

Valor

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

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HE STARTS TO SCHOOL, TO LEARN WHAT? ..

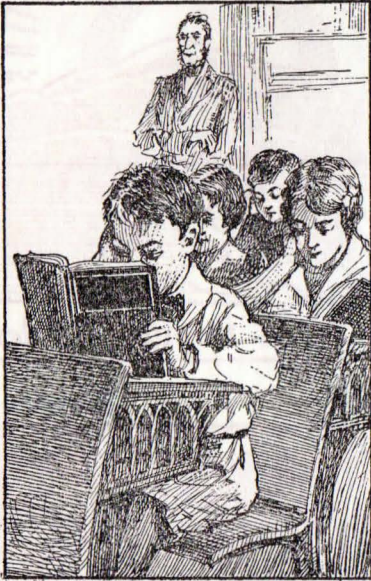
FROM the viewpoint of an intellect coming upon this earth-planet from a civilization perhaps 75,000 to 100,000 years older than our own, would we consider that we were truly offering such Small Fry an education worthy of such designation? These expanding cohorts of philosophers in the American Scene called Soulcrafters are a bit fanatical on this point of what we are imparting to our young that makes them of mental qualification to hold their own in the Aquarian Tomorrow. Supposing we look at it . . .

WOULD it not seem sensible that the primary requisite of True Knowledge to be implanted in the young would be a comprehensive understanding of what each soul-spirit might be as a functioning cosmic unit?

To know that, of course, would mean delineating first what the universe might be in which the yearling discovers himself, how it comes by its divine regulation, and what is expected of it as component part. Then would follow a gradual unfoldment of its receptive at-



WE PRIDE ourselves, we Americans, that this is the month and week in which millions of our Small Fry have started back to public school. We have taken for granted that the purpose of the public school was to implant information in the minds of such Small Fry that enables them to hold their own in organized society, equip them intellectually with a knowledge of their biologic and historical backgrounds, and enable them to orient themselves to the civilization and culture to which they have been born. It is a point of particular pride with us that we supply such information free . . .



tributes, acknowledgment of which paves the way for all knowledge of academic character following.

How strange it is, indeed, that we call ourselves an intellectual and civilized people, yet instead of starting the education of our young with the awesome background of what human life is, and what purpose it serves, we begin the "training" of the infantile minds by instructing them how to consolidate alphabetical symbols that phonetically utter "Cat" and "Dog", following it by mathematical intricacies such as 2×2 making 4 or $2,237$ times 28 making 62,636. Such profundities being actualized, we drill the awakening child-intellect in the fact that this global planet is distinguished by five continents and innumerable islands of the sea, that Queen Isabella of Spain pawned her jewels to enable Columbus to prove that he could arrive in the East by sailing west, that the Continentals at Valley Forge went through the winter of 1777 without footwear, and that Alaska abounds in precious minerals and salmon. At the conclusion of nine years of grammar school, four years of high school, and another four years of "college"—in whose physics laboratory it is proven that a toad attached to a galvanic battery kicks its legs interminably—the Small Fry grows to be Big Fry, comes forth in cap and gown, waves a diploma and bel-lows, "Educated, by gosh!"

What has it learned that identifies it infallibly as a cosmic particle, disciplined

by mundane ordeal to perfect its attributes and in time become God over planets in its own right?

EDUCATION, to educate, says Soulcraft, should start with a background and work toward a focal point, not start with a focal-point and work toward a background. The average educator will protest that beginning the education of the Small Fry by expounding what Cosmos is, and the Small Fry's location in it, is an absurdity because no one knows what Cosmos is. What he is saying is, that *he* does not know what Cosmos is, and has made no explorations to find out. He has followed a standardized pattern of erudition that proceeds from the purblind premise that whatever isn't measurable has no existence. Everyone must know how to spell Cat and Dog in order to peruse the reading of the evening newspaper and imbibe the one-world propaganda. That 2 percent legal interest on a \$65 overcoat runs to a super-charge of \$1.30 a month must also be calculated by the maturing child intellect. Add a smattering of geography, history, and grammar—that adjures it not to split an infinitive nor start a sentence with a preposition—and the public school has done a laudable job on him. Let all moral quandaries relegate to fields of Religion, where one man's guess is as good as his neighbors. Education indeed! . . .

LOOK back in your own life, Soulcrafters, and recall your first day at school. Can you not remember that you had quite as much intellect to absorb the reincarnational theory as you have at this moment? . . . that it wouldn't have fazed you in the slightest to have been informed on that first day that your consciousness was indestructible and "death" merely an alteration of organic vehicle? Spelling "Cat" and "Dog" was perchance a memory-exercise, but of far greater significance to your virgin mind would have been the exposition of why you had returned into this mundane condition and what you were expected to achieve by reliving it.

What the various races of men are, where they came from, where they have located themselves on the solar satellite up across the generations, and what have been their hallucinations respecting themselves, would have painted in a back-

ground for that multiplying of 2237 by 28 and getting 62,636 in an application of significance. Suppose a given people, starting out with a tribe of 2237, increased itself by 2237 for 28 years. How large would that tribe be at the end of two and eight-tenths decades?

Educators have missed the largeness of the omniverse in the child's imagination by assuming to be petty themselves in their applications and considerations. As for nuclear fissions, that is something for collegiate post-graduates to strive to comprehend, not the kindergarten mind that must have it screened from him that he is a unit of imperishable consciousness in a cloud of atoms, come into three-dimensional conditions to learn spiritual lessons by suffering limitation.

We might be stupefied if we tested out how readily the so-called child-mind comprehended ethereal conditions on the inter-life thought-planes.

Why not, indeed, seeing that each infant arrived from them so recently? . . .

NO, NO, that would be trespassing on the domains of the clergyman and the priest. Bureaucracy dictates that professionals in the profundities arbitrate



these "higher life" issues according to the College of Cardinals or Bishops held at Lucerne in the year 1227. That is the Kosher fiat.

So it is a purblind, befuddled, noneducated little creature that is turned loose with a diploma, to attempt to rob the nearest filling station when the economic pres-

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IS It War that's Ahead for Europe or Asia? . .



GENUINE apprehension prevails in "responsible western Europe," so the midweek papers inform us, that nationalistic currents set in movement by France's rejection of the European Defense Community Treaty may make a third world war "inevitable." As for Asia, Nationalist troops from Formosa have just had their sharpest brush in recent years with the Marxist government of Red China. What goes on, as the Man in the Street now puts it? Likewise, how should Soulcrafters—an intellectual quotient apart from the populace in spiritual erudition—resolve these fomenters in their own private thinkings?

Briefly, the most sagacious way to resolve them is by never forgetting that international complications rarely happen of themselves. They are inevitably made to happen.

On the face of things it is left to be accepted by the layman that Soviet Russia, backed up by voracious Red China, are the agents provocateur for all the explosive matters going on in the world at the moment. That, of course, is what somebody wants *hoi polloi* to believe and accept, since it keeps criticism turned safely from any real agents provocateur.

Actually, what is being sought behind the scenes in all this furore is arbitrary control of the free governments of the world through United Nations—*never lose sight of that for one instant!*

BUT in the practical working-out of operations toward such objective, consider the nationalistic instruments. You can't project a third world war without principals to fight it. Moreover, those principals must be so evenly equipped as to military forces that winning or losing that conflict resolves to cleverness in their imminent employment. The world had such a situation in 1914, with German at top strength as opposed to France,

HOW Global Conditions Are Altered from those of 1914-39

Britain, and perchance United States—the latter having to get equipped for it after the conflict had begun. The world had such a situation in 1939, with Japan at top strength as opposed to America, Britain and what was left of France.

The world does not have such a situation in 1954!

The United States of America stands at the peak of her quotient as a deciding military influence. No other country anywhere in the world approximates the preponderantly deciding strength in waging a possible World War III.

The world confronts a global situation quite as explosive as it ever confronted in 1914 or 1939, but there are no longer any equally balanced combatants to mushroom it into Grade-A hostilities.

Don't let the propaganda blind you to this, Soulcrafters.

OF COURSE it is sound sense that even a quasi-moron armed with a wooden club and a brick may threaten the peace of a neighborhood as well as a world by assaulting police phalanxes equipped with the latest in machine guns and tear gas. But to call demonstrations of such aberration by the potent name of War is to join such assailants in intelligence.

Russia and China are assuredly competent to trigger off what appears in perspective a global unpleasantness, but

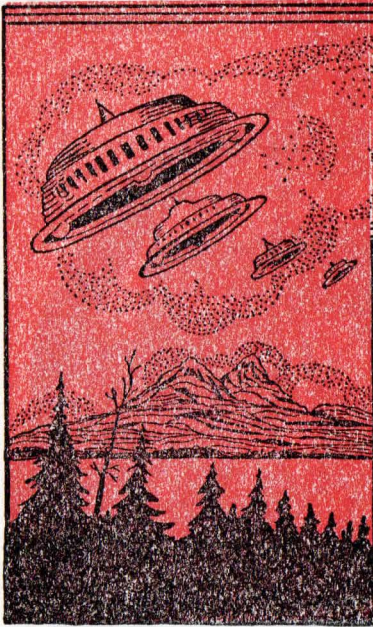


neither is comparable to Germany of 1914 or Japan of 1939 to press to a resounding victory by the time such global rioting may be quelled. Russia and China might start such a brawl but whether they could finish it, singly or together, belongs in another category of tragic irrationalities. The problem before the house is whether or not Russia and China are being used as agents provocateur by quite other interests in quite other quarters.

World War III cannot be carried through as World War I and II were carried through, because there are no more balanced opponents to compose it. And all the Mendes-France premiers of six generations cannot make it otherwise. France is washed up and finished. So is Great Britain, excepting for a vestigial mischief-making diplomatic power to keep alive her ancient policy of Divide and Rule. Let them both divide with Russia and China. The United States as of September, 1954, could prostrate all four of them within the first month.

EVERYTHING has changed, in other words, respecting war-winning potentials, excepting the mass psychologies of nationalistic populations. These are still operating in the motif of 1914 and 1939, alas.

No, it's pressure in quite another
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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson

Saucers Herald An Age of Scientific Revolution



MR. VANNEVAR BUSH, one of the nation's leading scientists, gave the public something to think about aside from the dreadful effects of the so-called "hydrogen" bomb, when he spoke recently at Stanford University. The essence of his address was, that discoveries in the atomic field are only a small segment of the advances being made in other fields of scientific research. The results of these advances could have more far-reaching effects on the future of mankind and life on this earth than the "hydrogen" bomb or the uses now visualized for atomic energy.

Dr. Bush is president of the Carnegie Institute in Washington. As director of scientific research during World War II and through his close association with research projects throughout the nation since the end of the war, he has been in a position to acquire a broad knowledge of what is being done in all fields of research. One portion of his address is particularly worthy of close attention.

DR. BUSH declared that "the dam is about to break" in the whole field of biological science. The trend is not so evident as it now is in the atomic field, but he described it as a "great blossoming". Understanding of knowledge accumulated through the centuries is about to produce results similar to those in the field of physics.

Mentioning the recent discoveries and uses of antibiotics, vitamins and hormones, Dr. Bush predicted that agricultural productivity may be greatly multiplied in the

not too distant future by the use of special soil conditioners and the control of trace elements. Methods for producing new varieties and even new species of plants and animals are in the making.

He mentioned the possibility that new sterilizing and packaging may be developed to eliminate the need for refrigeration. Agriculture production is likely to be radically changed and supplemented by "processing" methods of food production that will greatly increase the output in areas which are nonproductive today. These could revolutionize the economic and social patterns of the entire world.

Solar energy may open up arid sections of the world long before atomic power can be harnessed for the purpose, Dr. Bush declared.

In the field of chemistry, he mentioned the probability that mental diseases may be cured by startling chemical discoveries. And perhaps even more fearful than the deadly effects of the "hydrogen" bomb is the probability that the emotional reactions of a whole nation *might be controlled through a chemical placed in the food they consume!* They could be made docile or irrational, lazy and unimaginative or energetic and constructive.

"We had better have our government systems in very stable form before such things become possible," Dr. Bush declared.

DR. BUSH has provided a diversion from the current stewing over the "hydrogen" bomb, but besides filling one with consuming anticipation and curiosity, he has given birth to a few more worries and fears.

Already world food products are contaminated by chemical poisonings in the guise of "preservatives", "enriching ingredients", "bleaching", and "synthetic vitamins". Now the prospect looms that in the near future the very emotions of the people are to be controlled by substances placed in our daily rations.

The "revolution" in science has begun, but it is revealing its negative nature as well as its positive nature. Shortly, biological science will experience the shaking-up given physics a few years ago when the Atomic Age suddenly came upon man. But, many of the so-called new "advances" are of a destructive nature as are the ideas that atomic power can be used for peaceful pursuits.

The people of the world can be deceived by those who put "darkness for light". The real advances will be the total elimination of food-tampering, food contamination, and chemical fertilization. True advance will not be the complete control of world population by having power over every thought, action and deed of man through his food consumption. Man will not only be released from dogmas, doctrines, false theories, pseudo-authorities, war mongers, spiritual conceit, and other centuries-old "chains that bind", but he will take his true place in Cosmos as a true Son of God *and a potential god himself!*

The *Golden Scriptures* speak of "scientific revolution" when the Elder Brother says: ". . . Behold men will one day find that Light turned upon chemical formation will make it to live. In that day they shall cry, 'Lo we are as God! We create life and give it!' . . . but they give it not, beloved: they but use Holy Spirit's radiance to give throbbing unto tissue: the Light is the life: they but do a procreation. I tell you that man shall discover the Secret of Life as he exploreth Light." (*Golden Scriptures* 30: 51, 52, 55)

EVERY TIME confirmation comes in from various parts of the world to add to the already momentous list of Saucer landings and contacts, denials are immediately forthcoming. If a well-known scientist makes a discovery that would favor Saucer researchers or that would validate what space intelligences proph-

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ARE You Clever Enough to Recognize What May Be Behind a Pose of Arrogance?

ORDINARILY we don't like arrogant people. We describe them as maintaining a superior attitude toward us, "looking down" on our physical, mental, or spiritual endowments and generally deporting themselves as being cut from a superior brand of cloth. We feel rancorous toward such natures. Our opinion is, in the colloquialism of our times, that "they need their ears pinned back," meaning that we would greatly enjoy beholding experiences come to them that humble or humiliate them so that they no longer hold their elevated attitudes toward us. We overlook too often that the resentments we entertain toward them may actually be criterions of ourselves. It is a matter for the truly intellectual person to look upon dispassionately and abstractly . . .

How do such people "get that way"?

May it not be that their experiences in life—meaning their lessons learned from life to date—have caused them to acquire a feeling of self-confidence in their resultant convictions that we do not possess, and truly in judging the allegedly arrogant person we are indulging in a judgment on ourselves.

Without holding any briefs for rudeness or supercilious attributes not borne out by the facts, consider some things about the situation when we criticize another for being arrogant that perchance may never have crossed our minds hitherto . . .

IN NINE cases out of ten, when we declare that someone we have met displayed an "arrogant" manner, we mean that contrary to having been impressed

Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Applied Mysticism . .

by our own personalities, they apparently have looked us over and decided that we "were not so much." It isn't the arrogance in such assumption that we resent as a characteristic in the other, as it is the lurking suspicion in the back of our minds that the other's estimate of ourselves may have more truth to it than we care to think about. And this we cannot tolerate—not for an instant. At least we refuse to tolerate it. The rancor we feel is truly one arising against ourselves but we turn a blind eye on that.

"I was introduced to so-and-so," we say, "and I found him arrogant and conceited."

That we were introduced to so-and-so and found we could not hold our own with him is an admission we rarely make. Mayhap the attitude of so-and-so toward us, that we termed arrogance, was one of an intellectual maturity that we may not have attained. Our own deficiencies showed up at once, and the so-called "arrogant" one gave us a swift and intuitive appraisal, deciding little to be gained from any closer association. So he discouraged it by his manner while we have come from the contact with the desire dominant to call him names.

It is always well to look twice at such reactions and make certain their premise is accurate and we're not actually, in the ultimate analysis, doing ourselves a grievous disservice.

There are persons who have given long years of study and application to making themselves specialists in some branch of artistry or ideology. Possessing knowledge attendant on such specializing, knowing their subject "inside out and through the middle", they feel a spontaneous indignation when we deprecate such expenditure of time or effort by our attitude of appearing to know quite as much about it as they. The first half-dozen sentences we may have spoken have disclosed that we do not. So the specialist estimates our attitude as a pose, an instance of exhibiting an attainment for which we have not paid as he has paid. He senses, truth to tell, a dishonesty about us—or it amounts to that. And he gives us, as we say, the "brush-off" . . .

To the exact degree that social committees are lacking in such "brush-off", we pronounce this specialist as being arrogant.

We overlook or forget that such cultural hostility may not only have been merited but invited. At the least we have not been clever enough to analyze in another what we too often give the blanket name of Conceit.

What we take to be Conceit may be only another's self-assurance about a subject in that he knows he has paid the price for assuming he is an authority in it. Ten to one he may have passed through experiences or ordeals that quickly classify the extent of our own in his estimation and what we take to be his conceit may be little more than his pigeon-holing of ourselves in respect to similar endowment.

Nowhere are the facts behind such attributes demonstrated than in the borderline sciences . . .

SOULCRAFT hears more judgments passed on outstanding metaphysical personages than upon any other caste of ideologists because the Soulcraft tenets lend themselves to wider and stronger comparisons. Again and again Headquarters visitors make the comment, "Oh yes, I met Dr. So-and-So at Mrs. Jones' house party, but I cannot join in your estimate of him. I found him upstage, bigoted, and quite intolerant of my views on hyperdimensional matters. We agreed to disagree from the start."

What such critics might better have reported is, "Oh yes, I met Dr. So-and-So at Mrs. Jones' house party and tried to impress upon him the extent of my own achievements in psychical matters, but found him contemptuous as dirt of them. I couldn't tolerate the man because he wouldn't alter his convictions derived from thirty years experience by being in my company from Saturday to Monday. I prefer a personage who displays a reasonable amount of awe at my explorings and thinks me properly marvelous because I once took a message from a spirit who assured me he was Socrates. Think of it—Socrates! Do you know what Dr. So-and-So inquired? He wanted to know what a spirit as advanced as the real Socrates would ever be doing, up here in the Twentieth Century, talking to a semi-moron like *me*—or at least he implied it. Dr. So-and-So may be a big-shot to you but my opinion of him is, he's a conceited wretch, greatly over-rated by metaphysicians generally."

Dr. So-and-So appeared to be "arrogant" toward Mrs. Daisy Whoopledooper, Soulcraft holds, because he doubted much mental polarity between her and the classical Greek Philosopher—but the chances would seem to be he was truly bored by having to waste himself in an association wherein he could derive no spiritual increments. He could have advanced a dozen reasons why Socrates would not be wasting his own superior intellect on Daisy, granted he had not long gone onward and upward in cosmic ratings. But Daisy's own intellectual limitations prevent her from seeing her own sterilities spiritually, and thus the relationship was mutually toxic.

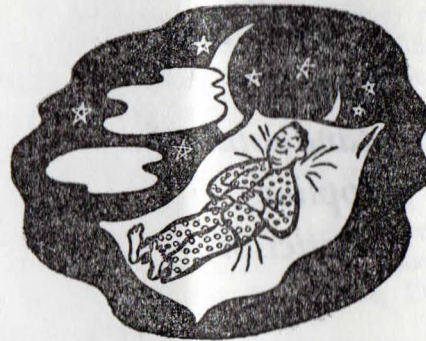
Daisy, however, is out in the nation poisoning all metaphysical wells anent Dr. So-and-So.

She really is the arrogant one, without

suspecting it . . . in that she sees no reason why her mental endowments are not on a par with anyone's she meets, with interest of others in her taken for granted.

IT IS a Higher Fiat that Like forever shall attract Like. And nowhere is this more positive than in the field of esoterics.

When we discover a real pundit appearing to be "arrogant", it well may be a protective armor against asininity that he is donning to save himself much ideological wastage. And what goes in the field of amateur psychics goes as well on any level of attainment. But in the field of amateur psychics it merely exhibits more graphically.



Mary Elizabeth passes through a preliminary bout with automatic writing and within a month the Angel Gabriel is sitting in her bedroom and telling her the major secrets of the universe. Or Oscar Junior hears about ESP in college and comes home as an authority in the higher telepathy because he with more serious-minded companions conducted a "series of experiments" with marked cards through his sophomore winter. Soon both are sending out mimeograph treatises on forthcoming events, positively "gotten" from higher octaves of intelligences. Everyone in history, from Christopher Columbus to Ulysses S. Grant and back to Joan of Arc, have nothing better to do with their cosmic time than pass precious evenings with school teachers and soda-fountain clerks from Miami to Keokuk. Not only are their historical facts subsequently all wrong but they use grammar atrociously—especially biblical grammar—split infinitives or murder the king's English outright. But when they begin violating known laws of the higher planes, or disregarding fundamentals of cosmic processes that are only known from long and assiduous application or comparisons

of data backed up by materializations, it is cause for Dr. So-and-So at the Jones' house party either to remain aloof or display adult indulgence toward the adolescent. This is "arrogance", it appears, because who is he to have any monopoly on the wisdom of the ages?

Dr. So-and-So doesn't claim to have monopoly on the wisdom of the ages but he does have sufficient erudition to recognize at once from what planes of discarnate intellect the communicators are "sending"—disclosed unquestionably by the nature of material transmitted. Let him strive to enlighten the neophyte and he is "upstaging" him. Let him try to bring his own wider experience and convictions into the situation as evidence and he is conceited fuddy-duddy attempting to impress all and sundry with his erudition. Dr. So-and-So eventually learns to endure the psychical prodigies at Mrs. Jones' house party as he can, swearing to himself he'll never accept an invitation to another. But he will because he's not a troglodyte.

But how the Daisy Whoopledoopers can scratch out his professional eyes after the house party ends. According to Daisy, Dr. So-and-So was merely "jealous" of her remarkable psychical talents but couldn't afford to admit it or his own reputation might go bye-bye.

It is one of the social penalties, perchance, for being too accomplished the specialist.

ATTAINING true proficiency in the higher cosmic arts means committing oneself to years of study, communication, seance observation, and perhaps epiphinal phenomena. True adepts recognize each other instantly by their own taboos, self-imposed, according to the laws of the Higher Ethics. The amateur investigator who makes seven mistakes ethically the first fifteen minutes of association, only publicizes his tyro limitations. It is entirely creditable, as alleged, that a great industrial magnate like Henry Ford might have had weekly contact with a materialized Abraham Lincoln, for that makes sense on any plane. But that does not mean that Sam the ex-surveyor talks regularly with George Washington in his back kitchen on Tuesdays, or Eliza Jane, thrice divorced and wearing her contours in all the wrong places, has heart-to-heart

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Yada Di Shi'ite Gives a Masterpiece on Mysticism

*ANCIENT Oriental Challenges Current
Humanity's Quality of Intelligence;
Use It as a Test of Your Own*

ONE of the finest gems of Esoterics that has turned up on VALOR's desk in weeks, is contained in the current release from the Borderline Science Research Associates of San Diego, of a psychical seance in which the ancient Oriental, Yada Shi'ite, spoke for an hour through BSRA's medium, Mark Probert. It encompasses the whole present-day reaction to mystical matters in a nutshell, although as commented in last week's VALOR, the type of intellect that requires to move the lips to spell out Dog or Cat may encounter some difficulty deciphering this master-soul's finer points . . .

"A bit of consciousness becomes centered in a form," the Yada goes on, "and then in time to peek out through slits at this Out Here. And it dares to say it knows what it is looking at! Oh, no. It is but a very dim view, very vague. This body is the most remarkable of scientific instruments. It is a measuring-rod into your three-dimensional world. The nervous system is the measuring-rod, and each one of us measures according to the delicate balance of the nervous system. Not one of you in this room may be sensitive enough to see me, or know I stand back of this man's body. And I concentrate all that I am going to say upon the brain cells and what is called the motions of the mouth and tongue and throat to speak. I do not get into his body. But, to go back: One of you, sensitive enough, may see me. But it may not be advisable for you to say so, because those who cannot see me will look at you askance." "What did you say you saw? Perhaps we had better take you away. That which I do not see, you do not see. You are crazy. If you do not

act as I act, you are schizophrenic—or paranoiac—you are dementia-praecox. But I am sane!' It is like the religionist, the devout religionist who says, 'I am going to heaven, and you, my brother, are going to hell.'

"AND so man struggles on through this little piece of existence he calls consciousness. Your psychologists talk of what is called the unconscious, the super-conscious, the subconscious, and then they finally arrive at the conscious, not knowing that the greater masses of man are not conscious. Because one has their eyes open does not say they are conscious. No, no, no. There are many, many people with their eyes open and they are certainly anything but conscious. My friends, if they were, do you think you could be carrying on the daily slaughter in your streets with your vehicles? That is only one. Your wars—slaughtering the best of your age. Is this living consciously? Your mental institu-



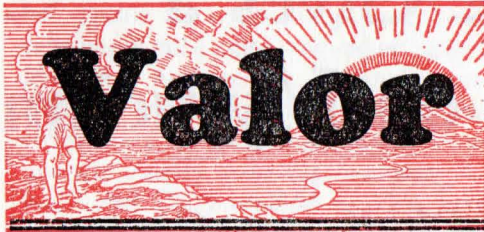
tions are packed to capacity; your penal institutions the same, and your hospitals for those ill of body. And you are looking for sanity? You want conscious living? You build vast, expensive temples to worship your God in, and the people that *should* go, God's children, are liv-

ing like pigs. Oh, I know—religion is a very touchy subject. Be careful. Do not speak out loud about it. Politics—be careful how you speak about politics. It is a very touchy subject. Sex—do not speak about it. Look at your, your papers—what you call your magazines. Look at the covers of these, how you advertise sex. A man here writes something—Kinsey. This man tried to bring out a thought. He was not saying anything new—but what has upset the authorities, the orthodox mind, is that he was exposing them to one another. We do not like to be exposed. Man knows all about himself, he does not need someone to tell his neighbor what he is doing. And you call yourselves living in a Christian world! No. You have never been taught Christianity. You have been taught church-ianity. Anyone want to oppose me, please?

"Your Christian Bible says, 'Go not to the dead, for the dead know nothing.'" This is true. But this was not written about decaying bodies. This was written about the sleepers, the unconscious walking around with their eyes open, the alleged authorities. We live by only one authority, and you, the individual, are it. And if you do not take authority into your own hands, you shall make a better slave for those who are seeking to enslave you by keeping you ignorant.

"Here, in your country, you are free. You have a great power to move. How many take advantage of it? Every four years you are having war between two factions calling themselves Democrats and Republicans. They are dragging out into the open, these two men they are going to use, and scandalizing them, calling them rapists, arsonists, murderers

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Charity or What?

IT TAKES a prodigious amount of sophistication to view what is happening throughout the world, especially America's role in world affairs, and reconcile it with the Christian principles that most of us profess. The morning paper, to illustrate, informs us that the United States has spent 38 billions of dollars out of American capital in the aftermath of World War II in so-called foreign aid and restoration of shattered countries. Instead of gratitude, the countries aided hate our national vitals like arsenic. France in particular.

We are called to judge starkly between one of two facts.

The first fact is, that Christian altruism when practiced by one nation against another nation, does not work. The second fact is, that it isn't due to our largess that such rancors have resulted but representation of America by officials and agents no more typical of public American kindness than General Motors is typical of the Christian Endeavor Society, founded in Portland, Maine in 1881, by the Rev. Frances Clark.

It would be well to abandon the first and give thought to the second—or tear the Sermon on the Mount from the Sacred Book.

VALOR dares to declare that it isn't what we've given but how we've given it that has gotten us progressively in wrong abroad. We emphatically have not given it in tender solicitation for the nationals

involved; we've given it to make Foreign Aid a business that gets rid of our surpluses or maintains our standards of living industrially. Foreign nations sense it and entertain no illusions about our ethics.

What truly occurs is, we embark in an entangling European alliance and take sides with embattled continental nationals. Blowing the European cities and countrysides to hell and gone, we have the seemingly legitimate excuse to maintain our war production living standards by performing as Knights Bountiful and restoring conditions to pre-war status. We dispatch a great political bureaucracy overseas to accomplish this. We build it palatial apartment houses in which to reside and supply it with sumptuous motorcars in which to travel. The attitude of the bureaucrat is one of snooting the layman as a cosmic mendicant. That a



loaf of badly needed bread or pair of badly needed shoes removes all animus toward the bureaucrat for his supercilious attitude as Santa Claus is asking too much of workaday human nature. You can't dispatch political second-raters to a foreign country representing your sovereignty and expect that those countries will burn green fire to your memory. Not when these second raters by their conduct and attitude have invited a first-class punch in the nose.

Why blink the fact that EDC has gone to pieces because there was no particular sincerity on our parts toward the setup. It simply gave us the chance to boss the foreign situation with one eye to the domestic economic situation in our homeland. Call it circumscribing aggressions of Red Russia as you please, the real premise on Foreign Aid has been unloading of war surpluses on some basis that maintained the American standard of war "prosperity."

Practical Christianity hasn't entered into the remotest phase of it.

It pays to look realities in their faces once in a while and stop calling spades long-handled agricultural implements . . .

Economic Karma

ALONG the same line of squanderbust largess, we have just tilted our social security beneficiaries by 15,000,000. Business and general prosperity is due to be taxed that much more to support millions of aged out of the public coffers instead of making them provident throughout their working lives in the individual instance. It is all part of a successful psychology to socialize the public revenues and bring in collectivism—which will be stopped overnight when the Proper Group has ascended to dictatorial suzerainty over the whole as the public resource collapses.

The joker lies in the fact that the public resource can collapse *without* a dictatorial suzerainty getting into saddle. Then the payoff goes personal.

When the taxation revenues shrink to that point that these gigantic subsidies can't be met, then what happens? That Social Security cheque that the little old lady over in the next block didn't get on the first, is due to raise more havoc than the Japanese fusillade of bombs that were dropped on Pearl Harbor. There are those who prophesy that confiscation of personal properties to meet these gargantuan deficiencies will be next in order. But how does confiscation and government acquisition of properties produce the dividend that meets that little old lady's monthly payment multiplied by several millions? If the general public has been stripped or mulct of purchasing power, it makes small difference whether Government owns the factories or private stockholders.

It is economic karma that is presently showing up for payment.

Those abetting this inexorable program toward Collectivism are quite complacent that hungry stomachs will make the American electorate amenable to repetitions of the Russian debacle. But that is fallaciously reasoning to the effect that there is no appreciable difference between the American temperament and the Russian temperament.

What a surprise the progenitors of this

fallacy are inviting!

Once permit the American public to get an unmistakable insight into the true essence of world-wide Marxism and this tumultuous situation clears up in a matter of days—perchance hours.

We could do a lot worse than to have a Senator Joseph McCarthy at the head of public affairs in such a crisis.

One thing is certain: the cartels—racist and otherwise—who fondly and deludedly imagine *they* are going to be nominated as heads of affairs by circumstances, have the disillusion of the century coming.

Too many groups in the body politic are aware of their machinations!

Saucered and Blowed



THE FLYING Saucer situation as of autumn, 1954, bears similarity to the episode of the northern woman who tried to bolt a luncheon in the Texas railroad eating-house. The coffee, or it might have been tea, served with her food had been too hot for immediate consumption. A lanky Texan on the next stool tipped his hat as the engineer gave a warning toot that lunch-time was ending.

"Drink mine, Madam," he offered. "It's all saucered and blowed."

The Space Ship situation across America and the world is all saucered and blowed. But it isn't being quaffed. Now there is danger of insouciant reaction. If a Hollywood public-relations man had handled the Saucer induction with no more skill than the Saucer voyagers themselves have shown to the American public he would be fired from his job in a fortnight. It casts reflection on the psychological competence of the whole alleged armada of Space Persons.

Superminds? By what criterion?

Chance voyagers in space craft are discerned here and there all over the globe. So what? They are discerned—and it has no significance. There are those outstanding souls in the Body Politic who know that Woodrow Wilson's "little group of willful men" are still responsible for ninety-five percent of the international stress and strain that causes the much-feared atom bomb to disturb the tranquillity of continents. Remove or emasculate



Accommodations



I always at home in my Father's house,
 As my will to His will I resign;
 I live and I move, have my being in Him,
 His home and His love are all mine.
 A body for Spirit, a body for Flesh,
 And a body for Love are all mine,
 And the use of each body is given to me
 For His loving service divine . . .

But bodies are bodies and never are ME,
 They grow and are used for a time,
 Are often discarded and taken again,
 For such is my Father's design.
 "Son, you are so constantly with Me," He says
 "That all I possess is for you,
 I am your Sight, and your Health, and your Youth,
 If you will but learn what is true.

"You seem to be far more My presence," says He,
 "In subsequent journeys to earth,
 You're really away at a college of flesh
 To learn the full purpose of birth."
 So even while here in God's college of life
 I am still of His home up above,
 I am never apart for an instant of time
 From my dear Father's house and His love.

* * * *

I am sure of His constant attendance on me,
 In all that I think, say, or do.
 But make no mistake, in the house of my God
 There's a room that is spoken for *YOU!*

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"



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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
ESOTERIC CLASSIC

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

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

late that Little Group and the earth planet returns to pre-Wilson tranquillity. There is not the slightest evidence, however, that the all-wise Space Visitors are aware of such persons. If they were aware, they could do about it precisely what the worldly wise of earth in the present stricture could do about it if given the latitude. Instead of which, as reported in last week's VALOR, they confine themselves to popping out to Norwegian berry-pickers, saying la-de-da and be-seeing-you. And it is equal folly to contend that all unknown to *hoi polloi* the highest heads of our government *have* been contacted. To what has such amounted if 'heads of government' have not actuated the reactionary programs that those wise in military intelligence know could be precipitated?



VALOR has hitherto been completely hospitable toward the Saucer Intelligences, but from this point outward something more evidential of their alleged intelligence must be precipitated. They are "muffing"—as the colloquialism has it—an earth situation that otherwise could be turned entirely to their advantage.

What is it they *want* in the way of cooperation from the denizens of earth? It would seem that human beings have the right to consider a straight answer to that query. Maybe they, the Saucer Men, have it for the taking. But what guaran-

tees have earth-folk of the infallibilities of their acceptances?

It leads to the entirely logical conjecture that perchance not all Space Voyagers are assistants in the much-famed Second Coming. Apparently denizens of other star-satellites would make of Saucer appearances a sort of cops-and-robbers game. Unfortunately the true Christ Intelligences upon the earth-side are not interested. All that VALOR sees is superb psychological interest on the part of the earth-public being foozled.

Haven't the Saucer leaders as many brains as some of the outstanding exponents of earth-thought?

Why then do they not demonstrate it?

The initiative is up to the Saucer Men, VALOR thinks. If they have come here and knocked upon our lintels, we have reasonable right to explanation when we pay them the courtesy of answering their summons . . .

It's your move, Saucer Men.

We're all at attention.

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

ced months ago, his information is hushed up and immediately classed as "unusual" but under investigation it is determined to be "misinterpretation of conventional happenings".

No sooner had the story of the Saucer landing in Norway hit the newspapers throughout the world than there were denials and "explain away" rumors. The Saucer seen by two sisters in northern Norway has been called a large helicopter and the "spaceman" is supposed to have been an American pilot named Baily Faurot. Faurot is stationed at a base in Stuttgart, Germany, and a Norwegian mechanic who talked to him at Fornebu Airport told reporters that Faurot said he had talked to two women when he landed in the hills of Norway recently.

First of all, VALOR doubts that an American pilot would have "long dark hair". What was Faurot doing behind bushes, snooping on the women? That does not sound like gentlemanly behavior of an Air Force Officer. And why could not "spaceman" Faurot understand English? . . . why did he have to resort to drawing funny pictures on paper to explain himself? And his helicopter certainly is

a revolutionary new 'copter' . . . the sisters described it as "two deep saucers sandwiched together". And the "heliocopter" had a *hatch!*

Those who put out such denials must take world readers for morons. But in the majority of cases most people believe the "authorities" as though everything the latter said was from the "mouth of God".

The latest "reverse direction" hush-hush comes from the Air Force. They now say that Lt. Col. O'Mara's statement that the "Air Force receives about seven hundred Saucer reports per week" was "misrepresented" or "misinterpreted". The Air Force says: "What the Colonel *meant* to say was that if all sightings around the country were reported to Wright-Patterson, then there might be as many as seven hundred cases a week."

The Colonel *meant* to say that . . . but the Colonel *did not* say that. The Colonel said that there were on the average seven hundred sightings per week. The eighty-seven cases mentioned by the press as being the only sightings since the first of the year were claimed to be "cases under special investigation." The seven-hundred figure includes sightings from all the air bases in the country, which in turn send their collected data to Wright-Patterson as filter center. This material is then routed to the Pentagon.

The Air Force does not say that the Colonel said so and so and was later "misinterpreted" . . . they say he "meant to say" such and such. The Colonel is the one who made the *faux pas*, not the men who interviewed him. More official "double-talk" to cover up the blunders when the "cat gets out of the bag!"

"By their fruits ye shall know them" . . . this applies to the tireless civilian corps of so-called Saucer "researchers" who are constantly "throwing mud" on all contacts, landings, and communications with space intelligences. These self-appointed investigators are to the man worshipers of the modern god . . . "Science." They hold up its "guesses" as "true and unadulterated wisdom of the ages." On examining their "fruits," it will be found that they deny Christ and they deny that *Divine Creation* is a fact. They are easily spotted, for they seldom back up their statements or so-called "revelations" with anything but journalistic witticism.

We have no concern with such as these for "lo, the beloved return . . . and power cometh!"

Arrogance

(Continued from Page 6)

confabs with Mary Queen of Scots whenever she feels moved to "write" or that Julia Ward Howe is really the discarnate authoress of rhymed trivia that passes for Eliza's "poetry"—which has fourteen mistakes in metre in the first eight lines of verse.

One great fundamental underlies all the Soulcraft erudition on higher life performance: *What makes sense on this plane makes sense on any plane!*

The plea that Eliza Jane may have been Queen Elizabeth herself in an earlier tenure and so the visits of the Scottish queen might make such sense, loses much of its potency when Eliza Jane lacks the intellectual acumen to hold a job with the school board and couldn't run even a household, to say nothing of a kingdom.

Famous historical characters rarely leave their I/Qs behind them when they come into life for repeat performances.



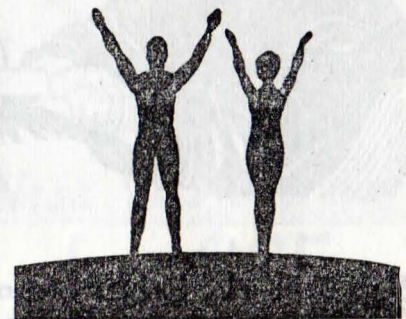
But it's "arrogance" for the Dr. So-and-So's to remind the neophytes of that.

The piteous vacuum in the whole of it is the lack of true and standardized educational institutions for bona fide natural psychics, so they can "learn the ropes" as the ropes should be learned. But granted they existed—as Soulcraft hopes to sponsor one in the not far-distant future—the possible graduates must anticipate that in the exact ratio that they become adept, the tyros will castigate them as "arrogant" if they know so much that they can't be bothered with the vauntings of self-starting beginners.

Blessed are the half-baked, for they shall be happy in the illusion that they know everything.

Arrogance indeed!

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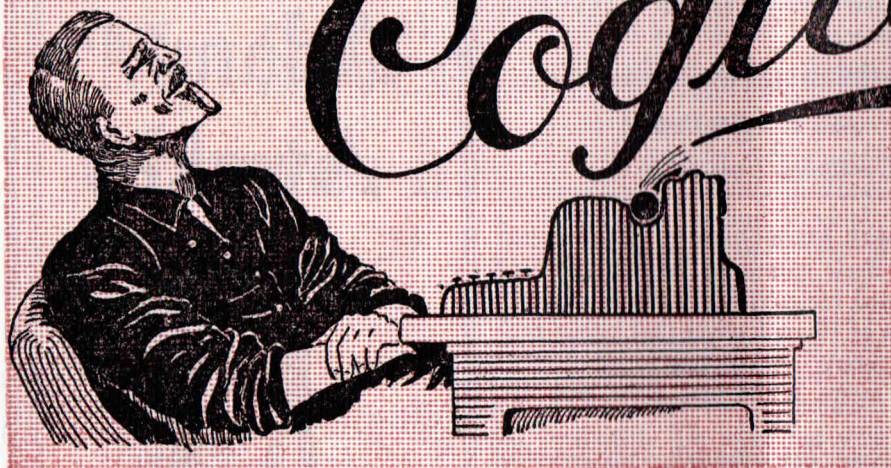
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Soulcraft Chapels

Cogitations



SUPPOSE we stop torturing ourselves. Despite all the prophecies of the Gloom-and-Doom Crowd, the 1954 summer season closing this week has been one of the most beautiful with which America has been blessed. Morning after morning since Memorial Day I've aroused at 5:30, read the Indianapolis paper to keep abreast of the world, carried my coffee and typewriter out upon the patio to keep up the volume of the 6,000 to 8,000 words I must write each new day—but had to pause to make cognizance of the awakening summer world. Never has Indiana appeared so lush and so tranquil. Birds that the city world never hear or sees are caroling in the tree tops, or sporting in flocks above the silent lawn. The skies are in order and the crops are coming in. Maybe before night there will be a whacky of a thunderstorm and the gale will topple a prodigious quota of television aerials and even shade trees. But the fact does remain that Nature is still orderly. Maybe I waste half an hour ruminating on the journalistic or political fussiness of man by contrast. Day has succeeded day and nothing of major consequence has complied with the howling wreckages of doom proclaimed back in the Spring by the more excitable soothsayers. How many of that Gloom-and-Doom Crowd ever arise at 5:30 anyhow, I wonder, and take a gander at the eastern sunrise? Most of them don't know that the sun does come up. They just get up, look out the window, and there it is—a quarter-distance up the sky. How did that happen? Thereat they work until

4 p. m., positive it will set in demolishment and ruin. It never does, therefore are they more perspicacious than ever. God and Familiar Spirits perpetually let them down. But they forget to remember to recall it . . .

o—o

DO YOU take note of the fact—if you haven't already—that most of the Soulcraft Enlightenment that has been dictated and transcribed since 1929 has been singularly lacking in pronouncements of catastrophe. I got it in July of that year that the stock market crash was coming the last of October, that Hitler would be the new potentate in Germany, that the nation was tending communistic in the forthcoming election and I had a role to play in counteracting it. In reprisal, it was disclosed that I would be incarcerated for my political fulminations during World War II. But nowhere in all the prophetic dictation was there overly reference to major cataclysm hitting the



world on any definite date. What *was* predicted was an increased battering of cosmic rays from Aquarius altering global weathers, melting glaciers and polar ice-caps, adding to the weight of waters

on the oceans' beds, and the earth's crust seeking possible readjustment in consequence. But nobody was to be injured whose karma did not contain experiences of such injury to constructive purpose, and even so, Death being the fallacy it is, what lasting difference could that make to Consciousness? I have learned from hard ordeal up the past three decades to trust absolutely those mentors who address me. And the burden of their converse has been singularly free from predictions of wholesale destruction from atom bombs on the American Scene, or cataclysms striking that meant universal perishment. Soulcraft's note has been generally optimistic because there hasn't seemed to be a lick of sense in fuming over things that aren't slated to be realized . . .

o—o

TAKE that epochal windstorm we had here at Noblesville a week ago Thursday night. I cast a last look at the stars before retiring at 10:30 and noted the thunderheads piling up in the west. Just before midnight the storm struck in from Illinois. I heard a booming and a roar that awakened me with something hitting the roof of my studio and scraping prodigiously. Simultaneously all electric lights in the city went *whoosh!* But the bluster blew off eastward after while and I returned to my slumber. Next morning when I looked out, I saw the evidences of alteration everywhere. The midnight twister had split the handsome tree on the edge of Woodward's pasture 150 feet from the plant, with half of it impaled across the dividing fence. One of the yearling maples in the center of our west lawn had ben snapped off at its base. A major limb on the supernal Chinese elm above the patio had been cracked off toward the south, reversed, and fallen on the studio roof only to be swept an instant later to the ground. But the plant had not been touched. A quarter-mile eastward the path of the baby tornado

could be marked across Noblesville proper. Adelaide reported that the growing roar had made her gather up her family and take refuge in the basement of the Pearson home on Ninth Street. Presently her backyard apple tree with 14-inch trunk had come up with a boom; it was lying across the Pearson garage in daylight. Over in Tenth Street huge shade trees were everywhere toppled, one had fallen against a house roof and crushed it. Thence off toward Fortville the storm had hopped, piling up broken boughs to impassable heights in streets. The morning paper, delivered at seven reported too that the southern tip of the twister had leveled a hundred maple trees between 36th and 16th Streets in Indianapolis. But all right, . . . so what? The world hadn't come to an end. When we threw in the power switches on the publishing machinery at eight, the motors went to work, and continued to 5 p. m. I recall that we had just as freakish storms back in my boyhood in New England but lacking atom bomb detonations and cosmic-ray bombardments to alibi them, we just cleaned up the debris and went on with our lives. No, I can't get excited over all these dire predictions of the universe doing a sudden somersault because the Pearson apple tree went over. I am minded of a sound foundation for such confidence in recent converse with friends in materialization . . .

o—o

SILVERLEAF, Bertie Candler's Indianapolis girl-guide, took fifteen to twenty minutes a week ago Saturday night to expound to us in entrancing detail the process by which events happening in our three-dimensional earth-world begin activity in her fourth-dimensional Etherian world. The more sizable the occurrence the longer it is "building up" in the inner octaves of Time and Space. Accepting this exposition as having merit—since it is something I've long since had delineated by earlier mentors—why comes it, I ask myself, that our ethereal friends and relatives propound explicitly what they want to see consummated at Soulcraft if death and destruction ala the Gloom-and-Doom Crowd are just around the corner? Would it not be a cruel and unnecessary deception to direct us to prepare for construction of new buildings and additions to our staff to take care of an enlarged Soulcraft business if demol-

ishment and paralysis were the the imminent order? When you can look back, as I can, on a quarter-century of such converse with personages in higher octaves, and check on the fact that never once have they failed or been in error about a major development in earth-life, why should I rise up and go apoplectic over what some alleged Space Person short-waves from the Planet Whoop-de-doo or a psychical lady gets over the automatic pencil in Keokuk when a Christian Endeavor meeting has bogged down and she's turned to the counsel of Cousin Jake who died when a corncrib fell on him in 1923 and they had small use for what was thereupon left of him? I recall a bit of comment that came to my ears via a West Coast visitor to headquarters earlier in the summer. We had been discussing a certain seer who gets out an annual book of prophecies of Things Imminent. I said, "How must he feel to turn back on his previous editions and note the numbers of times that he's blatantly predicted things that never came within an ace of happening?" Whereat my visitor answered, "I know it. And I remarked exactly that to him one evening this spring. Know what he told me? 'Whatta I care whether the prophecies come true or not? People like to read 'em and will pay cash for a book of 'em. So I just go ahead and write what I *think's* going to happen. I should worry if it doesn't.'"

o—o

HE SHOULD worry if it doesn't! This isn't saying there aren't honest and reliable predictors of events by quite capable clairvoyance, but again you note that they're really getting nothing just now that's worth publishing excitable books about. A hurricane off the Indies such as we had last week, or a trembler or two on the West Coast, can be counted upon to happen whether the cash customers learn about it through prophetic books or not. Funny that we had just as bad a gale off Florida and up to New England in 1938 as we had last week, but not having heard about atom bombs or Flying Saucers in 1938 we merely shrugged our shoulders and cleaned the mess up. But humanity is so constituted that the minute a city lighting system fails or a TV aerial comes down a chimney in pieces, Joe Glutz's prognostications published last November have been



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fully vindicated and you'd better buy his new book to be published this November and learn to a certainty that there will be a prodigious number of Americans making the passing in motorcar crashes in 1955, several prominent statesmen will die, and more people will hate Joe McCarthy than there are Rotarians on Formosa. A plague on the whole of it! . . . Soulcraft maintains that the sun will be coming up just as glamorously throughout the summer of 1955 as happened this morning in Indiana, there will be quite as many if not more readers of half a Soulcraft book who drive up on the cement apron to see the Boss Man without appointment, Butch will yelp out just as many rabbits in Woodward's west pasture and catch exactly none of them, probably half a hundred ladies in the northwest will mail back Jehovah Witness tracts in response to Soulcraft advertising matter and tell what VALOR's editor should do to be saved, and sixty-six new Flying Saucer societies will be formed in Detroit to gaze into American heavens with membership cards showing they have the right to do it because they belong to something. I pass over the thoroughly reliable predictions that prices will rise, the government will find new Hottentots abroad lacking their quarts of breakfast milk that simply must be supplied at American taxpayers' expense, there will be several major strikes in "Labor" not all of which will be won, over seventeen thousand frustrated persons will commit suicide for the year ahead, and there will be at least fourteen plane crashes in which all on board will die. I'll take my own personal cues, however, from the nature and tone of the counsel spoken to me audibly by such persons as Daughter Harriet, George Fisher, Silverleaf, Ari or beloved Sister Mary, who in twenty-six years have never let me down. The one thing I do visualize with no small apprehension is a universal deflation in the nation's economic setup, but I don't require to ask Harriet, George, Silverleaf, Ari or Mary as to whether or not that is due to happen. I know it must occur from any human common sense. I've been twenty-five years toting in my noggin a more or less specific knowledge of the nation's major tragedies that *have* happened, so when I declare that it's time that the Gloom-and-Doom gentry went far, far away and dropped dead perma-

nently, I'm not exactly writing to throw myself a party. Even if things should blow skyward in one grand bust, what of that? Probably it would mean a bit of isolation for getting my work done . . . No, I'm not one of those psychics who can't "syke" unless I tell the public the world is blowing up between seven and eight p. m. Thursday . . . It's been very beautiful out here on the west patio of the plant this summer. My only prayer is, that if cataclysm and catastrophe do come, I'm included right in the red-hot center of it. They say I do go-boom with the loveliest noise . . . and that is a consummation devoutly to be wished!

—THE INTERPRETER

To Learn What?

(Continued from Page 2)

sure prescribes eating and there is no food to be purchased from one's own earnings in an equally chaotic society.

Hit-or-miss illiteracy has established our educational curriculums, just as it has established our political government and our economics. If a man be wise enough to make sense and order of it, and lay it out cumulatively so that society profit, crucify him as expeditiously as possible, lest several thousand Scribes and Pharisees be thrown out of jobs.

Jobs are the prime requisites—jobs that carry a pay envelope in which is currency representing government debt, by which men purchase tenderloin steaks and motorcars badly overpriced, and TV sets for listening to stale jokes from Hollywood, and electrical appliances that shave one's face by pushing a button. The end and aim of the divine spirit in earth-life is serving an employer who provides a weekly pay-check. Take it or starve.

Or else turn Communist.

THE TRAGEDY of fifty million Small Fry going back to public instruction this month and week, is that they won't be instructed; they will be brain-washed to accept the status quo and try to embellish it. No one knows how public education got started the way it did, or why it had to begin with the alphabetical construction for felines and canines, and if two owls light on the back fence and give birth to two owlets, how many birds will the back fence display?

What an insult to a Heavenly Creator who ordained that Man should first discover the universe, then discover Divine Providence, then discover himself, then discover spiritual advancement through intelligent cooperation with the phenomenon of "society" . . . Instead of placing the wisest intellect over the enlightenment of the young, be sure and place the stupidest, meaning the one who must measure everything or pronounce it non-existent. And all else is heresy.

And juvenile delinquency—which at best is juvenile illiteracy in the cosmic fundamentals—costs the taxpayers untold millions per twelvemonth. But the pundits in priestly or ministerial robes must be accredited—not alone accredited but adulated. Do they not say so themselves? Have they not roasted human beings at the flaming stake in lives past, that their infallibilities be memorialized?

Why go to bat about it?

Someday Junior will start school on September 1st and come home with the stare of awe in his eyes that he has heard something that captures his imagination so that he truly *wants* to go back tomorrow and learn more.

Someday we shall have an educational system that starts with First Causes and educates. But not for a considerable time yet.

The pundits will not tolerate it.

Yada Di Shi'ite

(Continued from Page 7)

and I do not know what else. And when it is all over and one of them lives through it long enough to get into the office, everybody shakes hands, everybody feels happy. But the party that did not get their man man in, they sit on the sidelines and continue another four years of scandalous and scurrilous remarks about those who are in, instead of joining together and working together for the benefit of all.

“DO you not think it odd that I who am free from your physical-chemical annoyances, should have a will to come back and enter into the struggle? There are what is called helpers—both in the body and out, for the benefit of man at large. We come not to enter into arguments. We come not to excite or in-

cite to violent action, for there is nothing to be gained by violence but more violence. We come to discuss ways and means of thinking and living so that we, man, shall be more comfortable during the time that we are existing in the physical world. And that is all. We do not care what you believe, but we are deeply interested in how you have come to believe it. By your own studies? Then we are very happy. But if you are going to and are taking others for the authority without studying or seeking yourself, we are very interested, but we endeavor to stop you from that kind of thing; to work you out of that—to make you realize that *you* are the responsible one. This world is your dream. It is not a mass dream, although man suffers that illusion. It is the individual dream. Nothing at all exists out there—but here (indicating his forehead.) The consciousness seeking experience in the physical-chemical world—its mechanism is by projection—projecting its thoughts. Now I have the desire at this moment to stop talking and have you talk at me, eh?”

War or Peace?

(Continued from Page 3)

quarter and for quite another purpose—ultimately—that the current situation as of September, 1954, is so explosive.”

Soulcraft has said through VALOR consistently for five years that the nations of the earth, outside the United States at least, blasted skyward the accumulated resources of 400 years in Wars I and II. No other country on earth, or combination of countries as at present set up, has the resources remaining to wage a conflict comparable to Wars I and II. Therefore this conviction is inescapable—

Whatever occurs or is made to occur from here on out, is purely the aftermath and *adjustment* internationally of those two major embroilments that have beggared the species, and New York or Los Angeles possibly struck by so-called “Russian” atom bombs, will not alter the circumstance.

What then happens would still be adjustment. You can't shut off global bellisitudes in a moment, like water from a spigot.

Suppose we kept our balance and remember that 1954 is not 1914.



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NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA**

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

PERSONAL abuse for daring to transcribe and acclaim the Soulcraft tenets is nothing new to me, but once in a blue moon a mail comment comes in that raises more than a ripple on my aplomb. "I am interested in the description of your Soulcraft books that was sent me by someone," writes a Rocky Mountain prospect, "but when I come to take a look at the prices attached to them, my interest dies pronto. Charging five dollars for a book on metaphysics is perfectly outrageous. *Apparently only the rich are eligible to Pelley's heaven!*" It was the opinion I have italicized that wiped any humor from the circumstance. The verdict appeared on the letterhead of a professional man and the handwriting was characterful. He had apparently never examined a Soulcraft book and knew nothing of its purport. Strange to say, it wasn't the writer's attitude toward book merchandise that ruffled me. It was the cynical reference to "Pelley's heaven." Making such a reference without having read the literature indicated that he had acquired his notions from Joe Doakes next door. Still, it rankled. It rankled because it implied that the great agenda of cosmic disclosures advanced in the Soulcraft books has been something of my personal concoction and manufacture . . . Before I comment on such implication, consider the reasons why Soulcraft prices are "outrageous." . . .

I WISH it could be widely understood that, aside from occasional donations made by altruistic people to this labor, Soulcraft conducts its operations strictly on a legitimate publishing revenue. It has no funded bankroll to lift it over humps. Neither does it charge any fantastic fees for courses by mail. Every cent that facilitates the expansion of its spiritual recommendations originates in book sales. This means that executive salaries, overhead, property taxes, promotion bills, even improvements to publishing headquarters, must be budgetted out of remittances on each morning's intake of orders. Even correspondence that arrives from the philosophically curious figures out 75¢ to \$1 per letter to answer. Add up all of these with a line drawn under them, then try to understand that they are only the fixed expenses. There is cost of materials and workmanship in the books themselves. Long ago I determined that the superb nature of the transcendental information being dictated to me merited the very *best* in mechanical production that the printer's art afforded. I had to build books that would last through the years, seeing that their contents were slated to do likewise. I bought deckle-edged, wa-

ter-marked paper and bound the message in enduring leatherette. Yet those were the days when stenographic help was procurable at \$15 to \$20 weekly and even compositors and pressmen accepted that \$40 to \$50 was top Friday wages. Today the clerical help require \$35 to \$50 to meet the costs of living, and printers get \$65 to \$110 weekly. Reproducing today a book that in 1935 could be created for \$2.57 means that costs have now mounted to \$4.50 per volume. Yet Soulcraft Chapels can charge no more for such volumes at retail. The leeway of \$2.43 that formerly helped to meet overhead, taxes, and promotion costs in 1935 has shrunk to 50¢. Soulcraft has "gotten by" in these years of top wages by the amount of volume in business transacted. Yet every new book on the Soulcraft list means an investment of capital of \$8,000 to \$10,000. To get the price as low as possible you must produce in quantities, and quantities mean heavier and heavier capital investment . . .

I THINK of all these outrageous economic demands which make my hair greyer month by month, from causes with which I have had nothing to do, and the insinuation that only "the rich" can learn about "Pelley's heaven" makes me want to mess the place up. I know that in the ideology of the Rocky Mountain man, I'm being asked to stack up the Soulcraft quality alongside the atrocious agenda of trashily-printed literature that represents mostly rewrites of this or that "metaphysical" author of what he's compiled from a dozen *isms*, added a few bizarre psychical experiences that have befallen him, and issued the whole as his own. In almost none of them is there a sweeping reformation or rejuvenation of the entire Life Philosophy such as Soulcraft's essays. Someone gets disgruntled over a remark passed at a spiritist seance, hies himself or herself homeward, writes his or her own opinion of the matter in a hundred manuscript pages and forthwith has a "book." It retails for \$1 because it's not worth more, no matter how you look at it. But with this eternal Niagara of personalized opinion the fundamentalist volumes of Soulcraft must compete . . . The answer generally is, that if thousands upon thousands of esoteric students all

☞ *SOME women blush when they are kissed; some call for police, some bite. But the worst are those who laugh!*

over the world did not find something in the Soulcraft books worth the prices affixed, why should its sales be universally increasing? . . . Pelley's Heaven eh? . . . You'd think if I truly did have such a heaven, I'd get myself up to it, not remain around this crackpot Lower Universe where prospective purchasers of what I try to produce of value seem to know the price of everything but the value of nothing . . . but anyhow, Pelley's exclusive heaven would be *solvent* . . .