

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume V

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, August 1, 1953

Number 14

DOES THE KOREAN TRUCE MEAN U-N IS FINISHED?

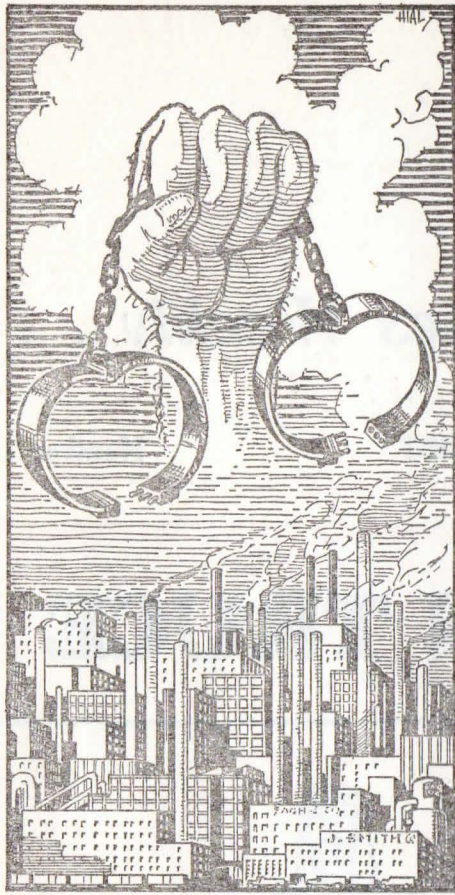


THE CELEBRATED month of August, 1953, has come at last! In another three weeks we shall have reached the 20th, widely acclaimed as one of the greatest of dates in human history, inasmuch as Great Pyramid prophetic measurements symbolize the reaching of the south wall of the King's Chamber. This would seem to indicate the end of the Piscean Christian Dispensation.

The determination of such date, however, rests almost solely with the measurings and calculatings of Dr. D. Davidson of Britain, who long ago called the world's attention to the significances of the inch-to-a-year standard of Grand Gallery calculations. In result of his findings, the great British-Israel Movement came into existence, that made the mathematics of world-wide renown.

THE TROUBLE with Dr. Davidson's findings seems to have been, that when he changed the time-significances to an inch-to-a-month, after having arrived at the Great Step at the top of the Grand Gallery incline, historical event and Great Pyramid measurements no longer coincided, not precisely. The celebrated "low passages" thenceforth running south on a horizontal plane, did not measure out exactly an inch-to-a-month, synchronizing with world event. The First World War actually lasted





two months longer than Dr. Davidson's findings would have had it. The Truce in Chaos did not end with World War II starting on May 29, 1928, but almost ten years later, whereas his heralded date of September 16, 1936 produced not a thing of consequence in international event. World War II began September 1, 1939, when Hitler declared war on Poland, and Britain and France declared war on the Fascist bloc on September 3rd. The first peace treaty, starting the settlement of that conflict, was signed between Britain and Siam on January 1, 1946.

None of these major dates have any notation in Dr. Davidson's calculations.

To go back a bit, equally strange it has been that the Great Pyramid remained blank on any recognition of the October, 1917, dates, marking the overthrow of the Romanoff dynasty and the induction of aggressive executive Communism into Russia. Few events of modern times could be described as having such global significance. The Communist phenomenon among the nations, the formation of United Nations to arrest it, and the "police action" of the Korean War, the Pyramid ignores.

By what rule or excuse, therefore, can

we estimate that anything of outstanding consequence occurs on August 20th?

IT REQUIRES neither Pyramid notation nor clairvoyant adeptship, as a matter of fact, to identify significant developments just around the corner of the months or days. Nostradamus, we might put it, seems to have had more perspicacious insight than Davidson. The mounting climax to world event follows the pronouncements of the Quatrains more than the assumptions of the British-Israel literature.

On July 26th, the North Koreans and the U-N Military signed a so-called truce agreement, bringing a holiday in shooting hostilities on the Korean peninsula. Take note that it wasn't the Chinese nor Russians who agreed to smother the carnage temporarily. The North Koreans and the "police arm" of U-N withdraw behind a No-Man's-Land strip, each on its own side, and agree to suspend further killing of human beings until it is learned whether or not a peace can be patched up. By such diplomatic ruse, Red China "saves face" and gains a lengthy breathing spell to reorganize her shattered forces and canvas other fronts for likelier military actions. For, make no mistake, they are imminent.

What we are interested in examining at the moment is the effect of the whole of it on the Goliath of guile and Frankenstein of subterfuge known as United Nations. What does the United States factually confront now, by having lent its financial and military backing to this travesty of world super-government?

DAVID LAWRENCE, widely known columnist and commentator, writing in the *United States News* for July 3rd, makes the unequivocal statement that from here on out the United Nations is a dead duck—although he employs less ornithological metaphor. He puts it—

"The United Nations as an organization designed to enforce peace in the world, *has come to a humiliating end!* Like its predecessor—the League of Nations—it has been killed by statesmen faithless to the ideals they had once professed.

The Korean war was, in our time, the acid test of power of an international organization to operate as a military alliance against aggressors. When the showdown came in Europe

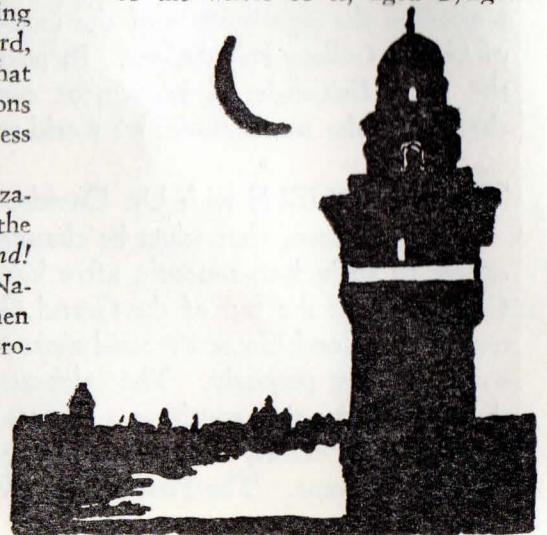
one set of members was arming against another set. Other members of the coalition were claiming to be 'neutral' in Asia. Still others were found deliberately furnishing the aggressors with arms, to help kill the soldiers of other states resisting aggression. The U-N lacked the moral courage to denounce Soviet Russia for aiding the common enemy—the Communist Chinese and North Korean Communist armies.

"No more flagrant example of the decay of international morality could be cited than the concerted behavior of the note-writers of the Foreign Office of Great Britain, France, the United States, Canada, and India in their recent assault on the little government of Korea. What had been its crime? It had refused to keep its own brothers from the North in further bondage while the Communists were to send in their agents to brain-wash those same powers—all this under the auspices of a commission of five countries, with the deciding vote held by a pro-Communist government, calling itself 'neutral'. Was it so ignoble on the part of Korea—not even a U-N member—to assert its sovereign right as an ally to act against such palpable trickery?"

"How can the smaller nations of the world ever look again to the larger nations for justice when, with a might-makes-right flourish, the major powers ignored the protest of the Republic of Korea, which had lost 200,000 soldiers in battle and more than 1,000,000 civilians in the ravages of war?"

Such, however, seems to be statesmanship!

OUT OF the guile and hocus-pocus of the whole of it, aged Syngman



Rhee emerges as the George Washington of the Far East, towering in stature—particularly moral stature—over occidental contemporaries. He is a bigger figure than Mark Clark, the American General, or any lesser commissioner, engaged in negotiating a “peace” in the first war that the Republic of the United States of America ever lost—beg pardon, was made to lose. But where does all of it leave the Asiatic and world situation, and still more pertinent, where does it leave the nefarious and hypocritical United Nations? The Rockefeller interests constructed this latter a multi-million dollar headquarters on the east side of Manhattan—more recently become a rats’ nest of intrigue for Moscow’s Fifth Column in America. But so what? Does a cloud-piercing pile of modernistic buildings tend to keep any real peace in the world, when the rats scuttling in and out of the nest are busy the clock around at fomenting new confusions and embattlements from Finland to Singapore?

Looking at it in another light, is it not a fact that the miserable exhibition of hybrid suzerainty responsible for the flopperoo of a “police action” in Southern Korea, from this time outward puts the quietus on United Nations in world prestige and opinion?

How can any renewal of “police action” in some other quarter of the globe bring other than disdain and hooting in future councils of nations?

Thus by inherent duplicity and guile is the end achieved which scores of hand-bill journalists both at home and abroad attempted to achieve by poignant broadsides of bad printing.

It was a consummation devoutly to be wished.

BUT WISHPFUL consummation or no, we are faced with world realism in these cohorts of nations. What actually is happening both abroad and at home? Behold as the much-touted August of 1953 comes in, we first observe the Soviet Monstrosity in the throes of complete revolution and disintegration. The question of how much longer Russia is due to last is a moot one, but from every indication she is “getting no better fast” . . .

In the first place, Russia under the world’s prize bonehead, Josef Stalin, stupidly overreached herself, in and after World War II, and took over Euro-

pean countries as fast as she could grab them—with the blessing of the megalomaniac Hyde-Parker and his pro-Kremlin colleagues in the White House. Now with the dictatorial hand of Bonehead Stalin removed, native patriotism and inherent nationalism begin to assert themselves, and while a coterie of Lesser Boneheads in the Kremlin engage in arresting and purging each other. In their lust for autocratic power, the Soviet heteronomy begins to fall apart. But granted it is doing so, where does it leave America and what kind of friends of true reliability do we possess on the continent or in Asia?

Happily for us, the Levantine situation is far better than we suspect. Henry J. Taylor, GM commentator, one of the finest Americans we have on the air today, made his broadcast of July 6th from Istanbul, Turkey, where he is doing a trip through the Levant to get posted on European and Near East conditions. He opened that broadcast by declaring—

“The Russian satellite states nearby are breaking up and falling apart right here, in front of my very eyes, as I stand here tonight. What a joy it is, to tell you this in Your Land and Mine—for the news is even better than we think at home.

“Tonight, I am in Constantinople . . . I look out over the Bosphorus tonight, shimmering in the light of a bright moon. There, in the circle of water that bends toward the Black Sea and the Russian frontier, is the end of Europe and the beginning of Asia . . . Today the hot winds of Russia blow across Constantinople itself—this gateway and all around it. This time it is Ivan the Terrible who



is nearby—the Red threat from Russia. This is why the Turks have been fighting on our side in Korea, sending there more troops to support us than any other nation in the U-N, the land force second largest to our own.

“**T**ALK with Turkish staff officers here, or with the man in the street. That war in Korea to them has not been a war against the North Koreans or the Red Chinese. To the Turks this is a war against Russia—and any Turk, for that reason, will fight a Russian any time whatever.

“This shows up in their enlistment for the battle service in Korea. If there are 5,000 places to be filled there are 20,000 Turks who volunteer to fill them. My friend Lowell Thomas told me that Lawrence of Arabia once told him—and Lawrence of Arabia ought to know—that the Turks are the best natural fighters in Europe. I’ve been to the maneuvers of the Turkish Army, and it’s easy to believe that this is true.

“The Turks have kept a fighting force of about 5,000 men at the Korean front. These have been rotated and sent home in a very systematic way, and another 5,000 sent out. A boy—and his family—actually considers himself *lucky* to go to Korea. For, you see, he is going there to fight the Russians. That’s the kind of ally we have in Turkey. Oh no, there’s no problem of morale there.

“The morale problem, I’m glad to say, is in the nearby satellite states of the Soviet Union. It’s hard, very hard, and very dangerous, for the men and women of nearby Bulgaria and Rumania, caught

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What Deceased People Tell Us about the Experience of Dying . .

OUT in California about a decade ago, the legislature changed the penal law. It declared that men legally condemned to death should no longer be electrocuted but executed by being confined in an air-tight chamber and breathing the fumes of sodium-cyanide eggs dropped into acid. Lethal vapor arises from such mixture, in thin ribbons of fog. Taken into the lungs, the condemned man feels consciousness slipping immediately. Insofar as his own sensations are concerned, he simply falls asleep. And he never wakes up! How does anyone know? Because victims of sodium-cyanide fumes have accidentally inhaled the fumes, gone through the same physical sensations as those of men not allowed to awaken, and been revived to tell the tale.

But here is the uncanny thing, making death by these fumes of interest to psychical students generally—

The first two men to be put to death by the State of California in its new gas chamber were Albert Kessel and Robert Cannon. The report of the executions had it that Cannon was so anxious to get the ordeal over with, that he leaned as close as possible to the acid bucket and inhaled deeply. He gasped, and the shock jerked back his head—as the head reacts when the nostrils accidentally take too strong a whiff of ammonia or smelling salts. His eyes closed, he coughed, and thereafter was quiet. Five minutes later, the physicians pronounced him dead. But according to medical science—and whether we choose to believe it or not—had a belated reprieve come for Kessel or Cannon within five to fifteen minutes after their being pronounced dead, both could have been brought back to life.

For among the official witnesses to these first executions by gas in San Quentin Prison was San Francisco's Director

*“Even while dead,
supposedly, I had
a distinct sensation
of floating--”*

of Public Health, Dr. J. C. Greiger. And upon Dr. Greiger's person was a phial of liquid that could have made these two condemned felons living men again.

The substance which could have worked the seeming miracle—and which Dr. Greiger had succeeded in developing and using on human beings who had been victims of cyanide fumes—was, and is, a dye known as Methylene Blue. It is antidote for both cyanide and carbon-monoxide poisoning.

A YOUNG man by the name of Charles Riley was a medical student who swallowed a large dose of cyanide because his fiancée had jilted him for another man. He was rushed to San Francisco's Emergency Hospital, and upon arrival his body showed no signs of life. He was, to all tests and appearances, as dead as he ever would be. Without the antidote handy, he would have been so pronounced and his body turned over to the nearest undertaker for embalming.

Dr. Greiger injected a solution of the new preparation, Methylene Blue, and within fifteen minutes the would-be suicide was breathing almost normally.

“This case was unique for two reasons,” Dr. Greiger said later. “It was the first of its type in medical annals. Likewise, and even more startling, is the fact that apparently young Riley seemed to remember his experience.”



CHARLES RILEY said, fully recovered: “I took about fifteen grains of potassium cyanide in forty ounces of water. I had no sensation except a numbness which started at the bodily extremities, and spread slowly throughout my physical system. There was no muscular rigidity in going under . . . Even while supposedly dead, I had a distinct sensation of floating. There was none of the common blackness recognized as death. I felt as if I were coming out into the light—into a vast, glowing place of cool sunshine—like entering a new and mysterious world. It was, I believe, simply another state of consciousness, different from anything that I had ever experienced before. My excursion into this strange realm was brief. I didn't feel tragic about it, only tremendously surprised and happy to find myself still conscious. I don't call it a psychical or mystical experience. There was nothing obscure about it. I don't remember details, there wasn't time enough, but I do remember a definite feeling of release, something like emerging from a dim room into sudden brightness.”

The incident is noteworthy, not so much for the physical miracle accomplished by the antidote drug, but from the reactions mentally and spiritually on the consciousness of men thus released from their physical encasements and—brought back!

Strange to relate, and yet perhaps not
(Continued on Page 6)

Why Platonic Love Affairs Mature Among Adults . .

Concluded from Last Week



LAST WEEK on this page we had a dissertation on Platonic, as distinguished from Romantic, love. The previous article had ended by asserting: Happy,

normal, self-sufficient people exercise their talents in a well-rounded and individualistic manner that provokes them to take life as it comes, not except too much from it, and give as well as take at business of living it. If they enter into a love affair, it is a Love Affair, and it massages their emotions 'way down to their ankles.

They would be bored with a friendship from one of the opposite sex that was personal and private and yet did not partake of the physical as well as the mental and spiritual. They want "all there is to a friendship" with no reservations, nothing held out on them. They are, in other words, not especially desirous of being criticized, or commiserated with, or enjoined in their performances as to this or that."

So we pick up the balance of this informative monograph, that goes on this week to say—

They see little or nothing to be envious of, in other people, inasmuch as it is in their temperaments to shift quickly and readily, and *be* the thing that it may strike their fancy to emulate in another.

No, your truly platonic love affair, or friendship, is usually promoted between people whose social adjustments are not always normal. They are secretly hungry for praise or endorsement and take it from the platonic friend because it is in the nature of the alliance to exchange such criticisms without personal responsibilities' accruing when the services rendered have become sizable, each to the other.

IN THE normal love affair, when the man in the case has been aided or en-

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

couraged enough by some woman, he comes to an hour when he says—subconsciously if not knowingly—"You've been a delightful companion, Mary, dear, and have rolled up a load of credits on me for your services that I can never discharge in kind. Why, therefore, should I not discharge them by buying your groceries and hats for the rest of my natural life?" Which he proceeds to do practically, under the registrations of common matrimony.

Millions of such love affairs and marriages come about all over the earth, with every year that passes, from just such motives of inescapable compensation.

But in the platonic love affair, the arrangement started off upon—and kept steadily to—a different understanding. "I envy you the talents or convictions which you possess and which fit into my own deficiencies so aptly," says the one party to the other, "but no matter how much you do for me, or I do for you, we will take out our pay in the secret gratifications we derive from having each other as sounding-boards and tuning-forks for our peculiar introvert and inclined-to-be-melancholy temperaments. We will discharge our karmic compensations to each other as we go along, and no thought of economic problems shall enter into it."

So sex is willfully kept in the background, because it never was intended to be thrust into the foreground or become a factor between them in the relationship from the beginning.



Take note, in respect to confirmation of this, that the most outstanding platonic friendships or "loves" are those existing between person of artistic, or highly-specialized, temperaments.

The friendship is formed, they will go to considerable trouble to explain, "because the other person understands me!"

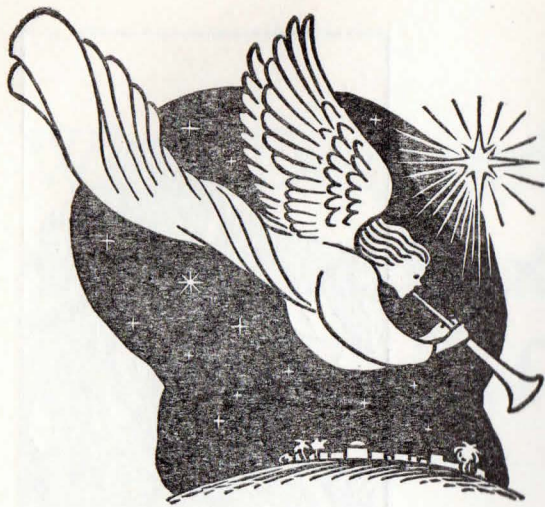
It is not a case of "understanding," of course, since there is truly no such thing as one person's fully "understanding" another. What more accurately occurs is, that the first artistic person finds the second artistic person inclined to aid him in his problems and headaches of technique or inspiration, without demanding anything in return but companionship and the chance to so deliver himself.

As the aid is practical and apt, thus is it appreciated. As it becomes a habit with each of the parties—to render and receive it—the feeling of having it always on call, of being able to rely upon it, develops into the representation of an "affection." . . Of course it is an affection—in the sense of partaking of the quality of being affected.

Taken on the whole, however, platonic love is a misnomer to start out with.

Taxation upon the Spirit without representation in any of the emotions but that of an expectancy of some sort of habitual service, might be the better way of describing it. Plato had it right.

It is, forsooth, having a delightfully profitable afternoon with a spiritual abstraction in a petticoat, and being able to indulge perpetually all of one's own complexes without ever incurring any necessity of having to replace the petticoat, if for reasons only known to the parties, a new one should be in order!



"I was up in the air, floating around, or watching the efforts being made to revive my dead body. I seemed to be able to move around anywhere, just by thinking about it!"

Continuation of Article on Dying, from Page Four

so strange, in almost one hundred percent of cases of people thus resuscitated from asphyxiations or drownings—particularly drownings—the same report is made: first of the "floating sensation," then of the emergence from darkness or shadow, into radiance.

UP IN Pennsylvania seven years ago, a youth of seventeen fell from a boat during a severe afternoon thunderstorm over a lake, and was drowned. His body was under water for fully a half hour before grappling hooks brought it to the surface. A physician was summoned, and pronounced the lad dead.

But desperate relatives determined to work upon the body and try to induce artificial respiration. The sum and substance of it was, that the spirit-soul was drawn back into the lad's "corpse" and he aroused to tell his story. Millions of people across the country heard him interviewed in the talking-news weeklies.

"What were your sensations during the time that you were pronounced dead?" asked the movie inquirer.

"I was up in the air, floating around, or watching the efforts made to revive my *dead* body," he replied.

"How high in the air did you go, in your floating around?"

"Not so very high," he responded. "I seemed to be able to move about anywhere, just by thinking about it!"

Legion are the numbers of people who have been pronounced dead from hospital operations, who have felt the mystical "pull" to go back into their bodies,

and to the stupefaction of physicians and nurses, have given post-mortem signs of returning to life. Uniformly these too, declare the same thing: "I let go, and floated upward. I seemed to be the same sort of person I had always been, and I moved about just as I had always moved about. I seemed to have some sort of body, and it rather shocked me to take note of a body that looked uncannily like mine, lying inert on the bed below me."

Such is the sum and substance of their testimonies, from every quarter of the Nation.

Even persons who have made the passing and contrived to communicate through psychically sensitive persons, say precisely the same.

Death itself is not painful. In fact, it seems a vast physical relief, like throwing down, casting aside, or escaping from a monstrous load or burden.

The psychical libraries of the world are stuffed with books of testimony, that all runs similarly: "I got free of my body, but found myself in exactly the same sort of world that I'd always been in, only I'd lost the sense of feeling or touch. I could see and hear, but I could not smell or taste."

So then, we have the right to ask, entirely aside from metaphysical instructions: What sensations occur when the spirit-soul thus departs the collapsed physical self, and what is the "body" that it feels that it is clothed with?

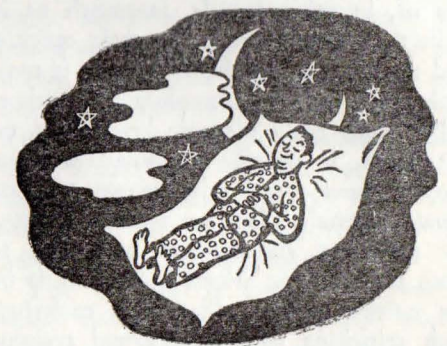
DEATH itself is not painful! This is the outstanding assurance that seems to be contained in every expression and testimony that we receive upon the subject. In practically one hundred percent of instances, the essence of the experience is easement, alleviation, release, and refreshment. There actually is no

such thing as a "painful death." The pain customarily associated with death, is pain suffered by the body before death takes place. On the other hand, thousands of persons have suffered similarly without death's taking place. The moment that death occurs, the pain is gone! Moreover, it does not immediately occur to the mind of the person involved, that the change has been experienced.

In the ordinary death, not caused by tragic physical mangling, there seems to be no more reaction upon the consciousness than is entailed by the nightly process of falling asleep.

No, it is the atrocious fear of what is going to happen to the soul itself, according as orthodox conjectures on the subject have been drilled into the mind, that makes the prospect of death so appalling to the average individual. That, and the vast spiritual lamentation that the transition back into the more tenuous octaves is at hand without a fulfilling of all the errands to itself and to others for which the soul made the incursion into mundanity in the beginning. People fear to die, as a general thing, because the sacred superstitions of an archaic theology have terrorized them, or they realize that they have by no means completed the business for which they incarnated, in a manner that satisfies them by the time death confronts them.

The first is the same sort of consternation that we may have felt as children, when we had accidentally broken the window of the chicken house during the afternoon and suspected that painful penalties were going to be visited upon us when we 'fessed up to irate parents in the evening.



The second is insufferable chagrin over wasted, or misspent energy. It is a phase of the same exasperation that we feel when we travel a hundred miles to con-

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Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

Our Nobler Selves



EVERY last man of us ought to take time out occasionally and take a square look at himself. And by man, of course, I mean each human being. Probably, if he really did so, he would get the shock of his life. No thinking person can help feeling the constant pull and tug of the higher and lower selves, or as Saint Paul put it, the war between the carnal and spiritual selves. For man really lives in two worlds at the same time. He lives in the physical, material world of matter, and also in the unseen spiritual world. He is both a physical being and a spiritual being. And that physical self is constantly pitted against the spiritual self, or the spiritual being within one that is the real, eternal self.

We are told that the mind is the instrument of spirit. But when mind divorces itself from the spiritual being, and concentrates upon the physical, material self, it is likewise cutting itself off from Universal Spirit, and thereby loses the increments that flow out from the Universal Fountain. Jesus put it positively this way: "The water I give you shall be a well of water springing up into eternal life."

ONE CAN feel the cool, thirst-quenching flow of that "Water of Life" only by drinking constantly from the great stream of Universal Water of Life. But one can, on the other hand, refuse to drink, sever one's self from the Fountain Source, and live with thirst-parched, withering mind and soul. That truly is what happens when one lets the physical, material self have the right of way over the spiritual self.

The Elder Brother gives us a beautiful lesson, and the correct solution, on this matter in the thirty second chapter of the *Golden Scripts*. Particularly does He reveal to us the fact of His constant

presence in those moments of struggle and turmoil that ever heckle us. The Christ says, "Can ye not accept that all that cometh to you, cometh of my presence?" He continues with the adjuration, "Take note of my voice in places and seasons when ye find yourselves perplexed—seek me out in solitude and I answer in your silence, wait for my answer."

The chapter continues in explanation of true prayer. Then He challenges us with that beautiful declaration, "I am your Nobler Self, bidding you to ecstasies." And three times, in close proximity, He says, "I say, be still and hear me."

OUR NOBLER Self is ever with us when we are responsive to it. Christ reminded us while in the flesh, "The Kingdom is within you." In human thinking, we are prone to question this fact. We make the same query that Nicodemus made to Jesus, "How can these things be?" And yet, it is a reality that man is not only within the universe, but the universe is within man. He is not only a part of the Universal, but the Universal is a part of him. "The Kingdom is within" him, for it has universal existence.

I have often found enlightenment and solace in this quotation from another; "No movement toward the Universal, can miss the Universal. I cannot escape from the Universal; the Universal cannot escape from me. Mentally, I may make mistakes in deduction, but spiritually I cannot but find God."

THE KINGDOM of God has meaning in the response our spiritual self makes to it. Here is where the fight comes, or the struggle ensues, between the nobler and baser selves of all of us. For it is the common struggle of the positive versus the negative. It is the pitting of force against force—the pull and tug of war between the carnal and the spiritual. It is the fight of direction—the challenge of decision as to which

way the mind shall be directed, whether it shall follow the mere sense direction, and the sensuous way of life, or whether it shall be guided by the Inner Voice of the Nobler Self.

Oxenham said it well in his poem, *The Ways*:

"To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a Way
And the high soul climbs the High
Way
And the low soul gropes the low,
And in between on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go."

THE CHRIST has said it better, for He has given us the solution for the mental and spiritual struggles of life. Said the Elder Brother, "Wait for my answer—I say the greater beauty has it that man shouldst know twilight in the realm of his emotions, that he shouldst be quiet when my Spirit speaketh utterance. For I seek to address him in that afterglow from tumult." He continues, "I shall come in a thousand forms and rainbows, but in only one speech that delighteth the intellect. Beloved, I go before you opening gates—In the Father's Name we conquer."

We are truly "more than conquerors" in Him. We are gods in the making. We have the divine within us, and nothing can erase that but our own decision and sense of direction. The whole crux of

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

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

VOL. V AUGUST 1, 1953 No. 14

Welcome, If True



THE U. N. is dead—killed by the Korean war, declares David Lawrence, writing out of Washington where he gets the latest and most authoritative in comment from official sources. May real alliances emerge as a substitute now to enforce peace. Methods of enforcing peace can no longer be left to votes of an all-inclusive international organization which fails to differentiate between friend and foe. Let us forsake an organization which in the name of freedom squelches the aspirations of small nations when they seek emancipation from imperialists as well as from aggressors. This is the American tradition, born July 4, 1776. Aptly, Lawrence adds—

"May God give us the courage to preserve the basic principles of the American faith as we see immoral diplomacy writing, with deceptive phrases, equivocations and quibbles, the inglorious epitaph of United Nations!"

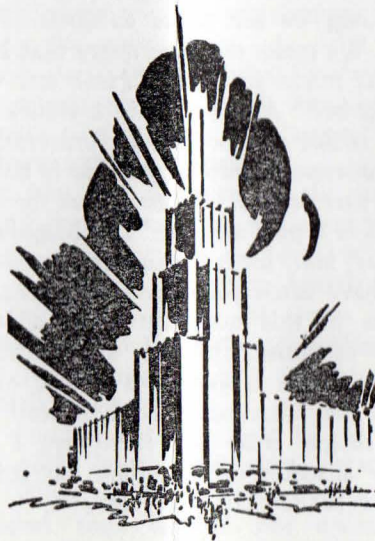
So much for the final vestiges of the work of Roosevelt, Alger Hiss, Harry Hopkins, and the Braintrusters. To tumultuous and revolting Russia they gave out of hand something like 11 billions of the accumulated wealth of the American people—and "forgave" a debt of 39 billions to Britain, that she might revive her industries by making of war goods to keep the Chinese Reds slaughtering our sons in Korea.

Incidentally, it came out this week in the Indiana controversy over getting Governor Craig to serve as one of the U-N delegates, that while we suffered 140,000 casualties in Korea, all the other member

nations of U-N combined have not had more than 55,000 troops in the action against the Korean Communists at any time, and of this 55,000 the most effective and honest fighters among our colleagues were the Turks.

It seems strange that out of the long history of international diplomacy in modern times, never has there been a military alliance effected that endured for any length of time after a given martial jeopardy had been mitigated.

The internationalists had wanted U-N as a possible super-government to destroy American Constitutional law and "take over" the governments of the various countries in a quick coup of sovereignties. Thereupon they made the major blunder of not permitting the Korean War to reach a swift and decisive victory over the Communists. Their mental and spiritual limitations, not to mention their acumen, thus demonstrated their psychological inability to rule as global overlords. The really astute thing that would have stabilized and made U-N permanent, would have been to push the Korean War to an overwhelming decision, even though Russia and China were deemed "expendables" in the conflict. But by a divide-and-rule policy they have defeated themselves.



The Korean conflict has been America's most unpopular war. It has been the first war in which America engaged, that she has failed to win. Always it shall stand as monument to the folly of concerted action expected from all nations in any sort of parliament when altruism and evil are equally represented.

Very good, let U-N die, as the League of Nations died.

It is time for Americans to acquire backbone enough to grasp that they are perfectly capable of "going it alone," and such nations as don't like it, can—as the saying has it—lump it.

This flambouyant Headquarters structure in Manhattan?

Bring down the unopened casket from Hyde Park and intern it in the Rockefeller Monstrosity. Let it become the world's outstanding mausoleum to megalomaniacal fol-de-rol.

How could Rockefeller lose money to any nobler purpose?

By the way, who specifically asked him to build the thing in the first place?

More Largess



COMES now the usual aftermath of squander-bust blither, with the news in the papers of the Morning After, that the payroll taxes of the people of America, are going to be diverted into the rebuilding of Korea. Having gone in, on a police action, to preserve the peace by knocking the country to Tophet with our bombs, it is now up to us to put the works back in shape, give every Korean an egg beater and a lawn mower after the real estate has all been leveled off and and replanted, and come home. Which leaves the earth pacific and happy again.

But if Mr. Eisenhower intends to rebuild Korea and ask the American taxpayer to foot the bill, that is his first titanic blunder.

Of course, only the naive will think of the exploit in terms of charity. It's another of those ruses, patently, to keep the American economic structure as intact as possible. With no more markets for war goods, deflation and depression can possibly be stalled off by hundreds of thousands of tons of civilian goods dumped into Korea—with the United States Treasury reaching for the check.

Evidently, whether you win or not these days, you pay for it through the nose.

The American people are growing eternally tired of it.

In asking Congress for \$200,000,000 for "the gigantic rehabilitation program" that he had promised Mr. Rhee, it becomes apparent that Mr. Eisenhower intends to follow the Truman pattern of buying ourselves popularity once more in overseas domains.

If Rhee agreed to the truce terms only on condition that Americans—who bore most of the costs of the war and 95 percent of the casualties—put his country back shipshape, then the kindest term we can apply to it is, that again he cast Americans in the role of suckers. We sink two hundred millions more in South Korea, then Rhee dies or is "removed", and the Northern Commies shove in anyhow, and take over the works.

Oh, that we had Theodore Roosevelt to talk to that Far Eastern crowd of mee-lee-makers in these fraught days ahead!

Raise that Flag!



THIS EDITORIAL page, the issue following the signing of the inglorious Korean truce, would be doing readers a disservice not to give national expression to the current opinion of that stalwart American newspaper, *The Indianapolis Star*, in respect to this Korean flopperoo. Under the title, "Raise that Lowered Flag!" the *Star* makes articulate what is uppermost in the hearts of most chagrined Americans by the following—

"NOBODY in the United States is celebrating the Korean truce as a 'glorious victory.' Only the Chinese Communists are using those words to describe the end of the fighting. The reason is obvious. The Korean truce has been a negotiated defeat for the U-N allies and a surrender by the United States—not to the enemy but to our allies.

"This negotiated defeat was made almost inevitable by the decision of President Truman, under pressure from a majority of our U. N. Allies, not to win the war when it could have been won. Twice Gen. MacArthur and Gen. Van Fleet had victory within their grasp. Twice they were denied that victory by the diplomats and politicians they served.

"President Eisenhower has accepted the terms of the truce written chiefly by the Truman administration and by the U. N. He has settled only the last of the many questions that were already settled last year—the prisoner of war issue. He chose not to repudiate the U. N.'s past concessions. He chose not to risk the many lives that would have been lost in a third attempt to turn stalemate into complete victory. He bowed to

He Visits Me . .



MY HOME must all be spotless, and be clean,
The furniture all dusted, no dirt seen
On floors nor on the ceilings, side walls too,
Must all be renovated—just like new!

The attic . . oh, that attic, what a mess!
The cellar . . oh, that cellar, you can guess
The litter and the trash there tucked away
For total cleaning up—oh yes, someday!

But now! . . the renovation! . . What a task.
It must be done, and quickly—Why, you ask?
Why all the speed and swift necessity?
The answer—My Beloved comes to visit me!

For weeks I've worked like mad and it is done,
Oh yes, it's been some effort, not much fun,
And when, each night, fagged out I've hit the hay
I'd heave a tired sigh and sleep—some day!

Oh, yes, the home is clean—as clean can be,
Each thing is in its place, as you can see.
The grounds have all been renovated, too,
The little picket fence is painted new.

The garden—oh, that garden!—no weed there!
The flowers in the front—beyond compare;
I've hurried, worked like mad, as you can see,
For My Beloved comes—to visit me!

So now I sit me down and take the book,
To open it at random—and I look!
The print is lit with fire, the letters run,
My task of cleaning . . it has just begun!

The surface? . . yes, that's clean as it can be,
But how about the Inward Thinking Me?
The thoughts which I have harbored since my youth,
The wild thoughts, far, so far, from Truth;

And habits! . . which I've cuddled to my heart,
And practices which must be torn apart,
And given to consuming embers—now!
That I too may be clean . . My head I bow,

In humble, meek submissiveness I ask
How can this thing be done, this awful Task?
The words of fire, reflecting from the page,
These Words of Truth for all, in any age,

"The hands be clean, the heart be pure and true,
Before Your Dear Beloved comes to you!"
This latter task, colossal it may be,
It shall be done, for *My Beloved visits me!*

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Soulcraft Chapels

the demands of our Allies and the authority of the United Nations.

"We have won an end to the fighting, and in that America will rejoice. We have won the freedom of that pitifully small group of American prisoners still in Communist hands. In that we will rejoice. We have stopped the bloody killing long since made senseless by the refusal of our leaders and the U. N. members to seek clear cut victory. For that we can be thankful.

"But we have lost far more than we have won. We have lost 140,000 American casualties with about 30,000 of our brave sons killed. We have lost billions of dollars wrung from American taxpayers to finance 95 percent of the United Nations' 'collective security'—taxpayers who thought they were paying for victory against aggression. And 8,000 of our sons have been brutally slaughtered while helpless prisoners of the Communists.

"We have lost the prestige that the United States used to have in Asia by settling for a stalemate. We have lost the trust of millions of people who have in the past seen America's invincible armies and navies sweep the world before them. We have for the sake of expediency and to please our Allies compromised with principle in the hope of saving a United Nations that cannot be saved by defeat or by compromise with principle.

"And now in the halls of the United Nations we hear the shameful clamor to admit the Red aggressor as an honored member in reward for its "glorious victory" against the U. N.

"Americans who have borne the suffering and defeat, the financial burden and the blood cannot accept this dishonor, this insult to those who died fighting for victory, for honor and for country. We cannot accept a mean and fearful surrender of principle to win temporary respite from the struggle against Communist brutalitarianism.

"Americans must rise in wrathful defiance of a United Nations that would accept Communist China as a member. Our people should make it crystal clear to our own government and to the United Nations that the day Red China walks into the United Nations with its loaded gun, we walk out, with our loaded gun. We cannot sit together in honor with this outlaw government while the shadows of our dead sons lie heavy across our shoulders.

For the first time we have dipped Old Glory—not to an enemy, but to those whom we had thought our friends. That we must never do again. Instead we must now raise the Stars and Stripes in proud defiance. We must renew in our hearts the courage, the honor and the unity for which those bright colors stand."

Korean Truce

(Continued from Page 3)

as they are in the iron girders of the Soviet police states, to escape to Constantinople. Nevertheless they are coming—overland at the border, and by small boats in the dead of night in the Black Sea. There are explosions behind them in Rumania and Bulgaria which grow more serious, more violent, every day.

"The riots in East Berlin gave strong impetus to this—a strong push forward. We could see those troubles in East Berlin, of course, because we were in Berlin ourselves. But we missed the opportunity in Bulgaria and Rumania.

"Nevertheless, this listening post and watch tower of Constantinople gives you the chance to talk with those escaped people—get in behind the Iron Curtain in a most revealing way—and the facts of the disruption, the breaking-up, the falling apart, contain the best news we have had for your land and mine in many a day."

TAYLOR then goes along in his broadcast to sketch Turkey on the Bosphorus, completely friendly to America, and standing foursquare against anything Communist. He says the Turks are the one people in Europe not fooled in any respect by the Kremlin, and no peace offer by Russia means the slightest thing to them. The Turks intend to stand with an army of 500,000 men, he says, on the Russian border, no matter what the Russians may say or do, and no matter what U-N says or does.

Thus it probably comes about that it is Turkey that feels the first onrush of the Oriental-Tartar hordes precipitating Armageddon. Nostradamus says in Quatrain 54 of Book V—

From the Black Sea and Great Tartaria,
A king shall come to see France,
He shall go through Alanea and Armenia,

And shall leave a bloody rod in Constantinople.

And in Quatrain 62 of the same Book, he goes on—

It shall rain blood upon the rocks,
The sun being in the East and Saturn
in the West,
War shall be near Orgon and a great
evil at Rome,
Ships shall be cast away and a great
trident taken.

In Quatrain 27 of Book V, Nostradamus makes the positive statement—

By the fire and sword, not far from
the Black Sea,
They shall come from Persia to seize
upon Trebisonde,
Pharos and Methelin shall quake, sun
be merry,
The sea of Adria shall be covered with
oriental blood.

And in Quatrain 29 of Book II, we find this—

The Oriental shall come out of his
seat,
Shall pass over the Apennine moun-
tains and see France,
He shall go over the air, the waters
and the snow
And shall strike everyone with his
staff.

If you want the whole drama of the next twenty years interpreted by Nostradamus, you should acquire a copy of *Thresholds of Tomorrow* and read Chapter IX. Who can we translate by terms of "Oriental" but the rampant Chinese, unrepentant of the fiasco in Korea? And we still have the Soulcraft Mentor prediction, "In your time you will see Chinamen in the streets of Moscow."

The whole thing boils down to the conviction that from here on out, the United Nations farce is, on the whole, finished. President Eisenhower only this past week asked Gov. Craig of Indiana to be the new U. S. delegate to that hypocritical and fallacious body. Craig refused. With the Kremlin unrepresented by the ubiquitous Vershinski, and the Korean fiasco standing as monument to international impotency to preserve peace, America can—and doubtless will—from this month forward "go it alone."

"Why not?"

She is still undefeated, despite the oriental stalemate.

There is portent in that.
Page Nostradamus.

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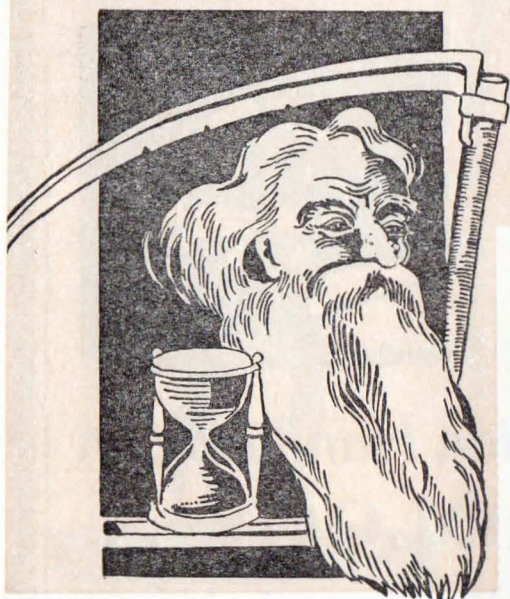
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Soulcraft Chapels



COGITATIONS

eral Publick, I wonder, what I must face each new week? . . .

o—o

TAKE MONDAY, for instance. It comes unerringly after Sunday on all the best calendars and it means that a new week of five days must start, to end with the payroll on Friday afternoon. In between the sunrise of Monday and sunset of Friday there are definite duties I must perform. If I fail to perform them, all the peewees and jackdaws avalanche me with the close-spaced communications . . . Monday morning on arising at 5 a. m., because such is the hour when Buzzie has had sufficient sleep and concludes therefore that all humans have also, I awaken to the week's repetitive realities, put my feet on the floor, grope for my dressing gown—commenting all the while at Buzzie beneath my breath—arise and shut him up by apportioning him his morning replenishment of chopped horse. Thereat Buzzie goes wandering the neighborhood, bulging with the horse, and I have time to brew myself a pot of lumberjack's coffee and take it to my writing-room. Thus I start pounding out copy for VALOR. I do this until 9:30, when the mail arrives from



the post office. It is sometimes ten or eleven o'clock by the time I have opened and read all the suggestions from the congregation as to how I should be conducting this enterprise better than I do. By eleven I have been called to the printing-room three times to help hunt for commas that have been misplaced by careless employes, or search for the elec-

trotype that goes on page four, or read proof on the article about the woman who had the psychical experience of watching her dead husband walking around without his head—no uncommon occurrence to married ladies—or meet the traveling salesman who wishes to sell me a gross of baby rattles to give away as subscription premiums to the kindergarten element. I do not stop to eat lunch—by what right should I stop to eat lunch? I eat lunch by having it placed on the side of my writing-table, with Emma, Fritz, Butch and Buzzie all gathered 'round to give me competent assistance. I write *Cogitations* first, and then the lead-article for Page One, and then the editorials, and ultimately the *Afterthought*. It is then somewhere about 9:45 in the evening. And a motorcar full of customers has driven in from Peoria, acclaimed themselves by shouts, and demand to "make a night of it" . . . not to mention tomorrow and most of the coming week . . .

o—o

TUESDAY is the day of the Lean Mail. People don't post letters on the Sabbath, it seems. That gives me the chance to try to catch up with the Sunday-Monday mail. But at 10:19 a. m. are more shouts outside from another motorcar-full that has arrived from East Barrington, Mass., joyously proclaiming to me that they can actually "stay a week." With the folks who came last night, this makes something like nine to go about the premises, clapping shoulders, renewing reminiscences, telling about all the operations they've had since being here, and want to use the long-distance telephone to call Miami. Meanwhile the stitcher has gone haywire in the bindery, another comma has been dropped squarely into the big press while it was running and the thing can't turn until it is found, I have answered three telephone calls from Oregon, hear that the music on the last Sunday reels was lousy, and if I played it to them over the phone, they

SPEAKING of Buzzie's caprices unleashing suppressed desires in me to chew calendars, go about the plant disfiguring employes, trying to run my typewriter with the soles of both feet, and starting to mow the back lawn with manicure scissors, there are other factors in my life that continually disrupt what otherwise should be a placid and enviable disposition. One of these is the mail. Not the mail as general communications from a great parcel of folks throughout the nation whom I love, but mail from some peewee or jackdaw off on a limb of the Tree of Knowledge who writes me the epistle running to four-and-a-half closely typed pages, telling me all his eccentricities and complexes since the night as an infant when his mother left him out in the snow and the milkman found him solid ice with morning, or he fell off a high building in slippery weather, dropped seventeen stories, and has never been the same man since—and threatens to apply to United Nations for permission to sue me on sight if he doesn't get a reply of equal length by the fourth forenoon. You'd be surprised the quaint ideas some people entertain about a job such as mine. I call it a "job" but it's more an obsession. If I didn't have it, I'd be living in marble halls, I suppose, driving a Rolls Royce, going to Europe regularly between revolutions, and employing porterhouse steaks to bait the mouse traps. Can I convey to this Gen-

can somehow get through the week with spiritual normality. This, while two more salesmen wish to see me up front, one to sell me booklets on a swifter way to figure a heavier income tax, and the second with a patent egg-fry mechanism where I put the live hen inside and get a sizzle the instant she starts her exultant cackle. Why all these salesmen insist on seeing *me*, belongs in the realm of the metaphysical. Telling them I'm not seeable does no good. They're perfectly willing to park themselves on the waiting room divan and snatch a free reading of VALORS until I come out of hiding. Then they nail me. I can't throw them out because it wouldn't be Christian . . .

o—o

AFTER Tuesday comes Wednesday. The various VALOR pages must be made up on Wednesday. I superintend this job myself so as not to get the electrotape about the little red school house in the article on how to bag a Flying Saucer in your own backyard with a mosquito net, or the sketch of the atom bomb destroying New York in a heading on the article about what to do when mother-in-law comes, mother-in-law might take that as personal and decide I am not a fit mentor to counsel her adult six-year-old in Mysticism. Two motorcars full have come on Wednesday and the place begins to look like a convention of Elks, the folks who came Monday at 9:30 p. m. gathering in a little knot in a corner of the side-lawn and making Nasty Remarks because I have not held audience with them on the patio and pontificated. I should pontificate *for* and *to* them for at least three hours or their trip will be a bust. Trying to observe the amenities, I have permitted them to bask in the salubrious personal vibrations for only a scant hour, when the linotype operator has run out of copy and where is the Good Stuff for the current weekly *Soulscript*? I cut short the pontificating to get up the Good Stuff and the Peoria folks drive away in a huff. They have heard foul rumors that I step on the fingers of helpless babies, drink draughts of coca-cola at ungodly hours, even enjoy pepper on ice cream. Now they are sure of each of these, and catch them remitting \$2.47 at any time in future to any such outfit. I am a delusion and a snare, that's what I am . . . and there is a long-distance telephone call from Pawnee, Oklahoma, waiting in the front lounge, from an elderly high school principal who wishes to inform me that

"crystallization" on his current copy of VALOR has been spelled with only one "I" . . . the while three salesmen have applied at the front office to sell me (1) deep freeze refrigerator, (2) a chemical to kill termites, and (3) safety pins that open and shut by the powers of thought, thus preventing my bosom from flying open when I am pontificating and having to excuse myself to render my appearance conventional. So, too, pass Thursday and Friday . . .

SATURDAY morning, after the payroll has been met on Friday, I would greatly enjoy lying abed and thinking how much I love Buzzie, but there is an automobile parked out front, which has been there all night, and in which callers from St. Catherines, Ontario, are apparently sleeping with feet in each other's faces. I am to have a perfectly joyous week end with seventeen by this time—the five who went back to Peoria in a huff not counting—and nothing else faces me all day but a weekly broadcast to write and put on the electronic tape—with music. I must first write the script for this broadcast, I say, which takes me somewhat less than seven hours, interruptions and Saturday salesmen being what they are, meantime the men have come to dig the new dry well in the backyard, and ruin the lawn, and where shall they throw the excess dirt? By the time I get back to the studio to begin the audition, the rainclouds are up, it begins to pour a torrent on the roof, and the results sound in the microphone like an hysterical medicine man of the Sioux tribe shaking a gourd of dried peas the size of an army tank within the studio confines. By the time the rain has stopped, *everybody* has gone away mad, because they couldn't get two hours per person alone with me, one old lady from Oshkosh doing so in tears because I have not cured her arthritis by laying on of hands, and the salesman for the roof-surfacing compound stealing a copy of the *Golden Scripts* which I would have given him free if he'd only been patient.

o—o

BUT LEST anyone think this is my program for one week, I tell you it is my program for fifty-two weeks, and not one year but three years—without a single day off. No, I take that back. In August of 1950 I *did* make a three-day trip to New York and Washington to see an odd assortment of senators and thank them personally for their efforts

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Soulcraft Chapels

in my behalf. On a rainy forenoon of April, 1957, I have been clairaudiently promised three whole hours in strictest privacy, when I can be *alone* and read a book. The sensation will doubtless be so novel that I probably can't take it. I find it well-nigh impossible taking the outing of a summer evening at a local drive-in movie. Ten to one I come back to find two motor cars—one from Knoxville, Tennessee, and the other from Brainerd, Minnesota, with visitors who will stay till a week from Tuesday. What I need on this Job is a professional receptionist who can pontificate. That, and four stenographers working in relays, seven mechanical workmen who don't drop commas where they can't be found, linotype machines that don't run out of copy, and a broadcasting microphone with an arm holding a boxing glove, that reaches out and flattens any pooch automatically that lifts its voice—or does what Butch once did, . . . go to sleep and *snore* right under the bench holding the tape reprinting machines. People in Denver and similar Colorado spots wanted to know how I ever got *that* sound-effect on the reels, being otherwise awake and seemingly in right mind. I'd gone hunting for that snore, it seemed, forgetting to shut off the mikes, and what I remarked when the bench-leg beagle was discovered on his back, making sounds with his mouth open, by no means belonged on a reel holding *Golden Scripts*. However, God bless the Soulcrafters, they're a Visiting Bunch on principle and if they didn't come to see us we'd know something was wrong. Let's see, it is now one o'clock of Tuesday noon and that linotype wants manuscript. Buzzie is barking to get *in*, Emma wants to get *out*, there are three guests in the back bedroom that ought to get *up*, and two more salesmen have just come into the front office whom I must put *down*. Nothing to do till tomorrow. No, there's another motorcar full just driven up! . . . If they can't stay a fortnight it will positively break my heart!

—THE RECORDER

Sensation of Dying

(Continued from Page 6)

fer with a man upon a business deal which we expect is going to profit us handsomely, only to discover that he left for Europe the previous day and we have made the journey for nothing.

No one, it seems, is ever quite satisfied with the results obtained from an incarnation that is closing. The last thought running through the mind is: "How much better I might have done!" or, "How much more brilliantly I might still succeed, if the incarnation could be prevented from closing right here!"

The person who thinks this last, however, is forgetting that he is reaching such conclusion and feeling such aspiration because he is employing many of the improvements and enlargements of his consciousness that actually are his because the life span has been lived. To be able to feel regret, that the span is closing, is truly a sort of proof that it has not been without its profit.

Ten to one, however, after the transition has been completed, and the person has the chance to begin a dispassionate examination of all that his late incarnation has given him, all such regret passes. "I actually did profit far more than I could possibly realize while I was encased in my body," he concludes.

BUT THAT sort of appreciation does not come to the spirit immediately. Days, weeks, months, and sometimes years of earthly time are consumed, while the explicit compensations from an incarnation are becoming apparent. The first big sensation that the discarnate soul experiences, is the recognition that the so-called Hereafter is by no means the plight that woeful orthodoxy has described. Information tallied from a thousand discarnate sources and psychically recorded—as well as the testimonies given by persons "called back from the dead" in the instances set forth—indicates that the immediate reactions from making the change are those not uncommon to the Flying Dream enjoyed by millions of persons nightly. Realized with a perturbing vagueness at first, it gradually comes to the "deceased" person that from such "dream" he cannot awaken. His condition is real! He actually is in some sort of encasement that is capable of "flying." It is not physical flight, of course. It is locomotion of his electrical pattern body by the propellation of Thought. But it feels like flying—and flying in a world that bears all the familiar characteristics of the world which he knew in the bodily flesh. Surprise and delight are multiplied when the further discovery is apparent that his consciousness is contained in an encasement that

bears a strange resemblance to the body he has recognized as his on earth. Only it is softer, lighter, more elastic, and capable of immediate response to the directions of his mind.

If the person has "gone out" in reasonable possession of his customary faculties, he may be able to take note of the scenes occurring in the physical dimension. He will be aware of his "survivors" gathered, perhaps, 'round the encasement from which his astral pattern or "electrical architect" has just come forth. Most persons who have described the sensations of their passing, declare that they have been torn between protest at the grief which their survivors are feeling at their "loss," and a poignant affection for the familiar physical encasement which they recognize has served them so long and faithfully. If there is any real wrench at "death," it comes from this regret at having to bid adieu to a mechanism that over long years has been so intimately associated with all their worldly acts.

WHAT happens to them subsequently, of course lies outside the strict business of "dying." The change in itself is an agreeable release from the carrying of weight. If, on the other hand, a person has not gone out in full possession of his faculties, or has been steadfastly convinced throughout his earthl ytenure that "death ends everything," he will peculiarly find himself in an area of what is known as "darkness"—a state, by the way, that is strictly mental.

More of this presently.

Dying, in short, is a departure of the Electrical Architect from the physical atoms making up the body. Suppose we consider what Science itself has found out about this Electrical Architect, before considering what death offers as an altered mental status.

Soulcraft Rostrum

(Continued from Page 7)

the matter is expressed in the adage, "It isn't where you stand at the moment that counts, but which way your face is turned."

But none of us need ever lose heart. Every soul grows by struggle. There is no other way to man and Godhood. *Why* it is so, we may well ponder. But that it is so, we need not doubt.

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It is not a question of "whether we've won or lost, but how we've played the game."

A MAN, a woman, and a dog, are a universe of heaven, earth, and hell personalized respectively. At least there are times when the dog doubtless thinks so.

LIFE is a succession of experiences at learning how *not* to do things—and doing the others as profitably as possible. Either way we win.

IT'S a blessed thing to love a Woman despite her sputtering. It's heaven on earth to love a woman who doesn't sputter in the first place!

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

LHAVE just had a week-end visitor who gave cause for reflection. One of our Soulcraft leaders brought his aged father to Headquarters. On the way to Noblesville from a Northern State, he broke the trip with the parent by a call at Chesterfield. At Chesterfield—the northern Indiana summer encampment of those embracing the Spiritualistic faith—they were successful in getting themselves included in a group that was meeting with a capable medium for purposes of witnessing possible materializations. The sitting came off on schedule. And among the invisibles that forthwith appeared tangible to sound and touch, was this Soulcrafters' mother—naturally his father's erstwhile helpmate. She appeared in fullest materialization, in sufficient illumination for form and features to be identified and recognized, dressed in a costume each remembered, speaking to them in a voice that was familiar to their memories. In short, the wife-mother, who had been on the Other Side a matter of several years, put in a quarter-hour reappearance. What made the contact particularly notable was the reported fact that during the materialization she bent over close and kissed her husband on the forehead.

That tore it.
For him.

THE OLD gentleman was oddly reticent during his stay at Noblesville, and the son had to apologize for him. "Father's shaken to his foundations," the son enlightened me. "By every rule and standard of the senses, mother wasn't far off somewhere past Pearly Gates, and wandering about streets of jasmine, drinking of the Waters of Eternal Life. Mother was right there in Chesterfield, in that earthly seance-room, and she hadn't experienced any contact with angels or seraphim during the time she'd 'been over', she'd been pretty much right about this current earth, only in invisible form. And the reason Dad was shaken, and still is shaken, isn't because mother leaned over and kissed him at parting, and her kiss was warm and real. It was because Dad has been an orthodox Christian all his life, and never questioned what the Bible has had to say about the After Life. Now nearing ninety years of age, and figuring he hasn't so long to stay in this world himself, his whole assurances about dying and reaching heaven have done an awful somersault, with mother standing all his religious notions on their heads. And nothing I can say to him seems to console him."

It was tough on the old gentleman. Psychiatrically analyzed, I suppose, what really was upsetting him wasn't so much the exact location of the wife he'd been looking forward to joining in the Elysium Fields, as it was the fact that over a lifetime he might have been basing his religious faith on mere religious fancy and allegory. If all the Pentecostal tenets he'd believed in were subject to the same erroneous interpretation, where did

it leave him? It was a sort of self-chagrin that was searing him.

"And yet," he said to me, in one of the rare periods when I got him into conversation, "I know it's possible for the soul to operate outside the body because one time, back in my life, when I had enteric fever and the doctor had said I wouldn't live through the night, I'd gotten out of my physical self, left it behind, climbed what seemed to be a great flight of stairs and knocked on a door at the top. Pretty soon an old, bearded fellow answered, took a look at me, and shook his head. 'No,' he says to me, 'you've got to go back. You don't belong here yet. It isn't your Time to leave earthly life for good.' And I had to retrace myself, come back to my bedroom and my body, and wake up in the same old customary world. When morning came, and I hadn't died during the night, the doctor was stopped cold. I'd lived by some sort of miracle, he said."

I responded, "In other words, you had pretty much the same sort of Seven-Minutes experience that I had, only I hadn't been ill."

"Maybe so," he said vaguely.

And he lapsed again into troubled cogitation.

IN THE ELECTRONIC recording room today, George is making reels and tapes for next Sunday night's chapels, continuing excerpts of Harriet's voice from the Hanford, California, materialization seance given July 8th by Bertie Lily Candler. The first half of the program, in fact, means the same thing as enabling me to introduce Harriet in person to the Soulcrafters from Maine to Oregon. Harriet was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, November 14, 1912, and vacated her infant body in Wilmington, Vermont, of a date in February, 1914, in result of cerebral meningitis. Time and again during the past 12 to 15 years, she has found ways and occasions for materializing before me, regardless of the medium. We have not only sung a duet together in some of these sessions, but on one occasion she had me embrace her and we did a two-step up the carpet in company.

To think of Harriet as "dead" would be to do her an insulting disservice. Most of the time she is simply "visiting elsewhere." I feel her presence constantly about the Headquarters premises, however, and occasionally converse with her clairaudiently. All I can observe is, that as Psychical Science proceeds further and further in demonstrating the actuality of the personal consciousness in discarnate pattern, orthodox theology is riding for one vast, catastrophic and indescribable fall.

Nothing apparently can be done to avert it. But I can see how it might be tough on the oldsters, having spent their whole lives reasonably secure in religious acceptances. So hasten the day when the human race has unassailable Truth preached to it. As a matter of kindness.

Pelle