall do certain things in a certain way. It shall attain to its ultimate desires by a sharply-defined route. Free Spirit struggles against these laws as the mouse struggles to free itself from the paw of the cat. It does Free Spirit no good. Free Spirit has to conform to the Laws of Nature. So to talk about a Free Spirit is a misnomer and a paradox. There is no such thing.

There is, however, such a thing as a self-deciding spirit—a spirit capable of

making conscious decisions as to whether it will continue indefinitely to fight the Laws of Nature or develop itself in harmony with them.

The moment that it ceases to fight the laws of Nature and develops itself in harmony with them, it discovers that definite profit accrues. So the laws of Nature are beneficent laws and put into Cosmos to be obeyed to human profit. That postulates that there is a God of Eternal Good somewhere in the cosmic ensemble, else the laws which He has made could not have certain profit as the result of obeying them. The character of any Creator is determined by the character of his creations.

These Laws of Nature, which are therefore obeyed under duress or penalty, have the effect of shaping Self-Deciding Spirit into a given avenue or channel. And the purpose of forcing self-deciding spirit to follow a given avenue or channel seems to be that at the end of that avenue or channel there shall be gains in a sense of greater self-awareness, or power to perceive that one's soul IS, and that it has possibilities for function that would not have been grasped had the

cepting to produce the phenomenon of seasons.

We are all of us suspended, like God, in pure space. That we have an elliptical jiggle this way or that way, over countless years or millennia, means nothing to Pure Space. We are simply in it, existing, fated never to get out of it.

Going somewhere means nothing because there is no place in Pure Space for us to go.

That forces us to do a peculiar thing: To examine ourselves introvertly.

Gradually it commences to dawn upon us that all of our real progressions are not those made in relation to planetary spaces or distances, but in relation to what we understand about ourselves today as spirits, compared to what we understood about ourselves yesterday—as spirits.

What possibilities have we, as Gods hanging without movement in Pure Space, that have not yet occurred to us by looking into ourselves and perceiving that they are there?

IN THIS mighty arena of Pure Space, sprinkled with star-dust planets on which we confine ourselves for times and seasons in physical mechanisms, we think Thoughts about ourselves. It is cosmically impossible for us to think a thought that does not concern ourselves. Whatever the thought may be which we embrace, we are subconsciously postulating: "What is my spiritual reaction to the whole of it?" And no matter what the answer may be in detail, the proposition of placing ourselves in reaction to a thought, makes us spiritually a factor in the essence of it. So we think this thought, as we fancy, about the universe—although all the while we are more surely thinking this thought or that thought concerning our personal reactions to the universe as we conceive or perceive it.

Those thoughts that we think about ourselves are terribly personal, no matter that the rest of the universe IS mixed up in them as secondary factor, and always and forever they consist of this involvement: "Having the power or faculty of perceiving, how much do I perceive, and to what degree does it enable me to approach to the completeness of my Whole in my mentally-grasping calculations?"

We are truly concerned in a subconscious or instinctive grasp for a knowl-

edge of the ultimate. But we are guilty of this oversight:

We fail to grasp that the knowledge of the ultimate is only grasped through being and sensing, not through observing or listening.

Nature's Laws, and the enforced obedience which we render to them, simply conduct us along avenues or channels of being and sensing.



WE SUFFER, thereby we KNOW. The business of Coming to Know—so that the revelation remains with us and becomes an integral part of our character—is the experience called Suffering. Suffering, conversely, is conformity with that which permanently teaches us something or adds something to our characters which was not in them before the suffering took place.

New knowledge is always painful.

Pain is the act of acknowledging the acquisition of permanent knowledge.

If there be no pain there is truly no knowledge that proposes to endure within our own grasp of the possibilities of Self.

Some people describe this also as Growth.

But Growth is a mischievous term. There is only so much material-essence in all cosmos. It parts, divides, wanders, and adheres again. Nothing can truly Grow. It can only acquire. It adds particles to its centrosome and when they are in demonstration after acquisition, popular fancy has it that there is growth.

Development is another mischievous term. To develop means to enlarge. But that, as an act, must be purely spatial. It registers that whatever was previously under control within the circumscriptions of one arena of activity now commands a larger arena of activity or it cannot exhibit.

What has abstract Space to do with Consciousness? Consciousness as such, therefore, cannot have development, since Consciousness can recognize itself in a spatial arena the size of a needlepoint quite as adroitly as in the bulk of Betelgeuse.

So, correctly speaking spiritually, we neither grow nor do we develop.

What then, do we do?

By experience-suffering we come into recognition of latent or dormant attributes that have been within our psyches from the moment of All Creation. Putting it in another way, we remember.

We suddenly come into conscious consciousness of what we have always known unconsciously, or non-employably.

Pleasure-pain experiencing is an Uncovering.

Discipline, by natural law or no, is being forced by being and sensing, to recognize what we primordially have always consisted of!

The knowledge has to be within ourselves to start with. Knowledge in the consciousness sense, could not come from outside Consciousness. It concerns Consciousness internally and is a property of consciousness internally.

Thought influences, pleasure-pain impulses, may originate outside Consciousness, but they mean nothing except as abstractions till Consciousness reacts to them in terms of recalling that which is dormant or hidden within itself.

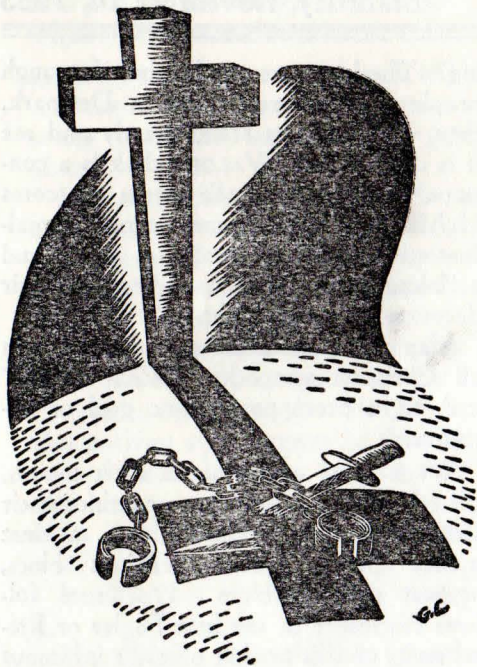
Pain causes you to suffer.

Suffering causes you to take the veils off yourself and know yourself for what you contain.

Knowing yourself for what you contain presents you with all license and all liberty in Cosmos, because then you know how to use it under perfect control. The capability of acknowledging the need for the control is part of the Remembering.

Always remember, that you suffer because you do not know. Pain is the *prima-facie* evidence of some sort of Ignorance. All-knowing people cannot suffer pain of any sort. They even remember the causes making for Pain, therefore Pain has no chance to perform in them as a reaction. Discipline, supposed to stand as next-door neighbor to Pain, is merely standing up to this enforced process of premeditated remembering, doing the thing, and coming into the consciousness—or recognition—of it.

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A GREAT many times I have had people ask the question, "What is the value of the Bible?" Or they have made statements similar to this: "I just can't understand the Bible" or, "Its so full of contradictions that I don't know how to separate the truth from the error." And, of course, there are those who maintain that there is no particular good, above other great classics, to be derived from a study of the Bible.

I feel it is well for us to bear in mind what the Bible essentially is, and what its real underlying theme is. To do so is to be able to appreciate its purpose and value for all of us. Simply to declare that we can't understand it, or that it is contradictory, or that much of it does not fit the facts of life, does not meet the issue. Anyone at all familiar with English and American Literature, in particular, realizes the inestimable worth that has been placed upon the moral and ethical value of the Bible by great minds for hundred of years. Surely there must be much in it that is invaluable to our thought and life.

IT IS of course impossible, in a short article, to give anything but the briefest consideration to the basic theme and purpose of the Bible. But that brief condensation can be helpful to those who see and appreciate the need of some knowledge of the book.

Basically, what is the Bible about? What is its main thought content, or its underlying theme? That is necessary to

Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

The Meaning of the Bible

determine. And when we grasp that we have a yardstick, as it were, by which to measure the worth of its message, and we have a fundamental rule by which we may more understandably interpret the total book.

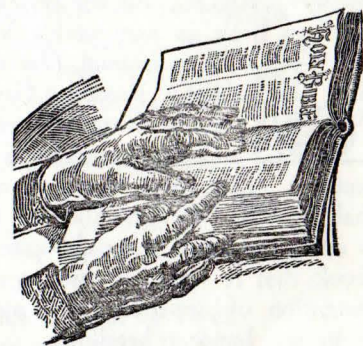
Beneath all the apparent disparity and confusion, and contradictory elements, there is an underlying harmony of teaching. One author has likened this to an orchestral overtone. There were many kinds and types of minds that wrote the original manuscripts of the various books. There are, likewise, many kinds and types of minds, as thought and action, portrayed by Biblical characters. Some are very good. Some are very bad. And in between these are all the general run of just natural human beings. The reader finds many traits of character—piety, reverence, love, humility, courage, but he also finds deceit, hate, cowardice, ruthlessness . . . all the good and bad of human nature that has existed through history.

BUT underneath it all, the earnest reader will detect a basic desire and a basic effort—the desire to know God, and the effort to find Him. And the earnest reader hears a harmonious overtone—a gradual but sure evolving of man's knowledge about God and his relation to God that rises in crescendo from the earliest, vague ideas about God, through all the stages of kings, prophets, and priests, until the grand finale is reached in that supernal revelation through the Personality of the ages, Jesus the Christ.

Daniel Webster was once asked, "What is your greatest thought?" His reply was, "God, and my relation to him." Actually, that contains the real and underlying theme and purpose of the Bible. For it gives, in a nutshell, the essential elements of that orchestral overtone that is the warp and woof of the theme and purpose of the book. What

are those elements?

Stated in their logical sequence they are, first, God and his nature; second, Man and his relation to God; and third, The means and method by which man becomes like God. These three elements run like a golden thread through all the Bible, until they find their end in the sublime teachings and Transcendent Personality of Jesus the Christ.



CLARIFIED more clearly, these three elements constitute the real "Gospel"—the gospel of "good news" that started in those long ago ages with man's effort to find and know God, and has continued with ever increasing expansion of his success in the upward climb toward Godhood. In these three elements, man has found the road that leads to "the city of God."

In the first, man has discovered a God of unlimited love, compassion and altruism. That conception of the Almighty was not conceived all at once. It has been a gradual unfolding, progressive path of expanding knowledge. Nor have we plumbed the depth of what God is like, but we are on our way, and the path leads upward.

In the second element, man finds his essential kinship to God. He is actually a child of God. He is a particle—an essential and vital particle—of Divinity. And he is on his way to Godhood himself, for the godhood is within him.

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Our Error

CREDIT for the review article in last week's VALOR, *Unconditional Hatred*, by Capt. Russell Grenfell, was inadvertently omitted and the oversight is hereby rectified. The article was sent to this journal by Miss Marilyn Allen of Utah. It so aptly expressed VALOR's opinion of the book that it was cast into type with the intention of appending the author's name in the handset headlines.

Some long-delayed morning, Mariyln Allen is due to awaken to the proper acclaim coming to her for the sterling writings in the name of Christian Americanism that she has authored.

Sorry, Marilyn. No hard feelings?

This Was the Beginning

LET NO Soulcrafter in the nation miss viewing Rita Haywood, Stuart Granger and Charles Laughton in *Salome*. It is the technicolor talkie drama of John the Baptist. The New Testament story is slightly altered to make Salome—who danced for the head of the Baptist—a sympathetic character instead of a villainess. But this slight change removes nothing from the spectacle's dramatic significance.

Columbia Pictures have produced a sacred masterpiece in *Salome* that in VALOR's opinion surpasses 20th-Century-Fox's *Robe*. For the first time on

any screen you can see a reproduction of the Sermon on the Mount, listen to what purports to be the Master's voice speaking the Beatitudes, and hear the word "Jesus" used sacrosanctly but unabashedly to a movie audience from the screen.

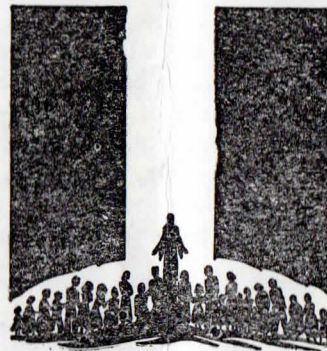
The racially cynical may declare that it has been done strategically, but the strange repercussion is, that its effect outdistances all racial strategy. Such is the way that sacred performance works out.

John the Baptist in sacred history was actually Jesus' first cousin, one of the facts that the scenarist overlooked in having Stewart Granger as Claudius, a Captain of the Roman Guard, report to John on the Elder Brother's appearance. John had known Jesus since boyhood.

But the superb touch of devout artistry comes in the final fadeout to the Sermon on the Mount, where a title-line ends the picture—

This was the Beginning

Indeed, it was the Beginning—the Beginning of the mighty drama that now appears to go into the climax of its great third act down here in 1953-4.



But is it not surpassing strange that both literary and cinema arts are suddenly applied with such assiduity to stories concerning The Christ!

Why should they be coming at this particular time?

Soulcrafters know the answer to that one, if they know nothing else.

All toward What?

THERE is a type of mind that arises in explosive indignation at conspiracy and corruption. Unfortunately, "doing something" about conspiracy or corruption resolves to the buying of mimeograph machines and mailing out expose upon upon expose, to the monotonous theme-song of *Whither Are We Drift-*

ing? The idea seems to be that if enough people learn of rottenness in Denmark, they will somehow stand erectly and see it is cleaned out. VALOR's desk is a continual lodestone for the works of scores of Mimeograph Reformers exposing malfeasance of an international order and acclaiming in grandiose adjectives their devotion to "the Fight."

May this publication put the query in all Christian sympathy, "What Fight?"

A fight presupposes some goal or objective.

Week after week, month after month, the Mimeograph Reformers continue their tirades—against racial blocs, against money blocs, against religious blocs, against political blocs. Disclosure follows disclosure in the best Pegler or Riesel style, of this or that official's infamous connections, of this or that group's Marxist associations, of this or that public official's particular racial origin. The clear-eyed mentalist looks at these poignant efforts and asks, "So what?"

Back in the early days of Sovietism or the New Deal, journals like *Social Justice*, *Liberation*, or *The Menace*, were double-barreled journalistic weapons because they were mouthpieces of constructive Movements; they were not, as journals, Movements in themselves. Today, expose bulletins, tracts, pamphlets and screamers are ten cents a bunch—and expensive at that, because the fundamental truth has long since been told. Mimeographing a bulletin, even publishing a newspaper, is by no means any Movement by itself. The veterans in the bona fide fight to preserve the Christian pilosophy, the Nordic integrity, or the constitutional prerogative, know that the true subversionist cares scarcely a flip for the challenging diatribe—with the sole exception of one segment that makes a racket out of "defending" one race particularly from critical attacks. Real veterans in the Great War for social purity in either morals, culture, or economics have learned the hard way that it's *organization* the true subversionist fears—and will do something about.

Organization means having a program that has been carefully thought out, whose ends are meritorious and possible of achievement.

One international spokesman for a group of marplots expressed it on one occasion, "We don't care how much you rave against us, so long as that's all you do—just rave. But when you start or-

ganizing to do something about it in direct action, we're paying attention and seeing that the leaders don't get no place."

So you can always judge the true merit and effectivity of such organization by the severity of the assailment, by smear, legal action, political "investigation" and decidedly penal servitude.

There are always chest-thumping patrioteers who call attention to the valor of their acclamings. But do you notice that nothing ever happens to them in the way of reprisal because actually they are not bestirring enough cosmic dust to make their persecution—or prosecution—worth attention?

It isn't that they're clever enough to stay out of trouble.

They're not accomplishing enough—in the practical manner—to make it worth any assailed bloc's while to effectively demolish them.

It is as commendable as it's pathetic, we repeat, that whole phalanxes of the most earnest crusaders have their sequences of taking pen or typewriter in hand, doing their writings on mimeograph stencils, and expending pence and midnight oil on a million things rotten in the American Denmark, from United Nations to flourine chemical in the city water.

You look in vain, however, for precisely the method by which remedies that truly remedy shall be introduced—beyond the milk-and-water "goal" of Sit Down Today and Write Your Congressman.

The Congressman could read only one sixty-fourth of the effusions.

In fact, being the political captive of his Administration leaders, he could do nothing about it without losing portfolio.

The venom that was raised against The Silver Legion or The Christian Party was backhanded compliment to an objective that was real, that had been studiously thought out, that was based on legal proof fact, that knew where it was going and how to get there, and clarified it for the grocery and garageman in the side street. When its leader had been infamously incarcerated—"railroaded" is the term they now apply to it in Indianapolis—and was seeking United States Supreme Court adjudication, one Administration leader declaimed, "We can't have that guy out. He knows too much. He'd be the rallying-point for the forces of reaction against us."

There you have it.



The Few Who Know



THE FEW who *Know* guard well the knowledge held,

Against that day when all shall grasp the Truth,

They keep the Silence, hold the Vigil long
And wait the time when earth shall pass
its youth.

These Few who Know, the guardians of the race,
Are full aware of their Great Maker's plan;
They know that God is good, is love, is truth,
That He knows naught of discord made by man.

They talk with Him—the Great Designer Pure,
They know Him and are known of Him always,
They feel aware that Presence fills all space,
Knows naught of night, but lives in Radiant Day.

They know that this Red Planet where we dwell
Is ever Eden school where man must learn;
And if mankind in war smite hard the earth,
The planet will smite mankind in return.

They know "Thou shalt not kill" a promise is,
When knowledge of the Cause is gained, complete;
They know that earth grasps not of creed or race,
But senses only mankind's billion feet.

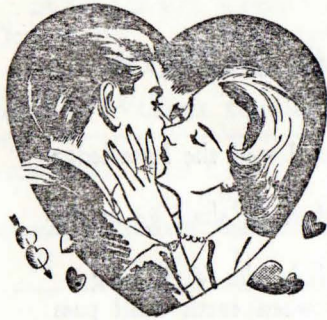
When mortal man in clans or nations all,
Takes gifts from earth but smites her in return,
And uses fire with falseness to destroy,
Then man in quick result must surely burn.

The Law is good, the Law is just and clean,
Our God knows naught of discord, lust, or war,
But man by killing brother man must know
That he must settle, even up the score.

And so these Few, these very Few, who Know,
Keep silence and await the growing Day
When boundaries shall be stricken from the earth
And Brotherhood of Man shall come to stay.

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

"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!*

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*One Edition,
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Soulcraft Chapels

None of which is any belated adulation of the Silver Legion or the Christian Party. It is clarification of the "despair" that too often settles on the crusading mimeographers, that the national or international fight is "hopeless." The national or international fight is decidedly not hopeless. It is being fought with editorial diatribes instead of scourges of cords, and therefore getting no place.

Indeed, what place is there to get?

What possible good does it do for Tom Jones, insurance agent, with office up over the Five-and-Dime Store on Main Street to have it screamed at him that Joe Glutz, just appointed to the Atomic Commission was formerly a member of the Yugoslav Goat Raisers, who supplied horns for dignitaries in the Kremlin?

So the forlorn mimeographers continue to revolve hand machines that turn out profits for A. B. Dick Company, but preciously few for Thomas P. Jones, insurance agent over the Five-and-Dime.

The constructive note in all of it?

Leave the mimeograph to the small fry for a season, regardless of ink-ruined pinafores, lock the self in a room upstairs for four days, and come down with a hard-headed, practical, and worthwhile program for all the Tom Joneses to make their influence felt but without taking the law into their own hands.

How many mimeographers have ever done that?

Fact is, only one in twenty ever conceives the idea of thinking his diatribes through to one single tacit accomplishment. Moment he does that, he might get attention. But prisons will yawn for him.

Really they'll be a compliment to his capability. Otherwise he's just flattering his own vanity, beholding his blotted works in type.

Patience Worth

(Continued from Page 4)

The *New York Times* immediately stamped it as a serious and significant work, and was lavish with superlatives in describing it.

Patience Worth must have been considerably encouraged by the favorable reviews, for she immediately put her medium to work on another novel. The second one, "Hope Trueblood," revolved around a peasant girl in 17th century

England, and was highly praised by a London reviewer as "a landmark of fiction."

But Patience did not confine herself to novels. She offered the world, through her medium, some really excellent poetry. Its value can be judged from the fact that in "Braithwaite's Anthology of Poetry for 1917," Vachel Lindsay was represented by three poems, Edgar Lee Masters by a single poem, Amy Lowell by three poems—and Patience Worth by five poems!

At first, Mrs. Curran received her messages via the ouija board, one letter at a time. But halfway through the book, she began to "see" whole passages, and henceforth dictated to her husband at the rate of over 100 words a minute.

Now here is the clincher. Hardly a dozen of the 3,000,000 words in her novels and poems were of a later vintage than the 17th Century, and etymologists who examined her words testified that it was impossible, without years of intensive study, for a person to compose as much as a short story in 17th Century English.

What's more, all agreed that a middle-class housewife who had never attended high school, and never ventured outside of Missouri, could hardly be expected to write a 70,000-word narrative in iambic blank verse in 70 hours.

Nonbelievers who came to investigate were startled at what they saw. Mrs. Curran often worked on three or four stories at the same time, and was in the habit of skipping from one to the next in a single sitting without once losing track of the story.

Once, her husband mislaid an entire chapter of "A Sorry Tale." He was deeply troubled by his carelessness, but Patience Worth thought nothing of it. She obligingly dictated the whole chapter all over again.

Are you wondering if historians ever discovered a real Patience Worth living in the long-ago? They did! A girl by that name was found to have been born in Dorsetshire County, England, in 1694. Some 30 years later, she migrated to America and was killed during an Indian attack in King Philip's War. Moreover, many of the architectural landmarks referred to in her novels still stand in her native county. Local records indicate that other landmarks existed around 1694.

Patience Worth stopped communicating with Mrs. Curran in 1928, and nine years later, Mrs. Curran died. But to

this date, nobody has been able to solve this most mystifying literary puzzle of all times.

—JACK E. MILLER

Soulcraft Rostrum

(Continued from Page 7)

In the third element, man has caught the vision of the way upward. He is finding out the mighty Plan of God for human redemption that culminates, and finds expression, in the teachings and person of Jesus the Christ. Christ is truly Son of God. But he is also our Elder Brother. We have kinship with him in that he is one of us, but the one who has advanced in wisdom, love and power to transcendent heights, so that he becomes our Leader, Lord and Savior. He saves us by showing us the way. By the example of that magnetic life, we are able to see the divine possibilities inherent within our own beings, and so to rise out of our human faults and frailties. In doing so, he is ever near to guide us and lead us on the ascending road to Godhood.

These three elements, then form the main theme of the Bible. And the total book should be judged and interpreted accordingly. In the study of it, one should keep that main theme in mind. If that is done, one will be more able to differentiate between truth and error. For there is both Divine and human thought in the Bible. Understanding this, and knowing its general theme, or overtone, we will reject that which does not fit the facts of the theme, and we will accept and use all that falls in line with that great and grand general theme and purpose.

Abraham Lincoln once said, "Take all the Bible on reason that you can, and the rest on faith, and you will live and die a better man."

Man and God

(Continued from Page 6)

Orthodox persons dwell much upon Christ's "suffering" upon the cross.

If Christ suffered on the Cross, then He could not have been Christ, and Christianity has been a hoax.

A thousand Indian fakirs can make themselves impervious to physical suffering, and allow you to stick them with

pins and gnash them with knives.

Are we prepared to state that Jesus was not as far advanced in Knowledge as a thousand East Indian fakirs?

Christ died upon the Cross to show us that man, by remembering those things needful to recall about himself, can render himself impervious to physical agony.

It was all an Example, not an ordeal.

To call it an ordeal is to misrepresent the entire Christian Message.

The Human Race, spiritually considered, started out with all Cosmos enwrapped within itself, compressed within itself, and Consciousness anesthetized to its knowledge. Pleasure-pain, through discipline—natural laws or no—awakens the recollection.

Again I say, we are all Gods hung in space. Life is not going anywhere but Inward.

HOW MUCH, therefore, can you aid yourself to remember about yourself, in this inward-exploring expedition which happens to be the life you are living at present? Try to make your consciousness realize that there comes a time when Things, as such, peter out on you. It makes no difference whether the things be pencils, Waltham watches, granite boulders, or spiral nebulae. The time will come eventually when you will grasp the end of Form and all things formal.

Where do you think you are going from there?

The answer is, that you have to go Inward with a mightier gesture than ever you put forth in a disciplinary world of outward, spatial, abstract, materially-made Things.

Remember that there can never be a limit to the Internal Dimension.

One hundred million years from today you will still be alive, and still finding out new facts about yourself by the pleasure-pain disciplinary avenue or channel along which more and more natural laws will hurl you.

Stop, therefore, pitying yourself.

God is determined to make you the duplicate of Himself whether at present you like it or not.

And you will become a duplicate of Him by opening the inexhaustible reservoirs of your Own Spirit.

"THE WIND and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators."



"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"

A NEW \$1 EDITION

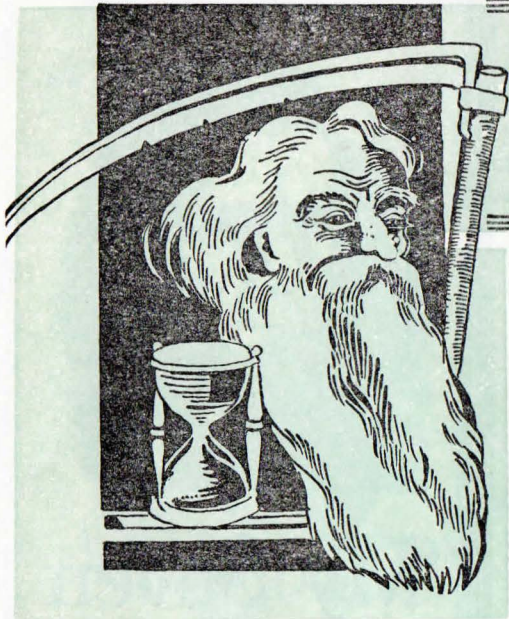
The book you should read first, to understand how Soulcraft came about

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 . . .

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
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



COGITATIONS

LRAN across something particularly fine the other night by William Allen White, erstwhile editor of the *Emporia* (Kan.) *Gazette*. It happened to be

in a sheaf of penciled manuscript I had brought home from Terre Haute. Let me reprint it below exactly as I copied it. Then I'll enlighten you in the queer influence of Bill White on my odd life—

"You tell me that Law is above freedom of utterance," White had stated. "And I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there be free expression of the wisdom of the people—and, alas, their folly with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is proof of man's kinship with God.

"You say that freedom of utterance is not for times of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in times of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed. And the reverse is true also. Only when free utterance is suppressed is it needed, and when it is needed it is most vital to justice.

"Peace is good. But if you are interested in peace through force and without free discussion—that is to say, free utterance decently and in order—your interest in justice is slight. And peace without justice is tyranny, no matter how you may sugar-coat it with expedience.

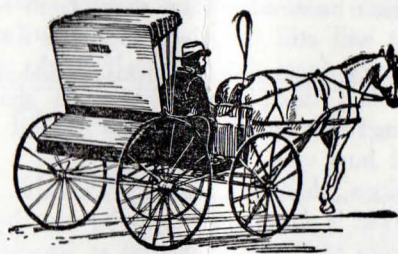
"This State today is in more danger from suppression than from violence. Vio-

lence, indeed, is the child of suppression. Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace, and whoever tramples on the plea for justice temperately made in the name of peace, only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when we got our manhood. When that is killed, brute meets brute on each side of the line.

"So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this State will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward, if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts may hold—by voice, by posted card, by letter, or by press.

"Reason has never failed men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks in this world!" . . .

NOT BAD, you should agree. Might have been a pro-Pelley editorial in the *Emporia Gazette* during the Indianapolis unpleasantness of 1942. However, it was not. I wanted Bill White at the Indianapolis unpleasantness by special request along with Charles Lindbergh as one of my defense witnesses, but he'd just come home from Mayo Brothers—if my memory serves me right—and wired me his regrets. You see, I'd known him since 1929 . . . by correspondence. We never chanced to meet in the flesh.

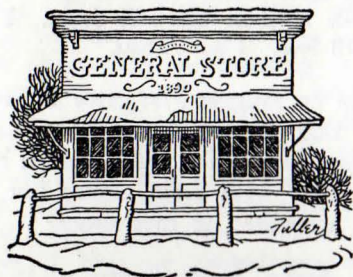


And yet Bill White of the *Emporia Gazette*, held third place on the list of personages who had most to do with the shaping of my career, my dad and Elbert Hubbard preceding him in the order named. How did it happen? It began in the newspaper office in Bennington, Vermont. I'd gone broke trying to

make a paying proposition of the *Deerfield Valley Times* over eastward in Wilmington, not so much because I couldn't make a Weekly pay but due to the inhuman financial obligations I'd run up, striving to save the life of my beloved daughter Harriet. She'd come down with cerebral meningitis, and the doctors and specialists I'd employed, along with her Brattleboro Hospital bills, clamped me tight behind the eight-ball. So I'd relinquished the paper to creditors, gone westward over the mountain, and landed a job with Governor Howe on the *Evening Banner*. Frank had wanted a pressman-superintendent, who likewise knew "make-up." So I settled down to doing the stone-work on a six to eight-page evening newspaper, and when I had the forms locked, clapped them on a Cox-Duplex press for the princely remuneration—for 1914—of \$16 weekly. All through the opening year of World War I, the *Banner* came out without slip or falter. It was part of my apprenticeship at the printing trade that was to serve me in producing the *Soulcraft* publications forty years later. But those doctor and hospital debts were giving me insomnia . . .

ONE AFTERNOON in Griswold's Newsroom I picked a copy of *The American Magazine* off the rack, paid 25¢ for it, and walked home reading it. *The American* was just coming into prominence, founded on the same editorial policy that had made Orison Sweet Marden's *Success* one of the outstanding periodicals of an era that has passed. One John Siddell, of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer's* Sunday edition had been hired to resuscitate a foundering *American*, along with one or two other monthlies owned by a New York printing concern that had gotten in over its head. And John's idea—I had every license to call him by his first name for I was later to find myself on his payroll for fourteen years and sit talking with him in a darkened office until seven or eight of many an evening—

was to build the *American* on the work of new writers. What he wanted was "human interest stuff." He was offering \$250 an original story for every yarn accepted from an unpublished writer. Maybe, thought I—my heart in my mouth—here was the answer to my nocturnal insomnia. I went to work on a story. I called it "Spirit of the West." It was all about a Nevada cowboy who found a pair of slippers belonging to his best friend on the scene of a crime and hid them out with surprising results. I sent it to *The American*. *The American* sent it back. I rewrote it and sent it to another magazine. The other magazine sent it back. I sent it to a whole flock of magazines. The whole flock of magazines sent it back. To use a trade term, I might comment that it smelled. Just to show you what tenacity you must exercise in the early stages of the writing game—before ending as one of the highest-paid magazine writers in America—I accumulated 175 rejection-slips before I sold "Spirit of the West" to *Popular Magazine* for \$50. And it was the biggest \$50 I ever made in my life. But long before "Spirit of the West" had released the jack-pot, I had tried my hand at other plots. I started the Hooty Malone stories, later featured in *Adventure*. All had to do with wild and wooly gunmen on the broad sweeps of Montana range. And at that particular period I had never been west of the Mississippi in my life.



I WAS mechanical superintendent of the *Banner*. Its Managing Editor was one Clayton Kinsley, affectionately known as Clate. He was a round-shouldered, ultra-myopic chap who went about in unbuttoned vest and black cambric cuffs, incessantly smoking a huge calabash pipe. In the early days of my aforesaid insomnia I had no money to acquire a typewriter, so I sat up late in the *Banner* office, hammering out my odoriferous offerings on a newspaper Elsie. Clate began taking an interest in the fight I was mak-

ing. And one night about the time the fortieth rejection-slip had methodically come in, he leaned back from his own Elsie (Smith) across the office, put his feet on the desk edge and pontificated with the calabash. "Trouble with you is, Bill, you want to write about romantic cowhands from wide-open spaces—where men are men and the women are glad of it. Why don't you write about the ordinary two-legged people who've come and gone in the *Banner* office since eight o'clock this morning? Write about people you *know*, of an environment where you are at home. Ever read a book by William Allen White called *In Our Town*?" I said I hadn't. Clate brought his chair-legs down with a thump, snapped the catch on a wall closet over his head and took therefrom a book. "Take this home and absorb it," he advised. "It's nothing but a group of character studies that White has put together, of people he's done daily business with, as publisher of *The Gazette*. You've got a natural-born plot sense . . . If you could only shape it into a Vermont-town background, you might even make the grade in that new *American Magazine* that started you off burning this midnight juice." That was where Bill White entered my life . . .

I TOOK to *In Our Town* like Martin Luther to the Bible. A week or ten days later I wasted 20 cents on a silent movie—they all were silent in those days of course—based on Emma Dunn's play, "Mother." It had to do with a stalwart mother-soul who raised four or five boys, most of whom went bad. "Applesauce!" I said, emerging, or words to that effect. "A mother of character doesn't breed boys who turn out bad—not all five. Besides, there's thirteen times the emotional kick in sons of any given woman turning out as successes." A picture of my own doughty Scotch grandmother rose before my mind's eye as I walked westward down Main Street pondering. She'd had five sons—and two daughters—all of whom, for their life-stations, had turned out as splendid a family as woman ever birthed. Reaching the *Banner* office, I let myself in, took the noisy old tin cover off the Smith (Elsie) found paper and carbon, and started to type. I'd come out of Jack Hart's movie around nine o'clock. I typed red-hotly for three hours, jogged up the sheets and read what I'd typed. In the parlance of newspaperdom, I'd "writ a darned good piece." Con-

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the Editor's third novel, in a neat clothbound edition—to make your shelf of Pelley Books complete. This was the hilarious story that starred Dick Barthelmess when it reached the screen, the first all-talkie production ever filmed. You buy 359 pages of laughs for **\$3**
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

fidest it was a darned good piece, I snatched an envelop and stamps out of Edna's Waldron's bookkeeping desk and mailed the original version to John Sidel of *The American* in the all-night mailbox on the Bank Corner going home. This being a true success story from a life I have lived, the fourth day the Western Union boy came into the *Banner* office and asked me to sign the book. John had wired—

YOUR MOTHER STORY KNOCKED US
OUT OF OUR SEATS STOP COME TO
NEW YORK OUR EXPENSE AT ONCE.

JOHN SIDDELL

I walked off *The Banner's* payroll and never went back . . .

JOHN paid me the stated \$250 for "Their Mother" and contracted for five more tales of similar tenor. I had hit the jackpot indeed, but Clate and William Allen White had been responsible. I delivered those five stories, all up to quality—for I had learned the writing business then—and remained with *The American* until the publishing of "Seven Minutes". That was in 1929. One day the Managing Editor, Bert Boyden—the same who was killed by German pig-iron in France in 1918 and thus contrived to be on hand to greet me in the Seven-Minutes adventure—unwrapped a huge packet of manuscript on the adjacent desk and slammed it down with an exclamation of astonishment. It was ten to twelve inches high, typewritten triple-space, in green-ink ribbon on ordinary newsprint. "That, Bill Pelley," Bert exclaimed incredulously, "is a novel—believe it or not!" Casually I inquired, "By whom?" Bert collapsed in his swivel. "William Allen White," he answered. Which brought me across to his desk with a pounce. It was the original author's manuscript of "In the Heart of a Fool." . . . When in 1919, after my tailspin in Bolshevia, I had developed that prize winning Their-Mother story into my own first novel, "The Greater Glory". I sent a complimentary copy to old Bill White and recounted these ramblings. In due time came his kindly letter back which I cherished for years, "I'm happy to tell you, Mr. Pelley, that "The Greater Glory" brought such happy tears to my eyes that at the present time I'm reading it a second time aloud, to Mrs. White." Happy tears! I've never attempted to make peo-

ple shed any other kind. Yes, I wanted Bill White to come to Indianapolis and testify in my behalf in the 1942 unpleasantness. But he was trying to convalesce from the major operation that presently wrought his death. Nobody of more importance than Charley Lindbergh showed up at that trial. What wouldn't I give to have all the White letters received between 1919 and 1942! What became of 'em? Ask Congressman Dickstein, magnanimous advocate of free speech in this Republic . . . "Reason has never failed man; only force and repression have made the wrecks in the world!" Righto! . . . Tallyho Up!

—THE RECORDER

Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 3)

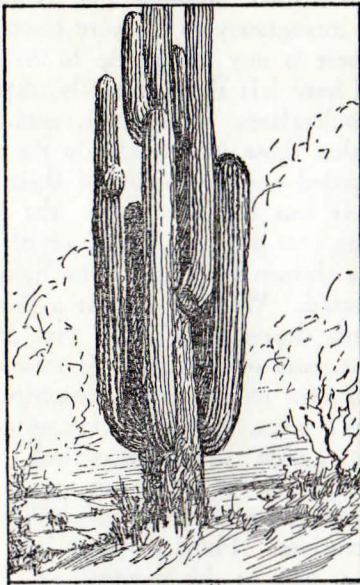
scientific minds throughout the Planet Shan, our ventlas do not spin. The emanation of spiral radiation from our ships gives the illusion of spinning. The upper or positive polarity of a ventla, radiates emanations outward from the center. Due to the collection and concentration of light particles through a vortex funnel in the center unseen, these light emanations radiating outward appear as grooves on your phonograph records. The lower negative polarity operates in a reverse manner. This light-substance emanation is contained within a field of zero circumference which is void, giving the impression of an edge. Your spectroscopic camera will reveal us only as light in the spectrum, plus elements in your atmosphere. Advance this information only to those who still doubt. I leave you with love. I am Ashtar."

Then on August 31st came the intelligence that hooked up most uncannily with data recorded in the Soulcraft studio on October 14th from realms not ordinarily accredited to mortality—

"I am Ashtar, in the process of trying to straighten out numerous conditions that affect your planet Shan (earth). We are going to give you certain information in the future, that will weld together the two great sciences of your people. I refer to material Science and Religion. *These two are one in truth*, separated only by a gap that we shall give you the key to close. In the Quadrator Blaau, man on the Planet Shan (earth) will have no further use for the misconception that he is faced with in the form of Religion, for science of Truth, seen and unseen, is the basis of Religion, not ancient scriptures, misinterpreted, mistranslated, and misconstrued by those who deliver lectures, but based on

the true science of life in all phases. Organized scientists are beginning now to explore these realms of the unseen. My love. I am Ashtar."

THE FINAL communication in Van Tassel's book, almost in the form of a benediction, should dispel forever the pagan fears of humanity that anything but universal good portends the coming of the Saucers. Ashtar, apparently the Supreme of today's ventla phenomena in all skies around the earth, declares—



"I greet you in love and peace. I am Ashtar, commander vela quadra sector station, Schare. Blessings. We are highly gratified to know that the limited minds of mortals in authority on the planet Shan are beginning to get a faint understanding of our true being. In the future we shall appear visible at different attitudes, in different altitudes, in different forms and colors, at different speeds and stationary, both of densities perceptible to your electronic and imperceptible. Within the atmosphere of Shan our manipulations of light-substance can be reflected, so that we are not where we appear to be. Those individual beings from Schare, now on your planet, are being instructed to transmit certain carrier frequencies that will cause a variety of conditions to be apparent in your many varieties of electronic receivers. My love. I am Ashtar."

Love, solicitude for the bewildered and hapless inhabitants of earth, transcendent camaraderie . . . these run through all communications that are coming down from the Space Patrols or Mother Ships. *Instead of being terrified, the enlightened*

of spirit should "lift up their heads, for their deliverance draweth nigh."

The point for the average American to grasp and not forget is, that we of earth are not going to be able to keep the Material—or scientific—and the Spiritual—or etheric—in separate compartments of thinking and performing much longer. As reported long ago from the Soulcraft psysical records, there is only one life, having many phases. Meaning there is only one Stream of Consciousness that manifests through many vehicles in many velocities of Matter. That Life is continuous, and that the Afterlife, with its many spirit manifestations is merely a different velocity of atomic vibrations—or as the Soulcraft Mentors have expressed it, performings of Light—is suddenly due to rejuvenate the ideologies of Earth.

As George Fisher made clear to the VALOR group on the evening of October 14th, even the item of communicable language is no particular barrier, inasmuch as the operating Stream of Consciousness in these ventla people is the same that operated and made them what they were in the mortally anatomic on earth-planes. You never completely forget a language you have used familiarly in daily life on any planet.

Ten thousand well-groomed and enterprising businessmen start down to their offices tomorrow morning, concerned with only the petty complications and material enterprises of current worldly life.

But as the Golden Times manifest themselves, their ideologies must heighten and deepen to take in as accepted fact, the continuities of Consciousness in forms of matter in an ever upward spiral of perceptivity.

In what more splendid age could one live, than that of revelation of these liberating phenomena?

Copies of Van Tassel's little volume can be procured by sending a dollar to the New Age Publishing Company, 1542 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles 26, California. Franklin and Dorothy Thomas, proprietors of the company, incidentally, are devout readers of the *Golden Scripts* and have been following the Soulcraft electronic discourses with close interest.

Get acquainted with them—and George Van Tassel.

They're nice people to know.

"Thresholds of Tomorrow"

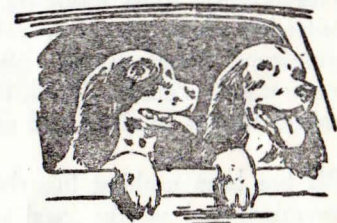
Don't worry
that America
isn't coming
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A f t e r t h o u g h t

THE NATIONAL reaction to the Convention Project is an enthralling matter for study. Let me talk about it here in Afterthought this week. My whole motivation behind the convention proposal was to furnish some means by which sociably-inclined persons with Soulcraft convictions could gather in company twice a year, exchange felicitations, hear special representatives from Headquarters, and perchance listen in the main session to some national celebrity who would speak upon topics especially engaging Soulcraft audiences throughout the balance of the year. Some of the celebrities making the actual Flying Saucer contacts on the West Coast for instance—personages like that, and others. The only way that Headquarters could possibly profit from it would be sale of books that might be on display and available to attendees, which they would not otherwise have bestirred themselves to procure. Milwaukee and Cleveland were the first two territories tentatively selected because of their proximity to Noblesville, and because each territory holds heavy numbers of Soulcrafters who very rarely come into contact as groups of themselves. I assumed that if the gathering opened with a modest dinner at 6:30 Saturday evening, with a special showing of Headquarters films following, the way would be opened for a leadership discussion of an informal nature under particularly auspicious circumstances. Next day, Sunday, would see the big session at 3 o'clock. Well, Ollie has been out and contacted several leaders in these and other districts . . .

THERE has been nothing but the most heartfelt interest, cooperation, and worthy zeal reacting from preliminary talks. But the blanket reaction held aspects by no means anticipated. The biggest of these has been the flabbergasted possibility that Soulcrafters of each district *could* put it over. Some queer complexes exhibited. "Of course" nothing that the name of Pelley was associated with, would be "allowed" to succeed. "Of course" it was asking for smear from the nation's negative elements. "Of course" no one would rent Soulcrafters halls or auditoriums. "Of course" it might attract a heavy number of curiosity-seekers but the heavy expense would fall on the local committee-members. "Of course, of course, of course . . ." everything but the "of courseness" that the whole national program might mark a new day in Soulcraft. The defeatist aspects of the gesture seemed taken for granted—all of which was pointedly the objective aimed at, in the earlier atrocious "crack-downs" inflicted on Liberation readers. The thing shaping up in my mind, in all of it, is the appalling necessity for conditioning the minds of Soulcraft people generally to the fraught probability of an imminent Soulcraft *sweep* throughout the nation. Who are to be the personages capable of standing forth and symbolizing the valor of this mighty fellowship, unless it be the present spokesmen of local groups? In all this philosophy of "of courseness," what part of the public world de-

sire to look to a great pen of rabbits—so intimidated by the nation's *real* subversive elements that they scamper at first "Boo!"—and only aspire to leadership as can be managed anonymously? . . .

UNDERSTAND me, I'm neither scolding nor rebuking. I'm calling attention to inconstancy to the very essence of the Doctrine itself . . . If there is any one group in America whose enlightenments should have left them absolutely unafraid and fearless, it should be Soulcrafters. Lamentably enough it has been apparent in cases that those who would do the most for the fellowship have conceded—in the depths of their own temperaments—that they have lost the fight, that the anti-Christ has made itself supreme, that it is only a question of time before all and sundry will be thrown to lions. If no lions are available, some will be imported. When too great a preponderance of such temperaments depresses me, do you know where I go to find my own renewal of strength? It may seem queer to some of you, but I turn on electronic transcripts of my beloved daughter Harriet's voice, as she has succeeded in crossing the Planes between Levels of Consciousness, and listen to her appeal in well-nigh tearful tones, not to fail the millions of hungry people groping for the Soulcraft enlightenment, reassurances, and incentives. Harriet, who left her child's body back in 1914 but who at this moment, as a gracious woman of 40, is more alive than any six people whom Ollie has thus far interviewed, talks to me only of the stupendous *success* for all this Teaching that she beholds on its way. "We who can look ahead, see the Work coming out wondrously, daddy," she says flatly. And the last time we had converse with her, on October 14th, the burden of her whole address was, "The Way has been opened, . . . push straight ahead into the wonderful prospects that are only waiting for you to come up to them. *Love knows no burden but Wisdom!*"

WELL, here I am, but where am I? . . . I'm here at Noblesville Headquarters, called to visualize every phase and development of these great gatherings that are possible, if I can only imbue stalwarts in the twenty-six districts with the faith that though it may take sagacious anticipating and planning to ultimately project what we envision, *all is of too serious moment to be thwart or defeated*. How can I put across to them the transcendent consciousness that they are by no means alone in this thing, *but that great phalanxes and cohorts of The Goodly Company from the Invisible are working hand in hand with them?* . . . Well, just give Ollie and me time to iron out all these wrinkles in human nature. Some of them need a lot of ironing, but additional Wisdom comes from the whole of it. And remember, numbers do not make history . . . greatness *does!* . . .

Pelley