

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

Volume VI

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Number 6



## **NOW COME CHRISTMAS AND 1954**



**S**CINTILLATING brightly ahead of us now, are the candles and tinsel ornaments of ten thousand Christmas trees—and beyond and above them the strengthening dawn-shafts of the stupendous year of 1954. It can correctly be called a stupendous year not alone for its prolific international developments but for events to mature from

the coming of the Space Men. And by "coming" VALOR means the landing of perhaps tens of thousands of interstellar craft, openly and rationally, without panic on earth's part and without hostility on theirs. To say that this marks a new era in the history of the world is to use trite language. More upon this presently.

Numerologically considered, 1954 is a One Year—in that its numerals add to 10 and the cipher may be discarded. Just as our last One Year was 1945, which saw the termination of World War II and the emergence of the United States as the earth's predominating power, so 1954 marks a high, fresh sequence in vigorous pioneering into uncharted pathways of destiny.

Anything can happen in 1954, and much of it will.

**THIS CLOSING** twelvemonth has been Numerologically a Nine Year, with its stupendous significance of Teaching, Instructing, or Enlightening. Certainly in respect to interplanetary liaison, it has been a year of instructing and enlightening. Bit by bit, news item by news item, book by book, contact by contact, the interplanetary explorers from Other Worlds have been perfecting their Planet Shan (earth) relationships. Gradually the consciousness is settling in upon the mass populations of five continents that the Space Visitors are real, but more important than reality, that their intentions are not only peaceable but benevolent. They constitute a Great Expedition of Elder Brethren, making contact with us to give us the benefit of their higher and older civilizations, and counsel us out of this morass of moral and civic bankruptcy for which our intellectual immaturity has been responsible.

Of course we are not lacking in elements that cry testily, "Our immaturity is our own business, and we'll thank the Space Men to let us alone and permit us to work things out in our own fashion." That would be all very well if we had the moral sense not to tamper with nuclear fission potentials that might explode the entire atmospheric content of our globe in one unholy bath of fire, extinguishing all animate life and having its equally tragic effects on neighboring planets in our solar system. The petulance of such elements is the petulance of irresponsible youngsters playing with matches in a powder-mill. Thus the Space People have more than an altruistic interest in what

we are doing scientifically. Their own planetary well-being seems to be almost as much in pawn as our national well-being as Americans—in event the Kremlin decided that civic life was not worth living, that it couldn't win this silly battle for earth supremacy, and let go the sort of bomb that triggered universal catastrophe. So 1954, with Space Men's help, may well be the year when the atomic menace is subdued and made captive to higher ethical principles . . .



**PROBABLY** the most solacing of all the assurances, that thus far have been extended to us by the Venusians and Martians, is their declaration that because they have advanced much further than earth peoples in civilization and moral culture—not to mention the psychic attributes—they have come to perceive the utter nonsense and futility of slaughter or destruction of any sort to settle controversial issues, either between races, nations, or individuals. They tell us that only creatures of very low intelligence resort of force to achieve objectives. And this low intelligence, while we're on the subject, seems to be attributable in the present global instance to religious and academic inhibitions—first, the perverse stupidity of current humankind not to accord reincarnation of the individual spirit in body after body, life after life; second, the superficial and often supercilious attitude toward development of the Extra-Sensory Perceptions by means of which the intentions of one human mind can be known to all others. When you are readily aware of everything your associate or neighbor is thinking, his hostile proclivities toward you can be provided against.

In other words, fullest knowledge of repeat existence on earth, along with Mental Telepathy and possibly adept Psychometry, prevent both racials and individuals out upon other planets from

stirring up any sort of strife that has unpleasant mass consequences. Therefore, these Space Men, coming down upon our planet equipped with such attributes, must show themselves as capable in treating with any predatory or malevolent character—in high station or low—for exactly the spiritual unit that he or she is. No amount of unctious behavior or popular acclaim can fool them. Seemingly possessed of the perspicacity of gods—although it is all a matter of more advanced practices in Extra-Sensory Perception—they can know what every individual entertains in his heart as designs on his fellowman or fellow racial.

This, of course, means the swift settlement of the racist question as it now bedevils many continents—and the racists are aware of it, and are suffering more panic than they are permitting to show upon the surface.

In other words, what the Coming of the Space Men truly means is, that an actual Day of Judgment it at hand. No longer can the Alger Hisses and Harry Dexter Whites continue nefarious activities to set the nations of the world at odds, or get into congressional witness chairs and swear to falsehoods. Their true characters and performances become as an open book to the Space People—and the numbers of thousands of them are already up. The year 1954 may see the Western Hemisphere rocking with a mass expose of their silly machinations.

**THE** "Mr. Venuto" incident, described by "Rick" Williamson in last week's VALOR, holds a significant and vital clue to what is going on. Rick said that Venuto and his companion, openly admitting they had come from the planet Venus, got jobs as investigators on the Los Angeles Times. They were delegated to work in the paper's Missing Persons Department. In less than a week's time they had "cracked" every case of disappearance within recent months, covering distances in the doing that simply could not have been negotiated by ordinary motorcars. When the Managing Editor readied a story that would break this sensation of the year in the news field, Mr. Venuto seemed to have full information about it in advance, declared that he wanted no such publicity, walked from the Time's office and has never been seen since. But consider the graver import of what Venuto represented . . .

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# Spokes within the Wheel . .

## CLARIFICATION of Saucer Phenomenon Needed before Subject Can Be Featured at District Conventions . .

**D**EVELOPMENTS are maturing so furiously in the Flying Saucer situation that those "in the know" behind the scenes are appalled. The editors of VALOR have just finished reading the detailed manuscript of George Hunt Williamson's *The Saucers Speak*. Coupled with its disclosures, further correspondence with George Adamski—whose volume *Flying Saucers Have Landed* has become the bestseller this past fortnight—and further conference with California notables who have visited Soulcraft Headquarters this week after contacting most of the West Coast principals in the Space Ship drama generally, would make it expedient to mark time in a journalistic way until the situation clarifies. One set of data is being made obsolete by a fresh set almost before time enough has elapsed to publicize the first.

It has been Soulcraft's intent to sound off on the Space Ship phenomenon in an authentic way in the East by procuring a outstanding Saucer contactor to address its convention at Cleveland on the 13th. That is less than ten days away. New intelligence coming in from the West Coast, however, within the past 48 hours of VALOR's going to press, may make it the astute thing to do that the Cleveland convention, held to such purpose, be postponed until after the Yuletide holidays. Reasons for such postponement would then be submitted when the convention is held and criticism be demolished.

It is VALOR's understanding that the Pentagon Air Force plans to issue an of-

ficial statement respecting the Saucers on December 10th or thereabout. Its nature may be such that Soulcraft's convention program would become uncomfortably anticlimactic.

**A**LL ARRANGEMENTS had been made for George Hunt Williamson, the young man who made the Venusian's footprints—allegedly—in the California-Arizona desert on November 20, 1952, to be present and address Ohio Soulcrafters and guests. As explained in VALOR last week, further arrangements had been made for Mr. Williamson's assuming an active share in Soulcraft's expanding publicity about the Saucers. On Wednesday afternoon, December 2nd, a long-distance phone call from Arizona, caused VALOR's editor to consider larger aspects of the unfolding Saucer phenomena. Conditions under which Williamson might be available would decidedly not synchronize with all that Soulcraft would wish to have expressed with the convention being held on the 13th. Besides, Soulcraft is only interested in the entirely construc-

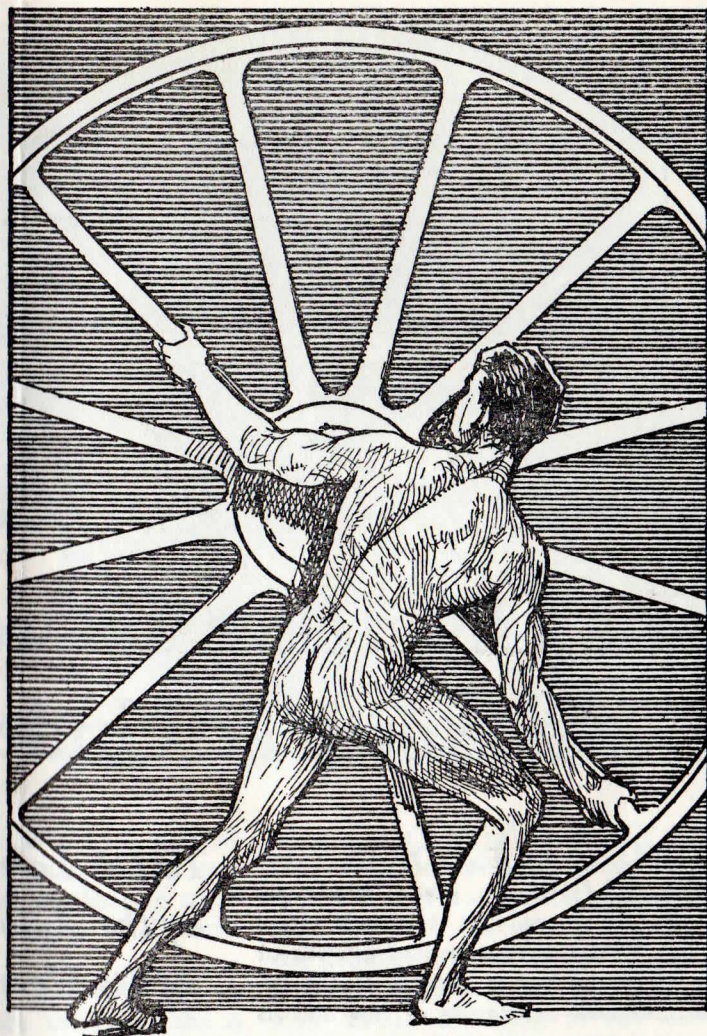
tive features of the Saucer landings and communications.

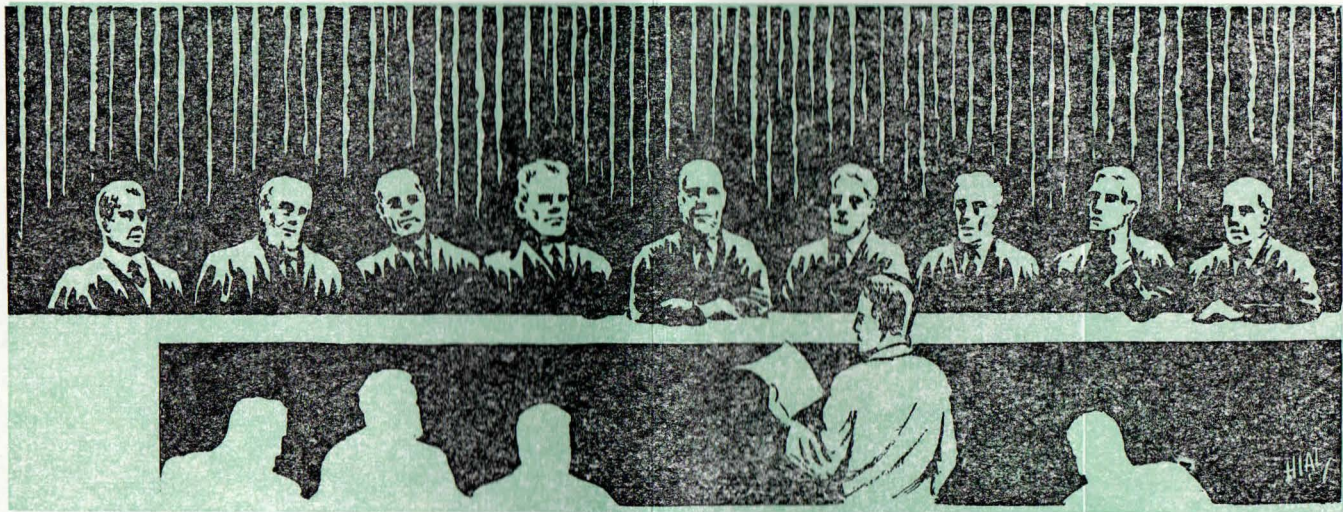
It is the astute thing to mark time until the whole Space Ship controversy stabilizes.

It had been Soulcraft's expectation that it would assist in publishing the Williamson book but the Williamson book in its present form is not publishable without the gravest repercussions—in VALOR's opinion. Furthermore, in the matter of a convention that drew thousands who might be interested in the Saucer phenomena, whatever might be declared from its platform must necessarily commit Soulcraft as sponsor. Unless speakers are amenable to confining their utterings within a compatibility to the Soulcraft Illumination on "the Coming Golden Times" there could be no particular point in offering their addresses as attractions.

Soulcraft's attitude toward the whole Saucer landings is one of welcome in camaraderie insofar as the Space People come to help in a great program making

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## The Difference Between Laws and Statutes Is Not Yet Understood by Mortals

**U**NQUESTIONABLY one of the great lessons we are due to learn from more advanced citizens of higher planets is the exact nature of law and its purpose in any universe.

A million times a year disgruntled persons remark, "There ought to be a law . . ." as penalty for creating some distress or social dilemma. So a group of politicians, duly elected to authority, meet in assembly and formulate resolutions that the citizens who have elected them obey or suffer in freedom or purse. These are known as Laws. But the Higher People know these are not laws. They are regulatory rules for human conduct, that the weaker be protected from the stronger, or the poorer from the richer. They are more properly called statutes.

Law is quite something else.

A law is automatic in its penalty provided for disturbance of some sort of equilibrium. And mark that word "automatic." Meaning this—

It is a true law that human beings shall not act carelessly on the parapets of high buildings, because a loss of balance shall result in disaster. People are, in a sense, prohibited from such careless behavior by the accompanying certainty of disaster. What happens at the bottom of the fall is the penalty for disobedience.

### *TRUE Law Is Identified by the Automatic Nature of Its Unerring Penalty*

If a group of aldermen met and passed a regulatory rule that persons who do the "Big Apple" on the parapets of skyscrapers shall be taken away to jail if their feet slip, spending thirty days in solitary confinement, that would be but a regulatory statute. God sets up the law of gravity which decrees that improper behavior twenty stories above the street shall result in offenders being taken away to the mortuary and spending the rest of their lives in a solitary plot of earth with much gravel shoveled in upon them so that getting out is difficult.

And yet the law of gravity is by no means the only law. There is the Law of Self-Preservation generally, the penalty for violation of which is extinction in a variety of forms. There is the Law of Diminishing Returns, that decrees that an abuse carried beyond a certain point starts exacting its own penalty.

And there is unerringly the Law of Karma.

Whatever you perform in this world, good or bad, will ultimately be repaid in exactly similar coin. If not paid within

the sequence of one career, it will be repaid within another.

We give too little attention to the adamant nature of the Law of Karma and how it decrees its penalties. This comes about because we fail to recognize that Cosmic laws are ever laws established for humanity's well-being and maintenance of Balance . . .

**C**IRCUMSTANCE is ever watchful that people pay their bills. It rebukes those who do not, with colossal catastrophe. It says to him who would shirk responsibility: "Mark you well, there is no shirking in all the universe, there is only postponement. No act ever goes unrewarded or unnoticed in circumstance. Acts are principles that must have their denouement in fact. You will live a hundred thousand lives literally and kick a dog in every one of them without the slightest premonition that the kick must be repaid to you, but repaid it will be, if not by the dog then by those who have the dog's welfare at heart."

People must learn that Mysticism, so-called, is not a fanciful idea as certain enthusiasts with brilliant imaginations would have them believe, but fundamental principles that govern the universe to the outermost star. It is like being forewarned of all the principal events of one's life to become a Mystic, not in the sense

*(Continued on Page 11)*

# How True Leaders Represent the Secret Ideals of the Majority

¶ *DEEP in the Racial Mind  
Exists an Ideal that Shapes  
Any People's Earthly Destiny*

**E**ACH nation at the present that is seeking world leadership, has a specific end to gain, although it is not always apparent to its neighbors.

The peoples of the earth, each in its own instance, want to achieve a definite goal in their own affairs, and they mark for slaughter or subjugation only those who interfere directly—that is politically—with them, or stand in the way of the consummation of their projects.

The nations of the world, each in its own way, are following definite plans of development vouchsafed to them by an Almighty Providence. But they make the error of thinking that the achievement of their goals is blocked by other peoples.

If so be it any state is blocked in its goal by another state so that war must be resorted to, in order that the goal may be attained, then that to which they aspire is not legitimate and worth-while ambition.

**N**O ONE in his senses criticizes Russia for wanting a certain type of government peculiar to the temperament of its own people. If they support that government, then subconsciously they want it, but Russia is incurring the animosity of the world because she does not stop with the exercise of her prerogatives in governmental affairs. She advertises it as her business to cross over into the neighboring state, meddle in its internal affairs, tell the people of that neighboring state that they should have the same

kind of government as Russia, and by sabotage and espionage, attempt to convert the peoples of all neighboring states into supporting her concept of Communism.

There is where she will make her gigantic error which she will rue. She is like the householder who wars with his neighbors in order to get peace in his own household, or carries his ideas of how a household should be run into his neighbor's flat, and acting cantankerously and rebelliously against society in general if the neighbors do not approve his ideas of household administration.

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

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The peoples of the world are approaching a time when strong leaders must arise in each country, imbued with the common ideal that in essence causes them to say to one another: "We will let you

alone if you'll let us alone. We want to play the game with you as a peculiar race unto yourselves, as we are a peculiar race unto ourselves, but in our dealings with one another, suppose we confine ourselves purely to the affairs that we have in common instead of trying to run one another's internal business. We know you covet our property and perhaps we covet yours. But the answer is not found in coming to the end of our patience with one another and flying at each other's throats like a pair of mad dogs. The answer is to be found in each of us recognizing the merits and demerits of our own case, admitting that you have rights which we are bound to respect and vice versa. We will, therefore, try to understand one another and keep our bickerings confined to our own households. Let our treatings with one another be concerned only with the interests we have in common as is now the case with individuals."

**L**AW and order, so-called, is nothing but respecting the integrity of the individual and his private properties.

At the present time the world is in chaos, and a state of armed anarchy exists, because nations do not inherently respect the rights of other nations except as they are forced to do so by strength of arms.

People must get a clear understanding of how wars originate before we can hope to abolish war from this planet. To set up an organization to abolish war is not



practical in a world where the average man thinks his national rights, prerogatives, and privileges—that is his national integrity—are being affected or circumscribed by the higher policing force.

The world is so constituted that men are willing to die for their country because they recognize subconsciously what that country stands for in the divine reincarnatory scheme as hereinbefore set forth.

People will want leaders to the end of time. Why? Because the average man is not always able to decide issues for himself until he sees those issues epitomized in a human being with the courage of his convictions to stake his prestige and perhaps his life on the outcome of those issues.

Men want to be led because life attracts them to some objective that lies beyond or above them and they want some strong person to tell them how to reach it. *They confuse the man with the advice and the advice with the man.* They follow him because he has subconsciously persuaded them that his way of attaining the goal is the true one, or the one that promises the best chances of success.

That is trite in its essence perhaps, but nevertheless the fundamental of all leadership. The true leader first of all discerns what it is that people want most in their governmental or social affairs, and then originates a scheme that seems to them plausible for attaining such mass desires in actuality. When this is done a leader *leads*. He does not really lead. He merely formulates or crystallizes mass thinking into a recipe for attaining a mass desire.

Mark this well! No leader has ever arisen who did not epitomize to a people a way out of their troubles, and in the exact way that he led them out of their troubles, he made his power and position secure.

**DO YOU** take this particularly to heart in the case of America at the present time? You are groping for a true issue worth battling for in a seemingly chaotic world where men seem ready to fly at one another's throats because they cannot think alike in their ideals as to what constitutes greatness.

There is no further need for groping if you will definitely formulate a program of substance paramount in this: that people shall be led out of their troubles economic, political, and spiritual, by

the adoption of a new system of thinking about the cosmos as a whole and what earthly life means.

You have not as yet crystallized the information and principles that have been given you into practical expedients for solving human problems of the present generation. You have dwelt largely in spiritual platitudes and wondered why people did not grasp them or put them into practice of their own volition.

Nothing of the sort can be accomplished by such personal resignation. You have got to say to society: "I propound to you a theory for economic, political, and spiritual salvation. Examine it and ascertain if it is sound. Let us put it into practice if it seems so. It can deliver us from our economic woes here, our political quandaries there, and our spiritual enigmas as to both the present and the hereafter. What say you? If I attempt to put it into active practice will you follow and support me until we see whether it is a success or failure? If it is truth it cannot help but be successful. If it is foreordained we shall bring it to pass together."

**N**OW summing up what must be accomplished we arrive at this. We must first show the peoples of the world why they are in life. That is the premise of the program. We must next show them what purposes we are working out in practical day to day living both individual and governmental. Third, we must disclose to them what objective is being

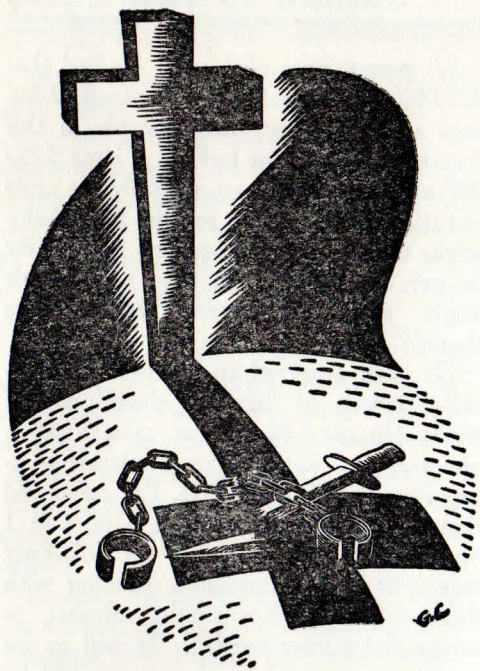
gained—or at least sought after—and that objective must be congenial to the desire-wish-fulfillment of the mass.

Bearing these three points in mind is tantamount to telling a man that he can make himself spiritual leader of half a dozen continents if he will only be sagacious enough to fix a common mean of desire that motivates all peoples of those continents and hews steadfastly to bring it into actuality as a program in human affairs.

We are telling you and your people this: Conduct your own intellectual affairs, or rather direct your own conscious thinking henceforward, into a channel that shall determine what the mass desire of all peoples is each in its own boundaries and in its own ways. Find a way to help them attain to independence while being dependent upon each other. Show them that true economics is the well-being of the mass as well as the private citizen, *that true political sagacity is in less practical rulership and more spiritual understanding*, that the religious thought of the world must be altered to conform to the scientific enlightenments of the age, and then when the plan of the ages is recognized by all peoples it will be found to contain the true and lasting solution for all their inter-racial quandaries.

This program must be made still more practical than it is at present. You must think of the human race as a unit, striving for betterment after its own peculiar lights in the case of each race, and letting no man convince you to the contrary.





# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## Traits of Character . .



LOVE HAS been declared to be the basic principle in the life of a Christian. By love, we are not talking of mere sentimentality, but that most potent force in the creative process of Divine Mind. That same force used in human thinking and human relations always manifest in constructive and positive good.

But there are three traits of character that are always evident in a person who gauges his life by that mighty love force; they are *humility, sincerity and courage.*

Humility has been expressed in various ways. However, it goes deeper than mere outward expression, as do the other two traits. Humility is a state of the inner life. The parable of the Pharisee and Publican, in the New Testament, is a classic example in illustration of this principle.

JESUS was constantly refuting the Phariseical spirit of egotism, and their "holier than thou" attitude. To illustrate his meaning of humility, he told the story of the Pharisee who stood praying, telling the Almighty all about his goodness, and reminding God that he was somebody, even much better than the despised Publican nearby whom we are told "would not so much as lift up his head unto heaven, but smote himself upon the breast and confessed, saying, 'God be merciful unto me a sinner'". And Jesus said, "I tell you this man went down to his house justified, rather than the other."

Jesus was not condemning faith in one's self, because he rebuked the Pharisee, nor was He condoning a spirit of self debasement because He extolled the Publican. But He was forever putting the stamp of approval upon genuine and unaffected humility. And this is doubly meaningful because of Jesus' own fineness of spirit. He shrank from all ostentation and pretense. He insisted on genuine humility because true goodness is progress, and there is no progress without the humble spirit. His teaching on humility is not a demand for self debasement, but a challenge to greatness of life.

THE SECOND trait of true character, or product of love, is an attitude of sincerity. Jesus' most terrible epithet hurled at the Pharisees was "Thou Hypocrite!" Absolute honesty of life was, to Him, essential to real character and Christian living. He illustrated it very forcefully by His reference to men's oaths. A man may swear, as we have so often proverbially said "on a stack of bibles", but that within itself cannot change one's inner spirit. To Jesus, deceit and hypocrisy were basic sins.

Sincerity, in the mind of Jesus, was not so much telling the truth about the facts of our experiences as it was in candidly expressing, in speech and in deed, our own real self. It was not the common liar, the acknowledged selfishness, that He condemned most frequently, but the hypocrite, the pretender, the deceiver. Said He, "Woe unto the hypocrite who sounds the trumpet to have glory of men." For He knew there was no love of mankind in their hearts, but only love of self.

THE THIRD basic trait of genuine character is the spirit of courage. One of the finest illustrations of this was given by Jesus in the parable of the would be followers as told in St. Luke, the 9th

chapter. Several admirers had said to him, "I will follow you, anywhere", and Jesus had replied, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." In other words, He was saying to them, "You'd better think this through. It's going to require stamina to be a follower of mine. It will mean sacrifice, hardship, giving up even homes and comforts, anything if they stand in the way of the Cause."

That has always been the way of our beloved Lord. He knew that that was the only way to true knowledge and wisdom and life. For the following of Him is not for the weakling of the coward. It demands heroism. It puts a premium on the element of courage. It requires the giving up of those things that would hamper the Cause for which he came into life. It meant giving those up now for the future good, for one's self and for others. He told his disciples that "He that putteth his hand to the plow and turns to look back, is lost." For to do so would be to miss the point, to go wide of the mark that he set for men.

Courage always demands action, or rather it is active. Courage always says, "Forward through conflict to victory." Said Jesus, "He that would be my follower, let him take up his cross and follow me." Conflict was inevitable in doing so.

Christian love, and all these traits that stem out of it, does not imply weak sentimentality and escape from the tasks and hazards of life. On the other hand caution should be used that courage does not mean physical hardness, sheer bravado, or stoic fortitude. Courage does not take the side of the reactionary, nor that of the fanatic, but accepting the values of the past, and recognizing the possibilities of the future, it goes steadily forward in the spirit of Him who said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

# Valor

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## Honest Goods

**ONE** TO three years ago—indeed, twenty years ago—when Liberation-Soulcraft began broadcasting to the country that Great Alterations were on their way, all of them good, the hard-headed reaction was one of skepticism, or accusation of optimism based on religious idealism. First came circulation of disclosures of rogues in high places, and the abuse by those rogues for indulgence in “Red-baiting.” The Dies, Jenner, and McCarthy Committees of the Congress now are revealing the dastardly accuracy of the Soulcraft disclosures. Next came predictions of nothing happening as scheduled on August 20th, 1953. Did anything happen? Then came the Liberation-Soulcraft proclamings of the induction of a Golden Time on this planet, and the utter fumigation of its predatory malcontents. Now the whole earth is being introduced to the “invasion” of the Saucer Men—a benevolent invasion, as Soulcraft has predicted—and the identification and ostracism of those who work iniquities. The whole “religious” cacophony moves up onto the octave of Space Ship visitors bringing us programs of scientific and racist therapy.

When will the nation at large awaken to the well-nigh hallowed accuracy of what Liberation-Soulcraft has proclaimed progressively up across twenty-five years?

In only one item have Liberation-Soulcraft predictions been questionable. That had to do with your Recorder writing something that sent him to bed at night

with “the weight of the nation’s plight” on his shoulders, to awaken the next morning and find that he had the great Christian elements of the country behind him to a man. No time-date was specified for such writing, however. A year ago your Recorder hoped such writing was the book *Something Better*. The fact, that it wasn’t, proves nothing. It can still lie in future.

From that week back in July, 1929, when your Recorder began telling his Manhattan friends to withdraw from the stock-market because a great crash was coming in October—and scores of them did, and saved their pokes—right down to the specification of the sacred scrolls to be found in certain caves in Palestine, which came to light unerringly last year, Liberation-Soulcraft prognostications have not had a miss.

Now when “The Host” or “The Goodly Company” are transposed in the mentor-scripts for “Saucer Men,” the revelatory significances are staggering.

And behind it all, when come materializations of Great Souls from higher planes of life, who announce in voices audible to the group of a dozen people that the sources of the *Golden Scripts* and the predictings in the *Soulscripts* are



absolutely bona fide . . . what does humanity require for proof?

Montaigne said, “Man doesn’t die—he kills himself through unwillingness to understand.”

It would seem that Soulcraft’s esoteric goods are honest. All in all, we’re pardonably proud of them.

## Indignation



**ARRIVES** a letter in the mail from Boston, written on expensive lithographed letterhead, bearing the imprint of a sizable investment trust.

Read what it says—

“A recent issue of VALOR implied that \$25,000 would enable the Soulcraft Message to reach many more people in this crucial period. Not having a loose \$25,000 available right now, possibly the same situation many other people find themselves in, the question appears to be, how to get the \$25,000, so that new people might share as present readers have shared?”

“It then occurred to me that in a so-called matter of ‘life and death,’ almost anyone in good health can raise \$100 in one way or another. For Soulcraft matters involving Eternal Life, I’m convinced that I can at least provide \$100 and I hereby make such pledge. It will only take 249 other individuals familiar with this work to send a similar amount, to secure the money needed. It will be interesting to note how the money will be provided for those who believe that ‘Faith without works is dead,’ and wish to have a fuller part in furthering the Soulcraft work. We all know the Law of Abundance provides that in order to continue to receive, we must continue to give.

“Even if it is not your policy publicly to promote contributions, and I know you never have, there is nothing to prevent me from sending you more than your asking-price for your books, as I wish to feel that I am sharing a part in the work you and your associates have been carrying on alone.”

Thereat the writer goes onto a second page, expressing indignation that anyone giving the country so much as Soulcraft has, and is, giving, should find itself in the humiliating position of financial embarrassment in any form. With so many billions being procured and squandered on ephemeral or pernicious projects of Mammon, why should not a work in the obverse field compete with Mammon on reasonably equal basis?

Soulcraft mailed out 371 letters for the underwriting of the *Golden Scripts* a year or so ago, and raised nearly \$40,000 for the purpose. Something like 350 letters were sent to a similar gilt-edged list of supporters on the 10th of last month for the underwriting of this new Saucer-liaison activity. Once again Soulcrafters are not failing Headquarters but the collection is slower. But meanwhile Soulcraft’s publishing business is mushrooming. *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, *Thinking Alive*, *Earth Comes*, and *Road into Sunrise* must all have early reprints in sizable editions, *not to mention*



the entire nine volumes of *Soulscripts* in bound form.

Yes, 249 persons making the effort to underwrite a bona fide expanding publishing, will turn these books out chop-chop. And those who can't quite manage \$100 are being offset by those who are going the whole \$1,000 for top donations.

With the startling attestments coming down that the Soulcraft work is everything claimed for it—by those who are dwelling in realms of light themselves—if giving to this enlightenment isn't laying up treasures in heaven, then how can laying up treasures in heaven be regarded?

Anyhow, it's these Suggesters of Ideas who are backing up their suggestions with "Enclosed find cheque" that hold the morale at top level.

Who cares about wasting pence on turkey and cranberries at Thanksgiving when there's a nation of spiritually famishing folk to be fed resplendent viands?

Two hundred and forty-nine people . . . ho-hum! . . . No, call it 192 people as of this writing . . .

### Balmy Winter

**T**HE GRAVELY significant thing that is happening in the Omniverse is the thing the public would not comprehend, granted it could be told. Wiser inhabitants of other planets announce to us that evidently this solar system of ours, placed in the Milky Way galaxy in a region known as Scharee, in moving under the constellation Aquarius is entering into an area of cosmic-ray bombardment that is going to produce prodigious effects on earth. One of them is stepping up the vibrations of individuals so that the Extra-Sensatory Perceptions are due to function, even as veils of a sort drop off the Eternal Memory, while at the same time causing persons of no great spiritual attainments to fall victims in ever-increasing numbers to heart failures. The other is altering the climate of our globe to appalling warmth by what the scientists term Cosmic Eruptions.

From Helsinki, Finland comes an opinion by Prof. Vaino Auer of Helsinki University that because of cosmic eruptions through which we are passing, the world's available humus is shrinking, and there will be serious difficulties in grow-



## Loquacity . .



**O**PINION is for each and all, for each holds choice at beck and call; has his pet views how things should go, as freedom prompts us in earth's show. One says that booze creates more woe than all the evils here below, while one insists that pink cigars have done more harm than all the bars. Another cries that bubble gum has knocked its millions out of plumb. But talk, our daily talk . . . hot air . . . has filled this old world with despair, has chilled the souls of countless scouts and filled our towns with down-and-outs. If we could only get in touch with all the jays who talked too much and thereby lost the jobs they need, we'd see a multitude indeed.

A man goes home at close of day and when he's had his meal of hay, he hopes to spend a quiet hour perusing books of worth and power. He feign would follow Sherlock Holmes as through the London slums he roams, or with some other, trail the thief and bring such miscreant to grief. But when he seeks the ingle nook to read a chaste and gripping book, his wife comes up with tongue unfurled and talks a ring around the world. She chides him that he's sitting there, all snug and cozy in his chair, when there are fifty chores to do, a hundred errands to pursue. She tells him of the things she needs, the sprinkling cans, the garden seeds, the hats the jackets and the shawls, and how the kids need overalls. She talks a long and blatant streak until the husband, worn and weak, rears up and breaks a lot of chairs and throws his consort down the stairs, and sets the blooming house afire, then hangs himself with stovepipe wire. You can't blame husbands for a jag, the way some females chew the rag. 'Twould fill an angel's heart with pain and cause most men to go insane.

The talksmiths spoil our hours of rest and knock our comfort galley-west. How often when you're tired and sad from toiling mid the millions mad, you in your old chair would recline, beneath your figtree and your vine. You wish to just sit there and muse and feast your eyes on distant views, and count the planets as they rise to do some shining in the skies. It seems to you, as thought takes wing, that Silence is the grandest thing, the sweetest boon you've ever known; alas, this boon is not your own. There comes a boor across the street, a windy bore on eager feet. He talks the priceless hours away . . . about the price of shoes and hay, about the war, the income tax, the duty on imported flax. He talks, and talks, until you rise, the bloodlust growing in your eyes and snatching up a sword or lance you cleave his head down to his pants.

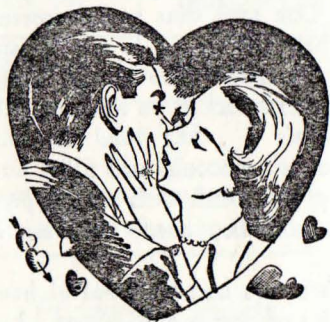
This talk has driven you to crime and spoiled a peaceful happy time. This useless talk can cause more harm than can a ten-call fire alarm. This idle gossip and harangue can make a man bare tooth and fang, and pack his bag and leave alone for constellations still unknown.

The nations gather in conclave and talk of flags that want to wave, of statutes, penalties and huts where distant far live other nuts. They talk and talk and chew the fat, while up each sleeve they hide a gat. They talk and talk and talk some more, so we'll have peace forevermore, until some bird like Molikov, upsets the place and walks right off.

This talk we hear where'er we go, in marts of trade, on radio, that we hear East, that we hear West . . . Lord, send us Silence, Peace, and . . . Rest!

WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

# "Adam Awakes"



## The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

### THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

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

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**Soulcraft Chapels**

ing enough foodstuffs hereafter to prevent famines in countries of denser populations. Says the *New York Times*—

"Professor Auer, 58, has just returned from seven years of research work in Patagonia, at the extreme tip of South America. He was engaged there in comparing climatic variations and the distribution of different soil types with similar conditions in northern Europe. Some of his work was done on behalf of the Rockefeller Foundation.

"Professor Auer said that, in collaboration with the Yale University, he has established without much doubt that, since 12,000 B. C., the world has experienced six cosmic eruptions. Two of these were in the late glacial period and four in the post-glacial period.

"The present eruption is comparable to those past eruptions which had caused the extinction of the Tertiary period monsters; the flooding of the lands that today lie at the bottom of the North Sea; or, 2,000 years ago, brought about starvation and the resulting mass migration of the peoples of Asia.

"According to Professor Auer, these eruptions take place at almost regular intervals of 2,157 years and are marked by drastic changes in animal and plant life, as well as by long periods of drought, the rising of sea level and the receding of forests.

"In Professor's Auer's views the best period enjoyed by our planet was before a violent eruption that occurred at about 2300 B. C. Up to that time forests and plants advanced everywhere, the climate was mild and pleasant and plants that today can only be found in Central Europe then thrived in the Arctic. The human race also seemed prosperous, and had spread to areas that today are no longer habitable.

"The eruption that took place 2,000 years ago caused the advancing of the steppes in Asia and brought about the great migration of peoples westward on the Eurasian land mass. Occidental historians say that migration put the clock back, as far as development of human race is concerned, by at least 500 years.

"Now we are living in a period of a similar forceful eruption. The most remarkable phenomenon connected with it is a disturbance in the cycle of elements, causing animals and plants to die out.

"About one thousand animal species have died out or are near extinction, according to a recent United Nations re-

port. But what is most alarming is the disappearance of bacteria, which is causing the recession of forests, death of plants and the erosion of humus.

"In Chile, for instance, large forests with trees a hundred or more feet high, are dying out, and all attempts at replanting them have been of no avail. New trees will no longer grow and the forest area is being turned into barren steppes. In other places in the Southern Hemisphere the inroads made by the steppes upon forests and cultivated lands have been so rapid that they actually could be photographed."

## Saucers

*(Continued from Page 4)*

for international peace. Soulcraft has its own confirmations of this fact from personages it knows it can trust. Unless the utterings of others conform to what VALOR's editor has received from its own sources, not to mention the entirely reasonable and sensible attitude of the Pentagon, Soulcraft does not care to become involved in the controversy.

Let us not lose sight of the fact that this is one of the gravest times in the history of our planet . . .

WITH no small amount of regret, Mr. Williamson's book manuscript has been returned to him and will not be published nor sponsored by Soulcraft Chapels, without alterations and deletions. When "Rick" visited Headquarters last week, he rehearsed verbally what was in the book. The actual manuscript did not come through from a California linotyper until this Tuesday, after the author had departed back to Arizona. Communicating with Arizona by phone after it had been read and studied, Soulcraft learned that he was indisposed toward the slightest alteration unless he performed it himself. Considering the nature of what he has said, such an attitude would let Soulcraft out.

All of it is more than a tempest in a teapot. It represents an expression of liaison between the Higher and lower forces of the gravest consequence to the nation at large. It is a time to proceed with the greatest mature discretion and acumen. The moral responsibility of all publishers and platform lecturers is high. The fact should not be lost sight of, that perchance these many manuscripts are filtering across the Soulcraft desks and

being read and checked upon because the Higher Forces, sacred as well as interstellar, deliberately solicit the Soulcraft censorship. Mayhap this is one of the major reasons for the Soulcraft Phenomena in itself being pertinent at this time.

Certainly rushing through a convention that attracts the attention of a major city like Cleveland, while there is any controversy about the nature or significance of the Saucer comings, has little basis in good judgment or integrity.

Besides, always in the background lurks the imminent conference at Headquarters between VALOR's editor and George Adamski himself. It is purposely to compare their more intimate data that Mr. Adamski has promised an early visit. When it has occurred, the properly sedate announcements of findings will be made.

These findings should be the real meat of the convention presentations . . .

**I**N OTHER words, there are not only wheels within wheels attending on this growing Saucer phenomena, there are spokes to each one of them, each with its pertinency. And in these closing hours of 1953, the situation is altering with each 24 hours that passes.

Soulcraft's George Fisher has declared from the Higher Side of Life that the *real* Flying Saucer story of current days is due to be written by VALOR's editor from his *own* experiences and contacts. That was a formidable prospect to present, yet it is by no means afield from the earliest of the editor's enlightenments in the *Golden Scripts* and *Soulscripts*—only the key of the Space Ships being missing. Palpitating mortals down here in this substance world can only await with patience what the Upstairs People have to unfold. VALOR will keep you posted on it.

But no precipitate action.

## Laws and Statutes

(Continued from Page 4)

of weird incantations or beclouded issues of spirit, but to know which of the great cosmic laws are important in one's life as he is living it day by day.

That is the sense and essence of Mysticism. Tell it from the housetops. Publish it broadcast.

Laws are not laws because we perceive them, or even feel the effects of them. That is putting the cart before the horse in Mysticism. Laws are laws because they operate at the behest of the incarnate intelligence making rules and regulations in mercy.

As for the conduct of the world in matter, speaking broadly, more and more people are coming to find out that true religion is nothing but the correct interpretation of those rules and regulations imbedded in divine mercy for the good of the race-species. They are yet to be convinced, however, that life is something altogether different from what they think it. It is not a transport or a joyride but a great Karmic vehicle moving upward through millennia, crushing those who do not see it coming and behave adroitly in its pathway.

You can have all the lesser vehicles that you please to ride in, but you cannot escape the certainty that the Great Vehicle of Karma will have its pathway and clear its own track in rolling up the ages.

Now then, understand this—

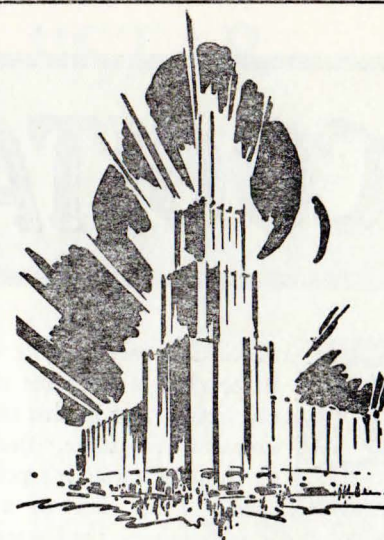
The world of Matter is obsessed by the idea that princes and foundlings are cut from the same cloth in essence, and in a measure it is so. There is more to it, however, than the mere handing out of social betterments and privileges, in the vast earth scheme. Why are princes what they are? Why are foundlings what life finds them?

*Because each one of them has some terrific life-lesson to be learned by the status of their birthguage.*

When people get this idea firmly fixed in their minds, we shall see a new heaven and a new earth. People now are quiescent of conscience in regard to these matters. They think: "Oh well, it makes no difference if I am born a prince. Fair enough. Let it be so." If born a foundling they say: "Well, what of it? Worry about it does not bring me knowledge of my parents." They call this philosophy when it is really resignation of the most vicious sort.

What they must realize is, that each of these cosmic truths is a result of their own malfasance undertaken in other times and years. It behooves them to remember well these facts and be patient under the yoke of discipline, though not necessarily yokel in their beliefs and concepts as to why the discipline should be necessary.

(Continued on Page 14)



# "My Seven Minutes in Eternity"

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

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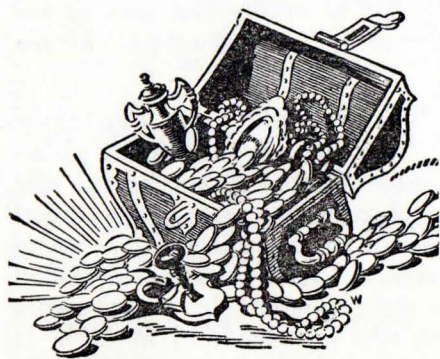
*First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .*

**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

**T**HERE'S a certain type of letter that reaches me every little while in this odd vocation of mine, that's as challenging as it's poignant. Nine out of ten times the writer is feminine, but rarely adolescent. Here's the heartrending plaint: "Oh, Mr. Pelley, I'm so utterly prostrated at losing my darling sister Mabel last February, that I can't tell you how I feel. We were so terribly close, and there didn't seem to be a whit of sense in her going as she did, that for a time my faith in everything spiritual wavered. You talk so glibly in your writings about there being no death, or the dead coming back and speaking audibly to you, that you'd have us believe such numbing experiences have been a sort of hocus-pocus. Will you take my word for it they haven't? You see, I'm not fortunate in knowing a lot of reliable materializing mediums like you do, nor do I possess any clairaudient talent. I'm sure if I 'heard voices' my husband, good a man as he is, would call in a psychiatrist to have me examined and put away. Prove to us by some other means than a recital of *your* experiences, that survival is a fact, and I'll get up on the housetops and shout

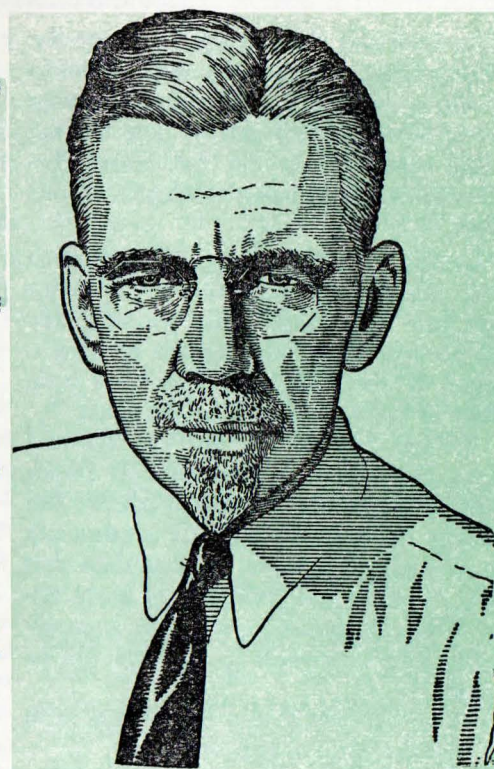


for Soulcraft. My husband Wilbur, whom I mentioned, is utterly unsympathetic anyway, with anything savoring of psychical research. He declares with

greatest vehemence that when we're dead, we're *dead*, and that's all there is to it. He doesn't go so far as to say the claims of Soulcraft are all hoaxing, but I know what he's thinking. So I'm living through the balance of my life as best I can, grieving for my dear Mabel, and having Wilbur aggravate the wound by scarcely believing in the orthodox heaven. Please give me some counsel, for I need it very much."

o—o

**I**F I receive one letter of the foregoing tenor every sixty days, I receive half a hundred. All of them don't bemoan the dearth of reliable mediums. A plethora of them bemoan the fact that when they do imagine they've located such mediums, they fail absolutely to "get" Mabel, or Mother, or Dad, or Uncle Eben. Mabel, or Mother, or Dad, or Uncle Eben simply *won't* "come through". Or they got a character who said she was Mabel or Mother—or perhaps a male materialization that looked about as much like Dad or Uncle Eben as Costello and Abbott look like Episcopalian bishops—but who didn't even remember what happened that long-ago when lightning struck the old homestead and made the Plymouth Rock rooster lay a nest of Easter eggs. If Survival is a fact, and soul-personalities bona fide, why don't they just come back, to everyone, under any conditions, and always prove recognizable both by faces and voices? I still maintain that I've done enough clairaudient work, and witnessed enough epiphanies and materializations, so that Death—or our acceptance that it is final—is the greatest of illusions. And yet my heart does bleed for that great army of earnest and grief stricken folk aspiring to the demonstrations and proofs that have come to me, but simply wouldn't be either willing or capable of paying the price for the enlightenment I've paid. Like everything else in life of real value, we're forced to acquire it at some sort of cost . . .



**M**Y APPROACH to giving such seekers real assistance is usually advising them first of all to acquaint themselves scouringly with all the qualifications and conditions of consciousness that operate across the planes. It is positively not a matter of popping off into a pleasurable Seven-Minutes experience of their own, or paying ten dollars to a medium one moment and having Aunt Hazel or Cousin Abner walk out from behind the curtains the next . . . with a moral poultice ready for mother-in-law's asthma. One should post himself on all angles of trans-plane communication and know what to expect and what not to anticipate. But that isn't all. One should likewise be so well posted in higher cosmic matters generally that he's familiar with the performance even of the Life Principle itself. Then one knows the why and wherefore of the phenomena that result. It's not unlike going into a great powerhouse, where the turbines are whirring on all sides, and pushing and pulling switches blindly, without the slightest advance training in the performings of electricity . . . Of course in such analogy the medium takes the role of the professional electrical expert to a degree, but what of one's pulling the switches to cut the current off from Indianapolis and diverting it to St. Louis, only to discover that one has shut the current off in Denver and sent it to San Antonio? Or, on the other

hand, what if the wrong switches being pulled have shut off current to all four cities, or sent an excessive flow to Fargo, North Dakota that has blown all fuses enroute?

o—o

IT'S been to supply purblind, orthodox persons with such fundamentals of the processes and forces with which they're experimenting, that I wrote the two books, *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* and *Behold Life*—with perhaps *Star Guests* furnishing still profounder information. When you know what process takes place in so-called physical demise—as gathered from the data in tens of thousands of cases—you begin to grasp the picture of the difficulties the "departed" soul is laboring under to perfect intelligent contact with those "left behind." By knowing exactly what they are required to do to effect materialization, you no longer expect the impossible; you understand how substitutions of personalities may come about; you come into clearer understanding of why some souls do not communicate at all. To understand all these higher phases in sacred psychical research, you have to be possessed of a working knowledge of reincarnation as well as the laws of karma. This means assiduously reading, the same as the electrician must study the behavior of current before he can put electricity to even the simplest of commercial uses. The grieving mortal who pays five dollars to any medium who blatantly advertises communication with the "departed" and who wants five materializations, one for each dollar, is putting himself in the class of the naive young woman who was indignant at her "dumb" fiance because he confessed he didn't know what electricity was, or how to make it. "I'll show you how to make it!" she flared. She went to the wall button and snapped it over. The electric bulbs in the room flashed brilliantly. "That's how you make electricity!" she expounded, "You do it by simply snapping a button."

o—o

THE AVERAGE human being wants to make ectoplasmic animation by snapping some sort of button. But let a fuse blow in the cosmic cellar and where are they? Or rather, what becomes of their erudition? . . . I try to explain to grieving Soulcrafters who write the sort of letter I've quoted, that there are as many different reasons for not getting

materialization-incandescence as there are people to be rewarded or disappointed. I think I've already quoted in these pages the case of the clergyman who "went over" and resolutely refused to communicate with his grieving spouse because he'd carried the idea in his head throughout his mortal days that attempting to bridge the planes was "trafficking with familiar spirits" and he'd no more try to make contact with those he'd left in the flesh than he'd have tried to make contact with those out of the flesh when he'd been in the body himself. I ran into one interesting case in Manhattan of a sitter who bombastically insisted the seances be held between seven and eight each evening because she had to be on her night-job at nine. She never could get the relative she wanted to contact, because the relative came through to myself in daylight and explained that every time Elsie wished to make contact, she, Esmerelda, had to take in a "must" lecture on the higher planes that were concerned with instruction in her own spiritual progress, and of the two affairs, she preferred the lecture on the higher planes. Elsie, on the earthside, was complaining and screaming fraud because Esmerelda wouldn't come on schedule at hours to suit Elsie. A trivial matter, perhaps, but earth-folk can get all crossed up and acquire complexes that last for years through such purblind misunderstandings . . .

o—o

OR TAKE the matter of audible voice . . . My erstwhile financial sponsor, George Fisher, happens to possess a voice that simply won't register on electronic tape as it sounds to hear with normal ear. He spoke into the mike in the materializing seance at Hanford, Calif., and I didn't recognize him in any respect when the tape was mailed through to me. When he spoke with me face to face in the Noblesville seance of the 14th, his features and voice-tone were unmistakably familiar. And yet, when I later played the Indiana seance back to myself—on my own amplifier—I listened to the same voice that had talked into the mike in Hanford. Contrariwise, the voice of my daughter Harriet will duplicate on my machine, and sound unmistakable under all circumstances. I had a case recently where one of the elderly woman parties "come through" in materialization spoke the right intelligence and made the correct identifications of her-

## "STAR GUESTS"



*A Book that may be offering a surer explanation for today's Flying Saucers than was suspected when it appeared . . .*

MORE and more the evidence mounts, indicating that human life may not have originated on this planet but come here in spirit form from another heavenly system. Such is the disclosure of the Ageless Wisdom. And the manner of humanity's coming, and the reasons for it, explain a hundred enigmas in sacred Scripture.

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**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS**

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

self, and yet in a voice that did not sound in any respect as it had in earth-life. "I knew in my very soul that it truly was mother," one of the lady auditors declared, "yet that was no more mother's voice as I recall it than it was the voice of a ten-year-old child." The mother, I subsequently learned, had died of wasting fever, and apparently not fully recovered her normal vitality when the materialization occurred.

—o—

**B**EFORE anyone attempts to go in for bona fide and accurate contact with the "dead"—who are far from being dead—he or she should be so posted in all of the erudition attending the phenomenon that he can even apply his or her own tests of fraud to the medium's role—if it is attempted. So, boiled down, I try to assure the grieving survivor that instead of dissipating himself or herself in senseless sorrow, the thing to do constructively is start a course of intelligent reading that first makes all of these details of communication clear and plausible. Grieving over noncommunication, or lack of proof of survival of a loved one, is quite as absurd as grieving over a relative on this side who has sailed for Europe, selling oneself on the idea that the departed one certainly has been lost at sea because no letter has come back since the sailing occurred. Perhaps it proves nothing of greater consequence than that the traveling one is too preoccupied with the sights and experiences he or she is undergoing in distant lands to waste time in penning long descriptive letters home. Certainly of all voyages par excellence, the higher spiritual voyage into Cosmos is most fascinating. And we should always bear in mind that mayhap the folk who have "gone on" don't consider the proof of survival half so important as those who are still in the body. Certainly they feel themselves under no obligation to respond electrically to any earthly summons just because the physical survivor may have turned into a medium's parlor and paid over ten dollars. The same comities exist between individuals no matter on what planes they may be living, operating, sending, or receiving. In the case of the correspondent whose letter I quoted in starting this monograph, the gross and materialistic attitude of Wilbur is most of all to be ignored. He's simply growling and making a nuisance of himself, and might as well declare there's no such thing as tele-

vision, merely because he's never watched one. Who is Wilbur that he has any monopoly on the accuracy of such realities anyhow? The benedict Wilburs of mortality are mostly pains in my neck, after twenty-five years of making liaison with the "dead" . . . So if you truly wish to post yourself on all the ins and outs of true and accurate communication, begin intelligently tutoring yourself in the details. *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* is as good a book to start with as any, because it's a record of my own experiences told autobiographically, and when you see how I developed from point to point in my discoveries, perhaps you may do likewise. But you need really to master *Behold Life* to get the well-rounded canvass of what it's all about . . . Now go ahead and grieve your head off . . . but be sure you're not subconsciously enjoying your grief instead of digging for the information that will everlastingly end it . . . *Tallyho up!* . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Laws and Statutes

(Continued from Page 11)

Possibly some think they can escape thoughts of remorse by their lack of perception. But remorse is not a factor and accomplishes no good. They must stand up to life and perfect themselves, and when they do, they will find the law works both ways. Openhanded giving means openhanded receiving. Openhanded receiving means that the open fist inflicts no punishment and that life is two-edged in its capacity to inflict a wound for every sword-thrust at another.

**T**RANSPORTING themselves into areas of forgetfulness means nothing excepting a sort of childish hiding in the bed to escape the terrors of the dark. Opening the eyes to cosmic intelligence makes them noble in admitting their faults and correcting them so that they do not have to suffer penury or remorse or unhappy circumstances that teach them a lesson that has to be learned.

Considering all the lives a person has lived, however, to get to the present moment, does not necessarily mean that they have no debts to pay in karma for things they have done unwittingly.

An act is an act and has its counterpart in spirit projection that exists eternally in some form or other that must be met

with, and dwelt with, in some form or other, after its own kind.

Teach church people this and you take the terror out of their religions. They call it a pagan belief, this doctrine of earthly re-visitaton. Is it half so pagan as a belief in eternal fire and brimstone for unfortunate souls who have not yet seen the error of their ways!

Christ never said anything about eternal fire and brimstone. That would have been preaching a lie, for *eternal fire and brimstone does not exist*. He said instead: "Except ye have knowledge of one another and love for love's sake, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Light." Further said He not.

Consider the ways, however, in which men have perverted his teachings to their own aggrandizement. He taught them love and they made it into hatred of the unbeliever. He taught them patience and they made it into incessant warfare against the adversary Doubt. He taught them self-ennoblement and they gave Him a cross of ignominy.

What of these things in Karma?

**W**HAT would the universe be without balance? What would human life be without equilibrium? What indeed but chaos?

Think well of these things and teach them. Consider what life would be without this great vehicle of Karma rushing onward through the years. How would we measure Cause and Effect? How would we know there were such things? Does not life have a trick of telling us that the wicked must requite themselves somewhere and the righteous be rewarded? What does this mean but the finest Karma?

## Christmas and 1954

(Continued from Page 2)

He stated that he and his unidentified companion had landed their ventla outside Barstow, hitch-hiked down into L-A in the garb of ordinary Americans, and not been recognized as any different from ten thousand other Californians once they were clothed in masculine business suits.

*How many tens of thousands of Venusians or Martians may have done the same thing without disclosing their identities so frankly, permeating society and mingling with all classes and castes, privately equipped with their supernal ca-*

*pabilities for correcting today's wholesale ethical abuses?*

**S**O THE results of such permeation may start being felt wholesale in the year that lies ahead, when Christmas has been dispensed with and we are swinging joyously into 1954. We should by no means overlook the fact that even as the miscreants and malcontents are one by one exposed and brought to book, contrariwise those who have suffered in the past from the assailments or suppressions of those same miscreants and malcontents will suddenly confront complete exoneration. Absolute justice will be the order!

Think of the stupendous drama promised if, instead of the "invasion of the planet" by any monsters of H. G. Wells phantasmagora, the planet is "invaded" by an overwhelming force of Christ Creatures, commissioned to "put the crooked straight"! But putting the crooked straight is not achieved by pointing death rays at obnoxious individuals, or paralyzing and abducting delectable maidens. It is achieved by great cohorts of superior creatures who pass as normal men or women, infiltrating into the highest social, political, and commercial positions and affecting renovated ethical standards in private acts and performings without the public suspecting what is happening for one instant.

Hundreds of people write VALOR every year, asking how the Messiah will treat practically with individual humanity to establish the Golden Times? Now they appear to be having an advance demonstration in the activities of the Mr. Venutos in a thousand instances and situations of which the newspapers and public are not hearing. The thing is being *done*, not talked about nor bragged about. And such restraint in itself bespeaks the bona fide character of this advance guard of The Host.

The Elder Brother has told Soulcrafters through the *Golden Scripts* that He will not permit this planet to be destroyed. "The world little reckoneth how slender be the thread on which hangeth its perpetuation." But the proper Space Men, obeying orders from the "Center", may be stymying disasters already of which worldly men know nothing.

We can all of us get down upon our knees and thank the Creator that these interplanetary visitors are in the corners of the righteous!

*Watch 1954 for the denouement of the whole of it.*

## "Thresholds of Tomorrow"

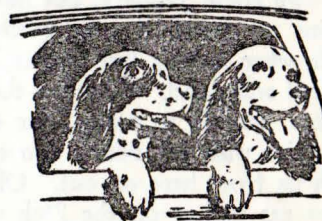
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## A f t e r t h o u g h t

**W**ELL, Thanksgiving came and went at Headquarters. Now we're in the open channel, stroking for Christmas. And a week after Christmas will start 1954. How tempus fugit! Seems like 'twas only week before last we had twenty or more Soulcrafters from far bailiwicks thronging the west patio, helping us celebrate the Fourth of July and wanting to be told what sort of universal catastrophe was due to overtake humanity on the Great Pyramid date of August 20th. Looking back on August 20th, the only Great Event that ruffled Headquarters was Emma, the German Shepherd, being rushed to the vets because something had gone wrong with the litter she was expecting. Litter all stillborn. Buzzie remarked Ha-ha-ha-poo! and continued to watch the skies until the dawn of the 21st, after which he went sour on esoteric predictings and wouldn't look at a pyramid if it were built of cans of dog food. But speaking of our Thanksgiving . . .

**W**HO SHOULD drive up to spend the rest of life with us—not to mention Thanksgiving—but our favorite poet, Winchester MacDowell, bringing a whole portfolio of fresh masterpieces and his artist pens and T-squares. Mac will be seventy-two come January, but having lived a faultless life he entertains no dread of contributing any discord to the Choir Invisible when earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are all twisted and dried. Dave cut the wire on a fresh bale o' hay, shook out enough to make Mac comfortable, drove a nail in the upstairs wall for Mac's two extra neckties, and Mac will be with us from here on out. Ollie Jadwin and Ora went to Ohio to eat turkey on the 26th with their daughter's family, after which Ollie pushed on to Cleveland to complete details if possible on the Soulcraft Convention which had been planned there for the 12th and 13th. I hoped to have George Hunt Williamson for speaker there on the 13th but complications in young Williamson's affairs may prevent him from being present. If personal dilemmas are ironed out before next week's VALOR, due announcement will be made in that issue. Possibly a still bigger "name" may be secured . . .

**W**E DECIDED to waste no pence foolishly on parboiled turkey-cocks in the Headquarters' commissary for the holiday, the price of 'em would underwrite two hundred promotion letters. Because the printing staff had worked the previous Saturday, we paid off Wednesday night for a shutdown till Monday. That gave me four blessed days of rest—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. I spent most of them answering a month's collection of mail. Walt Pearson and Ed, Melford's brothers, dropped in from Wichita for a chat late Thursday afternoon and I knocked off in the evening and went to the movies. That was a red-letter day and I'm much obliged to the Pilgrim and other fathers. Friday morning I waked up to the biggest mail-business we've known in months. People

really are arousing to Soulcraft. Maybe the Flying Saucer hookups are having a lot to do with it, but that's as it should be. George Fisher said in his seance-materialization on October 14th that he saw Soulcraft Headquarters double their present size within a year. I told him that not a thing was holding up the nation from going Soulcraft but the money to finance the production of printed goods that would be needed. He implied he'd see what could be done about it.

**I** ASKED Rick Williamson how he rationalized the fact that although the full program of Righteous Things had previously been recorded in the *Golden Scripts*, and George Fisher had said that the Space People had definitely talked with me clairaudiently, their initial landings and contacts had been chiefly on the West Coast and to individuals not then connected with this Enlightenment. At least no Space Ship had as yet chased Woodward's cow about the west pasture or emptied itself of Little Men who've come up to drink a "coke" with me on the patio. "Simple enough," he responded, "you've been the past twenty years recording your data, although I concede that you haven't as yet published all of it. Anyhow, by making contact afar with persons unknown to you, and relaying the cosmic facts of life to *them*—aligning perfectly with what you have transcribed—the agenda of your sacred material is thereby proved authentic. In a way it's a situation similar to what happened in your studio October 14. A fortnight earlier, a great religious leader of the past, you said, had visited you by night in your writing room and carried on a twenty-minute discourse with you via Extra-Sensory Perception from the Invisible. You have the dated transcripts to prove it. Then Bertie Lilly Candler arrived, gave you a sitting, and the identical personage who talked with you from the Invisible, came in materialized form and discoursed with you on the contents of that converse although not even the medium was aware you'd received it. What surer proof could you ask, that your clairaudience had been bona fide? In subsequent materialization the one who had spoken it, confirmed it. Well, this Saucer situation is also a materialization of a sort. But the Space Men went to others afar first, unknown to you, and confirmed their intercourse with you. Notice that practically all of those contacts are getting in touch with *you* in reaction, not the reverse. But don't think for one moment that you haven't plenty of your own Saucer contacts ahead. I know to the contrary." . . . Okay, fair enough. But wouldn't it have been a ghastly thing if some of the Saucer People *had* been here to see me, dressed in Hart, Shaffner & Marx suits, and my griping about excess callers had given 'em the brush-off? . . . Of course, that's not saying that everyone who's called to see me and stayed seven hours has been a Saucer Man. Oh well, . . . either way, I can't win, so why try? . . .

*Pella*