

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VI

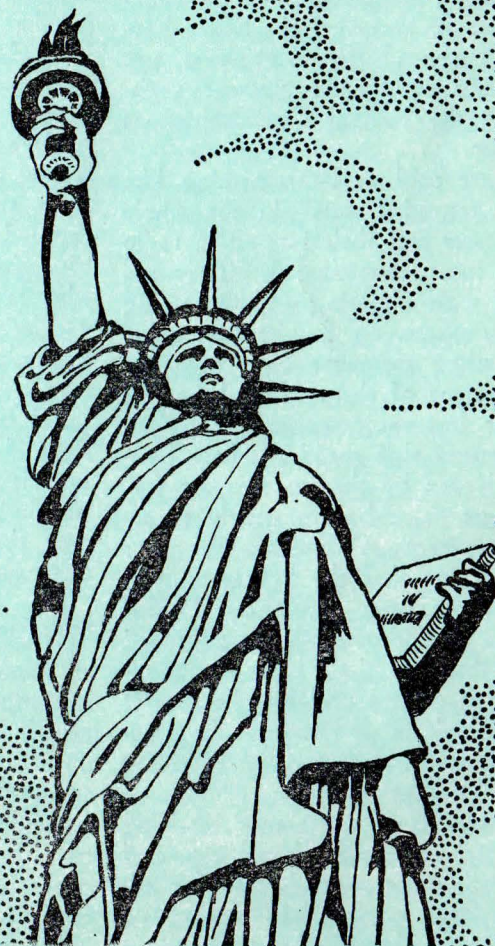
Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, December 12, 1953

Number 7

## FLYING SAUCERS AND SHORT- WAVE...

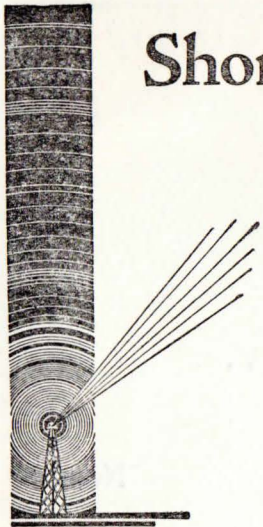


WITH the overwhelming success of the Leslie-Adamski book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, and the voracious interest of the public in Space Ship data, a rash of disclosures begins to appear on the cuticle of the body-politic, treating with even more significant liaisons with the alleged Space Men than most adepts in the Saucers subject had bethought to conceive. In the front rank of these appear other innocuous "ham" operators of short-wave radio sets who have reasons for believing they have not only picked up "signals" from the Mother Ships—or even from adjacent planets—but in cases have carried on ex-





# Short-Wave Ends Doubt Over Saucer Reality



tended conversations in International Code with visitors from Outer Space.

This practice is, of course illegal unless such "hams" have first obtained what amounts to an "Experimenter's" license. Registered operators of short-wave are only permitted to contact or carry on intercourse with other registered operators or sending stations. If a Space-Station "comes in"—or is located—it is a bootleg connection from the Government's viewpoint and the "ham" can have his license forfeited if he persists in such communication when he discovers the Space People cannot append their signatures, not having their superior equipment registered with the Federal Communications Commission.

There are said to be something like 80,000 registered "hams" in the whole United States and their interest in radio is by no means commercial. They are concerned with exploring and pioneering in radio transmission for its own sake. That startling messages have been received by some of them which have left them at a loss—accompanied by technical phenomena that could not have been duplicated even by the most expert foreign sources—would seem utterly to refute the Government's raucous claims or pronouncements that the Saucer appearances are completely illusionary. Baffled officialdom can decree that no "ham" shall talk back to the Saucer communicants, but it cannot prohibit—because it has no method for prohibiting—the practice of those with short-wave receiving sets from listening in.

All ownership of short-wave receiving sets cannot be pronounced verboten, and it is becoming apparent that so far advanced are the mechanical processes of transmission on planets other than ours— or upon the craft traveling those planets

—that the Space Operators can tune in on any wave-rate at will.

The Space Men apparently broadcast what they will to the amateur operators of Earth, calling the hand—or tongue—of every federal spokesman who, in reporting on the Saucers to the public, deals in anything other than strictest truth . . .

The appalling question arises, have we reached the days when federal authority stands powerless to issue further "statements from policy" because it is treating with an opponent Out of This World and therefore beyond its control?

**THIS BRINGS** up the whole appalling question of what is "top secret" in reactions of Government "in the interests of national security." There is such a thing and no responsible citizen in his senses ignores it.

One of the chief reasons why Soulcraft appears to be dallying or temporizing in the matter of the Cleveland gathering, first scheduled for December 13th, is the kaleidoscopic alteration almost from day to day in the Saucer data being reported in from private sources in every section of the nation, and the Recorder's realization that discretion in what is said about the Space-Ship phenomena from any Soulcraft platform should be dictated by the highest moral responsibility. Even at the cost of deprecation for what might seem to the unenlightened as vacillation, what might be uttered from a Soulcraft platform, under Soulcraft auspices, in a great city like Cleveland, could result in the gravest of repercussions if it were not astute. Human nature is human nature and reacts purblindly in situations of such import. However, that is a more or less personal concernment . . .

**THERE HAS** now come into possession of Soulcraft's Recorder a fairly comprehensive digest of what has happened across the nation the past nine months in the short-wave field, and every scrap of written or printed information could be commandeered or burned without affecting the burden of the intelligence in the slightest. It is in the Recorder's mind and consciousness. That it has not been given out by such Loftier Powers promiscuously would indicate that

there are definite personages in life considered sufficiently responsible to entertain it. That it is not discreet to broadcast it generally to eighty thousand "ham" short-wave operators is evidenced by the fact that only selected operators among them are actually experiencing "contact".

However, over and above all of it, this stupendous denouement looms—

Whatever the public authorities elect to give out henceforth, that is not unquestionable truth, will obviously be corrected by demonstration in a manner that terminates for all time falsehoods or evasions "as a matter of public policy" or political or racist expediencies. The Space Men apparently know so colossally much, and have such noncensorable instrumentalities for declaring themselves, that the old methods of "official denials" or "spokesman statements" become archaic overnight. No matter whether the Pentagon wishes to affirm or deny the existence of the Saucers, further hidings or suppressings of the truth will only react and convict the hiders and suppressors out of their own mouths. And we should at all times be perspicacious in crediting that mass deprecation of organized government by such expedients may not be outside the purblind strategies of malodorous worldly forces. It will get them nothing in the long run, of course, but it can work havoc to national nerves while it expires.

**UNDOUBTEDLY** in the extremities of their own panic, the little men in the big positions will not be slow about attempting to place all short-wave owners in the same class of alleged "enemy" sympathizers that they succeeded in plac-

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# Our Space Brothers Will Only Help as We Desire It

By George Hunt Williamson



**ONCE AGAIN** it's my privilege to speak to you here through Headquarters in Noblesville. There is lamentable strife in the Saucer Encampment . . . or, I should say *Encampments*. Those of you who have only heard of the "flying saucers" through newspaper and radio reports have not received enough data even to begin to get a true picture of the marvelous "disk saga". And I want to make it plain to you.

However, as many of you know, the Saucer people have been looking over our Earth, and indeed, walking over it, apparently for many generations. The Holy Bible is full of information about space visitations that haven't been recognized for what they were. Kenneth Arnold's sighting over Mt. Ranier, of course, brought the current visitations to the attention of our public in 1947 and reports since that time have increased at fantastic rate even for this fast-moving Twentieth Century. Because of the majesty of the entire matter there has been little hoaxing. The Air Force says only two percent of all reports have been deliberate hoaxes. That's a low percentage, indeed!

**MY OWN** interest in the "flying saucers" was sparked by reading Maj. Keyhoe's *Flying Saucers Are Real*, and more recently *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*. Then Frank Scully came out with the controversial *Behind The Flying Saucers*. Gerald Heard's *Is Another World Watching?* increased the already highly aroused curiosity of many people. Dr. Meade Layne's research with the Borderland Science Research Associates in San Diego brought more knowledge of the "disks" to a Saucer-hungry public. As for some of our so-called "authorities", they publicly rejected saucer phenomena although admitting their authenticity. One well-known anthropologist—known to me

personally—said, "Of course, I reject outright the idea of spacemen." Without saying it, he hoped by all that's holy that he was right. So many people are afraid that once they accept the idea of men elsewhere in the Omniverse, they may have to pay for all of their own nefarious deeds on Earth. The big brother in the sky might come down with a big stick and say, "Enough of this nonsense; it's time to stop, you obstreperous children!"

Please try to understand that the Saucer people haven't come here with *any* big stick to beat *anything* into or out of us! But they have come with a big love for *all* men *everywhere*.

I once heard them say, "Our hearts grasp your hearts."

**MANY PEOPLE** will comment, "Well and good! you tell us the Saucer people aren't here to ruin our women and conquer the Earth. However, we don't want super-intelligent beings telling us what to do and supervising our every thought and deed!" Friends, the Saucer people realize this fact far better than we do. And they aren't going to set themselves up as "masters" of this puny Earth either. Why should they want this earth? We have contaminated it until most of them wouldn't take it as a gift. *There are billions upon billions of inhabited worlds in Cosmos*. The Space Men have said that no one really owns *anything*. He just borrows a few items for a certain period until he no longer has use for them. This is true of the literal world beneath our feet. They have said, "Our house is your house." In other words, why should they conquer or capture something that's theirs in the first place?

Our space brothers are here only to help us too, as we *want to be helped!* They will enforce *nothing!* We must accept them as "Sons of Light", the true messengers of the Infinite Father, and thereby have *faith* that He will always lead and guide them as well as us. And

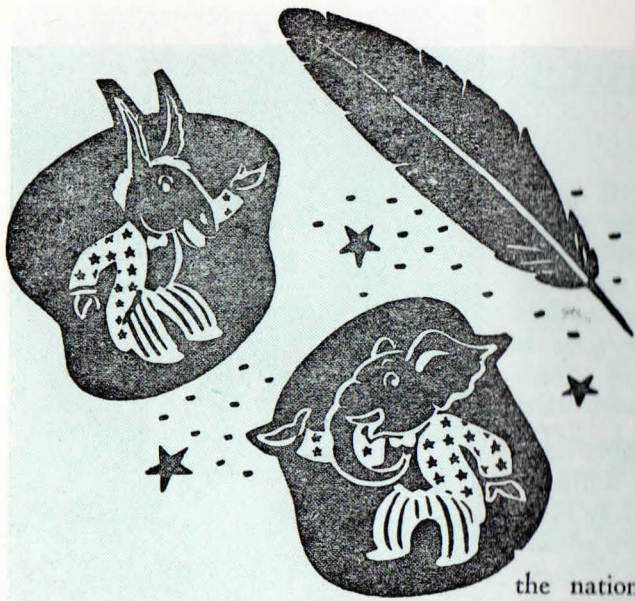
remember, they are *not perfect beings*—if they were, they wouldn't be flitting about in "flying saucers". They are human, I say, and striving for perfection as every creature in the entire Omniverse is striving for perfection. They do not wish to be regarded as "gods"—as they were in earlier times—but want us to realize that being ahead of us in progress toward the Infinite they are showing us the road ahead, pointing out a signpost here and there, letting us see what we must attain for advancement's sake itself.

**GETTING BACK** to the many individuals who have been sounding off the "Saucer Trumpet" for several years now, we find that through the efforts of these researchers a great deal of information has come to light. During the winter of 1952-53 I spent a considerable time in California and met and talked with about everyone who was anything in "Saucer" work. Without exception these were fine, open-minded, sincere men. There's no question of any of them fathering hoaxes, because they know the importance of that which with they are dealing.

Do the Saucer people intend for us to stumble around in the darkness of ignorance after they have come millions of miles through interstellar space? Are they going to let us guess what their intentions are, not knowing from one minute to the next whether they are going

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# Something Bigger than Political Parties Is on Way to Fulfillment

## Cosmic Changes Will Make Today's Political Line-ups As Archaic As Whigs



**D**OWN in the Texas Panhandle a prominent cattleman was recently apprehended by postal authorities for mailing what the Government pronounced obscene postcards to his fellow stock raisers. The "obscenity" consisted of calling upon his colleagues to begin holding mass meetings for the purpose of kicking each other in their tails for voting for the Republicans and Eisenhower—only he didn't say tails. According to this porterhouse pundit, everything has gone to Hades and other locations in the cattle business since the Republicans were elected and if the nation had only retained Truman and the Democrats, even the weather would have been Fair-Deal legislated so that it doesn't produce the past year's drought, not to mention Deflation.

Saner intellects, viewing the national and international quandary brought about by the ruinous cost of two world wars and overproduction of commodities due to broken public buying-power and insane taxation, know that the Democrats were by no means heartbroken to have

the nation go Republican last election since it got them "out from under". The mass thinking of Democrats was, "The Republicans will be holding the bag for the pay-off, and the electorate—incapable of analytical thinking beyond the end of its nose—will charge the pay-off to them. When the pay-off is over, they will return to Fair-Deal policies in a stampede and we shall remain in the saddle until Time's End, Amen!"

It was an ill-wind that didn't blow the Democrats good, a year ago November, and obviously Divine Providence that orders economics and weather, is a Democrat . . .

**N**OW viewed strictly from the angle of traditional political reactions, such conclusions should hold water. But those were Piscean political reactions and this is increasingly the Age of Aquarius. Cattlemen who put obscenely abusive postcards in the United States mails assuming that they will turn back the tide of the planets, are more to be pitied than censored—and that goes for all good Democrats, as well as the kind recruited out of Missouri.

Much is due to happen between now and 1956 that may make the two-Party American political system generally resemble a squash-pie that has been stepped in.

For one thing, the weather will continue to warm up as the solar system proceeds deeper and deeper under the bombardments of the cosmic rays emanating from Aquarius, until it is predicted in certain clairvoyant quarters that the entire American South, from the Carolinas across to Arizona, is going to become barren desert. This sort of thing kills the humus bacteria that makes for nutritive vegetation and is due to make western

Canada the coming stock-raising area of the Western Hemisphere. Canada, in fact, is the coming country—insofar as terrain is involved—in the aforesaid Western Hemisphere, and it is not to be long before a great mass migration of the American populace will wend northward, with attendant political reactions. Indeed, advances are already coming in from high octaves of perspicacious intelligence, that eventually such shifting of population will result in combination of the two countries—the United States eventually extending from Mexico to the Arctic Sea.

As this world temperature continues to bring milder and milder weather to the North Temperate Zone of the globe, the glacial and polar ice melts in increasing acceleration, raising the level of the waters in both oceans. Expert geologists and meteorologists have whispered here and there that if the mean temperature of the planet rises as much as four degrees, the ocean content will receive water from melted ice in both hemispheres that will gradually inundate about 33 percent of the earth's land now exposed. Not only is fresh water running off present land areas and becoming brine, but on both coasts of the United States the terrain is apparently sinking. Unnoted by the newspapers, even in California at present, certain great industrial interests have begun the construction of artificial dikes to keep the Pacific in its place . . .

**U**NFORTUNATELY, the cosmic weather so-called, responsible for such universal increase in temperatures, takes no interest in either Republican or Democratic political principles, and it is barely possible that by 1956 even the Fair Dealers wouldn't take back responsibility for the welfare of the nation as a gift. Then there's the Saucer influx.

Intelligence from the various Saucer commandments received by radio short-wave and otherwise, states that the Space  
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# Do You Imagine Yourself Influenced by Intelligences Operating Discarnately? . .

## *Understand What Goes On Behind Life and You Cease Worrying about Mysterious Events*

**S**OME PEOPLE are never satisfied. They like to stir up trouble. They do not know why they like to stir up trouble. They only know that a grim pleasure comes to them when they see other people discomfited or embroiled.

They are not unlike a man who kicks his dog to hear him yelp. They are life's misfits, in a manner of speaking. Their only hope of getting anything out of life is to take away the pleasures or poise of others, that others may be reduced to their own status of discontent.

Now such people, we are told from the higher realms of life, *are really invalids.*

They do not know that that they are invalids. They seem to have sound bodies in that they do not feel themselves afflicted with aches and pains. They preserve a chronic distemper, however, that physicians and psychiatrists now recognize can only come from some form of interior maladjustment.

If a man's body be in apparent first-class trim, however, and he is still a chronic rebuker of others in their exercises and benefits in the business of living, what process is at work and from what maladjustment are such persons suffering?

To answer this question intelligently from the standpoint of cosmic enlightenment, it is necessary to go back quite a ways in the history of the race as a species

and investigate man as he acquired what we call today his "temperament."

Now just what is temperament?

It has been erroneously called the Thermometer of the Soul. It has been vicariously maligned and defended as the great adjudicator of all human relationships. But is it?

What is temperament *in the light of celestial understanding?*

Is it a force? Is it a cause? Or is it an effect?

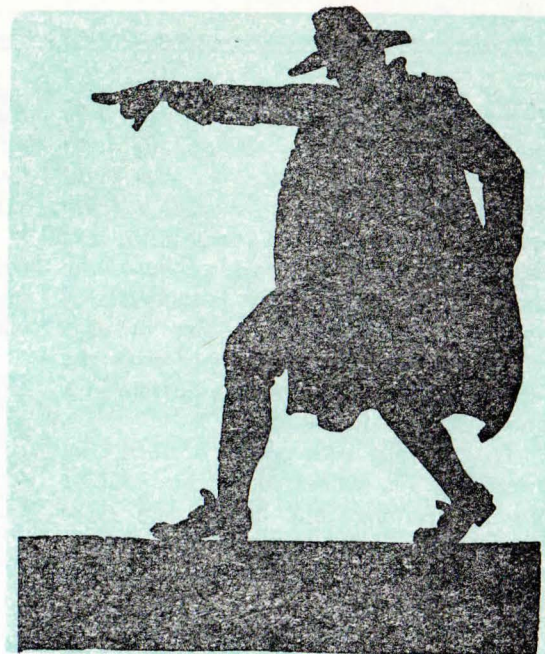
And if the latter, of *what* is it an effect?

The ancients had a way of saying that temperament was largely dictated by the moods of the gods, those particular deities that had charge of certain human relationships. But viewed in the light of modern knowledge of such subjects, what in effect were they saying?

What but that certain people, "born under certain signs," were in reality obsessed, possessed, or otherwise influenced by factors of terrain, planetary, or inter-plane vibration of persons, so that they could not preserve the norm of happy and facile conduct between themselves and others?

**T**HE ANCIENTS believed in their pagan deities, good, bad, and indifferent. Because those deities operated at a speed of vibration higher than theirs, and consequently on a plane of consciousness transcending theirs, they were considered transcendent beings wielding the powers of life and death over those in mortal bodies.

The ancients were only dimly aware of the states of existence in the higher phases of consciousness. They did not know that their gods and goddesses and all the transcendental hocus-pocus that surround-



ed the myths of gods and goddesses had naught to do with anything *but people like themselves who had graduated out of their mundane vehicles and were living, moving, and behaving in the higher attributes of matter, plus all the personal increments of gesture and vision that accrue in that more facile state.*

In other words, what they were worshipping for gods and goddesses was nothing more than the aspects in reality—that is, on the plane of reality—of those mortal men and women who had advanced into the higher grades of intelligence and post-mortem mannerisms.

There were no psychical research societies in those days, or no scientists of this peculiar bent, to advise these ancient peoples that on quitting their earthly bodies into rarer states of conscious reality, they would become precisely like the very gods and goddesses whom they worshiped—provided, of course, that they had also attained to the proper gradations or expansions of consciousness.

They thought that men and women on death went down underground. That is to say, into Hades or Inferno, according to the peculiar dictates of the brand of theology which they embraced. It never occurred to any of them that perhaps men and women did not go down at all, but *up!* Up, that is, in the state or quality of their mental processes. They associated death with rigors and woes, and unlucky was the man who tried to palm himself off as one who communed with the gods and goddesses.



AS A MATTER of fact, *men and women have been communing with gods and goddesses in that sense, all down through every age which has ever come to this planet in terms of culture or civilization.* They have been communing, that is, with the souls or psyches of those who have arisen into a more beautiful and harmonious atmosphere, minus the discords of earth, and entrapped with the enhancements of bodies that operate in a more delicate dimension.

It was really with people of their own breed and ilk, sponsored on the wings of eternal learning into higher and more rarified strata of conscious behaviorism, that those ancient people associated thus in ideas and ideals.

Thus was born the pagan deities.

In those rare flashes of contact, or perhaps double vision, or even in the finer phases of materialization perceptible to the mortal senses, the early Greeks for example got their first notions of celestial beings that came down from Olympus, clothed with superhuman powers, to protect, help, or reward those who did particularly noble exploits on the domain of earth.

But there came a time when it was noticeable that these pagan entities of worship were good as well as bad. The idea gained credence that as men and women were good or bad, depending on what direction they were heading in their eternal journey, so were their gods possessed of these quite human attributes. If they were good people there must be good gods. If there were bad people there must be bad gods. And as both were as potent to affect human life for weal or woe, so were both given tribute according to their characters.

The facts of the matter were, that these people, in judging their gods by themselves, were building better logic than they conceived. For of course their gods, being quite normal people graduated out of mortal flesh, went pretty much in character as the persons they had been during their earth-life. As gods, so men; as men, so gods. *For they were one and the same, but manifesting in a different arena of consciousness!*

The whole mystery of the early gods and goddesses harks back to the mystery of what changes the soul does, and does not, confront after the mortal-life-experience is terminated.

In spiritual qualities they do not alter in one iota.

In vehicle and manner of expressing their spiritual qualities, they are as different as the caterpillar and the butterfly.

Putting it on this latter plane, it is only necessary to state that probably all the caterpillars in creation right at this moment are worshipping all the butterflies as winged gods and goddesses.



NOW coming back to this question of moods, what do we find as connecting link between the celestial notion of gods and goddesses that are but enhanced mortals, and the influences and factors that make men and women in an earthly state, do what they do and thus acquire moods?

The opinion is far-fetched perhaps, but none the less valid and legitimate, that there is a stupendous tie-up between the feelings of people in the higher grades of consciousness—that is, on the Other Side of the Veil, if you want it that way—and those on the mortal side.

Just as there are people who are distressed by too much sunlight, because of a surplus of violet rays playing upon their sensitive organisms causes a disturbance of balance in the chemical factors of their bodies, so there are people on both sides of the veil who are affected by mass thinking, or mass moods, projected out of the higher realms of consciousness that act queerly upon them, making them say and do things for which they may not be responsible at all, and which earn them the odium of being "hard to get along with."

They are really victims of a malignant contagion, and they will stay victims of a malignant contagion in greater or lesser degree until they are taught to recognize and accredit the potencies of such discarnate influences and throw them off.

Just at the present time humankind en masse is suffering from a great disruption that is motivated by renegade souls on both sides of the Veil who think to challenge the power and validity of the Christ, and discredit and defeat Him in His mission in this cycle.

It has often been put in sacred language in this warning: "The enemy hath his cohorts too."

These people are abysmally ignorant of the nature or strength of the forces they are opposing and as such, command our understanding compassion. But that is not saying that "understanding compassion" means maudlin sentimentality and freely given license to carry on their activities to the defeat of Christian principles everywhere, in public life as well as in the life of the individual.

WITHOUT this key of Discarnate Life affecting the mortal and physical, there can be no unlocking of the doors of current events in their real significance, expounding the mystery of human life on this planet in the first place.

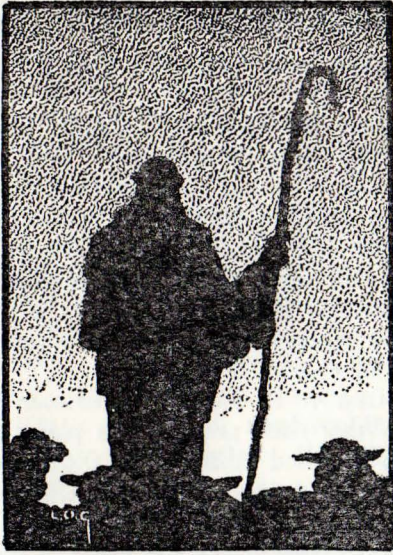
People who look at impending worldly events are horror struck and panic stricken, without the light of transcendent knowledge to guide them. And this "transcendent knowledge" is nothing but knowing how the various planes of conscious life in all grades of Matter are correlated, and what program is being projected by the combined influences showing their effects in the mortal world of everyday affairs.

No orthodox person can give you a logical—to say nothing of rational—explanation for all this upset in human affairs, because he has been instructed from a false premise from the beginning.

The average orthodox communicant has been schooled in the erroneous and vicious belief that there is such a thing as the Vicarious Atonement—that a man or woman can live pretty much as they please, and that sooner or later, by divine pardon through the physical sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, he will be forgiven and raised to heavenly estates beyond all mortal comprehension.

This psychology therefore permeates  
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# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## The Mind of Christ

**I**T IS helpful for we who read the words of the Elder Brother in the *Golden Scriptures* to also go back to the New Testament account of his physical life while on earth. It is true that that story of his life is brief, but we do get a general picture of what Jesus was like, particularly in regard to his spirit and attitude toward life and humanity.

St. Paul talked about "the mind of Christ", and we often hear the admonition that one must cultivate the mind of Christ, meaning the kind of mind, or the spirit he portrayed during his sojourn in life as Jesus *the* Christ. This is valid, and certainly very vital to everyone who would be His follower. But it is also vital that this be an actuality in our living and not just words from the lips outward.

What does it mean to cultivate "the mind of Christ?" There were certain qualities manifested in the spirit and attitudes of Jesus that mark him as one to whom we look as example for every human being. Let's think of some of them.

**F**OR one thing, he possessed a bigness of heart that caused him to look upon every person with deep compassion. It mattered not to him who that person was, nor what his status in life. It was enough that every human was a child of the Father, and his own lesser brother. So it was that whether feeding a curious, materialistic crowd, healing a diseased and wasted pervert, or teaching a scholar from the Sanhedrin, he saw the inherent worth of the individual and proceeded to act upon that premise. His heart embraced every son of God.

For another thing, Jesus showed a fineness of Spirit that has been the wonder and marvel of the ages. Nothing seemed to disturb His equanimity and graciousness toward human need. Others might weaken with cowardice in face of danger, but he was serene and poised. Others might quaver and lie through taunts of the crowd, but not Jesus. Absolute honesty and sincerity he held above anything that could be hurled at him. Others might become wrought up and indignant over insult and insinuation, but he saw beneath the exterior, knowing that the offender was the one in deepest need. He was calm, cool, serene, but always warmly, deeply concerned for the welfare and dignity of every human soul.

**T**HEN, too, Jesus was always loyal to principles of right, truth and justice. He once exclaimed, "Not every one that sayeth Lord, Lord shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of the Father." He held the "will of the Father" above every human whim or will, and to that cause he dedicated and lived his life.

Another trait manifested in the Elder Brother's life was his joy and peace of soul in doing the will of the Father. On the occasion of what seemed the deepest shadow of his life, he is said to have admonished his disciples "I pray that you may have my joy." It was during the short journey from the Upper Room into Gethsamane, the night before the cross experience. The disciples were confused, perplexed and worried about the impending circumstances that they perhaps vaguely surmised. And in that Upper Room he had given them that wondrous adjuration and promise, "Ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you." Then, as the night's darkness closed in upon them, and as they crossed Kedron into the garden of those mighty prayers before the cup he was to drink on the cross, he had said, "I pray that

you may have my joy." The joy of inner serenity, and of impregnability in the light of the higher cause and destiny. A joy that looked beyond present and temporary conflict and hardship, and that had caught the gleam of the eternal.

**O**THER characteristics of that master life could be mentioned: His absolute sincerity of purpose that was never altered, regardless of conditions or circumstances; His unbounded confidence in the Father and the cause he had come to proclaim; His deep compassion for the welfare of every human being, and for the uplift and enlightenment of the human race.

Truly his was a magnetic life that has no equal in human history. His was a life that caused men to say of his message, "The gospel is not a dagger in the hand, but a magnet in the heart." His was a life, and his message the cue that caused St. Paul to write the Romans, "The Gospel is the power of God . . ." For that life and that gospel shows us what God is like and what men can be.

Jesus the Christ lifts us up and saves us by showing us the Way, the Truth and the Light, and challenging us to move in that course to ever grander and nobler levels.

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### Saucer Men

(Continued from Page 3)

to blast us to bits with some fiendish super-weapon or whether they have come as friends in an hour of need on this mighty sick planet? No, a thousand times no!

First they have contacted individuals and very small groups. The next phase of the operation will be to contact larger, well-organized groups, where they will be received with love and understanding. Then, and then only, will they contact great masses of people by landings in

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# Valor

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## Mansions

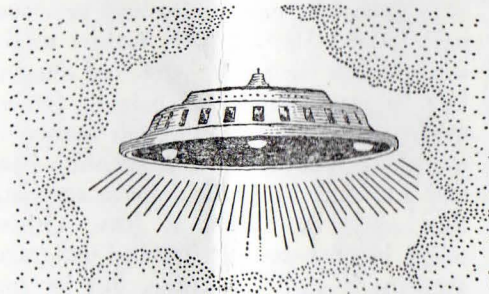


HERE are so-called Mystics across the land who are essaying to pronounce to their satellites that the Space Ships suddenly concerning us cannot have come from the many solar planets because it would be violating a cosmic fiat that the spirits of one planet cannot negotiate interstellar space and visit another planet. Just what authority they claim for their statement they have yet to make clear. Anyhow, it's not the way that Soulcraft has heard it.

When Rick Williamson visited Headquarters from the 20th to the 23rd of November, he gave a three-hour recital the second evening to important industrial guests from Boston and Chicago upon his participation in the meeting with the Venus man in the California desert a year before, as described in Adamski's best seller, *The Saucers Have Landed*. Rick, it was, who subsequently took the plaster of Paris casts of the Venus man's boots in the desert sand. But he didn't consume three hours just to give additional details that Adamski left unwritten. The major portion of his recital had to do with converse before and since with the Space People by ESP and short wave. Later VALOR's editor was privileged to read almost nine months of transcript that Williamson had compiled in diary form, little of which could have been fabricated owing to its highly technical or astronomical nature.

Outstanding in this text was descriptive material of conditions on other plan-

ets of our solar system, most of them well-nigh ideal as compared to conditions on ours. On only two other heavenly orbs, both his vocal story and his records attested, is life lower and more elemental in cultural development than on the Saras-Shan planet that we know as Earth. Both of these are in distant galaxies. Historical records on Earth go back only about 8,000 years; on Mars they are claimed to go back 75,000 years. What made Williamson's story so convincing was the fact that no matter what technical questions were



addressed to him by men in the group who were chemical and astronomical experts—to a degree—he had the answers instantly with scarcely a moment's time for thought. And not once did he become confused or contradict himself. Moreover, the details closely paralleled what had been dictated into the Soulcraft Mentor records back over two decades, most of it not as yet published anywhere—so Williamson could not have posted himself from them ahead of time.

Life on Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, the ESP and short wave disclosures had told Rick, ran to an average longevity of 1,500 of our solar years. Disease or ill-health was unknown, hence no medical science. These other planets rarely had natural catastrophes of any sort, with the exception of Mars that occasionally encountered troubles with her two synthetic moons, Phobos and Dimos. But the further one went into Cosmos—particularly our solar Cosmos—the more tranquil and sagacious the intellect of the average denizen became.

On these higher planets, where the lowest citizen was utterly familiar with the phenomenon of resoulment in new bodies from time to time, there was never the slightest sense of loss or sorrow when a soul made the Passing out of the organic vehicle. Instead, substituting for grief and lamentation, there was song and rejoicing that the particular spirit-entity had so conquered the lessons and problems of life as to merit graduation into

higher and more beautiful forms of Matter.

One of the listening Soulcraft ladies intervened with the question: "Did you take that to mean," she inquired, "that souls in their upward progress moved ever to higher and higher planetary forms, or higher and higher up the separate planets, progressing from one to the other as they merited experience in still more advanced forms of cultural living?"

"I took it to mean," Williamson replied, "that their progress was planetary. When they had exhausted all their experience or lessons that a given satellite had to impart to them, they moved upward to the next planet where life was still more exquisite. Incidentally, there are twelve planets all told, revolving about our sun—three to four that astronomers haven't located yet."

"How wonderful it must be," the lady commented, "to mount higher and higher from one planetary life to another, each one an improvement on the last."

A smile of tender whimsy played about the young scientist's lips. "But isn't that precisely what Christ taught?" he asked. "What else could he have meant by 'In My Father's house are many mansions?' As I've gotten from the Space Men's disclosures, they're planetary mansions, each an advance on the one just below it."

Mansions, indeed!

How rational and logical! . . . And how otherwise explain it?

## Bombs Away



HERE on this Planet of Sorrows, where we haven't yet evolved out of recourse to murder and destruction to solve our controversies, the heads of three major governments have been meeting this week in the Indies in an attempt to come to concord about "control" of the atom bomb. And the "control" that seems to





have been proposed to date is that of creating an international commission to supervise all bomb fabrication regardless of nationality. On paper it looks pacific.

But is it?

This international commission controls the atom bomb *but who controls the controlling commission?* America, which is miles ahead of any contemporary in both the fabrication and knowledge of atomic fission, must surrender her sovereignty to a United Nations outfit that is more and more predominantly mentored by avowed enemies of civilization. Give Red China a United Nations seat and the number of Iron Curtain begin to outnumber the free nations. Does anyone in his senses assume that any atomic commission will be at liberty from its duress? And what if free United States wishes to take a course in its own interests that runs contrariwise to the dictates of this Commie-governed outfit? Would not the persuasive power of the atomic threat in the hands of an obedient commission, offer her the greater risk of atomic assailment than anything envisioned elsewhere in the world at present? And if it be argued that United States would remain dominant on such commission, then wherein would matters be much different than they are at present?

The people in higher planetary civilizations create and use no weapons at all—they don't bankrupt their taxpayers with factories for making weapons and then rejoice in commissions that "control" them.

Oh well, let's see what the effect on earth is presently to be of the suggested bombardment of cosmic rays from Aquarius as our whole system moves inexorably under it?

Maybe we don't have one-sixteenth the hazards to worry about that we imagine.

### *The Way It Happens*



NO ONE in his senses can regard the strange vicissitudes of the Soucraft Convention projects this past month and not become amenable to the suggestion that higher intellects have been supervising the developments of events. Circumstances could scarcely have maneuvered otherwise. All was set for the Cleveland affair on the 12th and 13th, with George Hunt Williamson delivering the Sunday afternoon address. The



## SAUCER WELCOME

*By Winchester MacDowell*



WHEN AUTOMOBILES started, 'way back in 1903, the consternation of our folks, it was a thing to see. They stood still, flabbergasted; they said cars couldn't last, they'd scare too many horses as the dratted things hurled past. In London-Town they passed a law, when autos gained renown, a man with flag must walk ahead to warn the traffic down. They called the notion crazy, the gadgets couldn't stay, they said the cats' and children's lives would be the price we'd pay.

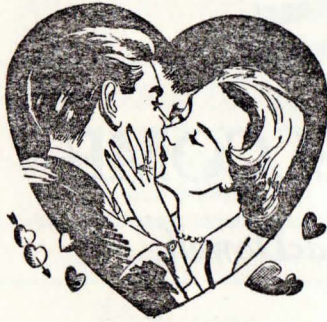
Then when a man's contraption one year at Kitty Hawk took to the air and flew alone, again man's wits did balk. It was too frightfully dangerous to soar up off the ground, the thing was death-defying, the idea wasn't sound—against all laws of Nature, against the Lord on high, naught but a devil's buggy could wing in heights of sky.

So now our friends, the Saucer Folk, come visiting from Space, and flash across our atmosphere to help the human race, to cure us of diseases, to put an end to war, to help us gain a culture high and ways of sin abhor. Again we're flabbergasted, we greet them with disdain, no people could know more than we, we boastfully acclaim.

When fifty thousand Saucer Ships are seen within our sky, we run and hide our heads in fright and say the world's awry. We should, of course, embrace them, these folk from heaven's blue, and as they land by thousands, our fellowship renew. For God's made them as He's made us, we're all His children dear, we live on scattered heavenly orbs but all His blessings hear. They gather in from Venus, from Mars and Saturn too; they come to bring us wisdom, down through celestial blue. They come with loving greetings, let's hope they come to stay. Let's welcome them as brethren to dear old U. S. A.



# "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**

church was secured, minor arrangements completed. The Recorder worked against a strange inner adjuring that the time was not propitious.

All the same, he persevered—the wishes of too many Soulcrafters were involved to let his hunches play havoc with plans.

At two o'clock of a recent afternoon, hundreds of invitations had been readied for mailing, VALOR was going to press with a generous story of the proceedings. The phone bell rang. Long-distance call from Arizona. Williamson could not coordinate his plans to keep the date. The Recorder, irked, ordered a different sort of letter to go out in the invitation envelopes and remade VALOR to eliminate the story.

Twenty minutes after the cancellation letters were in the mail, another wire came in. Williamson *could* keep the date if certain financial conditions were complied with. Too late. You can't call a convention one day, cancel it the next, and reinstate it the third.

Next day came an air mail letter from Williamson, proposing suggestions of liaison that were more practical and could be worked—but not for December 13th, twelve days before Christmas.



Forty-eight hours passed and visitors arrived from California with more late news from West Coast Saucer contactors. *The Recorder saw that even had he not already cancelled the Cleveland plans, he would have found it most expedient to do so.* But he had already done it without appreciating exactly why. Coincidental with the cancellation, however, the feeling of prohibitive depression had left him. And it has not been back.

There was no mischief in what occurred, since it is all developing to Soulcraft's greater prestige and effectivity.

Such is the manner in which guardianship supervision works.

If the Cleveland committeemen have been put to annoying trouble temporarily,

let January 1st arrive and the reasons will appear. Obviously more sagacious intelligences do not wish Soulcraft committed publicly on the Saucer Program pending imminent developments.

We shall see.

## Politics and Saucers

*(Continued from Page 4)*

People recently put 7,000 Saucer units more into the earth patrol and that they possess between three and ten million of the craft for the aid of humanity in event worthy persons need salvaging when the increase of ocean waters from this melting ice causes submarine sea-bottom collapses with accompanying reverberations on exposed land surfaces. Politics? The Saucer people may make no distinctions between the Republicans and the Democrats but they may be forced to make every distinction between the Wets and the Drys—and no reference to the manufacture of alcoholic liquors is implied for a moment.

Said a materialized ancient sage at the celebrated Soulcraft seance on October 14th, "Man may not believe either his eyes or his ears at the changes that are ahead in the next few months—and years." Then there is the matter of the Aquarian bombardment of cosmic rays in increased force, with its fatal effects on hearts of the low and sordid caste of current humanity. Stupid, vicious, brutal, moronistic persons are due to succumb mysteriously to great waves and epidemics of heart failure and other cardiac ailments, caused not by any God of Wrath exercising His spleen petulantly against "sinners" but by the nonspiritual natures of those afflicted not being able to align to the higher and heavier batteries of cosmic rays into which the solar system is hurtling as a unit. Inversely and conversely, people who have a high spiritualized I-Q are to be stimulated and energized by the very "influences" that make the sluggish and materialistic their wholesale victims.

*It is the people who understand Soulcraft basically who have least to fear from such inexorable certainties.* This appears to be so, not from any cult standpoint but from what they represent in the way of spiritualized progressions and cosmic enlightenments. Even physically, they will be "able to take it" . . . meaning they



will be operating at a velocity that aligns with the transcendent effects of these interplanetary conditions.

The two-party political system in the North American nation must become as nonconsequential as the dodo in the face of such phenomena. The thing that is happening before our eyes is the wash-up and disappearance of such infantile practices.

Of the influx of ambassadors and agents from Etheria itself, infiltrating into worldly society—even intermarrying with it and raising up a suddenly aristocratic element of young—and gradually elevating the moral standards of all bewildered and bedeviled masses, the less said the better. Even the malicious elements behind Kremlin Communism may encounter a mysterious handicap in functioning as the Aquarian Influence gets heavier and stronger.

And the whole thing washes up into the startling realization that perchance the erstwhile "mystics" of earth were the furthest from being its crackpots. As the brutal or downright ignorant elements succumb to interplanetary conditions, the New Heaven and the New Earth may come about as a matter of spiritual selectivity. . . Think it over!

And a fig for dirty-minded Texas cattlemen.

## Discarnates

(Continued from Page 6)

throughout all aspects of daily living. It allows people to go ahead and live "any old kind of lives" with no stipulation that they will be held accountable to themselves, by themselves, after they have made the interplane transition.

People do not know that every act they perform, good, bad, or indifferent, has its exact counterpart in compensations with which Jesus the Christ has absolutely nothing to do.

They are further ignorant of the fact that they have lived many lives before on this earth, and will live many lives again, if they do not profit by the lessons of the present life and fit themselves spiritually to occupy higher realms of more harmonious existence. They think they were originated by their fathers and mothers physically, and when they "go onward" it will be into some blissful condition of award whether they merit it or not.

Therefore there is hurly-burly and turmoil throughout all society, augmented by souls equally panic stricken on the Other Side, who have found "haven" to be a literal place but stupefyingly different from anything they were led to believe by their theological leaders on earth.

A STUPENDOUS revaluation of all this is under way at the present time. Not only has a vast educational plan been launched by entities on the most lofty summits of existence that are at all in touch with this earth, aiming to teach people the truth of these matters now held to be diabolical or necromantic. But a great contest is imminent in which the forces of Ignorance and Wisdom on all planes of consciousness are coming to grips and deciding once and for all which is to be paramount in mortal lives, carnate or discarnate.

When, therefore, the servants of Christ make a virile attempt to stand out against the ignorant herd on this plane, and instigate reforms that curtail and emasculate the agents of error, ignorance, and darkness, it is not with the aspiration of the crusader for crusading's sake, but a general alignment with the Great Contest, predicted in Holy Writ over 6,000 years.

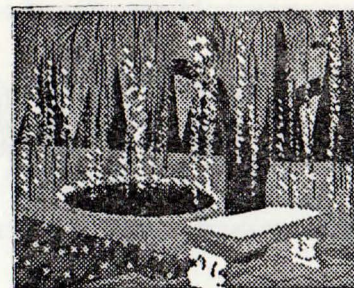
Spiritual leaders of every type must be jolted—even dynamited—out of their vicious lethargy and illiteracy in regard to these higher matters, as quickly as possible, or they are going to find themselves slaves to the adversary, literally and figuratively.

The enemy accredits these matters and makes use of them negatively. *When so employed they constitute Black Magic!* By remaining in abysmal ignorance, classifying all forms of super-life phenomena as diabolism, spiritual leaders are thereby playing the adversary's game, for they are vulnerable to beckonings and influencings from which they cannot help themselves *in that they are blind.*

Verily they are invalids of a sort, as has been set forth in the beginning of this article.

THERE is only one power before which the adversary and "the cohorts of the enemy" quail. That is the Mentally Vibrant Power of the Christ used militantly!

Just as the individual can so surround himself with a Thought-Aura of the  
(Continued on Page 14)



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



# COGITATIONS

**V**ALOR over in southern Illinois writes me another typical letter I want to comment upon. "Dear Friend," says she, "I was broken-hearted to read in VALOR of the apathy toward the conventions in certain cities. You see, I had planned on going to Milwaukee to get in on the convention there and perhaps meet some really sincere people. I feel the need of others who accept this doctrine as wholeheartedly as I do, and so far I've only found disdain and scorn—excepting one little colored girl who is very able to understand, and does. I have a monthly study group and felt that a couple of the ladies were truly ready for this—but when I lent them some of the books and copies of VALOR, I received a very cool reception, and at last night's meeting was told they were much too busy to read them—would I take them

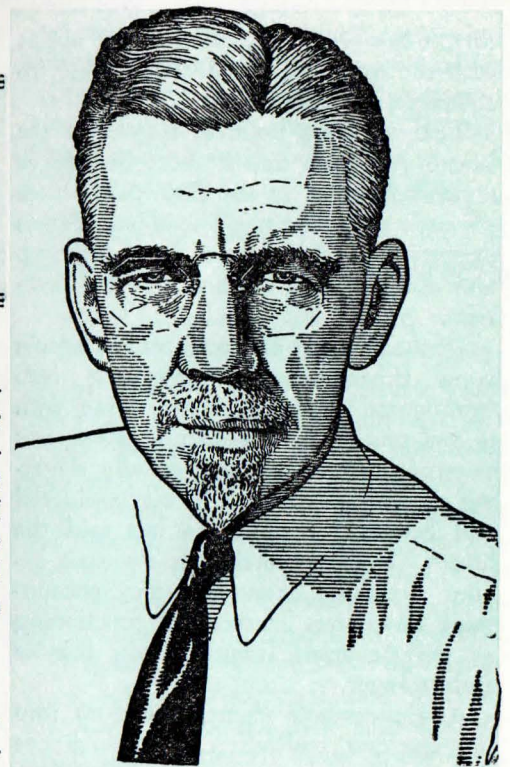


home? I felt deflated, for, after all, the meeting was to study spiritual truth in whatever form we find it. Is this the common acceptance or am I just gullible? To me this doctrine is the apex of my search; it answers my questions logically

and understandably and I believe it wholeheartedly. Do you know of any other Soulcrafters in this area that I could contact? I know it's humanly impossible for you to answer my letters, but at least I have gotten this one off my chest. More power to you in this grand work and I again offer my help in any way I am needed. Sincerely etc., etc. . . "

o—o

**T**HE FIRST name of the lady authoring this letter is Mary, a not uncommon cognomen in the Soulcraft ranks. And I have a lot to say to this particular Mary because her name is legion. In answering her communication, I would answer many such. She starts off by lamenting the "apathy" of certain Soulcrafters to the convention gatherings. But it isn't apathy exactly. It's complication. Soulcrafters in general, I find, aren't apathetic toward the idea of gathering in district fellowship—in fact, hundreds of them are especially keen for it. What's confusing them is the inhibition exercising in their minds as to the advisability of publicly proclaiming Soulcraft in the auditorium manner. "We all get together in assembly," they reflect, "and stir up a lot of comment. But what does it do for the individual communicant? Is he grounded any deeper or firmer in the fundamentals of the Enlightenment? Is Soulcraft, in short, the type of Higher Instruction that can be expounded in mass pattern? Isn't it rather a Doctrine for Privacy? Meaning, isn't it the sort of erudition that to get scouringly, one must concentrate his attention upon and assimilate strictly unto himself?" . . . One recent correspondent commented, "The finer nuances of Soulcraft and the *Golden Scripts* are like prayer. The prayers that really mean something to you are those you utter in the quiet of your own closet. Whenever did a prayer proclaimed from a public rostrum seem like



a prayer that affected the heart? Doesn't Soulcraft follow all true religion in this, that it's a strictly personal relationship with the Elder Brother, and what it means to you mayn't necessarily apply to the next man? It doesn't apply to the next man because his experience with the workings of Spirit can never be exactly your own, or your own can never have been the duplicate of his in each particular . . . "

o—o

**A**S FREQUENTLY proclaimed of late, Soulcraft has suddenly taken the bit in its teeth and begun to race. More new people have come into its Fellowship in the past three months than had previously come into it in the past three years. A simple, assiduous, and earnest canvass had suddenly become responsible for this. A million and a quarter names of persons who had previously manifested an interest in esoterics by purchasing various books on Mysticism, became available to Headquarters. The full story of how Soulcraft began and what it offered prospective students was sent out to some 40,000 of these, this past summer. The returns were somewhat stupefying. "This is what I have been waiting for all my life!" was the comment coming back, amounting almost to a shout. Orders began flowing in automatically . . . first for a copy of



*Seven Minutes* in its pocket leatherette edition, then for *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, then for *Behold Life*, then for the first volume of the bound *Soulscripts*. Such people are breaking into Soulcraft correctly. They have been introduced to its genesis in an intelligent and compounding manner. The numbers of new patrons who have carefully perused the descriptive booklet, then written cheques for \$65 for the shipment of the entire assortment of volumes in one shipment, has been astonishing. The gratifying thing about it has been that almost without an exception, Soulcraft documentation has met up with the expectancies or anticipations of the purchasers. But what truly is happening, as Headquarters pursues the program of circularizing its first 100,000? If those people have been honest in exclaiming, "This is what I have been looking for, all my life!" it must mean that intuitively they have recognized its underlying tenets from some sort of prior knowledge of the principles propounded. They have known in their subconscious minds that what Soulcraft now makes articulate has been something with which they have had prior contact or experience. And that in turn identifies them as a very special caste of spirit veterans in pursuit of Truth. There certainly must be some prenatal reason for three to six out of every hundred solicited, recognizing tenets that have a haunting familiarity, while ninety-four to ninety-seven out of every hundred let it scarcely disturb a hair of their consciousness. That ninety-four to ninety-seven merely haven't had prenatal contact with the realities enunciated. And this proportion marks out the three to six percent not alone as very old and wise souls, it must mark them out for souls who in earlier dispensations have passed through remarkable experiences attesting to the correctness of what they now find so plausible and welcome in the various texts themselves. Who can such persons have been? Can they have been the reborn personalities of early Christian martyrs, of people who were alive in flesh when the Elder Brother moved about on earth and they heard His original utterings with their ears, or of persons who on higher octaves of intelligences between their earthly visitations have been brought to recognize the authenticities of what they now discover in the 844 pages of the *Golden Scripts*? I have my own theory

as to whom they really are . . . I think they are personages from very high levels of celestial consciousness who had wished to be alive in this particular sequence of the earth's intellectual regeneration and do what they might be able in percolating the original Christ Truth down through the spiritually youthful or callous masses. I think that each and every one of them has assumed a mission to the common run of mankind alive in flesh on the globe at this time, functioning to the limit of his altruistic talents to mentor those in the particular group among which he has incarnated. I may be wrong in this, but otherwise how explain the immediate reaction on most of them to sally forth and impart what they have thus discovered to the man at the next workbench or the lady across the Sewing Circle at the Thursday afternoon culture club? Feeling the natural urge to Give Out is the hallmark of the high and beautiful Mentor Spirit. And this is the age when *all* the Mentor Spirits that can be assembled are needed to "do their stuff." The next few years and even months will prove that, if they prove little else . . .

o—o

**V**ERY GOOD, from all parts of the land—particularly from little unheard of communities in the hinterland—what this new mail campaign is doing is activating a sifting process to separate those who have incarnated purely for fleshly orientation and its lessons from those who have brought into life with them certain memories of commissions bestowed to serve as lamplighters, even in those tiny and unnamed hamlets of murk. "No group is allowed to exist without its mentors," has been a statement reiterated over and over again throughout the 1,500,000 words that I have been responsible for recording in the past quarter-century. These people, by their recognitions of something hauntingly familiar to them in this Enlightenment, are truly identifying *themselves* as commissioned mentors, to serve according to their erudition and talents in the time of the Great Speaking . . . and the subconscious urge that floods upward through their emotions to pass the VALORS and the books around to those whom they feel should be interested, is but a heartcry voicing itself that they don't cosmically belong to the group amid which they are situated but are willing to go through with their roles for the sake of the spiritual dividends to ac-

## "STAR GUESTS"



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**M**ORE 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

crue to them when the Saga Beautiful has been sung. The richness of the doctrine touches them emotionally, they confess, but what truly must be touching them is a nostalgia for the higher Christ Caste in which they more properly belong. The statements in Soulcraft which causes them such an overwhelming sense of rightness and solace are merely epistles of a sort coming from the Home Folks while they find themselves journeying in a Foreign Land. Take it or leave it, they are sufferers from a great hunger after their own spiritual breed. And proof that this is so, seems to arise from the fact that once they are awakened to the availability of the Soulcraft tenets, they don't accept and treat them with mere intellectuality—the doctrine scours home and enwraps and possesses them. The truth in the saying has been borne out by time, "Once a Liberation-Soulcrafter, always a Liberation-Soulcrafter." The backsliders from the doctrine whose proclamation began back in 1929-30 have been well-nigh nil.

IT WAS cruel reminder that our Illinois lady was a stranger in a strange land, that gave her the heartache when she invited ladies of her spiritual circle to peruse Soulcraft and they asked her to "take the stuff and go home." She felt much as the normal humanitarian must feel who arranges for a consignment of crutches to ease the distresses of the lame, the halt, and the blind, and starts to make gratis distribution only to be scoffed at, and told to take the dratted sticks and be off; those she would have helped preferred to stumble and limp and hobble. It was pity for their illiteracy and spurious vanities that wracked her. I say to such, the time will come when in payment for such chagrins they shall hear a Voice that is wondrously familiar bespeak them, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, . . . inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." . . . Yet right now, confusion and complication besets those who would help others spiritually. Nonetheless, it is of the nature of those who forego pleasant association with those of their own kind to help those unable to grasp that they need help, who will persevere and press onward, no matter what the rebuffs. Because actually they are not doing the thing for the lame, the halt, and the blind, but from a senece of being one of those to

whom being true to their own spiritual mentor-attainments is a self-obligation . . . What they are doing is attesting by their works what their spiritual attainments actually are, not what some flatterer would say they are, in order to get a dime for a sandwich or a cup of coffee in a million guises . . .

WHAT I'D say to our Illinois lady is, she ought to be gloriously exultant that her own spiritual reflexes are working thus perfectly. What if those feminine fuddy-fuddies are too dim-witted to grasp their own inhibitions or stupidities, she is being true to the calling whereof she was prenatally called, and the commission bestowed upon her, because in some high-voltage occasion prior to mortal entrance she was recognized as worthy to execute it. Just don't become overly perturbed because the group behaves chilly toward the warming chords of the Speaking—if those intellectual sheep did not need a shepherdess, she never would find herself located among them. And the same thing goes for every aspiring soul who has ever written me in similar vein. What do you think my own rebuffs have been, up the past 25 years? But am I downhearted? Not so long as correspondents in Illinois and other places write me, "This is what I have waited for, all my life!" Maybe I too have been waiting for them! On the whole, the get-together is rather nice . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Discarnates

(Continued from Page 11)

Christ that even avalanches of discarnate mischief-makers cannot affect him, so society at large when enlightened on these matters, will be able to deal summarily with these Forces of Black Magic and Satanism when they are recognized and labeled for what they are.

But just so long as the rank and file scoffs at "mysticism" and labels all forms of communion with Higher Individuals as diabolism, just so long will there be no "head and tail" to developments in present civilization and the ordinary citizen will view the panorama of world changes in terrified despair.

The proof of any pudding is in its eating.

The matter is personal in each case.



## Saucer Men

(Continued from Page 7)

highly populated areas!

They will not have come as messengers to some select group, creed, or race. They are above us and attainable by those who will reach up and accept what these people are offering as a gift, with no strings attached.

It's free for the asking!

So, Saucer Researchers, I say to you, let's forget silly bickerings. Let's get together. Our great proof beyond the shadow of a Pentagonian doubt is the fact we are all getting the same information and many of us never heard of each other before.

What we have fondly called "empty" space is found to be not so empty after all. Actually what difference does it make? The main thing is, *the Saucers and their occupants are here!*

## Short-Wave

(Continued from Page 2)

ing every short-wave owner during World War II . . . because of the latter's being able to listen in on German and Italian broadcasts. The little men in the big positions will refuse to admit that they may be in the twilight of their long suzerainty and autocracy over human mass thinking.

Soulcraft has reasons for suspecting that in a time of real crisis—produced by such little men—the *Space People will be able to speak directly to every regular radio-owner and listener on the five continents*—the short-wave "ham" operators having no particular monopoly of intelligence coming in from outer space. Indeed, such direct-speaking might have been demonstrated already if it were not a sterling tenet of these Higher Souls not to make any move or commit any act that provokes, in the slightest manner, anything savoring of worldly destruction.

But what the Pentagon may succeed in doing, by its purblind or strategic denials, is provoke a mass Saucer demonstration of so stupendous an aspect that the great mass of Americans repudiate their own air military in one synchronized voice of national distemper. That is something to give pause.

Cleaning up the condition of national

and international falsehood and skuldugery maintaining more or less in all governments, need by no means call for death-ray space weapons and all the rest of the Buck Rogers arsenal equipments. Factual demonstration, both oral and visual, can render the entire cast of conspirators and subversionists anathema overnight. And indications are not lacking that such methods are in prospect . . .

**I**T WOULD be the traditional ruse of circumscribed and hysterically desperate men, of course, to attempt to make radio reception of any sort—short-wave or long—as illegal as it now is illegal in the Iron Curtain countries to tune in to other than Kremlin-approved broadcasts. But such phase too must pass, because of its futility.

When the rank and file of those affected find it but a step to pass from harkening to messages coming in over the radio—again either short wave or long—to messages continuing on Extra-Sensory Perception, the sun of the conspirator and corruptionist is set.

And that is a fact not to be derided.

The Space-Men, when they elect to decide the time ripe, *can drop the vaunted Iron Curtain from all countries in a matter of minutes.*

Remember VALOR has said this, and comments upon it as it happens.

No Luciferian anywhere on the planet can effectively withstand the peaceable and constructive measures possible to the Avatar hosts as they decide to move in on this badly degraded world and "make straight the crooked."

Meantime, it is known that there are short-wave operators who have been in conversational touch with these denizens of Outer Space, and the FCC, the CAA, and the Pentagon generally has been kept apprised of it. VALOR's editor has talked personally with personages who have been present at such sessions and kept full recordings. He has read such recordings. When therefore Soulcraft advances the claim that the day of Deliverance draweth nigh for the Christ Forces of Earth, it bases its announcements on something that by no stretch of expediency can be called Subconscious Mind . . .

It is, therefore, a voluntary discretion that Soulcraft is exercising, to defer for the time-being public discussion of it from any platform under the Soulcraft aegis.

VALOR will contain what is astute to have spoken.

## "Thresholds of Tomorrow"

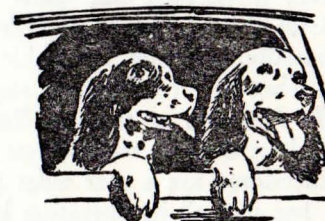
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isn't coming  
back in  
a big way!



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

**I**N SORTING through the rack of photoengravings this afternoon for some pictures to use in the January *Bright Horizons*, I came on the cut I had acquired and used for the opening issue of VALOR for 1953. A girl in a festooned paper cap is holding a glass of champagne aloft amidst a bevy of diners as they welcome the stroke of midnight that ushers the new year in. Seems like only yesterday I had that timely picture made for the January 1st issue of the Golden Times Weekly. Now, next week, I must find a similar illustration for 1954. The 63rd year of my age is memory and I can never relive it as the person I am at present. *But where has it gone?* Queer how the years speed up as one travels the Sunset Grade. For fifty-two Monday mornings I have stabbed the first copy for an equal number of VALORS on the linotype hook, and seen it set by Tuesday night. For fifty-two Wednesday nights I have personally worked in the composing-room, making up 832 pages of this Soulcraft periodical, and on fifty-two Thursdays it has gone through the presses. On fifty-two Fridays it has been cut, stitched and wrapped and put in the post office by 5 p. m. Never a miss. It has been a good year . . .

**C**HIEFLY it has been the Master Year when the long-vaunted Great Pyramid prophecy didn't come to fruition by any event especially arresting humankind's attention. Instead, I celebrated what didn't happen by establishing *Bright Horizons*, and *Bright Horizons* as the new Soulcraft Monthly is "going to town." Not a single tragedy has marred the year as a year. The grandchildren are a year older and a trifle more decorous. Soulcraft has met all its operating bills and not missed a payroll. There are twice the number of student-patrons on its lists than there were a year bygone. I still am greeted o' mornings by the same four dogs. Buzzie has consumed 365 full cans of dog-food and still is hungry. Butch has wagged his tail 3,475,688 times. I have quite as many unanswered letters in the tray as I had on December 31, 1952. And I haven't been outside Noblesville excepting to go on business errands to Indianapolis. Whatta life! . . . And yet I know from actual postage bills that better than 40,000 new people have heard of Soulcraft in this year of 1953 that hadn't heard of it before, and a goodly percentage of them have become enthusiastic colleagues. Yet all in all, it is the Year of the Coming of the Saucer Brethren . . .

**I** FEEL a particular affinity for the Saucer Brethren, as well as for all those on this mortal side of life who have had personal contacts with them. First, my own Higher Mentors told me all about them as long as twenty years ago, only they weren't identified as arriving in mechanical contrivances. The big point with me was, that their coming would trigger certain expansions in my own career and mark definite commitments in the year that was to follow. That would be this twelvemonth

of 1954 ahead. Then when the Saucer plot began to thicken, back in the heat of a wholly exquisite summer, the West Coast principals began writing me more or less unsolicited, apprising me of my own import in the program and I started sitting up and taking notice. It was the epochal psychic seance of October 14th together with the coming of "Rick" Williamson on November 20th that truly proved the pay-off. My former pal, George Fisher, on the Higher Side now since 1949, appeared in utterly familiar form and voice before me in the first instance and confirmed what the West Coast colleagues had been telling me by innuendo. When young Rick alighted from the transcontinental plane and I shook his hand, I knew I was contacting someone very near and dear to me perhaps 65 to 70 years ago—though he didn't actually take up his own current vehicle until the 1920s. When he flew into the sunset on the 23rd, I felt as though a part of myself were flying out with him. But he'll be back, when the new year turns the corner. A brief bit of misunderstanding having to do with his boss in Arizona not being able to release him in time to do much at prospective conventions this year, has been ironed out. Ollie Jadwin, Mac of Saranac and Glen Healey are additional 1953 assistants whose efforts are making them equally dear to me.

**S**O COMES 1954, with Daughter Harriet's assurances that persecutions and harassments are coming "to that great end" . . . and George Fisher's assurances that from his Higher Clairvoyant observation he sees Soulcraft mushroomed a hundred percent "by this time in 1954." I may be mistaken, but deep in the heart of me I feel no major catastrophe injuring America during 1954, no atom bomb conflict internationally, but a very drastic period of economic readjustment that parallels the increase in the number of Saucer visitors, close, close. One of the things I didn't include on the electronic prints of the tape reels about the October 14th seance was Fisher's statement that the writing of the Saucer story that would end all Saucer stories would be done by myself *from personal experiences with them and their occupants*, not disdaining a great movie spectacle that was to tell the Saucer story ultimately in which I would play a more or less major writing part. And the induction of the Saucers into the earth-scene has vital significance to Soulcraft because of the assurances given me again and again that it is probably to be through the altruistic and compassionate roles of the Venus, Mars, and Saturn stalwarts that the tenets Soulcraft has so long espoused are to become realities in the secular sense. Okay, let it commence. Most of us are emotion-proof against almost everything but kindness. I have been allotted my quota from both God and fellowman—not to mention four entirely normal dogs. I'm somewhat choked up as midnight of Dec. 31st looms significant in the offing . . . but I hope I stay contrite.

*Pelle*