

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 26, 1953

Number 9

1

9

5

4



Peace May Be Closer than Americans Think

Golden Scripts Tell Us the Mighty Have Already Fallen, with Man Awaiting the Final Lesson of Economic Adjustment

LET US have all sensible sympathy for our hapless officials. The problem confronting them is not peace or war—with formidable foreign powers—the problem confronting them is how to hold our economic fabric intact. So long as the issue of Peace or Conflict can be used to such end, such end must be pursued in the interests of expediency. They have no alternative.

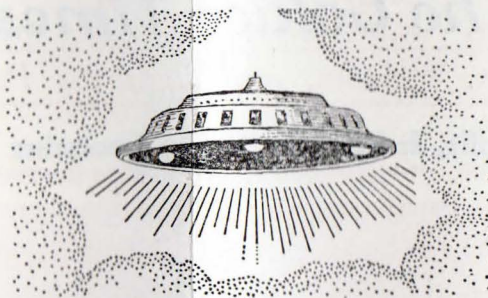
With Divine largess poured out upon this nation so lavishly that there is not only too much of everything—excepting adequate coinage equitably distributed—but a productive establishment so swollen in facilities that too much of everything becomes a permanent program, and the Peace or War issue must continue to bedevil us that wholesale unemployment does not threaten worse disaster.

Hence Russia, the great phoney shell of military and scientific hokum, continues in its propagandist role of Menace Number One. China an aggregation of starving Orientals, maintained in the military state by suzerainties such as Great Britain, France, and Japan as market for military supplies that maintain their economic “prosperity”, is rated Menace Number Two—for similar reasons. Looked at in esoteric dispassion, America cannot afford not to have foes.

When foes no longer threaten, foes must be manufactured.

Witness the spectacle of a federal government, already taxing its laboring cohorts up to 33 percent of their earnings, paying for 200 million dollars worth of new tanks presently, which are admittedly to be obsolete before they roll off assembly lines.

INTERNATIONAL peace is no longer a matter of international rivalries and hatreds therefore—Soviet Russia not excepted. International peace is a matter of how huge populations shall eat if they be not employed at making war goods and



drawing wages for manufacturing munitions for which there is only conjectural utility.

Soviet Russia obviously would welcome the security of true peace in order to mend her economic bastions and perfect her productive establishment for three-meal-a-day feeding of her myriads. But if true peace came suddenly—as is presently predicted—what of the financial aridity of the American industrial potential? Berating the “plutocrats” officering this present industrial potential is naught but asinine. They are caught in a tragic web of too much know-how, insofar as it applies to that which is needed to quiet America and level her off to more equitable performings.

Maybe there is more spiritual heartburn in the breasts of these plutocrats than the cynical suspect, feeling themselves responsible, such plutocrats, for the millions that came to look for employment when war goods were truly needed, now confronted by peace that rests inexorably on economic equities.

PPULL the rug from under the munitions establishment, so-called, and you pull the rug financially from under the heads of a million families—twenty-six million families to be exact—whose Friday pay-envelopes depend on threats of overseas defiance.

Who cares to undertake the responsibility for that?

It has become a case of two evils and selecting the lesser for performing suffering.

THE TROUBLE with the “lesser” in substance is, that it now begins to dictate to the “greater” . . .

Divine Intelligence is obviously bringing the hard lesson home to dense humanity that wild-cat production, based on reckless individual ambition to wealth for its own sake, is by no means a true part of authentic Self-Government. Self-Government, in other words, is emphatically not the freedom to run riot in production so that the public interest is jeopardized by production gone haywire.

Pay productive labor \$2.50 for its energy in creating a pair of shoes, then turn about and charge the same laborers \$5 for the finished footwear, and till the end of eternal time the laborer will only be able to acquire a single shoe. The other shoe, leaving one of his feet economically naked, is Glut, Overproduction, Depression. In the trough of glut, overproduction, and depression, Relief is fabricated by the inevitable bureaucracy whereunder the shoe manufacturer is taxed the price of the missing shoe so that the laborer may come to work passably shod, and create millions of pairs of further shoes—to be distributed by the Glut-Depression-Relief expedient till the national debt approaches a figure where it is unpayable and is therefore repudiated.

Then everyone loses not only both shoes but his shirt, his trousers, and the roof above his head.

The earth’s civilizations are violating laws of inexorable economics, and God would not stay the penalty because otherwise humanity would never learn sense.

International peace is bastioned on this economic stupidity of the present, not on whether the Soviets will have the cobalt bomb by 1955.

By 1955 there may not be any Soviets.

THE CONVENTIONAL economist, having been misled by earlier fallacies, feels the sickish reaction that anything savoring of a controlled economy is static socialism and surrender of personal rights and wards of initiative. But in the last analysis, all economy is a controlled economy or it ceases to be economy. It becomes industrial potluck. Everything depends on who does the controlling.

(Continued on Page 10)



IS Eating an Acquired Habit Regardless of Meat in One's Diet?

Astounding Cases of Psychic Fasts Cause Wonder if Man's Eating Is Trait Derived from Beasts



TOO conscientious Soulcrafter halted an appetizing forkful of savory turkey on the way to his lips at Christmas dinner. He remarked that the thought had arisen to challenge him, "This is part of the anatomy of a formerly lying creature that has had to die in order that I might have viands for this Yuletide feast. By what barbaric rite have I gained to the prerogative of *eating it*?" Suddenly the delectable morsel filled him with repugnance. In what strange orgy of the archaic past had one set of living creatures become addicted to killing and consuming the bodies of other living creatures in order to get nutriment to maintain their bombastic organisms?

There are two ways to look at it.

One way is to transpose one's own high human consciousness for the dumb brute or bird's consciousness and put oneself in the position of the brute or bird that perishes physically, that the next higher form of life may consume that type of food that is known as Meat. It would be most lamentable, sentimentality remarks, if races of super-creatures overran this planet requiring morning cutlets procured from the stouter parts of a mother-

ly washerwoman or porterhouse steaks that had been obtained from the backbones of a Hollywood movie actor—assuming Hollywood movie actors have backbones as a breed. Fancy masticating a Hollywood movie actor's backbone! . . .

The other way is to take a more careful focus on organic substance as organic substance, and identify edible remains of perished creatures for what they are. They are concentrates of proteins in an ensemble supplied by almost no other digestible substance in existence. More than all else, they are organic remains of creatures that by small stretch of the imagination have much use for the physical equipment in the form in which the butcherman receives or dispenses it. The steer, the hog, or the turkey can scarcely be said to come into life to work out a blueprint in spirit progression whose foreshortening means tragedy.

The controversy is an old one.

Over against the barbaric custom of devouring something in which volatile life has functioned, there is the proposition that if stockmen and poultrymen did not breed or raise livestock for commercial food markets there would not be one fiftieth as many organisms for the reoccurring incarnations of the creature-spir-

its themselves. So their species progressions would be correspondingly slower.

It is doubtless the strange commonalty of human appetites with those of predatory beasts that really offend the fastidious. The more interesting challenge arises: Is the human eating of flesh of the lower orders a mere throwback to the sodomic days of the Miocene Period when the spirits of the Sons of God debauched themselves with animalistic patterns in the earth?

From the strictly esoteric standpoint we do have that to think about.

IT COMES to some of us with an aspect of shock to learn that eating of itself may not be quite the necessary habit we have come to regard it. BSR's *Round Robin* for November-December contains an article of amazing data grouped under the title, "Psychic Fasting". It quotes an article from the Natural Science Society of Maitland, Fla. that reports on an 18-year-old girl in Bombay, India, who is said to have lived for more than a year without partaking of food or water. She is described as living a normal, healthy, and happy life, knowing nothing of, and caring less for, mysticism, yet never bothering to take any form of nourishment into her somewhat plump physical system.

The same RR article calls attention to Dr. Philip S. Haley's book, *Modern Loaves and Fishes*, in which innumerable cases of non-nourishment by no means resulted in death. Dr. Haley is a director of the California Society for Psychi-

(Continued on Page 11)



CAN You Say that Your Skepticism Is Not Based on Fear?

¶ *EXPLORERS into the Higher
Sciences, Foretelling Event,
Must Have Moral Dare*

IN THE summer of 1929, I had an interesting experience with a California newspaperman. He had come to New York to do publicity work for a Manhattan publisher. On the West Coast he had read an article of mine on natural phenomena—phenomena that I had demonstrated with my own physical equipment and that was valid to my own satisfaction, else like the yokel cardplayer I would have been cheating myself at a kind of solitaire.

One evening when we were alone in my apartment, our conversation turned on my psychical writings. And my friend made the caustic comment that the day was coming when I would regret that I had "gone in for such hokum" as he expressed it.

"Hokum!" I exclaimed.

"You know mighty well it *is* hokum," he sneered. "The only difference between you and the ordinary occult crank is, that you do your stuff with a finer technique."

This sort of arraignment, being manifestly untrue, was exceedingly distasteful. But I determined to experiment. I would consider my visitor Mr. Average Man, explore his cynicism, try to learn what made

him so skeptical and observe what thin wedges of fact got under his skin.

I had known him when a resident of Hollywood and found him the ultra-sophisticate but companionable newspaperman who seemed to have built his social philosophy on the principle: "If something ain't wrong, 'tain't right!"

He was big-bodied, galvanic, black-eyed, with a cropped-off moustache and bantering manner, who had covered newspaper assignments from Moscow to Shanghai, spent his life with bankers, politicians, literary celebrities and golf-champions, drove a flashy roadster and rose at five in the morning to be on time for eight o'clock breakfast clubs.

"SO I'M hoking the country, am I?" I laughed.

"You don't mean that down in your heart you actually believe the nonsense you've been printing?"

"Nonsense!" I cried.

"All this hocus-pocus about discarnate intelligences, good and evil spooks, a person's soul functioning outside body . . . you know what nonsense!"

"Why call it nonsense?"

"Because it's untrue!"

"How do you know it's untrue?"

"Because if it were a fact—scientific fact—all such phenomena would have become so widely known that the average truck-driver would have heard of it."

"Well," I said, "the electronic hypothesis of substance-in-matter is pretty well known, I think you'll admit. I've seen an interview of yours with Dr. Milliken on the subject, haven't I? You couldn't have written that article as well as you did, had you been skeptical about the celebrated Doctor's soundness of theory. You tell me, Henry, what does the average truck-driver know about electrons?"

"Don't be so literal," my western friend protested. "You get my point."

"But I don't get your point. What is your point?"

"My point is, that if psychical research had anything to it but charlantry it would be as widely and favorably known and accepted as psychology or physics. Instead of which, it's only touted by bizarre fanatics who go in for seances, turbans and incense, and snare wealthy dames into giving up their bankrolls. Don't talk to me! I know all about natural phenomena and discarnate research. I went into it thoroughly in Paris once when a bunch of us newspaper boys sat in on the expose of Madame P—the medium!"

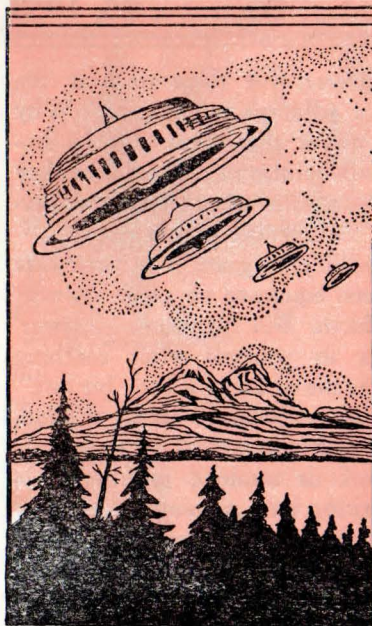
"You learned all about it at one expose, did you?"

"I'm telling you that if these things were true—clairaudient voices, second-

(Continued on Page 6)

SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

...By George Hunt Williamson...



HERE from? Why for? Where to? These are the old, old questions that science has been attempting to answer for centuries. These inevitable questions concern *Man*. Where did he come from? What, if for anything, is he here for? And where is he going after he passes through the transition called *death*?

Theories as to man's origin can be summed up in two general statements: First, those who believe *all* life on the planet Earth has come about through mere chance or accident. These people tell us we are what we are because after the Earth cooled off, certain chemical reactions took place that began the single-cell. After millions of years man was the crowning achievement of this long line of development. Second, there are those who believe that man and other forms of life were divinely fashioned by the Creator.

To illustrate these points I want to tell you about a visitor I received in my home the other night.

He was a young man vitally interested in the "Saucer" phenomena. He told us he was making a trip across the United States to interview all individuals who have been prominent in "saucer" research. However, before he gave anyone time to say a word, he very definitely stated his own opinions and stand on the matter.

He said he believed the saucers were interplanetary, but that he didn't accept the words of many of the researchers. I invited him to dinner at my house, and we had a lengthy discussion.

I LEARNED he had interviewed everyone from the Pentagonian "authorities" to Dr. Tombaugh—discoverer of the Planet Pluto who saw a "flying saucer" in New Mexico—and Major Donald Keyhoe. He said he just couldn't go along with the idea that these space people look exactly like we do on Earth! I asked him why this fact bothered him. He replied with the staid, orthodox scientific comeback that since man is an accident peculiar to our planet alone, he couldn't possibly be duplicated elsewhere. There may be strange, monstrous forms controlling the extra-terrestrial discs, but *men* . . . NEVER!

I told him that the space people have informed us they were our brothers and sisters in *every* sense of the word. If one believes in the materialistic conception of organic evolution he cannot accept the idea of divine creation. I told the young man that his logic was sound, if you believed the *accident* theory. However, if you believed that the Creator brought the entire Omniverse into being to be the abode of man, then you can readily accept the idea that inhabitants of other worlds will be exactly like us, only with different degrees of advancement.

TO BACK up his theory he cited the following "saucer" sighting. One night in the Midwest a civilian air flight was carrying several passengers. Suddenly a disc-shaped object was observed flying parallel to the transport. This strange sight was observed by all passengers and crew, including the pilots. These people are all respected citizens and their word as good as gold.

They claimed that they beheld a small porthole-like window through which they saw a terrible creature!

The inside of the craft appeared to be cloudy or hazy. At the window was that floating head. The only resemblance to a human head was the fact that it contained horrible glaring eyes. There was no nose or mouth, and at the side of the head were scaly, crawling tentacles. (Sounds like someone saw the movie, "Invaders From Mars").

Because of this one sighting, witnessed by reliable people, this young man is writing a book called, *Head-Men From Outer Space!* First of all he will collect data from individuals who have done actual and original saucer research on their own, to this he will add the wierd "head-men" story, and he will present a book to the public. I learned he wasn't actually writing the book himself, but having a "ghost" in the person of a well-known South American adventurer write up the material he collects across the country.

So, our young friend gets a free trip all over the U. S. and ends up in South America, while the "ghost" writer puts all the information into exciting, readable form. I learned that this kindly "ghost" doesn't even believe in "saucers" in the first place. The only thing he realizes is that books on "Saucers" sell like hotcakes, and he wants to get in on the deal.

NEEDLESS to say this is not the proper way to investigate this phenomena. The public *must* be given the true facts. There has been entirely too much of the "monster" and "invasion" trash dished out already. Recently Maj. Keyhoe's, *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*, started another of those "invasion" scares. The Major has done a wonderful job in his research and we must remember that he gives us several possibilities. But the public goes for the sensational idea of "invasion from Mars".

Just because fireballs are exploding here and there doesn't mean that these objects are guided missiles being tested for eventual attack. Saucers have been in our stratosphere for centuries. Why
(Continued on Page 10)



Skepticism Based on Psychic Fear

(Continued from Page 4)

sight, ectoplasms, all the rest of the wild, weird mess—any Tom, Dick or Harry would be having evidences of it right in his own life, not waiting to get it from someone for money.”

I REACHED for a pamphlet lying on the table. It contained a 7,000 word lecture on Cosmology, together with comments on some of my experiences in other dimensions of Matter in which I felt I had been particularly successful.

“Henry,” I said, “you’ve read this booklet and approved of it from a literary standpoint. Where do you suppose I got my material?”

“From the depths of your own fine mind,” Henry responded without hesitation.

“But my friend . . . I give you my word of honor that before receiving this material I had never in my life read a book or article on the subject with which it treats. Moreover, I found after taking it down that it checked up one hundred percent with information received by scores of others, from similar sources, and by the same instrumentalities. How explain that by ‘subconscious mind?’”

“Oh, I’ll grant you there’s mental telepathy. Everyone’s heard about mental telepathy. You might easily have picked up a message broadcast by some other person somewhere in the world and you think it’s your own.”

“But how explain the fact that I interrupted the ‘lecturer’ to ask specific questions about nonunderstood points? And he answered me specifically?”

“You could easily have interrupted some distant speaker by the same mental telepathy, couldn’t you?”

“Possibly,” I said. “Your definition of plausibility, however, seems to be whether or not hoi polloi is familiar with the subject-matter treated.”

“My argument is,” my friend replied angrily, “that when a dozen people can sit down in a room without extraneous equipment beyond their own five senses, demand phenomena and get it under any sort of conditions, so that it’s equally perceptible and intelligible to every last one present, then I’ll believe in discarnate intelligence.”

“Can a dozen people all listen at one telephone receiver and get the message coming over the wire, Henry?”

“You can put a dozen telephone-extensions into a room and plug twelve people in on the message,” he argued.

“But let’s suppose that six of those people are deaf?”

“Six out of twelve people wouldn’t be deaf!”

“But allowing that they could be—or might be—would it prove that the other six weren’t getting any message—that no message was coming across the wire at all?”

“Certainly not. But I’m talking about twelve people possessed of the equipment to hear such messages!”

“Good! Then won’t you admit that there may be plenty of persons going up and down in the world who have types of hearing equipment which the rest of the race have not?—and that they may get messages like the six of your people whose hearing wasn’t faulty?”



“I will not! Hearing is a natural and normal sense which everyone possesses.”

“Then why isn’t it possible for any person possessed of these ‘normal’ senses to go into a crashing roller-mill with all the lamps switched off, and talk audibly to his companion or find his way about?”

“There’d be too much noise in the roller-mill to hear the companion talk. And of course without incandescent lights, no one can see—”

“Then concerning the validity of certain phenomena, why won’t you admit that perhaps there’s too much vibratory noise going on all about ‘normal’ people

in this universe, for them to hear the speakings of adjacent companions? Why won’t you admit that there may be human eyes with retinas so delicate that they can see beyond the ultra-violet and perceive what the average person can’t?”

“I’d be willing to grant it in your case if you’d been equipped so every moment since your birth. But for you to ‘discover’ such senses in yourself after reaching forty, strikes me as being a little bit tall!”

“I was born without the ability to read, write or run, Henry. And so were you. But both of us attained proficiency in reading, writing and running, didn’t we? Why can’t we galvanize our more subtle senses and suddenly find that they too function?”

“Because we don’t possess them!”

“What proof have you of that?”

“Well, I haven’t them, have I?”

“I guess that’s the real answer, Henry. You haven’t them, so they don’t exist for others. But how much have you tried to cultivate them before declaring you don’t possess them?”

“If the Almighty had wanted me to function with them, He’d have awakened them in me long before now,” my friend laughed uneasily. It seemed to nettle him that they might awaken against his will and he be unable to help it.

“What’s God got to do with it? He gave them to you, but proficiency in using them is your business strictly.”

“More applesauce! Let them operate of themselves spontaneously, then I’ll believe I’ve got them!”

THERE WAS more of this futile argument. It lasted till three in the morning. Out of it, I discovered nothing more than this—

My friend was what I term a “young soul,” not especially studious, strictly a materialist, and *inherently terrified by what he could not understand*. If anyone possessed or exhibited traits or faculties which had not been accorded to him naturally, he must be abnormal, irrational, or a liar.

In other words, the mass acceptance was the common mean of Truth. He wanted herd-protection in his thinking. To stand on his own two feet and explore the universe as a free, unfettered soul would have marked him not as a spiritual adult but as an eccentric or fanatic who possibly deserved confinement.

One of the hardest things in life to get

(Continued on Page 14)



Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

Today's Youth

IT SEEMS to me that it is opportune and fitting to say a word to our youth who read VALOR. Of course what is said, generally speaking, in this magazine, is written with all age groups in mind. However, at the beginning of another New Year, and one seemingly fraught with deep significance, I feel it a good time to pay tribute to those fine youth of our country who have life before them, with perhaps a word to them of the mighty opportunities on the horizon that are a tremendous challenge.

It is perhaps trite to say that this is a day of big problems and perplexities. Yet it is a day of great opportunities. It is a fast, rugged world, but is also a learning world, and one with open doors for great usefulness. In a sense, however, it is no different from other eras. The problems and world issues may be aggravated much more by the stress upon us, but it is the same old problem that has always confronted us; it is the problem of the materialistic versus the spiritualistic view—the problem of the human within us against the divine within us.

ONE THING young people have always had to face is the carping criticism of those who, too many times, have lost the youth point of view and the problems youth have to face. For after all, they have their own problems, just as acute in their day as those of their older leaders. In my own youthful days, I heard some folk say, "I do declare, I do not know what's come over the our young people. They're worse than they ever were." I fear the same thing said today. It has been thrown at youth of every generation back through the ages by those who have been thoughtless as to the actual process going on.

It is not my intention merely to extol our youth of today. It has been my privilege to work with young people, from

little children on through high school and college, and of various types, through some thirty years of public life. Sometimes I found those who disappointed me, and some whom folk said were ruined and useless. But even in most of those kinds, I found a constructive response when the right spark was struck. In most of them with whom I've had contact, there was depth of thought and an earnest purpose discovered when I took the time and patience to look beneath the exterior. In practically all of them, there has been a warm, sometimes seemingly shallow, but always an exhilarating enthusiasm for life and its challenges that helped me more than I ever helped them.

IF I were to attempt to counsel youth of today, I think I would say to them, above everything else, "You, young people, can refute the charges leveled at you. You can rise above criticism by the thoughtless, through fine, clean, great living. You can do so by showing your mettle in meeting your own problems with courage and persistency. You can do so by exuding your young, warm, friendly and vibrating enthusiasm to those who have traveled a little further in life. You can surely do so by earnest dedication of all your young zest and your potential talents to One who never lost his eternal youth, Jesus the Christ."

True there are many things challenging you, to challenge every drop of red blood in you. There are mighty moral issues at stake in our world that call for those who develop stamina, courage and forti-



tude. The rights and dignity of mankind itself are on trial. The universal dream of peace and true brotherhood is at stake. Justice, mercy and righteousness are flouted in many quarters. Principles that we hold dear in our own country are on trial. These call for those of you who believe deeply enough in them to prepare yourself with keen minds, strong wills, and great hearts to fully meet the issues that will guarantee and perpetuate those principles for right and justice, here and in our world.

Before all this, and through it all, you have to face yourself. The old adage will always be vital, and doubly so in the days ahead, "Know yourself, control yourself, and give yourself." Nothing can ever be made right until first of all you are right, both in your own life and in your actions in life.

THROUGHOUT 1954, and through all your life, there is no personage, and no influence so dynamic as our leader and Elder Brother who, as Jesus the Christ, was born in a little, insignificant village, yet he has changed the currents of history; One who never wrote, but in the sand, yet his hand has been back of the greatest classics; One who never painted, yet He has been the inspiration of humanity's greatest artists; One who never sang, as far as historical records go, yet He has inspired the greatest hymns and songs of the ages since. No other has inspired such a masterpiece as Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus"; One who has done more to liberate children and emancipate women than has any other person who ever lived; One who has clean, strong, manly, courageous, but human. One who never gave a set of rules, but who declared great principles of active love and dynamic good will for all men.

Truly, He is the "Way, the Truth and the Light."

He believes in you, young people.

Yes, and we believe in you. And the world's hope rests in your hands and your hearts.

Valor

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

Edited by William Dudley Pelley

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

VOL. VI DECEMBER 26, 1953 No. 9

Prophets and Profits

LT DOES beat the Dutch how the esoteric calamity-howlers will have their destruction of the United States by atom bombs, cataclysm and Space Ship devastation. It seems to be a conditioned reflex with many to justify themselves as prophets by essaying to foretell universal destruction. And they dare to imply, in instances, that they got it direct from God and the angels.

One western lady writes VALOR: "Our metaphysical teacher, Mr. So-and-So, said last Thursday night that it seems to be inevitable some bombs will be dropped on us, largely due to the fact that America's besetting sin is gullibility and inability to distinguish the true from the false."

Ho-hum!

Excuse VALOR's yawn.

It's an amazing thing how ill informed in secular matters some of these conversationalists with God and the angels disclose themselves to be, whereas in heavenly matters they can quote you the page and the line of their authority on everything from kittens to cataclysm in the Omniverse generally.

So it "seems to be inevitable that some bombs will be dropped on us?" Well, well. By whom? Mexico? Afghanistan? Nigeria? Cochin-China? Oh . . . *Russia!* Of course, *Russia*. A nation of starving peasants, whose rulers are so bedeviled that scarcely one can afford to take his hand off his gun butt for a single instant day or night, a country that hasn't a hun-

dred thousand automobiles in a population of 200 million and no roads to drive them on, and that right now is suffering from the worst slow-down strike of factory workers in its history. This is the nation that's going to fly gigantic planes half around the earth with Nazi military efficiency and pop us on top of our own skyscrapers because we're decent enough to take the other fellow at his face value until he proves himself somebody we find we can't trust. What kind of metaphysics is that, and what does it accomplish? The collection must have been poor in the previous evening's "take" . . .

The *Golden Scripts* declare on Page 294, "Makers of calamities are never prophets; behold it is the law that no true prophet foretelleth destruction. Thereby shall ye know the false prophet from the true. The true prophet telleth of goodly works; he singeth a song of gladness whereat is a song of rejoicing; he sayeth unto the multitudes, Behold, your Lord reigneth and all things that ye see are excellent excepting yourselves and the evils that ye do."



They are pardonable mortal complexes, mostly originating in subconscious disgruntlement, that these Johnny-Come-Latelys in the esoteric field indulge. But the mystic who is fortunate in being kept as apprised of what's happening in Moscow as he is of what's happening in the Constellation Andromeda, has to pay the price for being credited as the former's colleague, in that metaphysics covereth a multitude of jitters.

One would imagine that nothing good was ever more to befall the human race, and that God had given the planet up as a write-off, to hear these pundits tell it.

VALOR isn't fearful of any bombs from Russia.

The fact that the mean level of the Atlantic has risen nine inches the past year, from melting polar ice, is quite another headache. But apparently God and the

angels haven't noticed that, so as to apprise those who so gruesomely would "enlighten" our populace of bombs.

Anyhow, nobody can lose his life in any form of upset, who isn't fated to do so from the first breath he drew.

The *Golden Scripts* foretell the long list of wondrous blessings that are going to happen. And they're still our favorite reading for 1954 . . .

Super-Science



WHILE tossing around a few more sensations to open 1954, maybe you've heard the theory discussed that all sounds once uttered in the earth go on diminishing in audible volume to infinity but never die utterly. If it could be possible to perfect instruments sensitive enough to catch these sounds by stepping them up in their current faintness of expression and amplifying them, we of this moment should be able to hear George Washington delivering his Farewell Address—having listened to Old Abe at Gettysburg—and hence on back to Napoleon addressing his soldiers before the Pyramid and what tone of voice Shahrazad used when she saw old Al-Raschid was growing sleepy-eyed. Of course somebody must sort all these words out, the average person today having difficulty enough hearing himself talk when a room is full of guests and the guests are full of cocktails.

Be that as it may, comes a letter from the West which makes the astounding pronouncement, "I heard from very reliable sources today that a man is now in the Holy Land recording the actual voice of Christ from the places which He frequented during His life on earth. Advance information declares that the message Christ really preached conflicts greatly with the theological dogmas being taught at present. This man has almost completed his recording work and will present it to the scientific world shortly. The man says he was astounded at what he was recording . . . he says it will shock the entire world!"

The implication is here plain that Christ didn't preach what the New Testament says he preached—but most Soulcrafters eleven years old know that. Letting alone the controversy as to how then the supersonic expert knew whose voice

he was pulling back from remote infinity, we should also be on guard if the words come in English. Jesus spoke in Aramic. Controversies could be easy enough over whether such translations were accurate. Certainly nobody is due to be shocked to hear a voice brought back over 1900 years gutteraling in Aramaic.

Besides, why go to all that trouble? The Elder Brother speaks English in the present quite as expressively as ever Shakespeare spoke it. What we want to be certain of, more than all else, is that it isn't a stunt to discredit the founder of the Christian religion on principle.

It wouldn't be the first time the thing had been attempted.

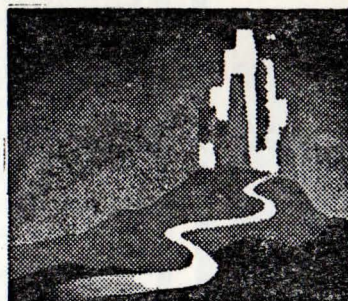
More Laurels



WHILE we're inclined to hand out the bouquets to the immortals who've obviously been making West Coast Saucer contacts, let us not overlook the commendable achievements of George Van Tassel of Joshua Tree, Calif. He's the ex-test pilot for Howard Hughes who first crashed the headlines by his book, *I Rode in a Flying Saucer*. He's now getting out—or has gotten out—a second, *Council of the Seven Lights*. VALOR has not read it, but VALOR has had opportunity to read many of the more recent communications from the Space Ship personnel that "Van" has taken by ESP. Let nobody be so foolish as to smile or lift the eyebrows on this ESP communication. It's the common means of intercourse in the octaves above the physical. Recent communications are recorded in the *Interplanetary News*, edited by Genevieve A. Johnston.

Those poor souls whose tired brains start jitters at thought of interstellar beings "taking over" this planet a la Orson Welles, can be consoled by this sort of thing coming down from Upstairs—

"My identity is Desca. In order to establish some sequence to this information, we shall begin with first things first. You people of this planet have been imprisoned within the limits of mass-mind. You must throw out the barriers of fear. You must discard the boundaries of hatred. You must dissipate the selfishness of individual desire to attain physical and material things. You must toss out the dogma and myths of your past. (over)



BILLET-DOUX



INTO Love's Sunrise walk we, hand in hand,
Seeking our Mines of Ophar in New Promised Land,
We shout, we laugh, we sing upon our way,
Alive together in Aquarian Day.

To be thus parts and units in Thy Plan
Is bliss enough, and yet to stand
And have revealed in consciousness of light
The passing of the shadows of earth's night

Is greater gift. Embracing it we go
Up into sunrise from night's depths below
Watching the East grow bright from heights on high
As comes Aquarian Glory to a waiting sky.

Words fail to tell our joy, our peace, our rest,
Known to all hearts that watch it from the West,
Into such love, such Consciousness Divine,
Our course is cast henceforth, dear sweetheart mine.

We live, we wed, we find within His might
The marvel of the Passing of earth's night,
We mount in unison up Love's transcendent Way
And raise our panting arms to new-born Day.

Thus as the shadows sink, and clouds lift high,
We see with awe New Beauties in high sky;
Beneath such firmament we seal our troth
And garb our destinies in God's bright cloth.

The Truth, the Truth, the Truth, this we would know
To loose all gyves of bondage and to grow
Into Thy nuptial gift, Eternal Faith,
What part in such a gift has Doubting's wraith?

All discord dropped behind us, this we see,
Our Elder Brother's love has struck us free!
Henceforth we dwell in Radiance and we sing
High praise to Great Aquarius—and our King!

—through 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.

A Book Every Married Couple Should Read!

Send Your Order in Now!

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

Soulcraft Chapels

"Now then, to broaden your mind to the infinite ends of the Ultraverse, you start at the center of yourselves individually. Register there that the Creator could not have begun the first of His creation, had His Inner Being of boundless self been limited in any way. You individually are granted the right to express his powers. Do not say 'May I, Father?' Say rather, 'I am the instrument of Thy doings, extending the love of Thy will through me.' Do not look upon the confines of your physical body as limits He has placed upon His doings. From within say, 'I am the Light and the Power. I am expressing His will.' Emanate the radiance of His being within you to unlimited distance from your body. Truly stand in the Light. Make this love-force felt by those whom you meet in daily life. Never express the limit of doubt. If one asks you a question do not keep the limit of Mind anchored to Self by answering, 'I do not know.' Say rather, 'I shall find out for you.' Tear and rend these barriers from your mind that confine you to earthly education, to material science, to theological belief. Expand your mind to include not other constellations, but the Mind of the Universe, unlimited, open, and forever.

"If you perform the act of removing the barriers confining individual Mind, then I shall reach you, that you may understand His infinite wisdom which you are capable of. Do not present to others arguments based on books unless the source be of the Light, of receptivity expressing Truth instead of theory. You are only confronting yourself and another. I thank you. I am Desca."

Beings who go about the omniverse enunciating principles such as these, would seem to be excellent people to know.

The truly amazing thing is, however, that VALOR's editor can cross-check all such doctrinal data with his own records, compiled almost a quarter-century in the past. It is all adding up.

You can get a copy of the *Interplanetary News* by sending a dollar to Miss Johnston at Joshua Tree for four issues. The point is, that wherever these Space People communicate, they are disclosed as the most profound and adept proponents of the Eternal Verities. God is very real to them.

VALOR feels like saying to them, "What detained you?"

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 5)

should they wait until we have atomic weapons to jump us . . . why didn't they get it all done with, when our most dangerous weapon was the bow and arrow? These so-called fireballs are doing us a big favor, and we will discuss them soon here in VALOR.

The "head-man" sighting is probably authentic. But how could these witnesses have possibly seen anything *but* a head, if the creature was so close to the "porthole" window? We might see a sailor looking out of a ship's porthole, but we can't jump to the conclusion that this ship is manned by "head-men" merely because the only thing visible is this particular sailor's cranium! What these people saw was probably a space helmet or mechanical device. Deep sea divers wear strange gear; our high-flying pilots wear strange gear. Can we claim these men look like the gear they wear? What foolishness!

These saucer people *are human beings!* They tell us we are all the "sons of God" and that planets were created as the abode of Sons of God. The human form and the human race is *universal!* These wonderful brothers and sisters also tell us what we have hoped was true since the dawn of history . . . that life is *eternal*, and that we *all* are *immortal* beings! What could be more significant?

These people are offering their Earth brothers wonderful, eternal gifts of great value. Let us in all humbleness accept what they have to offer, and thank our Infinite Father for sending them to us at this time.

Sightings are rapidly increasing! More of them next week.

Peace May Be Close

(Continued from Page 2)

Tycoons responsible for human lives by being responsible for human welfare, by no means object to a controlled economy if they themselves do the controlling. What they fear basically is irresponsible barristers who have turned politicians in lieu of never having been able to build lucrative practices, meeting in national assemblies called Congresses and legalizing recommendations at the whim of crackpot theorists.

Somewhere between the characteristic extremes of the two factions is a meeting-ground of common sense and practical facility.

Convince tycoons, bankrupt barristers, and even crackpot theorists that a way exists to keep 60 million American adults at gainful occupations the century around—without recourse to arms—and Peace comes in to dwell with all Republics in eternal compatibility.

So, presently economics, as an autocracy that has been too long defied, decides the true state of international peace.

The latest figures would seem to show that it now costs something like \$800,000 each to kill this nation's prospective enemies—figuring the costs of all military exploits and protective measures against the extermination of possible foes that "menace" us.

No dead enemy is worth \$800,000.

Divine Providence in the guise of Economic Law is going to see it isn't.

SO PEACE is closer than average humankind surmises—as the problem of sustenance of the earth's billions is suddenly cracked by Deflation and rigorous cut-backs to more honest Beginnings. But it involves many nations.

If therefore rigorous economic palsy strikes any time in 1954, try to understand it and not be benightedly terrified.

It is the Divine Method for establishing Adjustment.

The brains, the know-how, and the intestinal fortitude exist in life to install a system that is workably Cooperative, that washes out the pressuring presence of Communism with quite the same gusto that it honors the plutocrat who has been doing the best he can under conditions he personally never engineered.

The people truly to pity are the theorists in high position who had convinced the electorate they had all the answers merely because the electorate had been fed up with corruptions.

Psychic Fasting

(Continued from Page 3)

cal Research. Acknowledging its indebtedness to Mr. Layne of BRSA, here are some of the attested facts presented—

"FASTING, we think, is a good wartime topic—or maybe vegetarian-

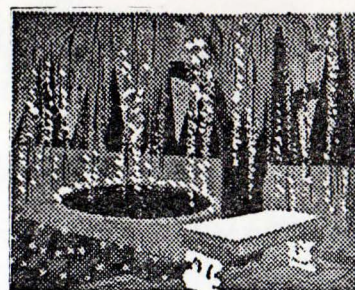
ism would be better, if only there were plenty of vegetables. Probably a good many of us will remember Dean Israel Noe who went 22 days without food, back in 1938. He was doing pretty well by himself, too, until the newspapers got hold of the story. But a little earlier there was Dr. Tanner and his gastric ulcer. They didn't get along together, so the doctor went on a forty-day fast and starved out his enemy. He kept up his normal activities, drank water but took no food, was carefully watched because a Dr. Hammond bet \$1000 that he wouldn't last a month. Tanner lost 31 pounds, which figures out at \$32.25 each. If he had been fatter he might have made a living that way.

"All that was quite useful. It gave the medical profession a severe jolt, always a good deed, and also inspired competition. One Zachar outdid Tanner by a good margin, but we haven't the figures; and later on one J. Das, Hindu hunger striker, went foodless for 61 days and Terence MacSweeney, an imprisoned Irish revolutionist, managed 71 days. Both of these latter, however, died as a result. And we have a Ripley clip (for what it's worth) about a Florabelle Culbertson of Hollywood, California, who fasted April 23 to June 11 and July 25 to Sept. 17, or a total of 104 days out of 147, taking water only.

"All this brings us to the cases of inedia, or astitia, or "psychic fasting", about which the medical profession conveniently knows nothing and which occultists recognize but find difficult to explain. Dr. Philip Haley has a discussion of these, and we summarize a portion of it, because such data is little attended to, but is supported by good evidence, and is very striking. Fourteen cases are listed.

"1. Therese Neumann, Bavarian peasant, age 45 if now living. Case described by Msgr. Joseph Mesmerand Bishop Sigismund Waitz; English translation published in Chicago, 1929. Also R. W. Hynek, M. D., in his book "Konnersreuth". The novelist, Mary Borden, in an article in the Hearst newspapers, Jan. 12, 1933, writes, "It appears to be true, and no unbeliever has been able to prove the contrary, that she (Therese) has eaten nothing since 1927, and for the last year or more has had nothing to drink. . . She has been visited, questioned, and watched by man men of science." At that time,

(Continued on Page 14)



"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"

A NEW \$1 EDITION

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

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ESOTERIC CLASSIC

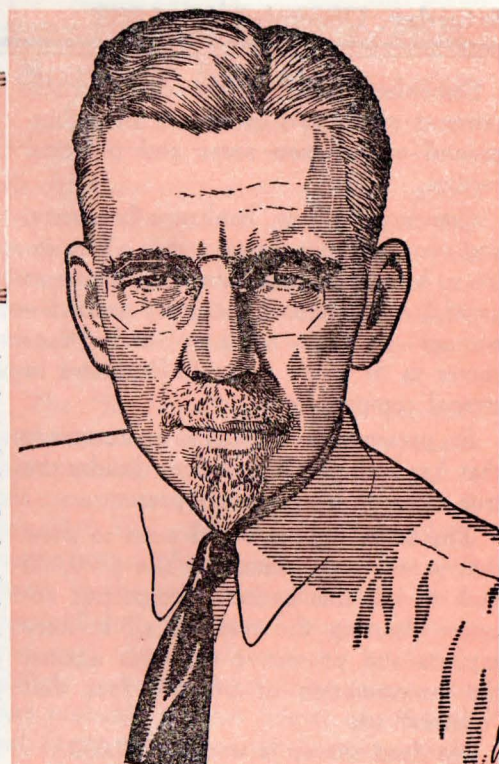
First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .

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

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

COGITATIONS



COME December 27th, I shall have earned my living in the printing business exactly fifty years. I know, because it was two days after the Christmas of 1913 that I acquired my first printing press, in consequence of a money gift made by an indulgent aunt at Yuletide. It was a Pilot hand press, and cost \$15. It took a form 6x9 inches, had two rollers, and required a pull-down on a lever at the left for every impression made on its platen. . . What a lot of perfectly good paperstock I *have* contrived to spoil in the intervening half-century! . . . I had seen the press for sale in a local printery and marked it for mine own. But it required an additional donation from Dad to pick up the necessary type and "composing-room equipment" that set me up in the business so that I actually collected money for my product, one calling card or billhead at a time. From a concern in Connecticut I acquired odd fonts of type. My imposing-stone was a marble slab salvaged from the back washstand of a demolished bathroom. My first composing-stick was decidedly not adjustable, inasmuch as I fashioned it from the thin end of a shingle. I made several of these, for different form-widths. Reglet, furniture, and printing-ink I procured by haunting the trash boxes of the Springfield Printing & Binding Company. It was an event in my life when I was able to purchase so much as a two-foot length of brass rule for date lines. I did myself some business cards and landed my first order in the item of 500 billheads for a local neighbor who engaged in the business of pickle preservation. I was not, at that tender age, aware that there might be different printing inks for different kinds of paper. A half-emptied can of black ink was simply ink to me and when I found such, I hugged it to my bosom and streaked from the alley. Mother never could figure out how I had gotten live printing-ink *inside* my shirtfront. Try and print something on yourself sometime, *inside* your shirtfront.

NEVER shall I forget the look of indulgent disgust that featured old man Huggins' face when I delivered these first 500 billheads, upon which he had expected to list moneys due him for sundry pickles. He rifled 'em through with his thumb and wanted to say something politely nasty about my skill as a pressman, but forebore, knowing perhaps the handicaps under which I worked. Besides, having been a small boy once himself, he doubtless wished to encourage initiative and self-reliance in the species. I presented my own bill for \$2.45 and he paid it. But a month later, when I accidentally saw a bill for his pickles wafted to the floor of the local grocery, it was not executed upon my printed product as duly delivered and paid for. Later when I solicited him for more orders, he had to go somewhere suddenly and see a man about a dog. I being present upon his return, he apprised me then that in the item of his printing, he greatly desired the sheets to be in such condition that they could be used singly and not stuck together in sevens from offset. But I did my father's printing for his Parcel Delivery—for which he paid—and in time I learned the difference between high-quality half-tone ink and plain glue into which a baby has spilled a bucket of old tar. As I had come into life to function as a publisher and was setting about it without loss of time, I graduated from the job business into handsticking eight-point for the pages of the *Junior Star*. This I printed two-pages-up on my 6x9 platen, making comment in the youthful manner on alterations in the neighborhood and such, not omitting alterations upon one occasion of the Archer boy's face at the hands of the Morgan boy, the ensuing issue of the *Junior Star* neglecting to report sundry alterations in consequence to my own. Not until I began making some uncomplimentary comment upon the unmarried status of my personal school-teacher and its probable cause, and she had taken her parasol firmly in hand and smoked for the Pelley domicile, did my parents acquire a certain worriment in

their countenances respecting my precocities as a budding mentor of society. Father appointed himself official censor of the war news without port folio, and all stayed quiet thereafter on the neighborhood front. But every nickle I ever had for spending money from 13 to 17 came from my printing ensemble in the form of surplus between receipts and bond papers in blank. The *Junior Star* folded after five issues and was succeeded by *The Black Crow*. *The Black Crow* folded after one issue and I was off to Upper York State to learn the business of commercial manufacturing . . .

o—o

BUT WE soon installed our own printery in the paper factory to turn out prodigious amounts of trade labels and there it was idle, from six in the afternoon to seven next morning. My soul agonized to see good printing equipment thus in hiatus, especially power-driven printing equipment. Thus in addition to supervising half a hundred employes at the tender age of 19, I indulged my karma by writing and publishing a monthly bibliamag I called *The Philosopher*. No particular kind of a philosopher, just a philosopher. It takes a personage to be a true philosopher at 19, anyhow. The Albany News Company saw a copy and agreed it had sales possibilities on the newsstands, they being wholesale distributors. So I strained my resources to publish the dizzy edition of ten thousand copies, all of which were shipped and

duly delivered. In Syracuse of a week or ten days later, I had the thrilling satisfaction of beholding my publication bedecking the whole front of the magazine stand. I saw people walk up and exchange good coin—at ten cents the exchange—for for excerpts of my Philosophical Viewpoint at 19. Then Konk! . . . overnight there wasn't a copy in sight nor a copy to be had. However, no dealers were calling on me for reprints. I was getting the big surcharge ready for the next succeeding month when the American Express backed up its truck to the Receiving platform and began to unload bundles of *Philosophers* back from newsdealers. The periodical, it seemed, was being returned by the millions. They even charged me the return expressage on such millions. Whereat I learned the sickening truth. Newsdealers wanted no more. Selling for 10c the effusion, the public grabbed for the Good Stuff and thereby killed the sales of many good 25¢ magazines which did not contain philosophy but cooking recipes, stories about Nellie the Beautiful Sewing-Machine Girl, and why Smith—whoever he was—Left Home? Thereupon I began to acquire some *real* philosophy. I was learning never to be *too* successful. It can cost you as much as though you're a bust.

o—o

ALWAYS messing with printer's ink, I veered aside into newspapers. I left the *Boston Globe* to establish the *Chicopee Journal*, got into a political fight with the mayor and had my plant wrecked. I went up into Vermont and bought the Deerfield Valley *Times*. Striving to bring Hearst sensationalism to a town of 1,432—not including dogs—I got in wrong with the conservative element by running an eight-column front page scare-head announcing that the local cider-mill had burned down, the forenoon of press day. Into my office presently came the head selectman who was also principle mortician and embalmer. He had the front page in his hand and sour cream on his countenance. "We want to know," he demanded querulously, "by what right you waste perfectly good paper tellin' us the cider-mill burned down in type big as an auction-bill? We know there was a fire. Most of us was *to* it. What this town needs is a paper that don't think we're next to near-sighted." Overdoing a good thing again! I barely kept my chin above water in the place after that, and the medical bills attendant on Harriet's

Passing, sank me. I went "over the mountain" and got a job as make-up man and Duplex pressman on the Bennington *Evening Banner*. I made up six to eight newspaper pages every day between eleven and three o'clock, and this job I held till I hit the jackpot in the magazine field. When I landed on the writing staff of *The American Magazine*, old John Sidel said he liked me because of my practical printing viewpoint. I always knew what he was up against in magazine layout. But was it to wonder at? I had run every make of press but a rotary offset and could write on the linotype as other men write on typewriters. People who are kind enough to comment on the tasty lay-out of the Soulcraft publications of the present forget the fifty years of handling type and rule when visualizing how the type of a given page would look, before it went into the forms, had grown into second nature.

o—o

TO ME a piece of perfectly spaced and composed letter-press printing awakens all the raptures in my benighted soul that awaken in the elite at sight of a Rembrandt canvass. Sorry I can't "see" the flamboyant color combinations that fill our magazines today, from rotogravure and offset. To me they're trashy, . . . types were made to be inked and sunk under pressure on soft mothering paper. And even type itself has as much character as human personality. To me there's as much difference between Cheltenham Bold and Cloister Lightface as between a Percheron plough-horse and an Arabian stallion. Fifty years of printing! *What* a privilege! Most of which reminiscence is called up by the receipt last month of a super-deluxe gift copy of a printer's rhapsody on the Elder Brother's life named *Verily, Verily, I say Unto You* produced by Joseph Richard Snavely at the Hershey (Chocolate) Press, at Hershey, Penna. Its 153 pages done on 20-lb stock in what seems to be Della Robba, it's one of those printing treasures that could make Fra Elburtus spin in his grave. But it bears out what I've held to be pat from the beginning, that any printed matter that treats with the Elder Brother in text, commands the ultra in workmanship. It's been my principle in the Soulcraft publications. Even in the heyday of the American Commies under the New Deal, one of their most execrable sheets had this to say of me, "He's a low-down so-and-so and comes the Revolution he'll be shot

"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.

Leatherette \$4.00

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

"Thresholds of Tomorrow"

Don't worry
that America
isn't coming
back in
a big way!



¶ That the United States is seen clairvoyantly as emerging triumphant from this current bottleneck of politics and economics, is described in this valuable volume of 320 pages.

¶ You will discover *Thresholds of Tomorrow* to be a God-send to your peace of mind . . .

\$5

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



Behold Life

The Outstanding Book
on
SOULCRAFT

¶ You need one book in which the entire pattern of mortal life has been expounded, so that you understand whereof the Soulcraft doctrine treats of it. *Behold Life* is such a book. Now in its Second Large Printing, it gives you the true background for all mortal processes—331 pages of a new interpretation for all sentient existence . . .

\$4 Leatherette \$4

first against the wall, but we have to concede he does turn off some of the most beautiful printing being done in America today." Almost my zeal wavered after that, sinking a journalistic axe in the *sensorium nuclei* of its editor as something the cat dragged into the national household and nobody had yet bethought to push out cautiously with the toe. I have edited and published 14 publications between *The Junior Star* and *Bright Horizons*, and authored 17 books, an even dozen of which were created under my own auspices. I still insist on giving one full day a week to working with my hands at the imposing-stones, producing Beautiful Printing. I don't care who writes the stuff or what stuff is written, but turn me loose with type and make-up and I'll make or break the success of it. Now next week comes 1954. Oh well, the second fifty years are the hardest, no matter if you do have plenty of practice . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Psychic Fasting

(Continued from Page 11)

Therese was under observation in a Berlin clinic. She was robust and apparently normal, but was also mediumistic and a psychic sensitive. The fasting period covers more than six years.

"2. Molly Fancher (Brooklyn) lived for 12 years, according to her physicians, without "enough sustenance to feed a baby for a week". Dr. Geo. W. Beard rejects this case, but a book by Judge Daily (1894) refutes Beard's criticisms.

"3. Marie Furtner, a Bavarian girl, lived on water only, for some 40 years. She was kept under observation for a time in Munich, in 1835. Monograph by Dr. Karl E. von Schafhanke, 1885.

"4. Janet McLeod, who took no food for five years; also Josephine Durand of Geneva, who took neither solids nor liquids for four years (Article in *The Month*, March, 1921). Appolonia Schriener, Berne, Switzerland; no food or water for four years. Margaret Seyfrit, aged 12, of Bodt, near Speyer, 3 years without food. Louise Gussie took no food for three years (1770-1773). Anna Garbero, of Raconegi; 32 months and 11 days without food or drink. Zelig Bourrian, of Perigord, under strict hospital observation for 125 days, took neither food nor drink. "A girl of Abruzzi", three

years without food or water, owing to stricture of the esophagus.

"DR. HALEY then cites the case of a Hindu woman, Papamma; the information comes largely from investigations conducted by editors of two Hindu newspapers at Dr. Haley's request, but a number of other investigators were involved and the details are elaborate. It seems quite certain that from 1917 to 1932 (date of last report) she had taken neither food nor drink.

"It is easy (as always) for the skeptic to enter blanket denials of all these alleged cases, and of course it is impossible to summarize the evidence for even one of them in this article. We can say only that these cases are selected precisely because the affirmative evidence is very strong, and because there is no record of its having been controverted.

"We like data of this sort, because we do NOT like Finalists, or human cocksureness in any aspect whatever. Just because there are know-it-all folk, pseudo-scientists for the most part, we think it actually constructive to raise insoluble problems now and then."

The challenge presents itself, if precisely *one* human being can go for years without food, then the thing is possible. If it is possible, then why do we go along, "thinking" that food is necessary? Meat-eating or vegetarianism, can it creditably have been a conditioned reflex that man acquired when he clad himself in flesh to get the pleasure-pain experiences of this planet? The question is not asked facetiously. We shall continue to examine it.

(This is the first of a series of articles on *Eating and Diet*, to be published in 1954. The second will appear in an early issue. Editor)

Skepticism

(Continued from Page 6)

the average man and woman to believe, is that all the rest of the men and women in the universe are not precisely like themselves, because other persons appear to the eye or the ear as normal—in that they possess a body with the usual number of arms, legs and eyes—the average man or woman takes it for granted that his sense equipments cannot be otherwise than usual. To say that there may be millions of

members of the human race living their earthly lives on a higher, finer sense-plane in Matter, receiving impressions or instructions, guiding their daily comings and goings by intuitive perceptions that have nothing to do with physical seeing, hearing or feeling, is to court facetiousness or scorn.

If I were to lay down any first lesson in the successful exploration of natural phenomena, that lesson would be this: that the novice get it through his head so thoroughly that it becomes a fixation in his thinking, *that millions of men and women may be as far advanced above himself in their spiritual perception as he is above a horse or a dog.*

People are not alike! Millions have their physical senses dulled or destroyed. By the same token millions have their physical senses "stepped up" to a degree of efficiency so fine that they cease to be physical and are actually mental. Many times these people do not realize this, themselves. But just as any average man may be in the heart of an explosion which in one blinding flash forever takes from him his sight and hearing so another "average" man may encounter certain types of metaphysical explosions in which sublimated seeing and hearing *are awakened* in an instant—to remain with him functioning and suitable for training to still subtler efficiencies.

Strictly speaking, I am convinced that the average child-like person is really terrified at what he might see or hear, were his super-senses miraculously awakened.

IT IS my contention that the "average person" is not born with super-senses functioning, because spiritually or mentally he is not adjusted to receive or control more than the perceptions accruing through his physical brain. For this reason, I believe, we can safely apply the designation of "old souls" to those whose sense equipment transcends the animalistic. Life on life in many planes of Substance-in-Matter has drilled them in acquiring stamina, balance, discrimination and restraint. It seems to be a law that nature does not withhold an attribute from any living creature one moment longer than it is prepared to employ it.

Constantly I am besieged by a certain type of questioner who asks in quavering voice if investigation in mental phenomena is "dangerous?"

No more than electricity—if you learn how to handle it!

"FIGURE YOURSELF OUT!" . .



The New Liberation Handbook on . . NUMEROLOGY . .

If you want all the Numerological significances to hand for quick reference, acquire a copy of *Figure Yourself Out*, a reprint of the Numerological articles published in VALOR. Bound in red leatherette like *Elucidata*, 74 pages—

\$1

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
Noblesville, Indiana

Every Student Needs a Copy! . .

"ELUCIDATA"

(Pronounced "E-loo-cee-day-ta")

Glossary of 100 Terms Used in Soulcraft

No more running to the dictionary to learn meanings of words while reading Soulcraft literature. With the pocket-sized ELUCIDATA at hand you turn to its Index and find in a matter of seconds a carefully prepared explanation of the ten-pound word that baffles you . .



56 Pages Burgundy Binding

One Dollar the Copy : Ready for Mailing

Soulcraft Chapels

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

WUCH a wealth of Yuletide cards reached me this Christmas that it broke all former records. From every corner of the nation they poured in, the last word in Art Beauteous. Returning card for card is something I wish I could have done, but the financial tax of it would be too great. It's an odd feeling to come into realization that what you're trying to do for the world is thus being appreciated whilst you're still in the body. And yet, all through the strains of exquisite music, all through the in-pouring letters giving more and more data on the Saucer phenomena, all through the rustlings of tissue paper and the squealing of pouches trodden upon unintentionally as they lay in the track of persons laden with Christmas packages, something kept haunting the background of my mind. Finally I had it. It was the wistful and poignant adjuration of my Graduated Daughter Harriet in her personalized converse of October 14th, "Daddy, the world needs healing . . . healing not of body . . . It's the *minds* of the people that need to be healed . . ."

HOW painfully right! We have faith to believe that Christmas has been kept on the Higher Planes with no less joyous reverence than it has been on this plane. And yet the Greatest Gift that could come to humankind in such fraught times as these, would be the blanket bestowal of . . . Mended Minds! Once, back in the early years of us oldsters, mortal life was secure, tranquil, and reasonably wholesome—and not because we look back on them in nostalgia from the Hills of Sunset, either. Season followed season, and day succeeded day, in a program of reliable *denouement* of the Expected. Then in 1914, catastrophic conflict crashed loose on the earth. Bewildered by its destruction, aghast at its carnage, the Mind of the World suffered its first lesions. Contingent on struggle, Science and Invention produced marvel on marvel, plowing up men's conventions to his increasing credulities. In the early '20s came first a minor panic, followed in 1929 by a major financial collapse, that saw all economic securities of the world disrupted, honest earnings swept away in a night. America knew her banks enforcedly shut, the rigors of Depression, followed by the maladies of dictatorship and Bolshevism. In our supposedly free Republic, under the excuse of "relief", we knew our own share of political autocracy. Whereupon the universe returned to more carnage. Developing out of this second cataclysm came the resonance of the atom bomb. And on the heels of atomic threat, now appear the Space Ships. Maybe it's Progress. But the minds of ordinary folk can stand about so much.

THE MOST merciful thing that could happen from here on out would be restoration of quiet and utter uneventfulness for a period, to give human souls the chance to catch up. The outstanding need of the mortalized consciousness is

a period for reflection—for the spiritual absorbing of vast earthly experiencings. The human entity is so constituted that when bedlam reaches a certain point that it can endure no more, receptivities collapse. Great overtures of colossal episodes roat into frightful noise—sound without meaning. The vessel of the nerves is filled to flooding over. Most of what happens after that, falls into classification of the nonunderstandable. Meaning that it becomes purposeless to spectators, those who because of nearness should be benefitting most.

Perhaps one of the most blessed features that concern the Christmas that has passed, or any Christmas, is its erstwhile representation of that which has always been enduring, established, and making no demands on imageries of the fantastic. Christmas years bygone brought their atmospheres of stolid, dependable things, sweet and reliable affections, religious loyalties, parental benefactions. Nothing stood for more substantiality than the Christmas glitter. No sound was more factual than the bells on Santa's reindeer. Even our memories of these items bring mendings. We are all tired out with too *much* progress. The Voice of Christmas spoke normally, in a world where the tenor of modern speech is screaming. How shall we return to former voice modulation? Well, the adjurations of tens of thousands of evolved souls from higher planets may help. We may become accustomed to *their* soft voices. And even speech by telepathy may hold its blessedness. But what we truly want is nothing more to scream *about* . . .

OF COURSE we come out of it all as rather stupendous people, when times of Perspective shall have restored our mass poise. But all values being relative, we shall only find ourselves stupendous by comparison with what we were before the calliope began its belching and the era headed berserk. Speaking personally, I'm oriented now to the so-called Stupendous. But more and more I realize that my fellows are not. Their minds, as Harriet recommended, need true Healing. They want to live at a tempo where that which occurs can be understood and assimilated on the spot, not pile up in thunderheads of ominous incomprehensibles. How can they be taught the secret of withdrawing into any temporary quiet, fastening their ragged thinkings on the supreme and serene personality of The Christ *and feel the relief that is quickly forthcoming?* To be able to withdraw deliberately to the sidelines and contemplate, is more precious than rubies. Oh well! . . . The world is *going* to quiet down presently, we have His sacred word for it. But the sacrosanct hours of Christmas Eve, fraught with the morning's squealings and sackings of children, yet with the strains of *Holy Night* sounding softly somewhere, gave us fore-taste of it. Suppose we just orient ourselves to such of the racket as we can take and remember that true courage is always Grace under Pressure. That is, if we can remember anything . . .

Pelle