

Valor

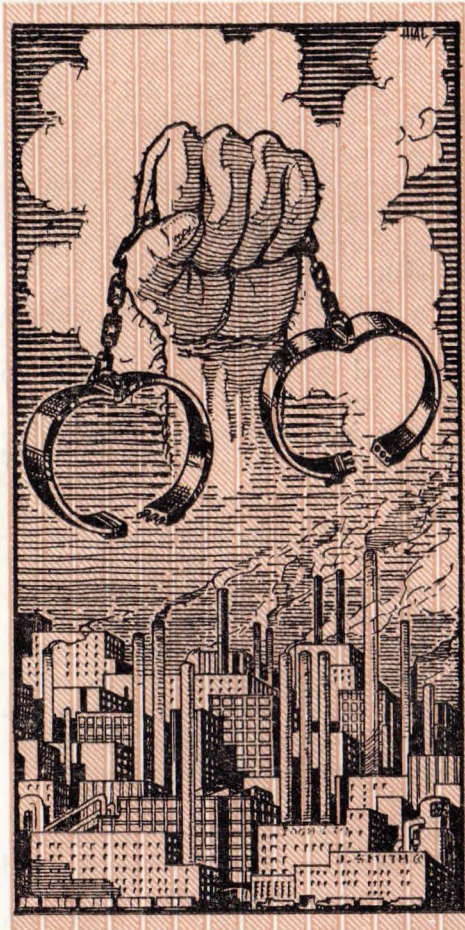
The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 1



DON'T LET'S LOSE THE OVER-ALL PERSPECTIVE . .

UNDER stress of Emergency politics in the national scene began departing the strict provisions of the Constitution. The farce thereby started that a Constitutional Government existed, and was to be defended, but it was nevertheless entirely logical that the said Constitution should be set aside in the face of what the politicians pronounced as "clear and present danger", that the Chief Executive might function as dictator.

The Supreme Court intervened and caused temporary setback to such contradiction.

The politicians' response to that, was to change the personnel of the Supreme Court—"pack it" in other words—to cause it to agree with the politicians' arguments that the express terms of the Constitution were not adequate to meet the nation's requirements in periods of crisis.

THUS over a period of years, the High Court was "modernized"—modernization being nothing less in actuality than staffing it with personages who would be more amenable to the Executive Department's utter suzerainty.

In retrospect, it had to be Congress, and specifically



SOULCRAFTERS will refuse to become stampeded in their emotions over these things that are happening throughout the public domain.

In the first place, there is nothing of the surprise element in either their character or import. They began in 1933 when an Administration took office that quickly tolerated 1500 or more Left-Wingers infiltrating into the highest government offices and departments.

the vigilance of the Committee on Un-American Activities, that sponsored exposure of non-constitutionalists and pro-Russian stooges in both government and the body politic. Yet even that Committee was so muddled about the fundamentals that it investigated and blasted both defenders and betrayers of the Constitution alike.

The main point is, that over 19 years the forces of treason and spoliation of both the American economy and the American culture, have cemented and increased their gains faster and more effectively than the forces of true Americanism. Citizens making specific declamations of the cancers enlarging in the civic scene were smeared, embarrassed, or imprisoned—and the bedeviled, jaded Congress permitted it to happen. Time and again the strict provisions of the First Constitutional Amendment were ignored or flouted. Meanwhile the odious doctrine of "implied Presidential powers" made insidious gain.

Of course there would have to be a pay-off for all such mischiefs.

As the pay-off now arrives, why be surprised at it?

VALOR declares to adept Soulcrafters, take the philosophically poised attitude that all this is the working-out of Effect from Cause. It lies in the logical nature of mortal procedure that the major forces of Light and Darkness must come to grips. However, don't make this mistake—

Don't take it as a foregone acceptance that it's forever the Other Fellow who must fight the good fight for success of the forces of Light. Remember there is no "other fellow" aside from one's self.

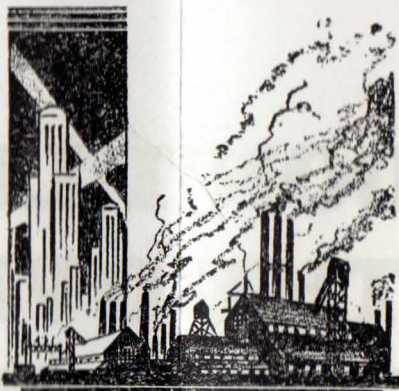
Mighty forces and elements have finally been bestirred into motion and by no means is the contest between Right-Wing and Left-Wing cohorts to be waged with adjectives as weapons or cream-puffs as missiles. This is a fight to a finish. Both sides are playing marbles "for keeps" . . .

But the play can't be stalled off forever, certainly it can't be disastrously ignored.

SOULCRAFTERS are vigorously called upon to recognize that the issue itself now engaging the nation is bigger than President Truman, bigger than the Steel Strike, bigger than any shifting about of Generals from Korea to Eur-

ope, bigger even than United Nations. The issue is, who or what is responsible for the continuing plight in which the Republic finds itself, and if the Constitution were enforced effectively and conscientiously would the plight cease to be?

If all our troubles stem from disregard of the Constitution, then by no means is that great document a peace-time Constitution only, and the blame for the whole current stramash goes squarely on the officials or agencies that have ditched the legal pilot by which the Ship of State is guided.



The issue we can expect to see contested, controversially and bitterly, is whether or not there is justifiable basis for ditching the legal pilot of the Constitution—aside from the fact that it blocks the unhallowed caprices of a bureaucratic dictatorship—and what measures can be taken to return the experienced hand of that legal pilot to the wheel.

WITHOUT the slightest political partisanship being intended, President Truman has done little or nothing that any human man similarly circumstanced and pressured, might not have done were levers of stupendous powers delegated to his controls.

In other words, it isn't the President as a man or even as a Chief Executive, on whom the paramount criticism should fall, if the legal pilot of the Constitution's stipulations in all such matters has been superceded, *it's on the Congress that has presented him with the authorities, or espoused the measures empowering him to pinch-hit as he sees fit for the Constitutional pilot, and the culpability is no less malodorous because it is shared by more than 300 men composing the political majority whose votes make the stipulations legal.*

Take note that History probably won't stigmatize Harry S. Truman as having done anything to damage his country particularly; history will stigmatize the so-called Democratic Party as the mass culprit whose policies departed Constitutional jurisdiction. However, inasmuch as it must have required a majority vote of the citizens to put the Democratic Party in federal authority in 1949, History will also attest that a majority of Americans must have wanted things this way or they wouldn't have endorsed the officials who later effected them.

This being logical, it remains to be recorded whether the electorate knew what it was doing in 1949, or whether it altered its judgments and desires in 1952 and specified something else.

Of course the electorate did not know all it was authenticating, electing a given set of officials expecting one thing and thus empowering an administration to do a thousand things never specified in the platform of the roster of winning candidates.

The individual citizen, living under a theoretical free republic where such practices—good or bad—maintain, can do nothing but make his remonstrances vocal, thus indicating to the officeholders that as soon as allowable their tenure of offices will be terminated.

Before such is effected, however, nothing is really gained by becoming hysterical over logical reactions to electorate mistakes or electorate stupidities, or electorate perversities toward crediting the obvious. Remember it is by suffering from the results of mistakes, or stupidities, or perversities, that the human element learns not to commit them.

LET'S not lose over-all perspectives—therefore, at what is transpiring and what promises to transpire.

VALOR repeats again and again, all this cataclysm of complication is the business not only of the Republic finding itself but of the individual finding himself—and aligning himself with the forces of Light and constructive remedy as he does find himself.

What's more obviously happening, we might put it, is a gargantuan testing of Americans as a breed—whether or not they truly merit the boon of constitutional free government, by recognizing it, respecting it, endorsing it, and preserving it.

(Continued on Page 11)

Putting the Blame for the Steel Case Where It Belongs

THE PRESIDENT seizes the Steel Industry. The Steel Industry remonstrates. One District of Columbia magistrate says he had the right to do it. The issue is presented to another magistrate and he says the President did not. An interminable legal wrangle is thereby precipitated. Meanwhile, the steel workers go out on strike, and the whole national industrial picture may be changed even before this journal reaches the hands of readers. But the fact remains that by and large, Justice Holtzoff is excoriated by the Rightist element, and Judge Pine adulated. For what?

Vaguely the public comprehends that somehow or other Constitutionalism is involved, and the Emergency or Inherent powers of the Chief Executive.

Involved, yes.

But are the Emergency or Inherent powers of the Chief Executive the true issue? Is Constitutional procedure the true issue?

The answer is No! . . . in both cases. What then is the true issue? Suppose we look at it.

IN THE CONGRESS of the United States, Mr. Allen of Illinois arose on April 23rd and uttered some statements ugly of portent. VALOR quotes him as follows—

"Mr. Speaker, . . . there appears to be a conspiracy to unionize the whole nation. In my opinion, compulsory unionism is one of the gravest threats against individual liberties. Even in Great Britain, under a socialist government, property was taken over only under parliamentary action.

"This conspiracy should be investigated.

"The Wage Stabilization Board has recommended a far-reaching labor policy

when no such policy can be found in the law. It has usurped the power of Congress, and there is no more serious offense against good government.

"Today 200,000 oil workers are getting ready to strike; John L. Lewis in the coal industry is about to make new demands; the steel fabricating unions are about to command what the United States Government gives the steel industry; a rubber wage dispute lies ahead; there are aircraft disputes pending on wage issues, as well as electrical wage demands. An aluminum strike threatens.

"Events have taken place, especially the socialization of the steel industry, that should convince all persons that such an investigation is vitally necessary—that something must be done immediately by the Congress of the United States to stop this tyrannical and illegal action.

"Last week the Labor Committee of the Senate, realizing its responsibility, commenced hearings relative to recent unwarranted events. We also have a responsibility—particularly toward the general public—and we must not ignore it."

AT FIRST glance this imminent rash of strikes would seem to validate Mr. Allen's talk about labor conspiracy. But any American child over eight years old should grasp that more than a grab after czarist power on the part of labor chiefs must be motivating the vast rank and file of workers, to bring all these wage grievances to a head in the wake of the steel controversy at this volatile time.

The major complication facing all phases of government is the one basic fact that the American working man is not receiving enough take-home pay to maintain his dependents and leave him any surplus to spend on petty luxuries.

Well paid, well-fed, well-housed and well-clothed workmen don't lend them-



selves to labor unrest. No matter how czarist the labor leader in his private aspirations may be, drumming up mass hysteria for quitting jobs and striving for higher compensations is a difficult and futile business when the great labor rank and file are making out very nicely, thank you.

It's the growing spectre of Hunger and Need that's behind all this stramash of labor activity to obtain greater compensations.

And why does this spectre rear its ugly head?

Because the cost of sustenance goods is too high.

And why is the cost of sustenance goods too high?

Because not only does the American workman have to work three months out of every year for absolutely *nothing* to meet his taxes—thus receiving only nine months pay for twelve months hard labor—but the price of goods needed by himself and family carries taxes, taxes, on all the materials and processing that have gone into them.

THE AMERICAN workman isn't only paying his own taxes directly, he's paying the other fellow's taxes every time he buys anything from a pair of shoes to a pound of butter. Taxes are inevitably passed along "to the consumer" and the consumer is the great mass of laborers in a given nation, who gets only 75 percent of what he himself earns, anyhow.



Prayer Before Battle

COME Thou, O Lord, and mold this planet's wrack,
 Not to absolve its sins but score its course!
 Men ask for Light, not rules; for deed not psalm;
 For franchise from the fleshly gyves of Force!
 Come Thou, and point him how to skill himself,
 To tool his lintels with Thy seals of Love,
 Thine is the blossom in all wreaths of worth
 That raise the soul to Wisdom's meads above!

Pause Thou, O Lord, and prompt us how to work
 That effort's wage be paid in pence of calm,
 That to the noblest sage shall go the pelf
 And to the sweetest dare shall go the palm!
 Hush this foul clamor of an earth in hate,
 Where metal wits decide the strifes of soul!
 Thine be the alchemy of Azure Voice
 That transmutes Strength to Mercy's stricter role!

Show then, O Lord, and fill the hidden pool
 Of all Life's crushings with Hope's witching scents!
 Unleash all golden floods of Virtue's tides
 That clean the lowlands of past lives' laments!
 Haste us, not save us, in this Race of Hearts
 Toward brighter stars than ever Mind has seen!
 Know us as cohorts, crouching in Time's tents,
 Alert for contest, mailed in Will Serene!

These facts being unchallengeable, what makes Taxes so high all down the line? Is it because the cost of American government is excessive?

No, its because the United States is about the only constituent of the world super-state, United Nations, that has any adequate amount of money, and the cost of maintaining membership in this super-state—not to mention meeting the military commitments under it—is becoming unbearable!

It's the cost of an alleged military security that's too high, not to mention sending great sums of dollars abroad that never come back to benefit Americans.

If all the money apportioned from federal taxes for foreign aid or foreign military armament were converted into silver dollars, loaded into the Queen Mary in cases of valuable coins, and when the Queen Mary had arrived off the Azores her hatches were opened and 40 to 50 billions dropped into the sea every year,

the American taxpayer would grasp visually what's being made to happen to his economy. At any rate, military preparedness or not, these cases of billions of dollars are departing America year upon year and never coming back.

SO WE have retrograde pressures amounting to this—

Because we've undertaken to finance both United Nations and foreign armament and aid, prices of goods are exorbitant. So the laborer's take-home pay doesn't cover them. So he offers himself as supporter of his labor czar's campaign to get him more money per week per industry by the expedient that Allen of Illinois thinks is a "conspiracy" to unionize all industry, that should be "investigated." So strikes break out as in the steel industry. So the Chief Executive penalizes steel company officials and stockholders by wresting their prerogatives away from them and saying they belong theoretically to all the people for military defense under the guise of Emergency. So the Congress goes into a dither and tries everything from court injunctions to impeachment. So there is turmoil and idleness and suffering in the land.

Why?

Because the United States has undertaken commitments which its economy can't fill.

The supply of dollars is drying up all over the nation because more and more boatloads of dollars are being withdrawn from the total American cache of capital and dumped—figuratively speaking—off the Azores. The price of immunity from war with an equally bankrupt and incompetent Russia is bankruptcy at home.

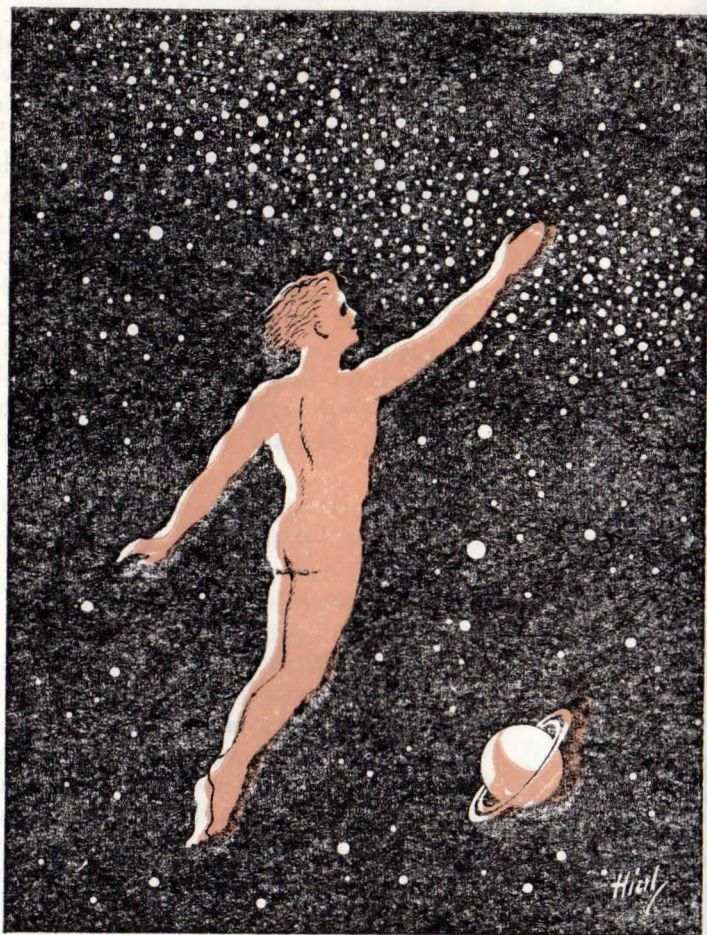
SUPPORTING a monstrous and un-American super-state, and striving to finance a war-insolvent world, are the essential and vital factors behind the seizure not only of the steel industry but all remaining basic industries whose workmen must have more money because the tax rate is too fantastic.

Why not stop talking about nonessentials and legal trivialities, and see the true cause of our distempers for what it is?

Instead of castigating and cartooning Mr. Truman for doing something that Congress itself gave him every legality for doing—a fact that no Democrat is calling to much public attention—why

(Continued on Page 10)

Does Initiative Affect One's Pay-Off of Karma? . .



WE WERE considering last week the bearing that a "will to power" in a dominant personality might have on the karma of that individual. Does any person's life-plan take into consideration the awards and increments of aggressive energy, that may arise moment by moment as the life itself advances? Particularly are we interested at this point in reviewing the karmic oddities that may develop in a given matrimonial alliance. If you recall where we left off last week, let's get on with it—

MERELY because a man and woman have met and married, no more postulates karma existing between them—that is, factual working out of effect from causes arising in previous lives and compensating in kind—than karma is postulated by two friends meeting on the street and one agreeing for friendship's sake to help the other paint a fence, or answer a heavy correspondence, or endorse a note.

A New Series on the Soul's Progress Up through Cosmos

Such marriages—and we are told, all marriages—are more or less prenationally arranged for. But prenatal arrangements as to mortal relationships may be made without the underlying purpose behind them being the paying off of anything in kind.

THE WISE metaphysician would diagnose such a Triangle Situation as being what might be termed Incidental Karma, or cause and effect in this current life based upon incident of a propinquitous romance. Meaning this—

Such a woman as we have described by the very nature of her broader viewpoint and wider interests in the affairs of life, is essentially in mortal existence to aid or mentor those less advanced in

spiritual unfoldments than herself. Her brevet in life is one of altruistic help unto anyone or all of those with whom she may be cast into contact.

The mediocre man in such cases appeals to such a woman from the galvanizing of her maternal instincts. She is fundamentally fearless in the face of life and its demands upon her, and shrinks from no situation which calls for her understanding service. She met this man, youthful though she was at the time physically, and married him because she sensed his need of her.

She would have married any personable man who happened along under similar circumstances and exhibited a similar need at that particular period.

Of course the intimacies of matrimony in the meantime have drawn them together after a fashion, but the fact that she has developed a great dissatisfaction or withering boredom in the continuing relationship, indicates to the wise cosmic psychologist that she has ceased to receive spiritual enhancements herself, even from the act of her mentorship.

This fact in turn indicates that she has done all for that man which she feels capable of doing, and anything further continued in that regard is a sort of waste of her time and personality. The fact that the husband has become stodgy, phlegmatic, and complacent toward her and her services to him, likewise indicates that he too has ceased to imbibe spirituality, and what started out as commendable and profitable relationships between the two has now degenerated—or is degenerating—into a profitless stalemate.

Such marriages "go on the rocks" as a natural and normal denouement because, having nothing to sustain them, there is no spiritual warrant why they should continue.

They are not marriages, anyhow, but

legalized cohabitations. Still, we must likewise see them as sources of profitable experience.

All earthly situations mean experience—the first tenet of spiritual law!

Real marriages are the union of Spiritual Complement with Spiritual Complement, that has endured and been repeated over countless lives, where the man and woman partners are literal halves of the completed Soul Whole.

Such people never tire of one another's company, never cease to imbibe spiritually from one another, and would no more consider going out of one another's lives than they would consider parting with a hand or foot.

For our woman in question to consider that she must "serve her karma" with John, when in her soul of souls she feels no karma toward him—and John is too stupid anyhow to know what karma is to begin with—and permit the situation to go on till death or open infidelity on John's part effects her matrimonial release, would be the sheerest cosmic mischief.

WHERE we get the application of the correct cosmic law, constructively and wholesomely, in the foregoing situation, is in being able to recognize just what the prenatal program arranged for, how far it applies in a continuing relationship—that is, how long such relationship is supposed to continue—what the concrete profits from it are supposed to be, when it may be conscientiously and not capriciously terminated, and what methods may be employable to bring it to its end.

Anesthetizing a person's mind to endure a given situation never yet worked a cure that was wholesomely lasting. The product, or condition resulting is vicious Repression.

Knowing precisely what factors are involved, knowing Conscience for what it is and the role it plays in such a dilemma, looking at the point of true spiritual morals in all sincerity and constructiveness, and then deciding to continue in a given line of action until a given quandary has been untangled with intelligence . . . this is what is implied by the impersonality that raises a person above all hecklements of circumstance.

And Initiative plays its part in solving such quandary quite as much as Patience.

Initiative, when we stop to think of it, is character exploring to get experience!

INITIATIVE is the business of giving constructive thought to a challenging situation and taking aggressive action in full recognition of all the values having a bearing on the outcome. Initiative, like patience, is always positive. It presupposes that whether the dilemma be economic, domestic, or abstractly moral, it commands a sympathetic treatment by the reasoning faculties and a decision rendered as to what is best to do to ar-



rive at a better condition. If such were not true, why has humankind been given such faculties at all?

Too many people hold the idea that everything their lives and careers comprise is karmic. If a wheel comes off their automobile, it is karmic. If a rich aunt dies and forgets to mention them in her will, it is karmic. If they reach up for a patent medicine and take down a bottle of toilet water—drink the same to the great beautification of their insides but not to their tummy's tranquillity—it is karmic.

All of which is nothing of the sort. We start karma into operation when we willingly and knowingly do things which we feel that we shouldn't, which hinder or prostitute the spiritual growth of others, or receive values from them for which we neglect to compensate.

Such people forget that there has to be a time when karma starts—in this life as well as in past lives. People may easily be manufacturing new karma for themselves with every present day that passes. Initiative in its true sense, properly exercised, well might halt the manufacture of such new karma—if the truth could be foreseen.

If, therefore, karma is made willingly and knowingly, it can be forestalled or nipped willingly and knowingly as well.

Let us suppose our woman decided that she had to forego marrying Alfred, return to John and sink into a spiritless

and lustreless existence as the wife of a hopeless nondescript.

All her spiritual faculties rebel, of course. She becomes short-tempered, slovenly, vindictive, envious of friends whose future is more inspiring. Everyone with whom she comes in contact turns aside from her with a disquieting shadow cast upon their worthwhile ambitions and illusions. She gradually disintegrates into a destructive social influence in the circles wherein she moves. Suddenly one night, in her own soured pique, she decides that if she can't have happiness neither shall her daughter—and she finds excuses for smashing the said daughter's lovely romance.

This is making new karma with a vengeance and the results of it must be paid in kind. What then, has her sacrifice brought her in practical ennoblement?

ALL of this is by no means counsel to those married people, bored by the commonality of an uneventful matrimony, to start forth looking for some new personality—male or female—to give them thrills. People who still have true karma to pay off toward one another in the matrimonial relationship, usually do stick together till it is run—and sometimes beyond.

What is being arrived at, is the more constructive diagnosis of a case where a woman-person is perplexed as to how far she should endure an insufferable situation, and what her mental attitude should be in the matter of its continuance or disintegration.

We "stand up to situations" because deep down in our subconscious minds we are carrying about with us the most minutely worked-out and acknowledged program of what our individualistic life-errands should comprise. When we depart from them wilfully or capriciously, a strange distress ensues.

We call it Conscience.

But Conscience is truly a self-upbraiment that we have shown a tendency to depart from the prenatal program allotted to ourselves, or agreed upon by ourselves, to get the lesson from life which we dared mortality to get.

We speak of a "hardened Conscience" when what we truly mean is "a disregarded Life Pattern" or a moral defecation unto ourselves to take the longer and more permanent gains in lieu of the profits or satisfactions that appeal at the

(Continued on Page 10)



Strange Experiences . .

Manifestations of the Departed

LEADBEATER, the Theosophist leader, had from a witness a personal account which belongs in these papers. His correspondent, then in the midst of Theological studies, had gone to bed rather early one evening. At about ten-thirty he perceived by the light of a large fire left burning on his hearth, his father's form, well-lighted and plainly discernible. It startled him badly, as he supposed his father was alive although living at a distance.

This father lifted his hand and made a sign for the son to approach. The young man sprang from his bed and rushed toward the figure. It vanished as he neared it.

Completely overwhelmed, the young man began a search through the room, although soon convincing himself he was wholly alone. Moreover, the outer door was still locked, so how could his living father have gained entrance? Had he been the victim of an illusion? He went back to bed finally and tried to sleep . .

SHORTLY afterward he was thoroughly awakened by a second appearance of the father—in the recess of the deep door-frame. Its face wore an expression of more tenderness than usual and the same summoning gesture was insistently repeated.

Thoroughly determined this time not to let it escape him, the son made a bound from his bed toward the phantasm. But he was again disappointed. His extended hands closed on empty air. Once more the most painstaking search convinced him it was impossible for any living being to escape from the apartment or to hide in it.

Sheer weariness over the shock of the mystery finally put him to sleep again. But he was not long in awakening anew, greatly agitated.

His father was before him for a third

time. But now his expression and gestures were not the same. An air of profound but resigned regret had replaced the previous tender look, his lifted finger no longer beckoned the young man but motioned him *away*—slowly and sadly. And instead of vanishing instantly as before, his outline disappeared little by little and his form faded. *What was the son looking at?*

It was ten minutes to two by the wall-clock.

The young man would have liked to hasten to his parent's home but at that hour how could he? His father was the pastor of a somewhat distant parish; he had been left in perfect health some weeks before.

Profoundly impressed, however, by a vision thrice repeated, and convinced overwhelmingly that there was something extraordinary in these occurrences, the boy felt it would be impossible to stay at the school longer without making sure that his father was all right. Early in the morning he left for home.

A DAY of rapid travel effaced to some extent the impressions of the night. He got to his home town in the early evening and by the time he reached the avenue on which the parsonage was located, his upset had nearly subsided. He even felt happy at prospect of surprising the family, which he expected to find gathered around the parsonage fire-side.

But when he actually neared the house his heart began to beat rapidly. *All its shutters were closed.* A nervous apprehension gripped him to such an extent that he stood for some moments unable to lift the knocker on the door. It was opened at length by the serving man whom he had known since childhood.

"Oh, sir," said the man, "you've got here too late, alas! If you'd only come last night! Yes," he added, after the son's appalled inquiries, "the master,

your dear father, has left us, with the only words he was able to utter after his attack, he called for you. He fell sick at ten o'clock last night. Half an hour later, when he could speak again, his first words were about you. 'Send for my son,' he said, 'I must see him once more.' We told him that a messenger would be sent at dawn but he no longer heard us and seemed to fall into a deep trance again. Then at a quarter to twelve he was awake for a few moments, but all he could say was, 'How much I should like to see my son!' At last, just as he was going to die, he opened his eyes and seemed to recognize all of us, though he was too weak to speak much. But he was able to murmur, 'I'm going away. I shan't live till then.' And he passed away so peacefully that you might have thought he had simply dropped to sleep."

LEADBEATER recounts this case, giving all names and details in his *L'autre cote de la Mort*.

The dying man's visit was apparently the realization of an intense desire. The longing was unquestionable and was manifested before death. But here we are confronted with the odd circumstance that while his thought-transference, if it was that, projected his visible form to his-son's apartment, he gave no expression on returning to his body lying on its deathbed of having seen the boy as the boy could attest.

Countless are the deathbed episodes where the expiring person identifies invisibles about his bed—although the general rationalization of these has it that the expiring one is merely murmuring descriptions or names in hallucinations of mind. But here is a case where there was apparently an oscillation of the light-body, or astral self, between the two chambers, the dying father's room and the boy's room at the seminary. Question: Can we infer that the soul itself

(Continued on Page 15)

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Investigations



WHAT sooner or later this wholesale wave of congressional investigations is bound to get around to the Supreme Court, and laws be passed bringing a decided reformation of that body, is but logic to anticipate. The Supreme Court should have no more immunity from Congress than any department of the Executive branch should have immunity from Congress. Congress is the people in articulate session. Constitutionally, the citizens of this country rule it. Supreme Court justices and Supreme Court practices are no more above the dictates of the whole public than the town dog-catcher who starts killing pets, licensed or unlicensed, because his gun bangs with such an exhilarating noise.

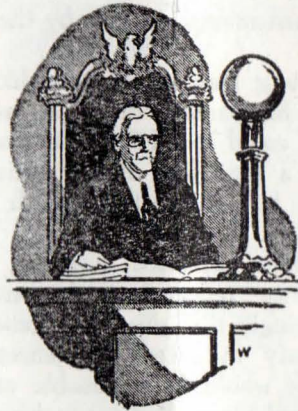
One of the grossest malpractices of the Supreme Court is its arbitrary caprice in the matter of certiorari, authenticated by an act of Congress passed back in 1925.

Certiorari, for the benefit of the layman, is a writ from the superior court to call up for review the records of an inferior court or body acting in a quasi-judicial capacity.

When the citizen receives inexcusable treatment at the hands of a district court, he can always appeal to the higher circuit court to have the facts of the record passed upon. If his case presents controversial points of constitutional law, his is supposed to be the prerogative of taking an appeal to the High Court of Last Resort, that is, if the regular appeal court sustains the first court's findings and pro-

cedures. But here's the odd tragedy—

No matter how atrocious has been the administration of justice in the trial court and appeal court, it is now optional with the Supreme Court whether it will furnish relief. If it says it won't, right then and there the Supreme Court ceases to have existence for that defendant. The Founding Fathers might as well never have incorporated a Supreme Court into the constitutional structure. Moreover, the Supreme Court justices have to give no reasons why it won't. Three defendants may all have equally meritorious cases, concerned with practically the same issues. Two of them may have their cases accepted and reviewed by the Supreme Court—and turned free—while the Court for no reasons that are required by law to be expressed, refuses the third defendant and consigns him to serving his sentence.



THE THEORY behind their action is that if the Court has ruled a certain way in respect to two, the third man's case, being similar, has right to the pronouncement of their decisions. Thus the Court's time is saved—so the argument runs—and each separate case doesn't require to be heard on its merits.

The colored gentleman in that woodpile is, that the case being Federal, has to be brought up before the sentencing court and the sentencing Judge in the district where tried, on a Writ of Habeas Corpus, showing reasons for restraint of liberties. But now Federal Judges have acquired legal sanction to arbitrarily dictate whether they shall hear such cases or not. If they say not, again the Supreme Court might as well never have been established. Relief is not for that defendant.

This arbitrary election, on the part of higher court judges, as to whether or not they will hear cases they don't care to hear, or that would prove embarrass-

ing for them to hear, negates Justice all down the line. It obliterates the court that decides on constitutional questions. And some defendants have every right to this court.

Why cannot the High Court, when it hands down decisions in two cases that should apply to a third who is also a petitioner, issue an order stating that it does so. Thus the Court's time would be saved, but the third man would get justice without the necessity for making any battle in the lower court that too often is problematical due to judicial reluctance or embarrassment.

Wherefrom does a federal magistrate get the moral authority for declaring that he will grant justice to one defendant but not a second, standing at the first's shoulder?

Wherefrom does any Federal magistrate get the authority to declare what cases he shall hear and what cases he shall not hear?

Why not say he will hear none of them, and after appointment merely draw his judicial salary for fishing off Florida?

It amounts to that, for the defendant who isn't fortunate enough to have his certiorari or habeas corpus considered.

The investigating committee of the Federal Congress could recommend that Congress correct the law and require the Supreme Court in all cases where certiorari is refused, to state their reasons why it is refused, reasons not concerned with personal caprices or embarrassments, but resting upon questions of Due Process. Then the hapless defendant knows what he can do in reapplying for relief.

As for the District Federal Judge, the Congress can pass a simple statute requiring him to hear cases where newly handed-down High Court decisions alter a defendant's status and free him.

Why should a Federal Court magistrate decide he will hear one case and not another, any more than a policeman may decide whether he will catch one homicide felon and not another? Both magistrate and police officer are federal servants.

Rep. Celler's comments to the Congress on the need for the investigation of the Judiciary, indicate that the courts are by no means immune to improvement.

The handling of the Steel strike decisions haven't increased their prestige.

Watch Congress, backed by the American Bar Association, eventually come around to it.

Hiss's Mischief



HERE are two lawful ways of getting out of United Nations. One is to flood Congress with enough petitions for its support of Dr. John T. Wood's House Resolution 5080 that the Resolution passes. The other is to insist by great public clamor that the Fujii case in Los Angeles be appealed straight up to the Supreme Court. Let it be determined whether United Nations laws legally supercede the laws of the separate American States, under the Constitution.

Right at this moment the United States is non-legally in United Nations because it was one of the checks and balances written into the Constitution that no such thing could legally transpire.

High-pressure oriental propoganda has carried us to our present seeming endorsement of U-N, and our participation in the "police action" in Korea.

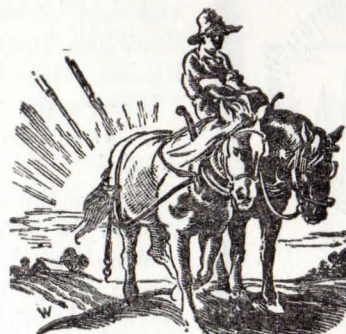
What to do about the whole of it?

THE HON. Usher L. Burdick, Republican Congressman from North Dakota, has declared in the Congressional Record for January 17, 1951, that "The Charter of United Nations was written by Alger Hiss, the treasonable felon, assisted by Harry Dexter White, later cited before the Congressional Un-American Activities Committee as a possible Communist . . ."

This same authority has gone on to challenge the legal right of United Nations under this pro-Communist charter, to legislate in the matter of California's Oriental Exclusion Act. John T. Wood of Idaho said in the same issue of the *Record*: "The Human Rights Convention of the United Nations takes away the vested right of every American citizen to acquire property by lawful means and to remain secure in its ownership under American law. The recent Fujii case in California has proved that this right is now no longer secure; that the rights of citizens, States, and even the rights of the Federal Government may be contravened at the will of the International Court of the United Nations."

The State Courts of California are undecided whether the International Court of the United Nations is the supreme law to be obeyed.

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The suggestion has come from such men in the Congress that the Fujii case be appealed to the Supreme Court to decide if American law has become null and void because of this Gooseberry-Pie super-state conceived in the brain of pro-Russian Alger Hiss.

There’s the way out—and the sedate and lawful American way of having it decided.

Let the Supreme Court be put on the spot in the whole of it?

Why was the Supreme Court created, if not to “go on the spot” in thus preserving the Constitution?

More anon, respecting this entire non-legality of our participation in the Hiss-White-Lie scuttling of United States sovereignty . .

Steel Seizure

(Continued from Page 4)

not get after the Congress responsible for both United Nations membership and NATO, and place the blame where it belongs?

Is it our Foreign Policy that is basically beneath the malodorous times ahead? Hasn’t the House and Senate—particularly the Senate—the authority to alter our foreign policy by taking us out of this mad extravagance of United Nations super-state?

Initiative and Karma

(Continued from Page 6)

moment. Why we elect to do this, is a matter for future discussion.

No two people’s cases are precisely alike, but the Greater Laws ruling the social cosmos are inexorable and are in existence to bring order out of chaos in human affairs.

There is an old adage, and a wholly mischievous one, that says: “What you don’t know won’t hurt you.” But the exact opposite is true. It’s the things that you don’t know that do hurt you. When you know consciously, you take care to avoid the conditions making for the hurt. And esoteric fundamentals do just that! When deliberately accredited and employed, they settle dilemmas without the distresses attending on ignorance. They are revealed to man to make life easier, not to make it hard. But man must uti-

lize them. Instead of asking the blind question: “What ought I to do?” or “How long should I put up with this or that?” the more proper question should be: “What are the factors involved in my predicament, and when I recognize and balance them, will deliberate action taken bring me the spiritual exercise and moral wholesomeness I seek?”

Always remember that Life is proposing situations, almost hour on hour, which test and try us to ascertain how much we have gained in spiritual unfoldment from all the experiences we have endured to the moment.

Clean, constructive Thinking, wedded to conscious Patience, is the key that unlocks every quandary and points the way from the Dilemma’s labyrinth.

There may be such a thing as consciously and deliberately ending karma as well as consciously or deliberately manufacturing new.

But so long as there is doubt in the mind, or the factors are hazy, STAND PAT!

Life has a way of making its true adjustments by the denouement of circumstances.

Perhaps the denouement of circumstances will indicate the correct Life Pattern to be followed when Initiative has done its best and the heart remains stalwart!

Balloon Expert Discerns Saucers

Minneapolis, Minn., April 12—(UP)—A balloon construction expert said today he has seen “strange, unidentified aerial objects” over Minnesota and Wisconsin and “I’m not going to say what they were because I haven’t the slightest idea.”

“I can’t say they were space ships,” J. J. Kaliszewski said, “I can’t say they were flying saucers. All I can say is that they were strange. I had never seen them before and, so far as I knew, they have never been identified.”

Kaliszewski, supervisor of balloon manufacture for the General Mills Aeronautical Research Laboratories, said he saw the “objects between 10:10 a. m. October 10, 1951 and 8:30 a. m. October 11, 1951.”

“I was flying a plane over this area,” he said, “tracing a balloon we had just sent up. There were two different flights.”

With him on one of the flights was Jack Donaghue, member of the General Mills flight operation crew. With him on a second flight was Richard Reilly, another crew member. Douglas Smith and Richard Dorian, ground crew members, viewed the strange objects through theodolites at the University of Minnesota Airport.

Here is Kalisewski's official report on the first flight:

"It was 10:10 a. m. October 19, 1951, about 10 miles east of St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin, at 6,000 feet I noticed a strange object crossing the skies from east to west, a great deal higher and beyond our balloon.

"The object had a peculiar glow to it.

"It was crossing behind and above our balloon from east to west very rapidly, first coming in a slight dive, leveling off for about a minute and slowing down, then into a sharp left turn and climbed at an angle of 50 to 60 degrees into the southeast with terrific acceleration and disappeared.

"We saw no vapor trail and from past experience I know that this object was not a balloon, jet, conventional aircraft or celestial star."

After the second flight, he made this report:

"At 6:30 a. m. October 11, 1951, Dick Reilly and I were flying at 10,000 feet, observing a balloon when I saw a brightly glowing object to the southeast of the university airport.

"The object was moving from east to west at a high rate and very high.

"This object was peculiar in that it had what can be described as a halo around it with a dark undersurface.

"It crossed rapidly and then slowed down and started to climb in lazy circles. The pattern it made was like a falling oak leaf inverted. It went through these gyrations for a couple of minutes.

"Shortly after this we saw another one, about two hours later, but this one didn't hang around."

Kaliszewski said "I realize that people have been calling such objects flying saucers, but I think they use that term for lack of a better word.

"The fact is," he said, "We don't know what they were. The U. S. Air Force was notified of our observations, but I don't know what the Air Force has to say about them."

Probably the real mystery of all flying saucers is how, if they be guided missiles

of so sizable and radical a type, they have been brought to the present state of perfect operation—up through experimentation, the processes of testing, not to mention the manufacturing itself—without word leaking out of where and how they were made and where the prodigious materials that have gone into them, came from.

Here is a phenomenon of aviation with a well-nigh one hundred percent record of safety for the experimenters, a perfectly kept secrecy as to location of plant and assembly, the requisitioning of men and metals, and bases of operation. That is too much to credit, human nature being what it is.

Equally is it too much to credit that even the mythically capable "German scientists" could have evolved them behind the Iron Curtain, for again the leaks on such prodigious achievement would have come in some aspect.

Over-All Picture

(Continued from Page 2)

Keep unswervingly in mind that this troublesome and dangerous period to a degree is a penalty for public error, stupidity, or indolence back in the early 1930's. The public may ardently desire a vicarious atonement in politics as it affects to espouse a belief in Vicarious Atonement in religion. But the nature of human events flatly substantiates that there are no such things as vicarious atonements anywhere in secular or celestial nature. When individuals make errors, or are guilty of stupidities or indolences in their practical affairs, they pay the price for them and like it. By no means are political states immune from the same reactions.

Thank God, the signs are strengthening all along the line that the body politic is finally arousing from its civic coma and indicating that by no means did it imply that it endorsed the swapping of the pilot of Constitutionalism for the pilot of Expedient Bureaucracy in 1949. In addition, the more the bureaucrats move to the Left and bear down on their powers of usurpation, the more violent the reprisals would seem to be that they are storing up.

Very good then, let it go to climax.

It's a healthy sign that humanity is learning the facts of life by shock treatment.

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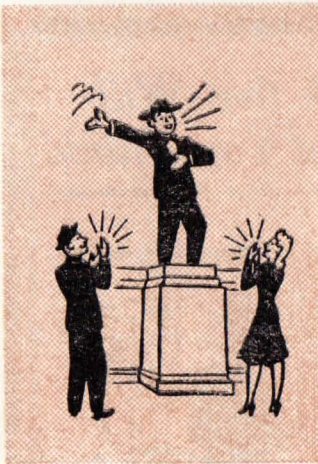
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.. COGITATIONS

MY FIRST experience in a trial court came when I was twenty. And incredible to narrate, I wasn't the defendant. I was the defendant's legal counsel. Lest this too sound preposterous, I hasten to record that it was a mock trial staged by the Men's Club of our church, and the defendant was one Lynn Peterson, the fattest man of the congregation. Lynn was so unbelievably fat that he had to take off his shoes to see them, and it was said of him that he was so good-natured because it took him so long to get mad clear through . . . All this farce of the court history of the steel strike reminded me of that mock trial, as I sat thinking tonight . . . The charge against Lynn was supposed to be climbing through the window of the old Gorham homestead and stealing the late Lily Gorham's parrot. That too was horse-play because Lily's parrot was a community institution . . .

o—o

NOW MY prodigious experience with courts was to happen years later. I had been raised by honest parents—at least reasonably honest—and never had complications with the law. Which actually meant that I had never attended on court and had to cram from various reports of Famous Trials to equip myself to defend the rotund Lynn. But Smart Alec that I was, having written various pieces for the papers, not to mention publishing a few of my own, the members of the Men's Club thought I should make a competent enough defender to acquit Mr. Peterson, whose constitutional dropsy compelled him to make a living as time-keeper in one of the local mills. A man who merely kept track of other men's working hours, wasn't re-

quired to move about much. Lynn did most of his moving in an enormous wheeled-chair, but with the proper time allotted to himself to manage it he did get about—with the aid of two canes—and I recall that when we took him into "court" of a fairly hot May night in the Sunday School Room of the local Methodist Church, we had to fetch a specially reinforced chair to hold his tonnage. The notion that he could ever have hoisted himself through the bathroom window of the Gorham premises in the dark of the moon and made off with Lily's parrot in a sizable cage, was good for a laugh from the start and tickets sold readily. The Sunday School Room, opening off the main body of the church, was uncomfortably packed when the manacled Lynn was wheeled in, and with the help of assorted "officers of the law," permitted to transfer himself to the reinforced chair. The Rev. Millstead, local pastor, was to act as Judge, and opposing counsel, prosecuting Mr. Peterson, was one Fred Vogelstrunk, a wiry red-headed German, almost eight years my senior. Mr. Vogelstrunk also had other advantages over myself, in that he had had much practical experience with courts, having been one of those characters who had sought litigation for its own sake ever since grammar school, besides having been sued for breach of promise by a widow, and paying many sizable sums upon occasion for the privilege of looking upon the wine when it was red—or maybe it had been German lager—and letting it sting him like a serpent and bite him like an adding machine. To cap it all, Fred had read law. All I had read had been the newspapers, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Lady Audrey's Secret*, a highly caloric novel mistakenly given me one Christmas by my Sabbath School teacher who hadn't been aware of its erotic nature. It had been filled with a perturbing assortment of the "facts of life", but by no means furnishing me with the slightest assistance in defending a fat time-keeper for filching a parrot . . . I don't know which promised the most entertainment, Lynn's elephantiasis or my lamentable ignorance

as to what a wretch like Fred could spring in the way of evidence to put my client in the pokey till he wasted to a half-drink of water . . .

o—o

WELL, Fred started it by an address to the church jury as to what he intended to prove against the defendant. Lynn had "prowled" the Gorham premises on a certain date—with or without the wheeled chair wasn't specified—and gained entrance via step-ladder through the ground-floor window of the bathroom. His malicious purpose in heisting that parrot had been to procure a bird that would "tell off" his landlady who was supposed to have used such choice language toward him on occasion, by reason of his unsettled board bills, that his own vocabulary in rebuttal required expert augmentation. Apprehended in the act of breaking the eighth commandment—by reason of Old Man Gorham, Lily's widowed husband, awaking in the night and discharging a shotgun at the ponderous prowler—had returned to the world the way he had come in, taking the screaming parrot with him, however. And Officer Harper had been waiting for him at the foot of the stepladder and nabbed him as he descended. All of which was expected to be a water-tight case, and how was I going to get my client out of it? I beheld in cold panic the various exhibits which Fred proceeded to introduce as he orated—the parrot first, of course, a sizable bird in one devil of a temper at being kept up so late, jostled around in his cage during his journey to the church, and exhibited baldly before a tittering roomful of generously perspiring Methodists, none of which commanded the bird's approbation; the step-ladder alleged to have been used by my client, in which three steps had been deliberately broken with an axe to prove that Lynn's weight only could so have wrecked the contraption; old Simon Gorham's shotgun with one discharged shell; and last but far from least, a generous slab of ham-rind, alleged to be that portion of Lynn's anatomy which he had inadvertently left on the sill in his hurried departure and which had been care-

fully recovered and preserved against this legal prosecution. I had nothing by way of exhibits but I did have the Widow Jenson—with whom Lynn boarded—who was prepared to testify he was in his room all night of the alleged theft, but who unfortunately stuttered badly, causing the spectators to laugh in wrong places . . .

—o—
NOW I should have said that the parrot—Exhibit A—had not been raised from a chick by Simon. He had, in fact, come into ownership of it as a legacy. He had been Lily Becket's hired man before contriving to court his somewhat affluent employer, who in addition to her village wealth and the parrot, had possessed a hair-lip. Simon had wedded the wealth and the hair-lip but drawn the line at the parrot. Simon, in fact, had found cause early in his belated matrimony to hate and detest that parrot with an incurable animosity. In consequence of which he had, through his three brief years of connubial bliss, addressed caloric remarks to the fowl whenever he had the chance in its vicinity, most of which, unfortunately, the bird had retained. But no one had anticipated this, much less thought of it, prior to tonight's mock trial held, as I remarked, in a holy edifice. In fact, Fred had no sooner taken the green wrap off the cage than the parrot keyed the forthcoming proceedings by cocking an eye at the pastor-judge and repeating a salutation that Simon in privy rancor had often addressed to it. The parrot ruffled his feathers and greeted the Reverend, "Hello, you louse!" . . .

—o—
WHEN we got the jury and spectators back in order, I tried to rebut on the clever address Fred had made, but that ham-rind had me cooked. I could call Simon to the stand and prove he had never owned a stepladder, and Mahitabel Jenson was ready to stutter under oath she had never owned one either. I could call Joe Thompson, a paperhanger, to the stand and prove by him that Simon had fired the shotgun at him three years before when Lily had caught him in her cellar sampling the Gotham ginger-beer. But that ham-rind! It was as big as a pie. With the reckless audacity of twenty, I determined to put my client on the stand and have him testify that all the cuticle on his sitting apparatus was intact, and if necessary of-

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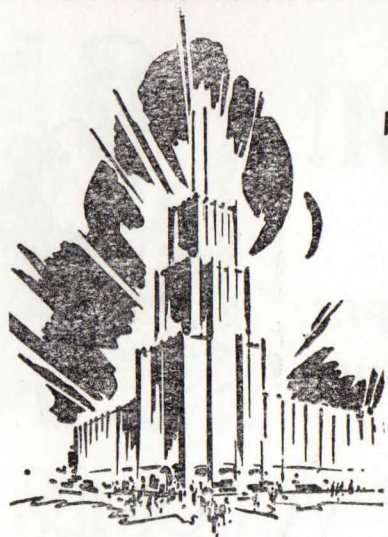
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

fer to take Lynn to the Men's Lounge—with the jury—and submit him to a personal inspection without his nether garments to maintain that the rind must have come from two other fellows, my client's acreage of flesh being intact . . . Fred rose to that one and shouted No! . . . if there was to be any strip-tease act done in that church that night, it had to be in plain sight of the court. At which the minister began to turn a slight lilac and suggest we get on with less

lurid matters. That was about the time the parrot bristled his quills anew and began his favorite harangue of "Nuts!" . . . Hello you louse, and nuts, were the bird's stock in trade, although in retro-memory it could also say Other Things. The Methodists in that audience got their money's worth that night, I'll say they did. One of Simon's pet names for his erstwhile spouse had evidently been Old Sputterfuss, because the bird called Mahitabel that before she'd been on the



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stand two minutes and she flew mad at its being an allusion to her stammering, and when the audience shrieked I lost my prize witness . . . Well, in desperation finally I did put Lynn on the stand—where he practically broke the witness chair because it hadn't been reinforced—and I queried him about the condition of his foundations, not only of current date but of all dates *ex post facto*. Lynn had to take it all goodnaturedly in that he was too sizable either to fight or to run, and at some of the testimony the better class ladies wondered if they had not better go home and see if they'd left the gas burning under their kettles. Most of the lower class ladies, however, were either rolling in the aisles or breaking their own chairs in their gyrations of hysteria, and one man—old man Montague—laughed so hard that his false teeth came out and a woman named Hardwick stepped on them and broke them. She got into a side fight with Montague, telling him that he was trying to bite her long-distance, and that gave me a breathing-spell to collect my shattered wits. But it was hopeless. The parrot added the court worse by suddenly screaming "Come and get your neck wrung!" and he was looking directly at the foreman of the jury when he said it. Which cost me my case. The jury went out finally and I prepared to go myself—permanently—when Fred backed against the bird's cage and overturned it. The parrot rolled with it, straight toward a woman named Pressey in the front row, who kicked at it, startled. Then do you know what that harassed bird did? It took to wing. In all my twenty years I had never seen a parrot fly and scarcely supposed it possible. But a parrot can fly—at least that parrot flew. It flew straight through the opened double doors into the darkened auditorium and was gone. Old Man Gorham let out a bona fide oath, because he now thought quite a lot of the parrot, and fell over Mrs. Pressey's lap hastening toward the double doors to recover his flying property. Frank Haskins, the janitor, turned on the auditorium lights. And do you know where that bird was? You've guessed it—up on Millstead's pulpit, walking stiffly up and down and squawking. "Nuts!" as it thus profaned the *Holy Bible*. The pastor appeared in his legal robes and was called a louse and a sputterfuss together, then the bird took off for the choir loft, lighted on top of the music

rack and screamed language which certainly profaned the sanctuary. "Hell and Perdition!" it cackled out its repertoire. "Women make me sick! I want a beer! Sputterfuss! Nuts! Nuts! Nuts!" The minister remarked something about re-consecrating the edifice as he watched the pursuit of it. The bird was chased off the organ front, and flapped up into the central chandelier, breaking quite a few light-shades because a nitwit named Bobbitt started throwing hymn-books at it. Crackers were brought miraculously from the church kitchen to entice it down, but the bird wasn't having any. Only when they got the crowd out, did Old Simon persuade his pet to come down to him. Now think what a wonderful thing it would be if a lot of court exhibits could fly away like that! No, I gave up being defendant counsel and was content thereafter to be just plain defendant and let it go at that. It was more expensive but not so hard on the nerves. To think that this week's steel strike could make me recall Fred Vogelstrunk . . .

—THE RECORDER

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

goes through a series of experiences in leaving the body and coming back into it until the quitting becomes permanent? Certainly we have demonstrated in an incident like the foregoing that Thought accomplishes levitation together with tangibility at a distance. But why does it come back to the body it is upon the point of quitting for good? Why not go out and be done with it?

Then there is another point, if the father in the foregoing case should have levitated his soul-spirit and recognized the son so that he could beckon him with his finger, moving on the two appearances from near the fire to the recessed door-frame, why should he not have recalled it in expressions to wife or servant? Why bemoan his inability to "see his son again" when the son knew he had been "seen again"?

We come back again and again to the enigma: *What is Consciousness?*

Is it merely sentient animation of the organic self? Or is it an element with properties apart from body entirely, whose extent or character of operation we have as yet small suspicion?



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That consciousness is more than mere animation of the physical we know because there are people who can project it to a distance while still in perfect health. Should we then think it so wonderful that the dying or dead seem to do it with ease?

Only by repeated and persistent exanimation of all features of these death-

bed phenomena can we hope to comprehend the truth.

And yet when we know for certain, what purpose will it serve? What but offering the timid or cynical the consolation of conviction that human survival is a fact? And the irony of that is, that each will learn it for himself when the Great Change finally happens.

T h e P a y o f f

THE YOUNG father had been wheeling the baby-carriage around the block on a very hot afternoon. A voice came down from the upper window of the house.

"My dear!"

"Oh, let me alone," he called back testily. "We're doing all right. You're always interfering every time I have this kid out."

Ignoring his wife's continued entreaties, he made another long circuit of the block and came back as before. His wife was on the steps.

"Now what?" he snapped.

"I just wanted to tell you, you've been pushing Nancy's doll all the afternoon. I'd very much like baby to have his turn."

A CERTAIN banker was being called on by a committeeman from a charitable institution. In response to her boss' instructions, his secretary said, "Mr. Smith's unable to see you. He has a sprained back."

"Go in and tell Smith," said the committeeman, "I'm here to speak to him not to wrestle with him."

THE VISITOR asked the small boy who opened the door, "Are your father and mother in?"

"They was in," replied the child, "but now they is out."

"They was in. They is out. Where's your grammar?"

"She's went upstairs," said the boy, "for a nap."

THE BOSS was married to a flashy younger wife. He felt he had cause to write one of his clerks, "I demand you come to my office at three this afternoon and explain what there is, if anything, between you and my wife."

The clerk wrote back, "Your circular letter received. Will be at the meeting."

NANCY reported to her father, "That big good-looking lifeguard is going to call on me tomorrow night."

Her father commented, "Well, if he tries to kiss you, be careful how you struggle. He might punch you on the jaw just from force of habit."

You Ought to Hear the Recorder's Talk on the fallacy of "WAGES"

in the current electronic broadcast. The first discussion of the fundamental issues of the Christian Commonwealth began with the broadcast made for playing throughout the nation the week of April 20th. They will continue for the next 20 weeks!



START A CHAPEL!

Get information about a wire or tape Recorder, from Soulcraft Headquarters. The reels are sent you on a basis of your donating to the work what you consider them to be worth, for the spiritual good they have done you.

ASKED small Gilbert, "Mommy, is it correct to say you're going to 'water the horse' when you're positive he's thirsty?"

"Entirely correct, dear."

Gilbert picked up a saucer. "Okay then, I'm going to milk the cat."

THE REAL estate agent asked, "Well, what's your opinion of our little city?"

John Dead-Pan responded, "You really want my opinion?"

"Why not?"

"First cemetery I ever saw with lights."

BOBBY said to his mother at bedtime, "I ain't gonna say no prayers tonight, Mommy, I'm gonna to take a chance."

THE INTOXICATED one was looking down at the moon's reflection in the water.

He recognized the cop behind him.

"What's that I shee down there?" he demanded.

The cop said whimsically, "That's the moon, old toper."

"No!" cried the drunk. "Then you tell me thish, how'd I get 'way up here?"

A BEWILDERED man entered a ladies' specialty shop.

"I want a corset for my wife," he declared in some embarrassment.

The sales lady tried to put him at his ease. "Certainly, sir," she responded. "What bust?"

"Nothing," the man stammered. "Just wore out."