

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

Volume VI

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, November 21, 1953

Number 4



**T H A N K S G I V I N G**



**T**HIS Thanksgiving season seems to be as good as any to answer publicly the letter reprinted below from the Soulcraft mail. Experienced magazine publishers have a tradition that for every letter of critical nature written to an editor, at least ten other readers felt the same but didn't get around to writing and dropping their letters in the mail. Deleting the opening salutations, here is what the VALOR critic said—

"I have been a reader of VALOR and the Soulcraft literature since middle 1950. I have noted the highly optimistic tone your writings have taken, as though nothing were essentially wrong with the nation that a little esoteric enlightenment would not cure. May I dissent vigorously from this viewpoint?"

"Anyone with pipelines into Washington or other governmental centers of the world, not to overlook that snake-pit of United Nations on First Avenue in Manhattan, cannot help but be convinced that *everything* is wrong with this nation and that Satanists and anti-Christians have the gullible Americans fairly tightly sewed up. Particularly when a government confiscates twenty to thirty-five percent of a people's annual earnings—of wage earners as well as property owners—for federal projects, to be squandered at the whim of socialistic politicians, that country economically is doomed. Bankruptcy of the ugliest nature is right around the corner.

"As if commercial bankruptcy were not enough, our United States is faced likewise with moral bankruptcy. Anyone wise in the facts knows that the charac-

# Earth-Changes May Cataclysm to Work

## LET'S GET Our Thinking Straight on What Optimism Means in the Imminent Situation

ter of our citizenry is being altered. Formerly we were a nation of rural and small town property holders. That made for economic and moral stability. But within the last fifteen to twenty years, farm life has so changed that 65 percent of our populace has become urban. With over two-thirds of the rank and file of our people taking up city life, we have to regard it that sixty-five percent of our populace has changed to becoming propertyless. Statistics will bear out that city people do not own their own homes as a caste.

"All of it points to a populace passing more and more under the control of political demagogues. These have the effrontery to argue that the Government owes everybody security if not specific living. So we are going to see an increasing element whose socialistic tendencies have been historic trends. Greece and Rome went through the same evolution—if you care to call it evolution. And their empires passed from existence the moment the balance of political power passed to the propertyless classes who had the 'say' of things with no economic responsibilities.

"**N**O, I see nothing ahead for United States but the bitterest 'paying through the nose' for its demagogic foolishness of letting any shiftless or predatory European element that wished come into our United States and gradually alter the nature of our western-world institutions. Go ahead with your false

optimism about the future. You will awaken with the rest of us one of these mornings and find that you, as well as your reader clientele, have lost your shirts . . ."

**I**T IS expending space to little profit to declare that the foregoing proceeds from a grossly erroneous premise when he describes VALOR's policy as one of "optimism." When we refer to the dictionary for definition of Optimism we find this: "An inclination to put the most favorable construction upon actions and happenings, or anticipate the best possible outcome."

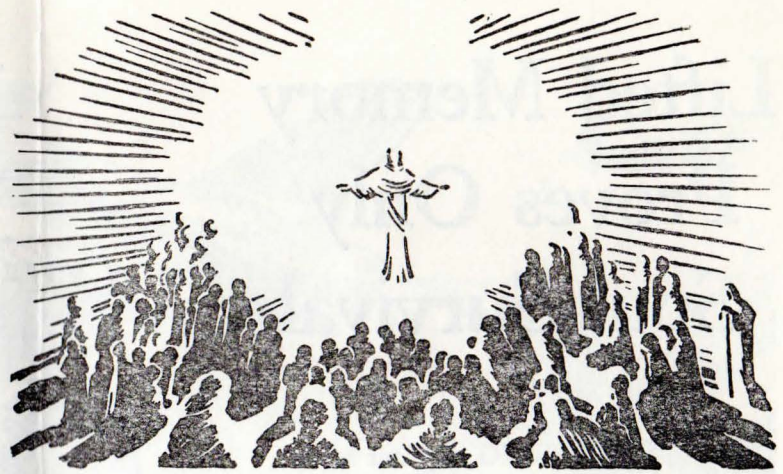
VALOR in the current instance has no inclination to put "the most favorable construction" upon actions or happenings of any nature. That implies merely a mental angle that refuses to face facts as they are, or to see only those facts which reassure the spirit-soul that conditions may not actually be so disastrous as they assume.

**T**HOSE "on the inside" of whatever interests and elements think they are perfecting a sadistic control of the American civic system, are aware of facts three to five times as ugly and alarming as anything that becomes sensational public property from a clandestine press.

But it is one thing to be optimistic as a gesture of idealistic temperament and quite another to see the future either by prediction or inference, and identify unfolding events that are due to *counteract* strategies now appearing so certain of success on the parts of predatory or megalomaniacal blocs fancying they are working in utter secrecy and certainty of victory.

Liken VALOR's viewpoint, let's say, to the role of a legal functionary in administration of a great estate. Such an executor knows the true value of the estate better than any heir because he has made it his business to check the facts. But among the beneficiaries let's say there is a given person that seems to be encountering ill-fortune that promises no way out not attended by loss. The

# Not Require Miracles! . .



future appears so black for such an individual that self-extinction to escape the plight ahead seems preferable to living. Would that executor be rightfully termed "optimistic" to come to such an unfortunate and say, "Cheer up, matters may not seem so certain of disaster to you as you have decided. Much may turn up in a night and a morning that sends you suddenly upon strange rails leading to the best of good fortune." The beneficiary might reply with a hectic oath that the executor was a dratted optimist who could go soak his head. The executor, however, might know of a bequest presently to be paid such a one, of which the latter does not have the faintest inkling but about which nothing can be given out in advance because anticipation of such assistance, according to the stipulations of the will, might have an emasculating influence on the person involved. He might let up in his efforts to aid himself and relax upon flowery beds of expected affluence.

Optimists are people who put roseate linings on the darkest clouds and call it being constructive. There may be others surveying the same conditions who have higher knowledge of bequests coming up

that illuminate the whole panorama of life with a happier radiance.

One is dealing in desire-wish fulfillment; the other is dealing in knowledge based on facts known only to himself.

*VALOR knows precisely how black the current picture is throughout the earth. But VALOR likewise has access to information not credited by materialistic temperaments, disclosing bequests of a divine character being paid off presently of which the rank and file of purblind humanity entertains not the faintest suspicion.*

"ALL RIGHT," cries the tormented individual, "what are they? If you truthfully are aware of happenings that save us from destruction, by what right do you keep silent about them?"

It happens to be the "right" of the dispassionate executor to speak or not speak information about the estate that has been entrusted to his administration. Furthermore, the materialist turns to ex-

coriation of such executor in the world sense, when the word divine is used in the adjective way. In scoffing exasperation the beneficiary cries, "God-Stuff, eh? God's going to step in and save my business or home, is He? *I don't believe a word of it.*"

No, God is not going to step in and "save" his business or home. But celestial guardianship over events occurring or to occur, may contain provisions that permit earth-folk to proceed to a certain point—as a matter of their own educative

wisdom—and then introduce measures that throw one monkey-wrench after another into what seem to be almost invincible plans to take over Christian society lock, stock, and barrel. As a case in point, take this suddenly maturing Flying Saucer situation . .

How many of the hard-headed would not have pulled the bell-cord for psychiatrists twenty-five years in the past, had certain of the metaphysically sagacious declared that before the generation was run, beings from highly developed states of civilization on other planets would make their appearance in our skies and begin releasing forces upon the world that the Satanists could in no wise cope with?

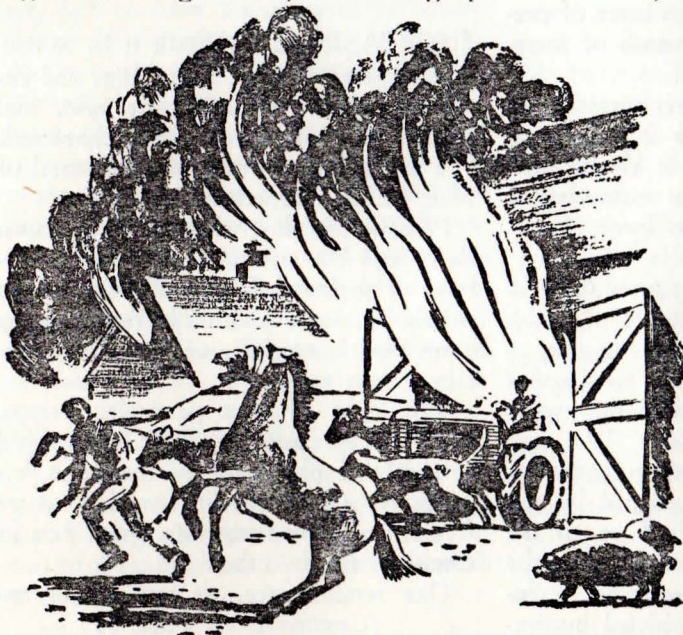
"Poor idiots!" the worldly wisemen would have exclaimed. "Lock 'em up in the interests of sanity for the rest of us!"

Still, that is not the point . .

**T**HE REAL point is, we are entering a crisis in human thinking where mankind must be forced by denouement of circumstance to revise his entire notion of Religion and Science, or Religion in relation to Cosmic Fact.

For one thing—and by no means an inconsequential thing—VALOR has reason, after twenty-five years of seeing the Soulcraft mentorship never predict a happening or a sequence that has not come to pass, for believing that the twentieth century after Christ on this earth is due to wind up with the stupendous realization brought home to the Man in the Street that there is no such thing as death to personality. But think a moment. Can any such realization be effected through philosophic teaching or mere academic assurance? Will vast ecclesiastic institutions permit the facts of survival to become publicized, even

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# Lifted Memory Proves Only Soul Survival . .



**A** FEELING of pique arises in the mind of the normal person when he comes into contact with someone who claims to possess a memory encompassing the events of lives lived before the current career. Such a person says to himself: "Why should not I, too, recall the events of a previous life or lives, if I have lived them? Try as I may, I cannot seem to go beyond recollections of the early years of my present existence. If survival of personality from life unto life is a fact, why can I not possess conscious knowledge of my previous incarnations? Why should this memory-veil drop down between my lives with such inexorable efficiency? More than all else, why should such a memory come to some persons and not to others? What can I do consciously to awaken my recollection of experiences in the physical body 'when I was somebody else?'"

These protests are understandable.

It seems manifestly unfair for certain persons to recall experiences and events antedating their present careers while other persons proceed from birth unto death with no more recollections of having lived before than may be possessed by a stove or a chair.

What those of us who have not been so favored must get through our heads is, that experiencing some phase of a lifted memory is not an award, or reward, for anything. It is a state—or condition of—the consciousness that accrues to some people and not to others, because the former, in their spans of physical living, have been more observant of passing event than others and allowed such event to make the more permanent and indelible impression upon their memories.

**M**OST peculiar ideas and notions about this business of Lifted Memory afflict the average person called to take note of them for the first time—that is, by employing himself of afore-

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

thought in some intensive form of metaphysical research. He naturally supposes that by some trick of transcendent influence, he will—all of a sudden—know to every consummate detail whatever experiences and adventures he may have gone through in all the careers he may have lived to the moment.

In other words, he expects more of prenatal memory than he demands of memory in this, his present life.

Memory, all the same, is memory, in whatever phase or octave it manifests. Memories of experiences in the present life are not different from memories of experiences in our previous lives.

**W**E acknowledge, as we grow older in mortality, that memories of childhood gradually commence to run out, to confuse and blur, until only recollection of a few peculiar and outstanding events are retained in our minds. We stop thinking in details and think in sequences. Definite impressions are retained by us: the house in which we lived up to the time that we were ten years old, then the half-dozen personages who most influenced us by contact or spiritual inspira-

tion during our 'teens, then the high-voltage experiences we went through during our first love affair, then the serried periods of experience that followed marriage, parenthood, engaging in business in this locality or that city, town or hamlet. After a time these memories in turn begin to fuse, and these sequences are remembered only by their massed effect on our sentient souls.

Arrived at very advanced maturity, life resolves itself still further into elemental sequences. We say that during one period we recognized ourselves as children. During another period we were youths. During another period we were young parents. During another period we were engaged with the problems and quandaries of Middle Life. Then came the period when life was tintured by the recognition that we were "old" . . .

Memory then seems all elementals.

**I**NCREASINGLY difficult it is, to concentrate on specific happenings and de-nouement. They have gone into, and become part of, our spiritual characters. We are, in other words, the sum-total of what we have experienced.

Perhaps one day, when we have grown along into our sixties, we run into a boyhood or girlhood friend—likewise grown elderly—in some California resort, or by some Florida seashore or in some mountain tourist camp.

The sight of that particular person, the "feel" of their personality, never mind how altered physically by the years, rebuilds for a time the little world that we formerly occupied together. Each acts as stimulant on the other.

One reminiscence, we say, recalls an  
(Continued on Page 6)

# Suppose We Try to Understand the Air Force

## *Its Position in the Flying Saucer Enigma Has Been More Difficult than the Public Realized*

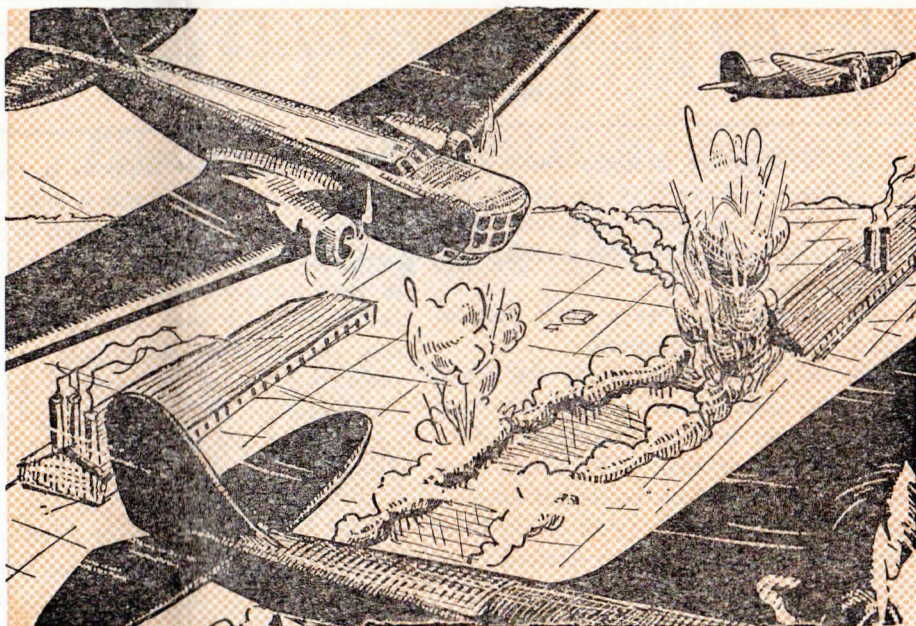
**L**T IS time that someone came to the defense of the Air Force for its position in this enigmatic Space-Ship situation.

Phenomena outside all aerial and scientific knowledge appear in the skies. Essentially it is mystical and esoteric in origin. Why jump on the Air Force and stomp with the heels because flight experts trained in the medium of air, fail to have the answers to out-of-this-world demonstrations but hesitate to admit it without losing prestige in fields where they do know the answers? Furthermore, there has always been the point to consider that mass terror at the Unknown might produce mass panic, for which a blundering attitude on the part of Pentagon spokesmen might be held responsible.

The Air Force to the moment has handled the Saucer phenomena with commendable sagacity. Why not say so, and be fair?

**T**HE POINT is called up by a letter received by VALOR from Washington, D. C. this week, tending to clarify the Pentagon's continuing attitude of watchful examination of the phenomena's progressions—

"Following the change-over, or what-



ever it is, in respect to Saucer policies within the Air Force, and the rumors—mostly from a single source as far as I could see—that there was some sort of widespread "shut-down" or "crackdown" on those issuing sensational Saucer reports, I decided to call Pentagon Headquarters. I quote from memory the highlights of a rather lengthy conversation held October 30th.

"Pentagon Headquarters of the Air Force knows *nothing* of any shut-down on private groups. In fact, it welcomes such research. Yes, Pentagon officials had noted the new books on Saucers, especially those by Keyhoe and Adamski. Not that they had been asked for any clearance on them but had naturally gone over them somewhat. Their main objection to them was the attitude that the Air Force had been attacked in this connection—whereas the truth was that it has been open and frank. Of course, if some plane was flying high, it might not want to give details on secrets that would reveal our speeds, nor of radar performances either.

"Why was there nothing much in the papers about Saucers these days? Because of fewer sightings. Also, whereas twenty percent of the sightings had formerly been undetermined, now only ten percent remained in this class. I gather that their big Saucer Questionnaire they send out, adds up to the fact that they hope to fathom all of it some day. In this connection I was told that they now had better data on meteor fallings, balloon releases, etc., which they are able to check

against reported sightings.

"I said I thought the Man in the Street feared—and therefore ridiculed—the Saucers and attendant phenomena. But the Lieutenant with whom I talked, *thought that a lot of people would like to think the Saucers were coming from Outer Space.* Regarding photographs, he said nothing had been received that couldn't be duplicated artificially, but readily conceded that this fact didn't prove a thing. He said *their* motion pictures, that is, the Pentagon's, uniformly showed pinpoints of light. You couldn't blow them up or get any further with them.

"He said they do research on all important episodes and sometimes they use the FBI for double-checking of authenticity of reports. But their policy was to share any information, excepting the name of the person or persons involved. This was specifically because they didn't want to discredit any individual. But they are much more thorough now in investigation. When I suggested that *some* of the phenomena might be Fourth Dimensional, he listened attentively, but I could not tell from his reactions whether he got my point entirely.

"The foregoing at least is a highlight on the official Pentagon situation as it maintains at the moment and I trust conveys a little of the picture as it was given me."

**V**ALOR has been supplied with the name and rank of the specific official to whom its estimable lady correspondent talked.

## LIFTED MEMORY PROVES SURVIVAL

(Continued from Page 4)

other. Things are brought forth from the coffers of Time that we hadn't "recalled for years"—and doubtless never would have recalled if the meeting had not occurred.

But in the main, even such reminiscences stay inconsequential.

We only recall consciously the great, dynamic, high-voltage experiences that influenced our lives or changed our characters to this or that. We recall these in truth "because their influences have remained with us" in the form of the passing expression that we have derived from them.

Try as we will, never is it possible to go back over the occurrences of our lives and actually reverse Time in every detail. In other words, we cannot re-effect all the dovetailed items of experiencings that have brought us to what we are in the present.

**I**T IS precisely the same in the matter of prenatal memories, or memories of other lives. They are so "far away" and seem to have transpired in a "long ago" so fearsomely remote, that instead of staying as detailed experiences they have gradually fused into great elemental blocs of reactive feeling from given stimuli. Furthermore, never mind how many lives we may have lived, they really present themselves to us now as being of only the most trifling significance.

Just as boyhood or girlhood experiences in this, the present life, have already begun to resolve into elemental sequences, so entire careers—have similarly "fused together" in elemental sequences. To demand pompously that the infinite details of any one of them should suddenly unscramble and stand out each one in its own integrity, is illogical and irrational. It doesn't occur, and isn't demanded, of memory in the current body, why should it occur or be demanded of memory in bodies that represented existences antedating the present one?

So let it be rationally understood that when a given person has a Lifted Memory—unless it be upon a very recent career—it does not apply to each and every happening in that life, brought down into conscious identification and made to fetch and carry, as we put it, at the command of capricious curiosity.

What more truly happens is, that people who have gone through some terrific experience in a previous career, or participated in some awesome world happening in past generations, acquire an uncanny familiarity with such happenings, as history reports them. Gradually vague but distinctive flashes of personal participation bestir in the mammoth and ghostly corridors of the subconscious mind. The details of a scene may flash back, an instinctive knowledge of "just how it happened" that cannot have been derived from imagination or details envisioned by somebody else. Such people are deliberately and concretely "remembering back" but it is mainly because there is something outstanding which has impelled them to "remember back," something that so engraved itself upon their conscious observations in those previous life spans that they could "never forget it though they lived a thousand years."



**F**OR INSTANCE, the editor of this publication once encountered a military man whose only recollection having to do with any previous incarnation, was that of a participation in the Battle of Austerlitz. He knew every detail of that battle. He could give the most lurid details of just how it began—for him—how it proceeded, and where he was when it finished. He could supply details of the tactics of that conflict so accurate that tomes of history had to be consulted to

attest to the amazing truth of his narrations.

Of nothing else in his more recent lives could he remember. The detail of them had long since gone into the "fusing into character" process. But the Battle of Austerlitz itself offered such terrific dramatic to him, presented such terrific spiritual impressions, that one life and one death were insufficient to erase them.

He had truly gotten such spiritual increment from his participation in that engagement, scenes of life and death had become so indelibly fixed upon the retina of his eternal mind, that they had actually become a part of his character. By these influencing and preserving his character for what it was, he had preserved memories of the engagement for what they were likewise. The two had well-nigh become synonymous in his personality.

Lifted Memory, therefore, only has one value: Attesting to the tacit survival of personality.

Are you fearful that when you come to make The Passing, you will resolve into some weird personality that you never knew before—or that if you come back in a new human mechanism, you won't be able to recognize yourself?

What nonsense!

The same personage-to-yourself that you were in a thousand Austerlitz battles back over history, will constantly manifest. What matters it if the mechanism in any given exhibit happens to be called Bill Jones or Josef Mischczanoffolitzche? The same soul, conscious of its own identity, operates inside each succeeding physical overcoat.

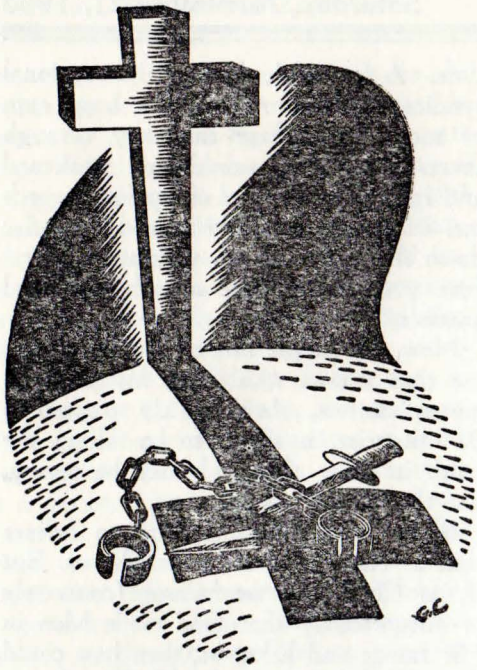
All you need is a memory-flash of some vast happening at which you were present, to restore to you a consciousness of a time when you were somebody else, insofar as physical overcoats covered your imperishable Soul.

Then you are not at all afraid to put on a fresh new overcoat, or a whole pile of overcoats—in lives yet to be—without the slightest qualm over losing yourself in the Great Cosmic Shuffle.

But Lifted Memory as a detailed matter for idle curiosity? Why not have the same curiosity over Lifting the Memory on events in your own babyhood? It would be quite as sensible!

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**"FOR NEVER, never, wicked man was wise."** **POPE**



# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## True and False Prophets

The other type sees nothing beyond the ills and woes of life, and his vision stops there; he sees man's end in calamity and destruction. He is the type that doesn't see beyond himself and his own utter desolation, and he therefore envisions nothing but ultimate woe.

The Elder Brother tells us that "It is the law that no true prophet foretelleth destruction." By this, I do not believe he would have us overlook the ills of the world. Rather, he would have us center on the positive and constructive errands of life that alleviate the ills. He would have us to ever keep in mind the ultimate good that accrues from pursuing and affecting the Divine Plan for mankind.

ONE of the disturbing elements, as I personally see life, is the constant haranguing over the radio, in some pulpits, and from other sources, in regard to the catastrophic end of the world and of mankind in general. I do not in any sense depreciate the grand Second Coming of our Lord. But I can't help from feeling that the aforesaid haranguing only creates fear in the minds of people, and makes for much negative thinking and action.

My Lord may come tomorrow, but whenever He comes, it will not be to destroy mankind, nor to wreck woe upon our eternal selves. It will be to lift us up to higher planes of concept and life.

What a wide difference there is in the concept of the two kinds of prophets! Says the 15th verse, "This is the differ-

ence: one sayeth God loveth, the other sayeth God despises." In the 7th verse this script tells us, "There are those who serve, there are those who rant." And that Master Voice adjures us to "tell the earth of good things, of great benefits to happen, and it shall listen to you."

THERE are always those who immediately reply to this kind of philosophy, "O that kind of philosophy merely lulls people to sleep. What we've got to do is warn them of impending doom." And what happens, I ask you? The person who sees nothing but doom, who envisions nothing but catastrophe, with consequent punishment, takes a negative attitude toward life, and he misses the whole viewpoint of Divine plan for life.

God's Plan of life, for every human soul, is one of positive, constructive unfolding into greater awareness and finer, altruistic living. True, each one of us may retard and delay fullest awareness and finest living by our own waywardness, but that will not defeat God's final good for us. And as we vividly visualize what the Almighty is letting us work out for ourselves, so shall we the more quickly rise to the challenge to be and become the kind of creatures the Creator has planned for us.

The mighty need in this hour is for all of us to lift up our heads and readjust our vision. Only as we do so can we meet life's struggles with courage and valor. In doing so, we confidently look into the future with certainty and fortitude, knowing that our Lord has nothing but good planned for us in the endless ages on ahead.

Men need the absolute confidence expressed in the 46th Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea \* \* \* Be still and know that I am God."

**I**T is a more or less common characteristic of most of us to want to be prophets. We see that portrayed in our day to day affairs in practically all relationships. It seems to be our inherent nature to want to peek into the future, both in the sense of changing time, and in the sense of changing circumstances.

This is as it should be. Man is a creature of awareness—of himself, and of his world. Because he is aware of himself, and of the world in which he lives, past, and present, he visualizes, in varying degrees, himself and his world, on into the future. This future self in a future world, man seeks to visualize, or interpret and predict. In this sense, we use the term prophecy in this article.

THE ELDER Brother tells us, in the 83rd Golden Script, that there are two kinds, or varieties of prophets. While it may be true that he is speaking first of a specific type of prophet, a careful reading of the chapter will reveal its general application to all of us when we attempt interpretations and predictions. And that is the thing I'm interested in discussing in this particular instance.

In this chapter, we are told there is one kind of prophet, or type of mind who, while mindful of the world's ills, still sees good in all of it. That is, this one knows what is being worked out in the ultimate sense, both for himself and for his world. And he knows that it all works for mankind's final good.



# Valor

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

Edited by William Dudley Pelley

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

VOL. VI NOVEMBER 21, 1953 No. 4

## Flowers from Heaven



TENDER little momento of affection conveyed between the separate worlds of life came to hand the morning of the 12th when the VALOR editorial mail contained a cardboard box about three inches square and ten inches long. Upon opening, two exquisite carnations—one pink and one white—were disclosed, stems bedded in moist moss. With them was this letter—

Dear Mr. Pelley:

By air mail you are receiving from me a few flowers in behalf of your loving daughter Harriet, which she gave me at a seance held here in Merrick, Long Island.

A circle of about 26 people met Tuesday night, November 10th, medium Mrs. Candler. I was told that a lovely spirit by the name of Harriet wanted to speak to me. I did not know whom she was. I was expecting my mother to make contact with me. I was so dumbfounded and perplexed I told Eddie, "She does not ask for me!" "Yes," Harriet smilingly said, "for you, Walter, and my best wishes for you and good luck. And you know me very well and my daddy, too. I am Harriet Pelley!"

Smilingly she took two flowers from a nearby table, kissed them and said, "Walter, please send these flowers to my father with all my love, and tell him to stop worrying, as everything will work out wonderfully. Good luck to you, Walter, and God bless you!"

She was dressed in a white satin gown,

with diamonds or precious stones gleaming all over. She had a smiling face and a lovely voice, and gave me an inspiration and a pickup that I never will forget, especially if you—and you know it too well—are obstructed by nonbelievers. She was a perfect manifestation!

With my best wishes for you,  
Sincerely yours, WH

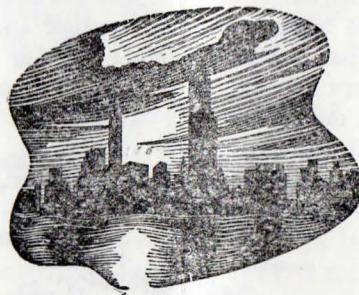
## The Saucers Have Landed



WORD comes in at the last moment before VALOR's weekly printing that Geo. Adamski's book, *The Saucers Have Landed*, has hit the best-seller list in Manhattan, according to the *New York Herald Tribune* book section. And why not? Assuming the facts in the book to be correct, as VALOR is inclined to do, George Adamski becomes one of the great characters of history, the first earth inhabitant to converse with a living being from another area of time and space. And yet your Editor finds him modest, unassuming, and obviously preoccupied with the great researches he has made and is making.

His co-author, Desmond Leslie, pays a most gracious tribute to Adamski in the *London Observer*, copy of which has been forwarded to this publication from a Canadian Soulcraft—

SIR: In his most interesting and fair review of the book *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, written partly by Mr. George Adamski and partly by myself, Charles Davy rightly examines the possibility of a tremendous and silly hoax. I can only tell you this: that I have found Adamski to be—even to an unusual degree—a man of his word.



Just after the landings had taken place, he gave me his promise (no contracts) that he would work with me. No money was mentioned, nor did any publisher seem willing to touch the book at that

time. A few weeks later an international syndicate offered Adamski a large sum of money to release the story through them. Most flesh would have weakened and felt it had no legal obligation towards me. However, Adamski turned the offer down flat with: "I am very sorry to refuse you, but I have already promised another."

Now, my simple line of reasoning tells me that a man who keeps his word on money matters, when severely tempted to do otherwise, is likely to be telling the truth in other things. I may be wrong, but that's how it strikes me.

Many people find it hard to believe that a Venusian could look like us. But if, as Christians, we believe (concretely or allegorically) that God made Man in His Image and Likeness, then how could that Image become a freak? The Image must have a similarity wherever Man appears. We may be the "freaks," having failed to live by His Law.

When Adamski "burned" his arm on the saucer, the Venusian made a grab to save him, scratching his own hand against the flange in the process. It bled—red blood. This would surely indicate a similar organic system to our own. But the visitor did complain that our atmosphere was heavier than his own and that long spells in it, unprotected, caused him discomfort.—Yours, etc.,

N.W.8. DESMOND LESLIE.

## Headline Stuff



THE REASON VALOR is printing so much material centered upon the Flying Saucer subject is because no other happening that has occurred in the world within historical time matches it in importance. That is the prime reason. The minor reason is the significance of the Saucer appearances in "placing" dates for events to happen, in the celebrated Soulcraft transcripts.

VALOR views it that the Saucer spearheads the mass disclosure to man of the common survival of conscious life after death of body. And acceptance of such eventuality marks a complete change in man's habits of thinking and performing.

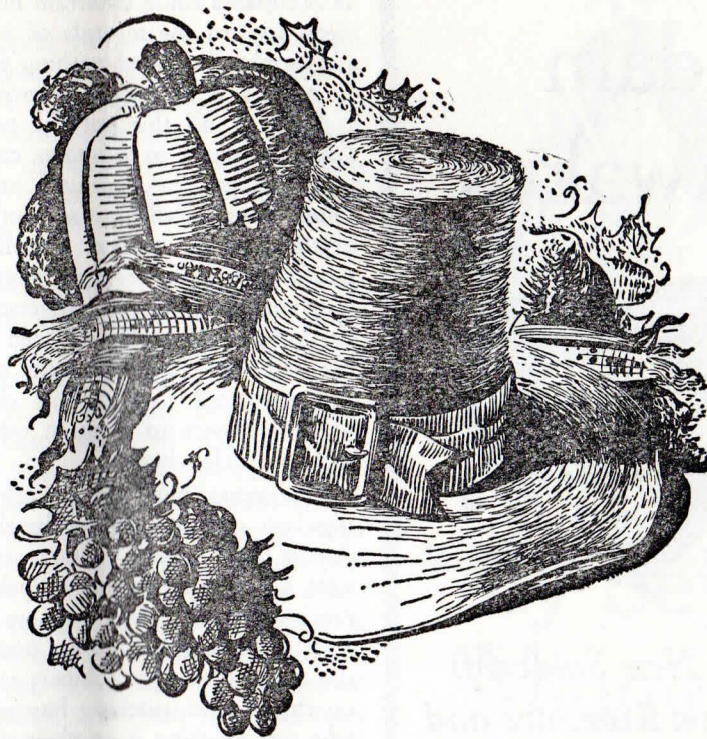
The evidence has now begun piling up that the Saucer—or Ventla—people are "out of this world" in a sense not yet grasped by the Man in the Street. Soulcraft Mentors have explained from the



first that when a person "dies" he simply withdraws from his organic body what is known to physics as his Light or Pattern Body, which proceeds to function as a living, thinking creature of higher and finer atomic velocities. He orients himself to an entire world of higher and finer atomic velocities that in turn impress upon him the attainment of new realities. The theory seems to be that if the atomic velocities be artificially slowed, even in the Light or Pattern Body, they will produce the effect of the substances of which our organic flesh is formed. Hence, there is a variety of repetition of physical appearance on this plane anew. As it has been the Light or Pattern Body's features that have accounted for physical appearance in this third-dimensional world, so the same people are recognizable and identifiable when the slowing of velocities is accomplished artificially. If mass humanity beholds reappearances of persons by the thousands whose organic bodies were previously laid away in cemetery graves, the fact of death's being an utter fallacy must become universally apparent. And that means gargantuan changes in worldly culture based upon the finality of physical demise.

WHEN the consciousness permeates mass society that humans—in fact whatever functions organically on this plane—exist in eternity right now, with prospects of its always remaining alive in some velocity of substances, institutions from the religious to the penal are due to undergo complete metamorphosis. The church must revise its entire sacred philosophy of the paradisaical Afterlife based on the Salvation theory. And if the Vicarious Atonement be removed from modern religion, what of it remains? If even the grim and dispassionate Law be forced to take note that putting criminals to death is an impossibility, and that all the electric chair or hangman's noose accomplishes is to free the criminal spirit so that it continues to make war upon society without physical restraint, the futility of even capital punishment will have to be recognized.

One of the outstanding adjurations uttered to Orfeo Angelucci, according to the story of his Ventla contacts, was the counsel that persons in the realms where the ventlas originate had long since learned the complete folly and futility of slaughter or destruction settling anything of controversial nature. That was said



## Extra-Sensory Perception



O BREAK the barriers of our false beliefs,  
To clear the way for Truth's clear light,  
To thaw the bondage of the frozen thoughts we hold,  
Requires high help from God in all His might.

We have no life apart from Love Divine,  
Each breath we draw comes from the Source of All,  
To live, to move, to Be, to Carry on,  
The light of Christ within us we install.

To let That Mind be in me, this I pray,  
Dear God, my source and sustenance complete;  
Help me to clear the Way for Healing Light  
To enter in, I lay my burden at His feet.

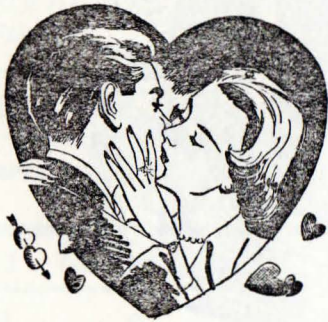
Help me to open up the Spirit Sense,  
That I may know the Truth in all its might;  
In reverence and vast humility I bow,  
I seek Thy love, that I may see Thy Light.

I seek the Extra-Sense that I may serve  
Thy Holy Purpose in this valley drear,  
That I may help to clear the way for him,  
My brother, lifting him from Doubt and Fear.

That I may find Mine Own within His Good,  
That I may loose his chains and set him free:  
My healing hands his bondage to release,  
A channel for Thy Love I seek to be!  
So be it!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

# "Adam Awakes"



## *The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!*

### THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

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

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**Soulcraft Chapels**

to be the one great reason why the ventla occupants could entertain no hostile designs toward the mortals of earth. Their philosophy contained nothing that remotely concerned killing or destroying.

What is all this but the principles of Christ realized in common culture?

Of course the depraved and diseased mind of materialistic man conjectures everything of the reverse. Intellectuals of scientific fiction-writers give signs of running mad in fantastic conjectures of what the kindly and highly civilized ventla people will "do" to humans the instant they are convinced that mortals do anything of consequence to them in reprisal. Witness the following—

One sensational New York periodical digs up a story of the brothers Greer, Albert and James, farmers near Zanesville, Ohio. About three o'clock of a summer's afternoon, year before last, they were gathering hay in an open field under a cloudless sky. Albert was working on the ground, pitching hay up to James who was stacking it on their wagon. Suddenly James in the wagon uttered a startled exclamation and dropped his fork. He started to rise straight upward, with rapidly increasing speed. "Help!" he wailed. "Something's pulling me into the sky!" Albert leaped into the wagon and tried to reach his brother's feet but missed. James continued upward higher and higher until his figure was literally lost in the blue. He is said never to have been heard from since.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., a mother escorting her 7-year-old daughter to school was suddenly amazed to see the girl—walking a few feet ahead of her—commence to struggle violently while simultaneously rising slowly into the air. The mother leaped forward and grasped the child about the legs when it was five feet off the sidewalk. "I pulled her down quite easily," the mother reported later. "It was as though some sort of magnet was drawing her up but it didn't have power enough to lift the pair of us."

Innumerable other examples might be cited involving not only people but animals, and not a few involving objects, such as ships and even airplanes. Sea tales are common of whole ships being drawn up out of the water, sometimes to fall back with a mighty splash.

That man is an utter child in his knowledge of the characteristics of gravity is evidenced in such anecdotes. There may be gravity "faults" run in the earth's sur-

face that render such persons, animals, or ships "weightless." Ventla people have little or nothing to do with such freaks, but you can't convince the excitable they don't.

In this Aquarian Age which is opening, we are told from every quarter of the Higher Life that we are to look back upon the years of this Piscean Era as the true Dark Ages of life on earth. And these are subjects mighty enough to command our major interest. It is the business of causing Mysticism to lose its mystery.

After all, isn't that what Soulcraft has been concerned with doing from the first? Taking the mystery out of mysticism?

Spiritualism, as such, is only a primary aspect of continuity of personality. The principles of Theosophy and Rosicrucianism are likewise facets of Truth to be observed and profited from, insofar as they carry. Christian Science contains another generous enlightenment regarding psychosomatic control of Eternal Mind over bodily matter. Suddenly all these synthesize in the universal radiance of Knowledge in the Absolute. Soulcraft's Fisher informs us that the next few years are due to bring about greater changes in man's thinkings and performings than in any age within recorded history.

But right now we are being introduced to the novelty of learning from aerial phenomena what otherwise individual pundits couldn't impart in a thousand years of proselyting.

VALOR affects to present itself as the Journal of the new Golden Times. For a considerable distance ahead it appears that the ventlas and the message they represent must continue, in newspaper parlance, "Headline Stuff."

## Earth Changes

*(Continued from Page 3)*

such as are known at present, to the wholesale detriment of their prestige and power among classes that supply them the revenues to maintain 325,000 prelates of the various denominations in our United States? In what manner can the stupendous truth of survival be demonstrated unless there happen some stupendous demonstration that permits of no argument because all regard it with equal attention?

Suppose the Saucer Men as a caste were to turn out to be erstwhile earthly,

people demonstrating from higher dimensions of time and space, with individuals in huge numbers convincing the earthbound that they have neither perished nor for that matter gone on "upward" into eternal glories depicted in allegorical Scripture?

To illustrate the point even more graphically and disregarding what seems to be crackpotism for the moment, suppose a Flying Saucer landed in the back pasture of a certain family in a certain town and down from its ramp descended twelve to fifteen people—apparently in full earthly flesh—who were stunningly recognized as persons whose former bodies were lying supposedly under tombstones in a nearby community cemetery. Suppose such a thing occurred in instances too numerous to tabulate? In other words, purely as illustrations of what *might* happen, suppose a given flying saucer discharged a cargo of supposedly dead relatives who were recognized and identified as anything but dead, but who declared to their speechless survivors in flesh, "We're using this method for convincing you that people never die, insofar as conscious personalities are concerned. We're simply lowered our atomic vibrations from a fourth dimension to your third dimension to bring home to you the error of your accepted religious concepts and more than all else, convince you of the utter folly, fallacy and uselessness of killing and destruction. *Actually you can't kill consciousness or conscious personality.* All you can do—or all that society about you can do—is deprive the given soul-spirit of its organic vehicle. And what good does that do, when that same soul-spirit can immediately come back in the body of the first infant born to the Smith woman around the corner of Main and Maple Streets?"

Think what universal consternation and moral cogitation might result en masse all over the globe if the first time in recorded history, man came face to face with the elimination of Death in his philosophical thinking as well as his practical dealings by any such development!

VALOR throws out this sort of thing to indicate what it believes to be the more apt significance of phenomena like the Saucers. They are not come into our skies of earth to kidnap human beings as guinea-pigs for experimentations or zoological exhibits on other planets. Nor have they appeared to loose Jovian thun-

derbolts on some malefactors and not on others.

They appear to be coming to set spiritually intellectual processes at work in each man's personal cosmogony, the results of which bring about vast revaluations and departures in human intercourse of their own application and effect.

**U**NDERSTAND, VALOR is not at present contending that the Saucer occupants are *all* etheric beings from this or other celestial realms of the many planets. It is using the fact that these may be Risen Souls of former earth-people to illustrate how Jovian thunderbolts do not require to be employed to work a great rejuvenation of current-day species—likewise to spread information throughout society that would not otherwise be known nor credited unless it came from beings in loftier dimensions of Time and Space who were identified and recognized for whom they had been in earlier earth life.

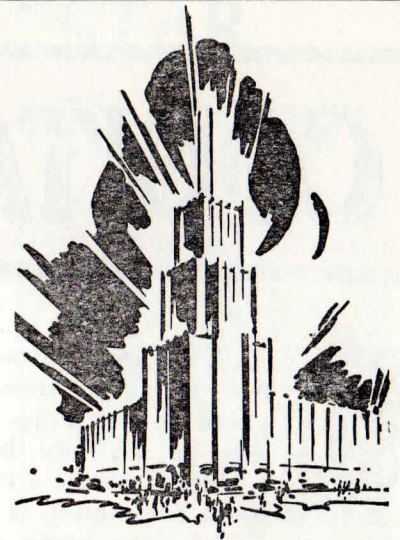
But the Saucer phenomena are only one phase of the "celestial" or "divine" media that may be at work to intrude unsuspected departures in man's thinking and conduct on a world state that seems to have gone hopelessly bankrupt morally as well as financially, due to erroneous concepts of the Life Miracle itself.

It is one thing to point a death-ray at a suspected public malefactor and blast him out of his government job where he may be selling the secrets of a country to its mortal enemies. It is another to bring such altered concepts to the whole human species that it executes a complete reversal of worldly values and methods of its own initiative or by perfectly natural and normal reaction.

**T**HESE are great matters to dwell upon. They may hold far more truth than the purblind Man in the Street remotely suspects. And adept people who have explored strange avenues of what the material world calls Mysticism, may know of such influences of a stupendous higher nature entering into society in the opening dawn of this Aquarian Era, bringing man's fallacious and mistaken ideologies down in one vast junk-pile of intellectual debris.

The man who writes VALOR that he cannot conform with its editorial "optimisms" is simply confessing without be-

(Continued on Page 15)



## "My Seven Minutes in Eternity"

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first, to understand how  
Soulcraft came about*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE  
ESOTERIC CLASSIC

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

**Y**OU 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

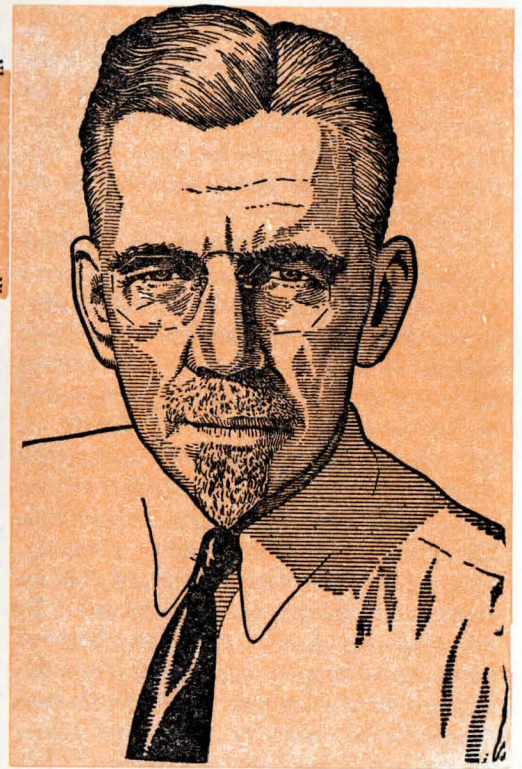
**L**FEEL vociferous this week over a missive from a gentleman who writes me that he has now been studying Soulcraft a matter of two decades, in result of which he has never gotten one solitary message from the Beyond, never remembered back before birth so much as four minutes, and lastly but not leastly never raised so much as a yellow dog from the dead and if Soulcrafters should not be able to do all these things at the end of twenty years, where does the fault lie? He particularly dwells upon this business of Raising from the Dead. Perhaps he knows an undertaker whom he doesn't like and would put him out of business if he could. As for myself, I realize that perchance I should occasionally put this *Cogitations* page to more practical purpose than senile reminiscing . . . Probably every tenth person in life has some sort of natural inclination toward Mysticism. Let me start with that statement and work up—as Sam Goldwyn counselled the movie writer on an ideal screen plot, starting with an earthquake and working up. Probably one out of every three people does have natural psychical abilities and would employ them consciously if he could only buy a book or attend a class that would teach him how to do it. Probably four out of every five persons who “go in” for all sorts of new doctrines, unique cults, and bizarre philosophies as they appear or are brought forward by this and that “teacher” decade on decade, are not particularly interested in arriving at Truth. Whether they care to admit the fact or not, they, more accurately, are interested in uncovering a magic wand or formula that shall somehow make them little mystics in their own rights.

By subscribing to a periodical for three dollars, or attending an exclusive set of lectures for three hundred dollars, they

vaguely visualize the possibility that sooner or later they will be informed: “Now watch closely and you shall see exactly how to raise the dead, then teacher will step down and permit each one of you to try it, till you are popping dead people back to life all over the platform with the greatest of ease”.

**O**F COURSE, it may not be returning dead people to life, that the aspirant for psychical performance wishes to accomplish. Returning dead people to life in this sense is used figuratively. It would certainly work one devil of a mess if such adepts were running promiscuously around, popping the departed back into their former physical husks out of hand and making every mortician's job a bust, on the slightest provocation. Quite a lot of rancor might be stirred up, and otherwise beautiful friendships disrupted, if mothers-in-law, bill collectors, worthless husbands with heavy insurance, and various specimens of official New Dealers, were inadvertently summoned back into mortality just when they had vacated the mortal coil to the great relief of intimate bad-wishers. Yes, even reviving the dead might have its social drawbacks. And the foregoing metaphor is not facetious—not altogether. Human society could be plunged into utter chaos in a day, were it not for rigorous and ruthless laws in life-and-death regulation that have been established by Nature. Going beyond the circumscriptions of karmic normality is therefore achieved only by the rare few who are likewise made cognizant of the moral responsibilities . . .

**O**F COURSE, not all persons with a bent toward Mysticism, psychical exploration, and working esoterics, aspire to go so far as to raise the dead, granted that it were possible, to say nothing of practicable. Hordes of quite rational and re-



sponsible folk feel they would be satisfied if they could only obtain bona fide clair-audient communications for themselves, or be able to summon up a phantom or two on occasion just to demonstrate to skeptical relatives that such phantoms can be summoned. By far the greater numbers of psychical explorers would prefer to be taught how to “split their consciousness” and look in on scenes afar—while their bodies are parked in the chair in the sun-parlor—or they want to vacate the said bodies and go places without death resulting. Esoterics in the main will always be held, by such, in a sort of reservation until they can pop into the sleeping chamber of the girl-friend, or the scoffing uncle, or the business adversary, and shout in their quasi-discarnate condition: “Hi there you! See what I can do that you cannot!” Always the old lament is the rule: “If Professor Dingbat says he can do such things, and is telling the truth, why can't I do them likewise?” There may be a thousand-and-one reasons why they can't do them likewise. But you cannot explain it to such people so that they will ever be satisfied. Always they feel that you are offering some sort of alibi for deception.

**N**OW SUPPOSE we get down to tacks on such manifestations of supra-naturalism and see what generally prevents even responsible and sincere people from getting conclusive and convincing phenom-

ena of themselves. . . . Inasmuch as it would require an article, and perchance a whole book, to explain the workings and fecundities of each of the higher psychical attributes, suppose we confine ourselves to the item of Projected Consciousness. If one man, or one woman, says that he or she has contrived to get out of his body—either by day or by night—consciously, without death resulting, why should not all persons interested in such psyche levitation be able to manage it at will? Are there any general rules that apply to all persons, for such matters, and if so, what are they? People of this bent uniformly don't want to be told why they are flops and fizzles at Psyche Levitation, so much as they want to be told what to do to make the feat possible. The counsellor, on the other hand, confronts the same enigma that the physician confronts when his patient says: "Doctor, why is it that one tiny highball will make my wife get up and do the Big Apple on the grand piano, whereas I can drink three gallons of the stuff and all I get is plastered?" The physician has to say: "Have you ever learned how to do the Big Apple anyway, on a grand piano or anywhere else?" In other words, there is such a thing as a "talent-temperament" for higher-octave performance that has little to do with propyctic ambitions and aspirations.

FOR Psychical aspirants impatient of adjurations in these matters, these fundamentals have been more or less reliably established: Psyche Levitation seems to be little more than Mind Projection—or Consciousness Concentration—on a distant spot or locality to a degree so absolute that the focal-point of the Mind, which has nothing to do with the physical brain, reaches out and encompasses the details of such locality. In other words, the Mind is "in" it, and its distinctive features become as "real" as the familiar features of parlor, bedroom, and bath, in which the physical senses exercise their being. People generally accepted as being in the discarnate state are said to "think" themselves to a given spot in what appears to be an instant of time. By conceiving of that spot sufficiently, or with adequate vividity, they thereat manifest in that spot. We commonly say that Time and Space do not exist in the "higher dimensions" on this account. What we might better say is, that Mind as mind is not concerned in the materialistic circumscriptions of Time and Space,

which of themselves are qualities of the corporeal Matter-World.

WHEN the psychical adept speaks of "getting out of his body," he does not mean that literally. He means that he transfers the focal-point of his consciousness to some place apart from that which is being occupied by his physical mechanism. The pattern of this act is being done every day by millions of people. The pattern of the act, understand, not the act itself! A businessman on a rainy afternoon opens a letter from a boyhood friend. It jumps him back thirty to forty years, when he and that friend were lads together, going over the hill each summer's noon for a plunge in the Ol' Swimmin' Hole. The businessman indulges in a daydream. He starts reliving the pranks of that far-off time so vividly that his office fades around him, he is totally oblivious of his telephone, his still-to-be-answered correspondence, the policeman's traffic whistle blowing in the street below. He actually is going through those scenes again. The trouble is, however, that he is exercising his consciousness in a time-sequence that is of the past and only exists in the astral husk. If the same concentration—that is, insensibility to the body's presence and occupancy—could be exercised in a locality or Time-Space Frame that is of the present instant, and his subconscious fear of essaying an unusual process were dispensed with, ten to one he would find that he has visited or is visiting that locality quite as actually as though he put on his overcoat, descended to the street, and had a taxi or steam train convey his body to that spot. It is not a matter of vacating the body so much as it is a case of expanding the consciousness to take in the environment so to be visited.

AT ONCE come wails from the intense little lady in the rear row. "But I've tried and tried that sort of concentration, and nothing ever comes of it!" Question to the little lady in the rear row: "And how long have you been trying?" Answer: "I've been over a year doing everything I knew how, or could learn from such books as I could get my hands on, to accomplish such a condition within myself." "And do you concentrate very intently?" "Oh my, yes! Very intently indeed!" "Then, little lady, you are not truly concentrating at all. For you cannot concentrate *intently*. Concen-

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tration is utter relaxation. The more relaxed you are, the less intent you are. When you are intent in concentration, you're not concentrating on anything of much importance but the fact that you are concentrating." What the little lady has been doing, a couple of times a week since her curiosity was aroused something like a year ago, is sitting down very primly and straining all her mental energies to have something of an eccentric character happen. And of course it doesn't happen. Could anyone have a dream by sitting down very primly and intently and saying to himself: "I am now going to bend all mental energies into having a dream?" The dream arrives when the proper degree of complete physical short-circuit has been arrived at. It is the product of relaxation. The state known as dreaming, and the state of psyche levitation known as Projecting the Consciousness, are so very similar as to be almost twin brethren.

**TO PEOPLE** who are sincerely unafraid to experiment in psyche levitation, it may be suggested that afternoon or evening—when the body is spent with the fatigues of the day—is not so apt a time to get results in the first fumbling steps of this great process as in the hours of dawn, while the body is still in a semicomatose condition and can be easily left in its former slumber-relaxation while the awakened mind elongates its function. Most of the outstanding cases of novice-success that have been noted, have occurred in the languor of early Sabbath mornings, when the mind was not harassed by the necessity for hastening up and being about the business of the economic world. Most curious of all, in nine cases out of ten, the first successes in such concentration of Utter Relaxation appear to take the form of the Mind-Psyche finding itself suddenly disembodied in the bedchamber, moving about detached, and able to glance back and see the "sleeping" form of its own body still upon the bed. Sometimes there is a sudden "floaty" feeling, and a buoyant ascension in the direction of the ceiling. Somehow or other, the subliminal body manages to "turn over," and there below it is the prostrate physical self. Immediately a great panic seizes upon the experimenter that abruptly ruins further manifestation. Has he unwittingly "killed himself"? Is this the disembodied state called Death? Instead of going ahead and com-

pleting the levitation, all is forgotten in the mental upset to ascertain if the body can again be occupied. Instinct instructs the psyche to "climb up on the body and fall in it." . . . Having reestablished occupancy again, the experimenter is usually too upset and not a little terrified, to "monkey" with that sort of experiment promiscuously.

So the experiments go klunk.



**BUT THE** strong, purposeful soul, having a definite reason for so experimenting, persists, whether the body seems to be detached or not. It knows that the vacancy is not permanent. It disregards the bizarre condition in which it finds itself, and concentrates on the place where it "wants to go." . . . Thereupon it arrives and consummates its errand. Having consummated its errand, the "return thought" pulls it back unerringly to the physical mechanism which belongs to it by right. But the question remains: Why attempt these matters unless there is an errand outside curiosity to be achieved?

We therefore are brought back to our first proposition: Would You Raise the Dead—If You Had the Knowledge?

Would you postulate unnatural conditions in this mortal octave simply to show yourself smart, or gratify your curiosity that such conditions may be attained, or strictly because you would help someone in a quandary with which you as a personage have nothing to do? Because if precocity or curiosity is to be your main motivating factor, you've got your own subconscious psyche in the way of its performance.

Subconsciously, knowing that it is "against Nature" to mix up the manifestations of the many octaves, you will hold yourself back from any exhibit of cosmic hoydenism.

For what *purpose* do you want to accomplish this psyche levitation, that would warrant such violation of the regulations of the octaves?

Advance a purpose worthy of it, and the thing may occur when you are least expecting it to happen.

—THE RECORDER

## Earth Changes

(Continued from Page 11)

ing aware of it, that he is a cosmic ignoramus, building his whole philosophic concept on a miserable and material grasp of the etheric world and its potentials which to the adept mystic is long since a commonplace.

It is because VALOR and Soulcraft have long enjoyed an inside track on such colossal issues that the editorial policy of its periodicals has been one of seeming "optimism." The plain sacred text puts it in so many words, "the schemes of the wicked are to come to naught." But it doesn't say *how*. And perhaps a good reason for its not saying *how*. Perhaps there is the vast moral obligation for the inquiring mind to dig out such matters for itself. And perhaps that digging is actually the "salvation" of which the ecclesiastics make so much.

Anyhow, Thanksgiving is an excellent time to give due credit to Divine Providence that it has never made a world so great and stupendous of operation as the planet Earth, and then gone away and left it, expecting it to run itself.

## MEDITATIONS

"THE SUBLIME and the ridiculous are often so nearly related," said Paine, "that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again!"

"I HAVE but one lamp by which my feet are guided," said Patrick Henry, "and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no judgment of the future but by the past."

THE FIRST business of one who studies Philosophy is to part with self-conceit. For it is impossible for anyone to begin to learn that which he thinks he already knows.

SOLOMON in all his glory was not arrayed like a lily of the field, and if he'd tried it, he would have drawn ten days in jail.

DO NOT let me be like the countryman who looked for his horse while he was mounted on its back.

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**Soulcraft Chapels**

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



PERHAPS I haven't fully made my point in the article that starts on Page 2 of this issue. I have a habit of putting most of the mimeograph bulletins that are mailed me on What's Wrong with the Country into one desk-tray and when it's full, taking a half-day off to apprise myself of what others are saying. But it's a depressing ordeal. Ninety-five percent of them are screamings at skulduggeries in high places. Uniformly they're correct as to facts. But here is a curious thing . . . The writers most vicious in their assailments, or most hysterical about the hopelessness of Christian-American predicament, are specifically those most disdainful of the Christian esoteric. One outstanding spokeslady in a recent number of her Bulletin went out of her way three times to cast disparaging comment on anything spiritist. Spiritists, one would gather, are under the Kremlin quite as much as U-N, CIO, or TV. In fact, anybody who plays around with Familiar Spirits is "controlled" by "the worst subversive influences on earth", or words to that effect. Poor dear! She proceeds on the hypothesis that because she's one hundred percent correct in her knowledge of international chicane, she's equally infallible respecting Extra-Sensory Perception. And she tells you so in adjectives that sizzle. Period.

THE POINT I'm trying to make on Pages 2 and 3 as well as upon this back page now, is the assertion that its a *must* to have the esoteric side of the picture of maturing events, or you become lost in a miasma of catastrophe and cataclysm without one moral life-preserver anywhere in sight. Tell these harbingers of woe and destruction that they're such rank materialists that it's pathetic, and they'll display a fresh exhibit of foam at the lips. Tell them that they're so archaic in their ideologies that they're back on a Midian mountainside with Moses, waiting to see certain bushes ignite, and you'll find a withering bulletin written about yourself as the chief subversionist of all. You can't do anything with such people but pity them for lack of knowledge. They're adepts at all the man-made disasters about to befall earthly society but not in one ray of counterbalancing wisdom that comes to console and inspire those who know that high and constructive things are equally certain of realization. They don't see the balanced picture of what's happening. They pant and gnash for the Opposition's gore. Suggest that they equip themselves for instance with the supernal wisdom in the *Golden Scripts*—which depict the ultimate *denouement* of everything—and because the *Golden Scripts* don't forecast Levantine blug flowing in the gutters they're Spiritist Imaginings.

OKAY, Okay! Obviously there's no Other Side to the current picture. All is gloom, and disaster, and cataclysm, and wreckage, and subversion physically, intellectually, and spiritually. And yet these publicists imply that man, by taking thought, could of his own puny will alter the course of

mortal destiny, clean everything up, and restore the status quo of 1912. Christ? Christ was a Divine Personage who walked on this earth 1900 years bygone and then wafted up to an astronomical "heaven", leaving the world to blunder along in its stupidities. Anyone who says He might still communicate with earth's leaders is part of the plot to dynamite holy doctrine. Really it is all so provincial, and inhibited, and purblind, and circumscribed that it brings an ache in the heart. They are often so earnest in their exhortations to Better Things. So what I am still trying to say, on Pages 2 and 3, and now in *AFTERTHOUGHT*, is the fraternal and inspirational statement that maturing event is due to contain experiences that educate and liberate these Harbingers of Woe as much as the average citizen who merely would be grateful to have it told him what the squabbling is about. The Harbingers of Woe aren't really Christians—not the enlightened Christians of the Aquarian Age. They're ecclesiastical Paulists who hold to the premise that "you have but one life to live and will be a long time dead." The success or failure of the institutions of this world mean everything. If the Satanists gain control, all is lost including honor. Bur-r-r-r!

BUT THOSE grounded in the most advanced enlightenments of esoteric certainties—by having experiences for instance as I'm having in these fraught years with my own beloved daughter Harriet—come into an understanding of a reasonable and purposeful Balance in all that's being made to happen, and can view the world-scene with poise and equanimity. Wonder what would occur if some of these tooth-gnashers could have been in my studio the night of October 14th and heard what was said in explanation of this climaxing Scene by a personage whom I have reason to suspect has not incarnated since Galilee and contacts Christ now as a daily occurrence? I suppose they'd scream "Subversion!" shriller than ever, declare there was no such animal, and repudiate the pro-Christian propaganda that surpasses anything the mimeographing nation-savers concoct in a month of Sundays. So goes the world. I claim that the real leaders of society, out of the current miasma of the military, politics, and racisms, must first of all be equipped with Balance. And Balance means seeing the current bloodless revolution in thought and ethics in the light of psychical erudition. I happened to have been fortunate in acquiring the esoteric background before indulging in any campaign for rejuvenation. Thus in such remedial actions as I did sponsor, I scoured. I scoured so well that I was made to suffer seven and a half years of reprisals. Remember, pure Democracy is a state in which one set of human beings does not use another set for personal gratification . . . and that includes the gratification of telling other people that the world is headed for hell when it isn't. Oh lord, I still wonder if I've made my point? . . .

*Pella*