

Valor

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

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THE WAY TO STOP COMMIES COLD ..



HOUSE Judiciary committee set to work in Washington last week to make Communism a crime throughout the United States. Chairman Graham, Pennsylvania Republican, said, "We're determined to put an all-comprehensive bill through this session of Congress," as his group began hearings on eleven bills to outlaw the Communist party and punish whomsoever belongs to it.

According to an AP dispatch, Representative Walter, Pennsylvania Democrat, sponsor of one of those eleven, told the subcommittee that stern action was necessary if the United States was to avoid "being made ridiculous" all over the world. His measure would amend the treason and sedition laws

Communism Doesn't Need to Be Outlawed; It Needs to Be EXPOSED! . . .

by making it a criminal offense for anyone to be a member of a party "advocating the establishment of totalitarian dictatorship in the United States."

It does not mention the Communist Party by name and Walter argued, "There is no use outlawing the Communist Party by name because tomorrow it would be called something else."

Martin Dies of Texas testified that he wants to take the Communist Party completely off the ballot and deny it any rights or privileges.

"Until you destroy the legal aspects of the Party, you can never deal with it," he said. "The death-blow can be dealt only when this nation declares membership to be a crime."

And Wilson of Texas, author of a third bill on the same subject, told the committee, "the Communist Party is nothing but a revolutionary conspiracy."

While many recommendations to outlaw the Communist Party have been made in the past, this is the first time that a legislative committee of the Congress has undertaken a study of specific bills.

IT SHOULD be grasped by all Soulcrafters, however, that this is not an easy measure to draft and bring to passage. VALOR's editor, who is now being everywhere called the dean of anti-Communist fighters in the United States, antedates any Representative in the Congress considering this explosive question—including Martin Dies himself. He knows—the editor does—that what is contemplated consists of far more than throwing a handful of caustic prohibitions, attaching a stiffish prison penalty, and withdrawing in sanctimonious gratification at good work well done.

There is the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States to be regarded in all of its potent implications.

The First Amendment says that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble

and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The real difficulty in the whole communism outlawry resides in the fact that any unbiased high court would throw out the bills now being proposed, as unconstitutional in the first test case of penalties brought before it.

Much as VALOR is in sympathy with what these lawmakers are trying to do, the fact that a majority of American citizens regard the communist ideology as anathema does not permit the Congress to pass statutes denying the communist-minded the right to hold it.

It would be passing a statute flagrantly denying freedom of speech and press to an alien element that is one of the sheltering specifications of our free form of government.

Indeed, as Wilson of Texas declared, Communism as a Party is nothing but a revolutionary conspiracy, but in all judicial dispassion let us recognize that it is only such to those who fear it for the deadly effects resulting if it gained to a majority. The native-born pro-Communist may not consider it as such at all. He has as much right to his opinion as the anti-Commie has to his own.



What these elementary thinkers in the Congress must face sooner or later is the true nature and essence of the Constitution which assures—at least in theory—Voltaire's famous *bon mot*, "I do not agree with one word you say, but I'll fight to the death for your right to say it."



THE THING you run smash against when you go trying to legislate ideologies is the flagrant abuses to which the prohibitive statutes are lent when you depart from the clean-cut declarations of the First Amendment. For instance, take Rep. Walter's bill. He would amend the treason and sedition laws, "making it a criminal offense for anyone to be a member of a party advocating the establishment of totalitarian dictatorship in the United States."

Any citizen of the United States with intellect enough to graduate from high school should readily grasp that no party hoping to get anywhere in the American scene would ever openly "advocate" the establishment of a totalitarian dictatorship. Totalitarian dictatorships are usually achieved *after* some individual of authoritative temperament has succeeded to office. He simply goes ahead and does as he pleases. The nation isn't lacking in its elements who would vehemently declare that Rep. Walter's recommendations, enacted into law, would have named its first criminal to have been one Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It is doubtful if the United States will ever again approach so close to one-man authority in its government as Roosevelt appropriated unto himself in his final years in the Presidency. And when you get a dictatorial temperament ensconced in power as FDR got himself ensconced, it is far too late to call up statutes saying that the rank and file of his supporters should be prosecuted as criminals. Besides, you have to go into the dictator's courts and appeal to his prosecuting arm to arraign and try their autocratic superior.

REP. DIES wants to take the Communist Party completely off the ballot and deny it rights and privileges. But as a panacea this expedient itself falls
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What You Should Know about Quartz Crystals . .



Not Only Do They Enable Discarnates to Be Photographed but They May Figure in Soulcraft to Prodigious Degree

New Jersey for the information extended in this article and from whose publicity on the subject it quotes . .

“WHEN our world was in the making,” Mr. Miller most graphically describes it, “a minute silicon atom, known chemically as Si, roaming through space happened to meet a pair of Oxygen twins O-2 and it was love at first sight. The offspring of this union was a molecule unromantically called Si-O2. Soon there was a colony of these happy molecules governed by a constitution of rigid rules. So developed the beautiful lattice-like structure of Quartz Crystals in every conceivable size.”

The crystal won its name in ancient Greece. Hardy mountain climbers first came upon it gleaming in hidden caves near Mt. Olympus. Awed by its purity, they called it *Krustallos*, meaning ice. They believed it was water, so frozen by the gods as to be forever solid.

Man probably admired and used the Quartz Crystal during the Stone Age. However, its first important recognition was for its ornamental value coming with the mastery of the art of cutting and polishing rock into seals, beads, and other jewelry by the earliest Sumerians of Mesopotamia. A thousand years before Christ the Egyptians had brought the art to a high level.

Almost at the same time, Oriental lapidaries became famous for such crystal carving that they could work heavier specimens into scientifically symmetrical glass balls, which when properly mounted, became the Crystal Balls of earliest nec-

romancy and clairvoyance. With a small metal hammer, the Chinese in particular, rounded the rough stone into a sphere. Then they rubbed it by hand for an incredible period in an iron trough, using sea sand and rotted seaweed for abrasives. The final polishing was achieved with a rouge of ground hermitite.

Crystal balls have been found in the tomb of Childeric, father of Clovis; in the crypts of Egyptian rulers, French kings, and Saxon chiefs.

IN THE hands of the Crystal Gazer, the Quartz Crystal first entered world affairs. Rulers of many nations consulted the seers and the fates of their countries frequently depended upon what was envisioned in the crystal's limpid depths. Queen Elizabeth of medieval England is said to have consulted the famous crystal gazer, Dr. Dee, on personal and political problems.

What makes the quartz crystal possess such properties as to so tire the eye with long gazing into its heart that the sublimated mind reacts and fashions panoramic pictures of forthcoming events? Scientists of today imply that the secret rests in the fantastically high rate of vibration of the silicon and oxygen atoms.

The ordinary tuning-fork vibrates about 200 times a second. The violin string, being scraped by the catgut bow, operates at vibration of 3,500 times a second. Quartz Crystal vibrates at practically 1,000,000 times a second. This can be translated for the lay intelligence to mean that it exceeds the vibration of ul-

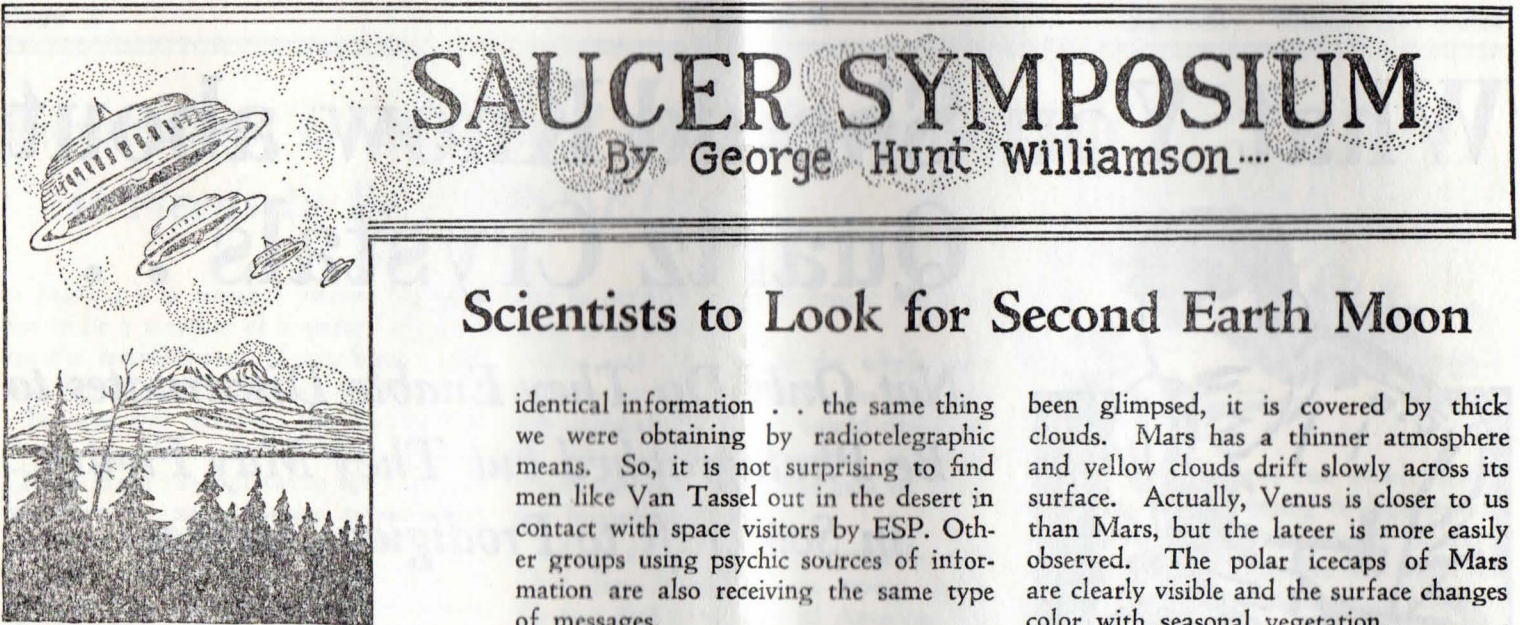
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HERE is only one other substance being taken from Mother Earth today whose commercial value, volume for volume, compares with uranium or radium, and that is Quartz Crystal. Persons interested in metaphysics and psychical research hear that some new and startling photographs have been taken of Invisible Presences with the added information that the camera had been equipped with a quartz lens, and they marvel. What does quartz do that ordinary glass does not? What is quartz, anyhow?

Expressing it as tersely as possible, quartz is a mineral compound found in dykes or “vugs” of pergamite, of one part silicon to two parts of oxygen and after being subjected to geologic heats and pressures formed into something only three points softer than the diamond. Needless to add that it is almost as scarce as the diamond. At present time almost the world's entire supply is imported from Brazil.

Expressed in terms of modern science, an insignificant looking wafer of quartz, almost identical with a postage stamp as to size and shape, is the heart of every broadcasting station—whether for radio, radar, or television—operating throughout the world.

VALOR is indebted to the August E. Miller Laboratories of North Bergen,



SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson

Scientists to Look for Second Earth Moon

identical information . . . the same thing we were obtaining by radiotelegraphic means. So, it is not surprising to find men like Van Tassel out in the desert in contact with space visitors by ESP. Other groups using psychic sources of information are also receiving the same type of messages.

been glimpsed, it is covered by thick clouds. Mars has a thinner atmosphere and yellow clouds drift slowly across its surface. Actually, Venus is closer to us than Mars, but the latter is more easily observed. The polar icecaps of Mars are clearly visible and the surface changes color with seasonal vegetation.

Most astronomers agree that there is something extraordinary on the surface of Mars, and they would like to know the real meaning behind the controversial "canals". Not very much new information has been gathered on Mars since its last close approach in 1939. We didn't have the 200-inch Mount Palomar telescope then and photographic emulsions are faster now, permitting pictures to be taken with shorter exposures and less blurring. Some astronomers plan to use motion picture film this summer, taking thousands of pictures.

When the Mars Committee meets, it will apportion the intricate work among its available telescopes, birth north and south of the equator. Astronomers hope that this summer's work will solve the great mystery of whether there is really *life on Mars!* We wonder if this is just a warning to the public that we can expect official, public statements to the effect that there is life on Mars, indeed? Are the American people and the people of the world being readied for the greatest announcement in history?

ASTRONOMER Clyde Tombaugh, who discovered the planet Pluto in 1930, is now looking for a nearer and even more elusive object: *a second satellite of the earth.*

Dr. Tombaugh refuses to give details (with good reason) and refers questioners to Army Ordnance in Washington. The rocketmen who work for Army Ordnance must be interested in the project. They may only want to know what opposition from nature their rockets are apt

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THOSE of you who have read *The Saucers Speak* will recall that our space friends spoke of a "dark moon", or second moon of our Earth. They called this second satellite, "Fowser". George Van Tassel of Giant Rock Airport, California has received the same information via ESP, while our contact was via radiotelegraphy for the most part.

The amazing thing in this saucer research business is the fact that people and groups who never knew each other before, and never heard of the other's work, come out with almost the same identical information. When I read Mr. Van Tassel's record of communications I was astounded. And when he recently read my book, he said: "If I didn't know better, I'd say that Williamson stole my material and I stole some of his." Our information is identical, even to detailed technical points.

Our space friends told us, you will remember, that they could "beam" their signals into our crude radio receiving sets, but they preferred to "beam" these same messages to human receivers. They told us that the human mind is a far greater piece of receiving equipment than any man-made device of wires, tubes and antenna. That's why people don't receive signals from the spacecraft into their car radios, their portable radio sets, FM sets, and just about anything that can receive wireless.

Space intelligences have also said that they would contact others, give them

SO, MANY months ago, saucer researchers knew that our Earth possessed another moon . . . now scientists claim they believe our earth indeed may have an extra satellite. Is it possible they knew of its existence some time ago and are only now breaking the news "gently" to the public? I do know that the speed record in aircraft is far in excess of what they claim it to be publicly . . . or the space station? What of the secret H-Bomb plant in California? There is much that the American people don't know! Of course, I understand why this is true. Certain security measures must be taken to protect our new developments so they will not fall into the hands of those who would use them against us!

Many startling facts are now being made public knowledge. And we can expect more in the near future. On July 2, 1954, the planet Mars will come closer to the earth than it has in fifteen years. It will only be forty million miles away. In 1956 it will only be thirty-five million miles away, and scientists will have another look.

This month the "Mars Committee," representing leading U. S. observatories and universities, will meet in Washington to see that Mars gets the most complete going-over (from earth scientists) it has ever had. Except for the Moon, Mars is the only celestial object in the sky whose surface can be studied by instruments on earth. Mercury is too close to the sun, Pluto is too far from our earth, and the other planets are almost always hidden in clouds. The surface of Venus, for example, has only rarely

NOT for a Moment Are You Ever Alone!



TRY to imagine what a stupendous change is coming in general human conduct when people have proven to them that never for a single instant in their lives are they completely and utterly alone!

The average person, knowing little or nothing about the subliminal dimensions, how they operate or how they are peopled, thinks that when he goes into an "empty" room and closes the door he thereby has privacy.

Those adept in the higher phases of metaphysical and natural research *know that there is no such thing as privacy!*

Fantastic as it may sound to the unlearned hearing about it for the first time, there is no room, no office, no chamber, no vault, that exists in the finite world of materials, that cannot be penetrated and occupied by conscious human beings who have merely sloughed off their mortal sheathings as the caterpillar sloughs off its grublike body and becomes the butterfly. But all their other faculties are sentient and active.

They can apprise themselves of what is transpiring in any earthly location, although the physical senses are too clumsy and inept to pick them up or register them!

PHOTOGRAPHS have been taken of a subject under hypnosis, showing the *psyche* or soul of that entranced person leaving the physical body to travel to an immense distance, witnessing what occurs at the designated location, finding its way back to the body and thereby "reporting" what has happened perhaps halfway around the earth.

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

This has been scientifically done.

If the soul and body can be disengaged under hypnosis, and the soul sent on discarnate errands, how much easier can those who have quitted the body permanently make journeys into the privacies of those about whom they desire information?

IT HAS been authoritatively stated that in every great congregation gathered in an earthly auditorium, numbering 5,000 people, the ratio of people present in a discarnate condition *will be close to 1,000,000!*

In childhood we were disturbed by the admonition that no matter where we were or what we were engaged in doing, God's eye was upon us.

As mature adults exploring the more stupendous phases of natural phenomena, we are discovering that whether God's eye is upon us or not, *the eyes of countless*

numbers of persons—good, bad, and indifferent—whom the world calls "dead" are upon us in almost constant attendance.

Practically every person in mortal life has at least two people near him every second of the twenty-four hours in each day, guiding and protecting him. If it were not true, human life would be chaos. It could not go on.

Out of the knowledge on the part of the ancients that such presences were a fact, arose the original idea of "guardian angels". In truth, these unseen counselors and protectors are usually the hovering souls of those who have been dear to us in life and who are now looking after us and shielding us from the superior vantage-points of the higher dimensions.

THE QUESTION naturally arises: If this is true, and such people know all about our utmost privacies why are we not tattled upon to others still in flesh?

If these Unseen Mentors are forever in attendance, watching everything—and they can communicate with others on the earth-level as has been avowed—how comes it that we can "get away with anything" that is fundamentally of a personal and private nature?

The answer is: If they be pernicious entities about us, *they do it far more often than we dream!* And their malicious behavior accounts for dozens of phenomena in our personal affairs, such as business deals wrecked without apparent cause, perpetual misfortune, malignant obses-

sions, unfortunate perversities of character or deportment directed against us.

On the other hand, if they be the proper type of friends, they can no more exercise themselves derogatively against us than they could, can, or do, while reckoned as our friends in flesh.

Concerning this question of Inter-Plane gossiping to the hurt of those on the mortal side an attempt was made on a recent evening to get an expression from those who had graduated out of physical bodies on the ethics of this practice.

The following was transmitted:

"THOSE of us who operate upon the higher planes of Love cannot—and would not if we could—pass on to you or others any information about those you love that would cause either of you pain.

"Whatever else we may be, *we are not gossips!* If there are those on This Side who are gossips they are like such persons on your side, and most of what they pass on to you is the fabrication of diseased fancy.

"Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good repute, whatsoever things are of Love and Charity, and therefore Holy, think on these things.

"We on the higher planes of God and the Spirit of God, and those daily with you, are in direct contact with that realm. But there are many who are vibrating still in earth conditions although they have lost their earthly bodies that alone seemed reality to them. They are often close to those they knew in earth life, and the slightest creeping in upon you of feeling of distrust or uncharitableness or suspicion, so lowers the rate of your vibration that if we are not present, and if you do not know how to protect yourself, you are in danger from the evil natures of their minds.

"YOU HAVE a devil within you, no matter how deeply he is buried and how far you are upon the Path of Evolution. That is, you have him with you although he is less powerful the farther you go, and when you have reached the point of no further earthly visitation, you say good-bye to him forever. He is, in other words, an inevitable weakness of flesh. It is the devil that is buried under vibrations of harmony and love but that is ever looking for the chance to stick his head out of his grave and get in touch

with his friends upon the other side.

"He is a phantasm of Mind and not a manifestation of Spirit!"

"You may be sure of one thing: We will tell you only those facts which you need for your own development, or which will add to your happiness. As the secrets of your soul are sacred to us, so are the secrets of all other human souls. You may be sure that the betrayal of what purports to be the secrets of another human soul is a message not from us but from those unfortunates ones of whom we have spoken.

"There is but one occasion in which we would tune in on another person's life and let you put the receiver to your ear. That is when a soul is in distress, needs your help, but is too proud to ask it. But even then we do not tell you details or facts. We simply impel you to offer your sympathetic interest in such a way that the barriers of reserve and pride and fear crumble away, and whatever secret places need to be opened are revealed to the eyes that look upon them with love and understanding.



"WE ARE happy that this lesson is received with understanding because it may, nay it must, save you much of tribulation in the future. The spirit of the words, not their form, must be your touchstone. If they betray to you aught of the secret life of another, albeit it is the person nearest and dearest to you, be sure it is not of us.

"When you investigate inner chambers of personality not opened to you by the conscious will or the conscious revelations of that individual, then you are employing what is akin to the black arts of the heathen world and your results are more often falsehood than truth.

"There are thoughts of love and beauty in other hearts for you which we often take the liberty of passing on to you be-

cause we know that it is the desire of the person concerned that we do so. But do you think we are less worthy to be trusted with the secrets of the soul than the doctor on your plane or the priest in his confessional who will often die rather than betray them?

"Not even to serve the ends of justice is the priest asked to betray the murderer who has confessed to him. The secrets of another's soul would be revealed to you only when it is the wish, conscious or otherwise, of the person involved, that you should know them—and even then they would only be given you as hints that would enable you to go about drawing them out in the right way."

Outlawing Commies

(Continued from Page 2)

beneath Walter's criticism, "There is no use outlawing the Communist Party by name because tomorrow it will be called something else."

Whole segments of the country in the late '30s were not overly wrong in declaring it was called the Democratic Party, considering the numbers of Commies in high federal positions.

Of course the Congress can go straight ahead and outlaw the Communist Party as such, denying to pro-Reds the prerogatives of the First Amendment, and even under extraordinary circumstances have it declared legal by the Supreme Court—as was done by the 1920 Sedition Laws. In 1920 the declarations of the First Amendment were grossly ignored and overridden in the matter of penalizing for Sedition, and the convictions under such statutes during World War II were scandalous and painful. In 1945 the Supreme Court handed down the celebrated Baumgartner and Hartzel decisions, cutting the whole ground from under the 1920 stipulations and turning loose two men who had exercised the right of official assaillment of the war and the executives prosecuting the war. But the Executive Department got around wholesale application of such interpretations by fixing it so that petitioners for relief—meaning citizens convicted under the nonconstitutional statutes of 1920—couldn't get habeas corpus hearings in the federal courts and have the 1945 interpretations applied, restoring their freedoms.

This was an instance not of two wrongs making a right, but *three*.

When you pass laws penalizing citizens for what they think, or for expressing their convictions in speech and press, you are in a mire of equivocation as to what the "intent" of such persons may be. Pelley was convicted in Indianapolis in 1942 for "intent" to establish a totalitarian dictatorship of anti-Communism, in a time when Communism was under no such stigma as it is at present and when Communists themselves had set up the ideological bulwark that any who opposed them were "Fascists". Here was a case of both Congress and Government taking the position that anyone who effectively organized against Red encroachments was as dangerous to the status quo as those aspiring to the encroachments themselves.

What are you going to do when the executives of an administration use the statutes to prosecute those aligned against them, and any gestures toward evicting a vast coterie of political rascals and mal-administrators can be designated as "an intent to establish totalitarianism"?

VALOR declares that there are at this very moment statutes enough on the books to convict and send every pro-Communist in the land to prison, as has been done in Manhattan, Minneapolis, and other places, if the officials in the judiciary really cared to go to work on the labor involved to make out true cases.

It is easier, apparently, to smoke out and burn up those who have fought a valiant fight against the Commies without portfolio.

However, none of it is constructive in recommendations as to what to do in the prevailing instance . . .

THERE is scarcely a veteran crusader against the Communist conspiracy in the United States who doesn't know that there is a way to stop Communism cold, and collapse it and exterminate it, and not a single statute voted upon the books in violation of the First Amendment.

The moment any one of today's congressional committees will make a grim and honest business of investigating the origin and true underwriting of Communism, and stop all the byplay and horseplay of considering it a system of government projected from a faraway Russian

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Perrins Talks Again to Boss Newsmen . .



SUPPOSE we put it this way, Mr. Boss Newspaperman . . . that if an atheist or Communist is godless, there must be a reason . . . that the idea of God as portrayed by orthodox Christianity is not acceptable to him. He looks upon it as fallacious, childish, and untrue. And largely, I say, it is. Most philosophically educated minds agree that it is. At least it's just symbolic, shall we put it? But no one does anything about correcting it because most average people are tyrannized over, by their own creeds and traditions.

You, my dear sir, are quick to investigate wrong things in politics, civic affairs, crime or rackets, but religion is something you let alone strictly. It can all be hash or mush insofar as you are concerned. It can deny people intellectually and prohibit them from getting any sagacious understanding of the Plan of Life. It may tend to ignorance and unhappiness. But the Constitution declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of any religion" and here in America we generally concede that every citizen shall be allowed to worship God after the dictates of his conscience. One would imagine that every man evolved his religion for himself, instead of taking what he found prepared for him on coming into the world.

No, the reason you let religion severely alone, no matter what incorrect or injurious effects it may be having upon those called communicants, is because opposition to any truly critical examinations of religion is *organized*—and well organized—to see that the human mind stays within a given perimeter of what is called "fundamental" knowledge. Great hierarchies of ecclesiastics will rise up savagely to combat any alterations of thinking or investigating tending to prove that most of their concepts are a sugar-coated



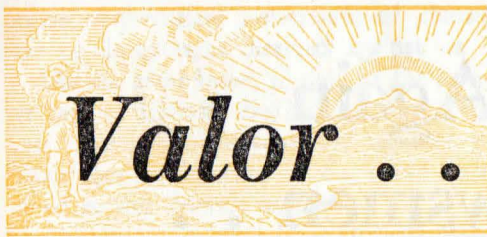
paganism or uncalled-for folklore. It's a convenient insurance against assailing to declare unqualifiedly that such challenge is blasphemy and unpardonable impiety. This fixes everything up and hides the ecclesiastics behind the immunity of Controversy.

But still the fallacy behind the whole of it does work its damage on the soul of Mr. Average Man . . .

OF COURSE, in a sense, you are not to blame. Probably you in your own turn you are as uncertain as to where to attack such spiritual autocracies as the atheist. But you *could* acquire the necessary knowledge in your own right and thereafter be equipped to take the constructive and renovating attitude. Moreover, you could do it in a mild, constructive, persuasive fashion that would keep rancors and resentments down to a minimum. *All* clergymen and prelates don't have closed minds. Thousands of them are as eager for Truth as anyone sitting before them in their pews.

What I'm trying to bring to your attention is, that you probably haven't suspected or had it brought constructively to your attention that there may be a provable Plan of Life that predicates Eternity on many, many 70-year life spans for the thousands of readers who buy and carry home your paper nightly. Aren't you therefore as blissfully asleep in the chains of century-old ideas and isn't it about time that you, as a principal in the dissemination of fact, awakened? I know your immediate reaction probably is to

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Nothing New

AMONG certain orthodox sects a new theory as to the origin of the Flying Saucers is gaining wide acceptance. It explains away the Space Craft as "the spirits of demons, monsters, and devils." The hell-fire and brimstone evangelists have begun telling their congregations that Satan himself is leader of the Saucer armada. Anyone who affects to rationalize the Space travelers on any other basis is in league with Lucifer.

There is, of course, nothing to be surprised over in this type of thinking. It held humanity back a thousand years in intellectual advancement during that sequence of Theocratic government called the Dark Ages. It had been going on a long time even before the Dark Ages started. The purblind or inhibited mind interprets that which is abstruse or outside of credence as coming from the Evil One. Remember that even Christ Himself was assailed for being of Satan and casting out devils through the power of Beelzebub, Prince of the devils.

It is a well-nigh unspeakable situation that these Sons of Light confront here on Saras-Shan, the "Sorrowful Planet." Those who will not have Truth at any price bethink to outwit these higher intellects by panicking the masses at these "signs and wonders in the heavens" pre-facing the Second Coming. They would present the doctrines of men as the commandments of Divinity. George Hunt

Williamson has much to say about the extent to which this evil and malicious practice has gone in his paper next week in the Saucer Symposium.

Of course it is the beginning of the end for that type of hysterical evangelism. Because when the millions of the United States and foreign countries learn subsequently by personal contact with the Space Men landing in numbers how the dominies have misrepresented, the latter will be cast down and out by the words of their own mouths. Nevertheless, for the present the "new" theory is popular. Whatever you don't understand or don't want to understand, simply dismiss it by terming it of the Devil.

Voltaire once declared that if God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him intellectually to explain the inexplicable.

Now the Devil is being no less honored.



Noise at a Price

THERE is significance to an editorial page article in the *Indianapolis Star* for March 20th that as expression of public reaction to this atom-bomb race may be "the cloud no bigger than a man's hand." How big the "hand" gets in result of expending such colossal sums for bigger and better noises in the Pacific, is anyone's guess. But here's the *Star's* article under the feature-heading: *As the Day Begins* . . .

"If we seem a little deaf this morning it's from trying to imagine what the explosion of a hydrogen bomb equal to 15,000,000 tons of TNT sounds like. A ton of TNT exploding is really more than we care to think about. The impact of 15,000,000 tons is simply terrific.

"In fact, we haven't finished measuring it yet and probably will have to abandon the project in view of the fact that April's H-bomb will have an estimated

explosive force of 45,000,000 to 50,000,000 tons of TNT. It might be well to get a head start on that.

"The plain fact is, that our atomic energy division has moved so far and so fast in the past few years that it's way ahead of us and we'll probably never catch up. But we can't help being impressed by the statement that A-bombs and H-bombs are being stockpiled in assorted sizes—these scientists aren't putting all their eggs of destruction in one crate. They'll just select the size, if the time comes, to suit the occasion.

"We suppose this business of progressing to bigger and better bombs is something you can't stop once you've started, especially since the business is competitive, but we still think it would be a good idea if the Atomic Energy Commission would pause someday and consider where and when the point of diminishing returns will be reached.

"If the first H-bomb, equal to a mere 5,000,000 tons of TNT, would do all that was claimed for it, there probably isn't a military objective anywhere that it couldn't obliterate. The question is, will the April bomb be *nine* or *ten* times as effective? *If the public ever gets the notion they're building these whoppers just because they like to hear loud explosions, outraged taxpayers are liable to take these dangerous playthings away from them!*

"In fact, it's time some restraint was put on War, once the Sport of Kings. There ought to be a war-bowl, in a desert or in the Pacific Ocean, where issues unresolved by diplomacy could be settle on a reasonable basis.

"As one atomic scientist warned recently, the world's entire industrial civilization might be destroyed by these modern engines; and once destroyed it could never be revived because the easily-accessible high-grade minerals that enabled our forefathers to start from scratch are nearly exhausted.

The next generation may be reduced to using bows and arrows."

THESE are not the sentiments of any pro-Kremlin subversive whom the McCarthy Committee should burn up pronto. "If the public ever gets the notion they're building these whoppers just because they like to hear loud explosions . . ." Of course no military man is do-

ing that. Nevertheless, the same American oldster has the right to exercise his liberties under the First Amendment and inquire with all due respect, and in all patriotism, why it should be thought necessary to perfect these atom bombs to a size and power that maximum of noise and destruction is arrived at, granting there is a maximum.

The United States professedly now has atom bombs of the various atomic origins that can blast to 'ell-and-gone any enemy on the face of the globe. It is beggaring our economy to keep up this pace. Why should we require to continue along fag-nagling bigger and bigger explosions when one teeny-weeny explosion can serve every purpose that modern military assault desires?

In the individual case we recognize that you can kill an enemy just as dead with a 12¢ bullet as with a slug costing \$1.20. The point in the military ideology is to *kill* him. The United States killed tens of thousands of Japanese in the wholly unnecessary Hiroshima attack with the most elemental of the A-bombs just as effectively as it could ever kill the whole of Japan in one grand *Bang!* Russia—if it were imbecilic enough, might dock a submarine in South Street, Manhattan, and destroy New York quite as effectively with a Hiroshima-size bomb of her primary manufacture set up in its hold, as we might ever explode one of our super bombs with fifty million tons of TNT potentially inside it.

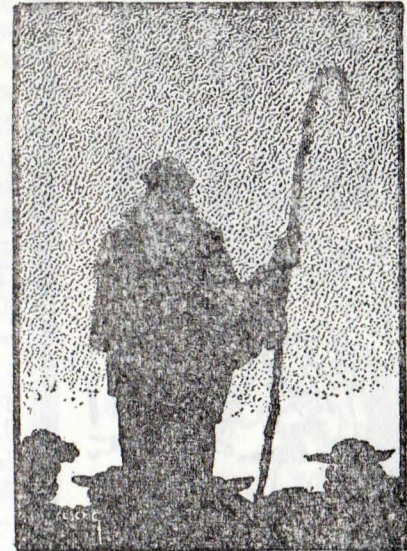
As Shakespeare said, "A pox on the whole of it!"

If we have attained to an explosive effectivity that is able to wipe out, not only the Kremlin but the whole Russian countryside within forty miles circumference of Moscow, why go further and further? We have reached an objective . . . which is internal security for the United States against all foreign enemies.

Isn't this, then, the time to call a halt?

"If the public ever gets the notion that they're building these whoppers just to hear loud explosions . . ." This wasn't a clip from the *Daily Worker*. It is a clip from one of the outstanding hinterland newspapers of the Republic. As an article arresting the insane drift toward universal cataclysm, it is quite as seditious as anything Pelley tried to protest against in 1942. Pelley went to jail for his public solicitude. Whoever C. P. is, whose ini-

My Shepherd



LUSH pastures yet await me
Whose like I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkened clouds have been;
My joy I cannot measure,
My path in life is free:
My shepherd holds my treasure,
These steeps were meant to be.

His skies are filled with promise
At dawn of this High Day,
He holds for me all wisdom,
He points the Upward Way.
His heavens burst all glory,
Each night instruction brings,
He guides me through rich pastures
I drink cool crystal springs.

He shares with me His wisdom,
I grasp my destined place,
I learn of constellations
Where Love is daily pace.
His sheep of distant pastures,
As He Himself has told,
Shall reach the Final Pasture
In Love's eternal fold.

He leads me with His kindness,
Awake or wrapt in sleep,
I would not leave His pasture
Where souls of worlds are sheep.
Come, join that Mighty Sheepflock
That feeds in Realms of Light,
Each Shepherd knows his charges,
And herds them to God's Height.

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

"Adam Awakes"



*The New Soulcraft
Book on Romance and
Marriage!*

THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

HERE at last is the Fourth Major Soulcraft Book that rationalizes the Adam and Eve fable of Woman's creation from a rib of Man. The views of the Great Cosmic Hierarchy on mortal Romance and Matrimony are assumed to have been communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, and are being published in a de luxe volume that is now proceeding through the Noblesville plant. There will be only 1,100 copies in the First Edition.

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Should Read!*

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Soulcraft Chapels

tials were signed to *As the Day Begins*, if these were war times he should divert seven-and-a-half years of his career to durance vile for his impertinent challenge and poke at the exuberations of the military.

Suppose, however, the general American press should pick up the same thought . . . why do we need H-bombs packing the wallop of 50,000,000 tons of TNT when any baby bomb of a mere 15,000,000 tons serves every objective of wholesale enemy destruction?

Sooner or later the great American public is due to contract such notion. Let's hope it won't be delayed until there is no more hydrogen in the atmosphere for patriotic or even nonpatriotic human creatures to breathe and live . . .

Earth's Dark Moon

(Continued from Page 4)

to encounter when they climb deep into outer space. Or they may have another interest: a nearby, natural satellite might be a more convenient base in space than the much-discussed artificial satellite.

Dr. Tombaugh says that the fact that other earth moons have not been discovered yet does not mean that they do not exist. Remember *From The Earth To The Moon*, by Jules Verne? In this story a small satellite of the earth disturbed the course of the space ship and almost kept it from ever returning to earth.

A small satellite close to the earth would be hard to spot. It might circle near the equator, invisible to most of the world's observatories. In any case, it would spend nearly half its time in the shadow of the earth, where it would be invisible. Most of the rest of the time it would be passing over the sunlit earth, and would look no brighter at best than a tiny fragment of the moon as seen by day. The best time to look for a small satellite would be at dawn or dusk, when it would be shining brightly above the dim-lit earth.

A satellite near the earth would have to move very fast to keep itself out of the clutches of the earth's gravitation, and its speed would make it doubly hard to spot. Thousands of small areas in the sky must be examined and completion of such a search could take years. Dr. Tombaugh, one of the world's greatest astron-

omers, is now trying to discover what space intelligences told us was true many long months ago!

Quartz Crystals

(Continued from Page 3)

traviolet light.

Hence its capability to capture light rays on camera plates that to the human eye are not visible!

Mr. Miller, operating a laboratory in New Jersey that cuts and polishes the Brazil importations down to 1/20,000th of an inch, has this unique explanation for the basic principles of crystal gazing—

"The Crystal Ball has been a source of remarkable and widespread fascination for centuries and among all sorts of people. Many attribute to it certain hypnotic powers—and there seems to be no doubt that it actually stimulates those powers. Its highly polished spherical surface reflects light-points holding the gazer's eye until he succumbs to its potency. His optic nerve becomes so fatigued that it ceases to transmit to the sensorium the reflected images from without. Then the subconscious mind, as in a dream, builds brain pictures. These visions often have so inexplicable an appropriateness for the questioner that many thinkers believe the Crystal Ball is truly a gateway to the psychic world."

However, it was not until the coming of radio just after the turn of the century, that the silicon-oxygen crystal began coming into its own commercially.

ALL of us remember the first radio "crystal" sets, used with earphones before the coming of the amplifier. The crystal set was a chunk of coarse quartz with a wire the consistency of a human hair dabbed against it and registering its incredible vibrations.

In 1917, Prof. Paul Langevin of France, applied Piezoelectric properties of quartz to the transmission of sound waves under water. Also A. M. Nicholson of Bell Telephone Laboratories, applied the same Piezoelectric effects to Rochelle Salt Crystals for use in oscillators, transmitters, and receivers, phonograph pickups and loud speakers. Up to 1925, Quartz was used mostly for frequency-standards and precision measurements. In the year 1926 the famous "Y" cut was

devised by the General Electric Company and the American Optical Company. By this time the radio broadcasting industry was becoming of size and rolling along rather nosily but listeners were complaining of poor auditory quality. It remained for three scientists, R. Brown, R. K. Potter, and D. K. Martin of Bell Labs to discover that bad audition could be improved by using a quartz crystal wafer at the transmitter to control the frequency.

Suddenly the quartz crystal became one of the most valuable products in the world. Airplane travel progressed to the point where all transport planes used radio but the vibration of propeller-engines would transfer to any sort of oscillator but quartz. It remained for G. Thurston of Bell Labs to finish off the cycle of invention by making a holder rendering it possible for pilots to use radio in the air as it was used on ground.

The discovery that aliens of pure quartz crystal set in a camera after grinding to proper convexity brought uncanny results in photographing the existing Light Bodies of discarnates, was understandable but incidental. Today true quartz crystals are proverbially worth more than their weight in gold, they are well-nigh worth their weight in purest uranium . . . every government on earth is clamoring for them.

Besides, at this time there are very few broadcasting stations serving the United States that are not assigned specific wave-lengths. And the specific wave-length on which you tune to get your favorite radio or television program may have to operate without interference from 20,000 cycles per second to 500,000,000 cycles per second.

These transmitters are all controlled by this marvel of Nature and modern scientific achievement, the oscillating Quartz Crystal!

THE MOST peculiar thing about this Quartz Crystal in its natural state is its shape. All Quartz Crystals "grow" in the pergamite deposits in the six-sided or hexagonal pattern. The tops or ends taper these six sides to a point and the sides themselves may have the angles and surfaces of the finest and most accurately polished glass of the spectrum-prism. Tens of thousands of them contain minute flaws that must be "cut" around.

But after all, it is the finished postage stamp wafer, thinner than the thinnest gold-leaf, that is sought and utilized in commercial work.

The quartz crystal, on the whole, is one of Nature's masterpieces—and mysteries. Just as we might never had had the atom bomb without the free electrons in uranium, so we might never have had today's Aquarian Age communication by means of the air if the deposits of earth did not contain this precious congealed silicon.

It is something to know about and value accordingly . . .

Outlawing Commies

(Continued from Page 7)

Kremlin, Communism will fold up so suddenly as to leave the nation gasping!

There never has been one honest and thorough attempt made to examine and pronounce what Communism truly is. The examinations and pronouncings have all been concerned with what Communism has done or would do.

Broadcast publicly to America exactly who and what are behind Communism, promoting and shaping it, and specifically to what ends, and the flight of Red progenitors from our shores becomes a rout.

That it is coming anyway before the saga is run is neither here nor there. But it is doubtful that the public will obtain the truth from the political element, for any politician knows that a scouring examination into the financings and clandestine personnel of these mischiefs would cost him not only his office but his shirt.

So let's say no more about it.

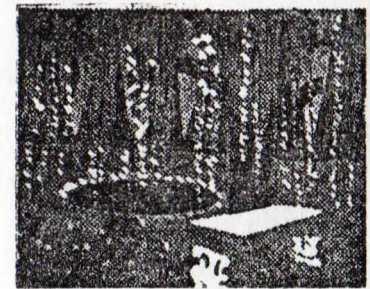
Walter and Dies and Wilson may get some grotesque statute on the books, that probably will be overthrown in the first test case before the High Court, but it will all be like passing statutes against the depredations of hyenas instead of focussing attention on what the hyena is as a predatory animal and organizing for his riddance.

No need to outlaw Communism.

Correctly identify it.

The results may be devastating. All premised on facts!

It will disappear in a fortnight where the woodbine eternal twineth. What an irony and a cynicism! . . .



"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ESOTERIC CLASSIC

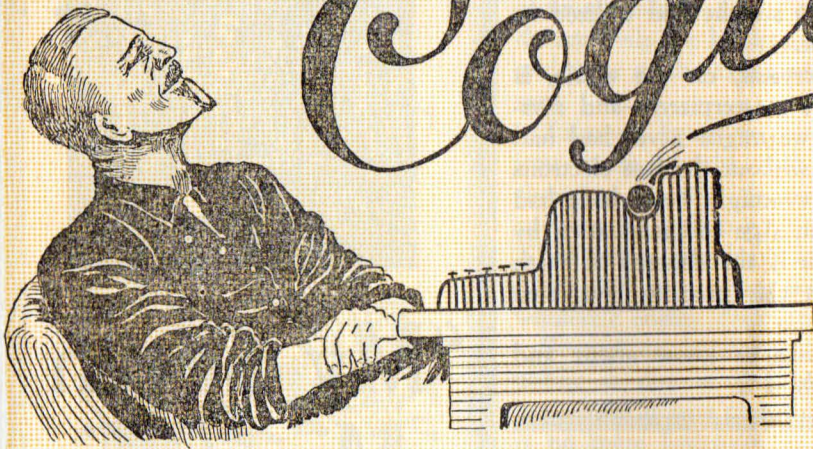
First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .

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

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Cogitations



FUNNY about the things that often throw switches in your thinking . . . One day over in Terre Haute library I came on a biography of George Washington by one W. E. Woodard. I read it because it was particularly graphic and critical, not one of those saccharine things that Clergyman Weems once put out about the Father of His Country, making him the epitome of all juvenile virtues. And deep in the pages telling of our First President's sunset sequence I came upon this—

"He had reached the years when men of action feel a dull greyness settling within them. It is the wraith of forsaken yesterdays and it comes to stay for life. After that, there can be no keen new adventure. A man who is grey inside must follow the road that lies before him; he must keep on doing what he has done before. To live, means merely to endure . . ."

That passage struck me like a floor-board tilting up and flattening the nose distinguishing my face. I copied it and brought the passage home with me. *The Dull Greyness!* . . . What truly caused it? . . . That it was no mere philosophical fantasy I knew from something deep within myself . . . Finally, applying all the matchless tenets of the *Golden Scripts* and *Soulcraft* to the enigma, I reasoned out that every human being, male and female, carries in his or her mind a blueprint of the program that current mortality is to comprise. When one has made the grade in any given life-incursion, and passed Over the Hump, he or she realizes

subconsciously it's more or less of a coast from the summit to the exit. It means, forsooth, that there is nothing in the blueprint indicating greater importance in the matter of happenings than that happened already. So one proceeds to *Turn Grey*.

o—o

THE MAN or the woman who has not achieved something of note before his fiftieth year probably has nothing of super-consequence in his karma that needs to be decided within the present life-span. Most people enter upon the mortal coil to come to the zenith of their mental and physical powers between forty and fifty years. Of course there may be a lot of hang-overs in the life after fifty, and some extend right up to the final slumber at seventy to eighty. But fifty sees one crossing The Hump. When one feels within his subconscious mind that he has gone across The Hump, as Woodward wrote it, "there can be no keen new adventure." He is, in other words, not looking forward to anything of prime importance. And when one does not have anything of prime importance to envision in prospect, life loses its savor. The Rest of the Way, in other words, is a canter to a halt . . . like the pony that has put everything into winning the sweepstakes but cannot stop on a dime and turn about to take the plaudits of the grandstand. The Dull Greyness made of the wraiths of forsaken yesterdays! . . . nothing to which to look forward that can possibly surpass in thrills what one has already experienced! Almost I'm minded to declare that it's a test of whether one has Made the Grade for which he entered life,

whether or not there's still a keen appreciation or anticipation in what lies yet ahead. Such a soul hasn't yet Gone Over His Hump. Fair enough. Heave a sigh for the man or woman who perchance has done so . . .

o—o

I THINK the proving evidence of whether one may or may not have completed his current life commission is found in the circumstance that those who have done so unwittingly begin to prepare for their Quiet Departure. They no longer are fearful of making the Passing, in fact in their subconscious minds they invite and promote it. Most of their friends, pals, associates and colleagues of earlier years have gone on ahead of them, anyhow. They are still marooned Down Here amid a lot of hoydenish Young Folks who have the Hump ahead of them and they are strangers in a strange land. They cry that the times are out of joint, but it's not the times that distress them. It's themselves that have outstayed their sequences of Vital Service. They are supremely indifferent to what happens in the immediate future. They say to the younger fry, "I've done the Thing I was supposed to accomplish in life. I've made my contribution—now let's see how you make yours." Of course the younger fry don't know what's being talked about. But they'll come to it! . . . It's this supreme insouciance of the oldsters, as I regard it, that truly proves the eternity of life and serried re-ensoulment. The oldsters know, in the backgrounds of their minds, that there will be other sequences, up brighter and more consequential days, but meantime they've Earned a Rest. Like tired swimmers who've battled miles of savage currents, it's a sunny beach and warm sand they long for, to stagger upon, drop down and relax . . .

o—o

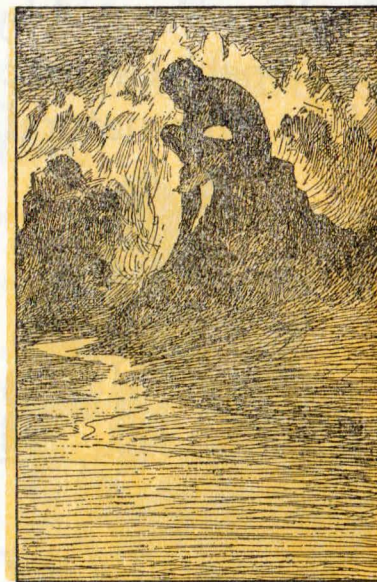
MAYBE I'm still dwelling on my sixty-fourth birthday that passed on a recent calendar date. I know—per-

chance in more than my subconscious mind—that I came into the earth-scene in 1890 to do two things: Establish *The Golden Scripts* as an institution among the spiritual elements of the times, and, . . . have no small share in "straightening out" that Hiss Thing which conspirators of Fifty Nations set up in San Francisco in 1945. Nobody ever told me that my life-plan contained the founding of a metaphysical cultism called Soulcraft. That was a sideline of endeavor that came with the Brevet on the others. I *did* transcribe the *Golden Scripts*, publish them, and put copies of them imperishably on ten thousand library shelves. Now when I get the Greater-Soulcraft incorporating accomplished—to carry on with permanence what Sumner Vinton and I began in 1931—I can apply myself to the Lake Success Renovation and we shall see what comes of it. But it holds little or no thrill for me; it's just a final ugly housecleaning job to pursue to dusty and sneezy end. The Greater Soulcraft incorporating is going along apace, and within another fortnight others who are younger and more vigorous than I, may pick up the torch of Enlightenment and carry it further along the Life Course in this resplendent Marathon. It has come to me with astounding thoroughness that when I write the last page of my current work, *Beyond Grandeur*, "Design for Immortality," I shall have put upon paper all that I was expected to put upon paper to bring about the rejuvenation in spiritual thinking that ushers in this stupendous Aquarian Dispensation. The Soulcraft Doctrine, in other words, *is recorded*. And I'm mentally and spiritually jaded, forgive me! I want to buy my last automobile, pack my bags in its trunk, and Head for the Skyline. If the people of the United States—say even twenty-five percent of them—read the whole 51 volumes on Soulcraft and allied subjects that I've typed in the past thirty to forty years, such a reformation should result that history takes note of it. But this New Generation that's coming up can merchandise mere *books*. What's in the books has now been congealed for a thousand years of future! . . .

o—o

THE FIRST year that Soulcraft tops a million-dollar sales, of course, Mammon must take note and bellow, *What Goes On?* That will be too late to

suppress it. All of which contributes in my years of Dull Greyness to being a humorist. It's *balance* I'm seeking now. Believe it or not, I get it from such personalities as David and Buzzie. David, known and beloved by hundreds who come to Headquarters, as Maintenance Man, has a constitutional aversion to Buzzie, the veteran cocker spaniel. Dave feeds Buzzie o' mornings, which for some unexplained reason puts Buzzie at his heels for the 23 hours following. Does Dave turn about, he is prone to sprawl headlong over that dratted cocker, who, lacking hearing, sight and sense, never anticipates he might tarry in Dave's way. Buzzie emits seventeen yelps a day in high-pitched key because Dave has trodden upon him, and even the motors on the printing machinery stagger when Buzzie Lifts His Voice. The thing that makes it interesting is, David has spine trouble, and if he does not straighten sagaciously he gets a crook in that spine that prevents him from straightening. Every time that Dave treads into my writing-room therefore bent over as though looking for a lost forty cents, I know that he and Buzzie have tangled in outer precincts; Buzzie is probably off yodling to the world and Dave wants a chiropractic suddenly to enable him to go on mending everything in the plant from leaky roof to broken hearts. That a 14-year-old cocker could knock out a perfectly good maintenance-man merely by offering himself to be stepped on, calls to mind the elderly gentleman I lately heard about who trod on a pooch and in recoiling, disjointed his sacroiliac, *which suddenly left him cross-eyed*. He couldn't read, he couldn't write, he couldn't get about, because one eye was pointed at Monday while the other eye was pointed at Saturday, and both were looking for Sunday but couldn't find it. One day he waddled out to a streetcar—whose signs he couldn't read on account that a dog had gotten behind him when he turned suddenly—and climbed aboard the conveyance that later split a switch and heaved upon its side. The elderly gentleman climbed out of the wreckage with his eyes in proper focus, believe it or not. So he went and got the pooch and advertised him as the dog who'd been responsible for overturning a streetcar, though I never got the logic of it. I really shouldn't have any Dull Greyness in-



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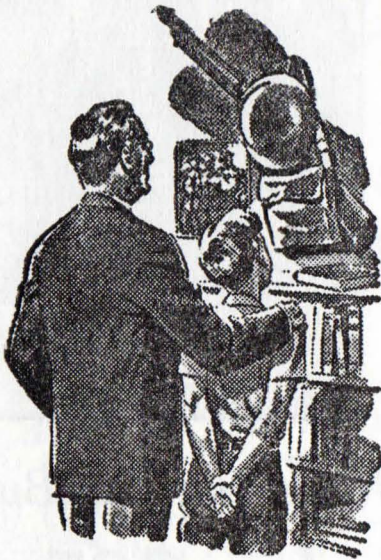
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

side me with such phenomena afflicting the so-called human race. I make mention of it because no matter how sorry I get feeling for myself, Dave may come trundling in at any moment resembling a letter Z in humility and no peace in the planet till his spine is unhooked. Of course if the moment ever arrives that I feel especially sorry for myself and Dave trundles in *cross-eyed*, we're all of us out o' luck because there's not now a single trolley-car in Indianapolis to put him aboard and have his eyes uncrossed by somersaulting; Indianapolis went in completely for buses a year ago Michaelmas. I guess I'm just waiting for this Greater Soulcraft incorporating to come off, so that I can buy that last motorcar and Be On My Way. It's "new keen adventure" that I'm really hungry for, and how can there ever be a duplicate thrill like battling the New Deal and landing in the hoosegow only to discover that the hoosegow didn't hurt? . . .

o—o

AT ANY rate, I've written the 51 celebrated books of Soulcraft, including the transcribed *Golden Scripts*, lived fourteen years with Buzzie at my heels addicted to incessant starvation, and balanced up jail sequences with Dave possibly looking for Thursday and focussing on Monday. And I contrive to Get Along and arise at 6:30 a. m. to labor till 11:30 p. m. yet cringing every time Herma's face appears around the door-frame with the announcement, "The Doakes family has just driven in from Sanskachewan and expects to stay and visit till July 4th or Labor Day." And all the long-beards deplore that while I'm not at all facetious about The Doctrine, I'm not all sanctimonious. How could I be sanctimonious with Dave rolling in at odd moments knotted up like a pretzel or Buzzie limping in on three legs and demanding look what he did to me? I put it to you seriously, should I not be the one with the prerogative to go *cross-eyed*? . . . With which nonsense I'll desist. "A man who is grey inside must follow the road that lies before him, he must keep on doing what he has done before." Wonder what color I'll be on the outside when I roll into Salt Lake in a new Lincoln—bought on the royalties of a million Soulcraft sales—Dave and Buzzie a thousand miles east and no danger of back-stepping on either one of 'em. You can look for it

happening from where I sit at present . . . Yes, funny about the things that throw big switches in your thinking . . . if you call 'em big switches! . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Perrins to Newsmen

(Continued from Page 7)

put me down as just another religious crank who has some axe to grind, that you prefer not to start anything that brings a flock of denominational fanatics buzzing and stinging about your ears, and that the time spent "educating" yourself in why the atheist and Commie is what he is might more profitably be spent on the golf course Sunday mornings. And your employes, as well, consider it the part of valor to pass it up and go fishing. Not having the wider and more dependable understanding to rely on, they look to the trade union to adjust resultant conditions and right everything.

But suppose you are a nonunion man and depend on your *faith in God* instead of your poverty, and your boss who lives On the Hill and holds his cocktail parties nightly, pushes the collection plate at you, being a deacon. You toss in a nickel or a dime and wonder if there isn't some catch in the whole of it? You certainly feel, whether a professing Christian or not, that you are being condemned to subservience, inequality, and injustice. Why thrust a collection plate at you? Exactly what are you paying for?

When that idea sinks in deeply enough, an atheist or a Communist is born . . .

LIVING on Faith and pretty symbolic pictures may have been all right in the past, but now we are getting into the age of Realism, of education and intelligence. However, don't blame the ministers. They are wrapped in a thousand cords of credal traditions. *Blame yourself!* You are practically Top Man in the world of Ideas. If you had given the atheist and communist the real low-down in your prime, the world would be at peace right now.

Well, I don't have to tell you that once you have discarded a previously held idea as a phony, there has to be a Right One on hand to fill its place. And where are you going to look for the Right Idea? You should look to our wisest men,

shouldn't you, men whose mental products have lived or are living.

The low-down Truth is first of all found in the Vedic Scriptures. Spinoza fought and died for it 300 years ago. Emerson put it into a 1400-page book, but it's been like playing "Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?" to find it. Blavatsky took about 2400 pages to restore it, but her finding was like looking for a needle in a haystack. *Pelley discovered it and retold it, and has been retelling it in magazines and books for the last 25 years . . .*

BUT you are prejudiced against Pelley who, though a newspaperman like yourself, committed the unpardonable sin of stepping outside of Orthodoxy, exposing the phonies in national government and standing for the Truth. There's a Smart Alec up in Manhattan who goes on the radio every Sunday night as hatchetman for the most deleterious elements in America, a self-styled newshawk like yourself, who has made it his business to pick on Pelley for years, tearing him down as vehemently as he knew how and drawing thousands of dollars for doing it. It never occurred to one of you to examine why such assiduous assailment was thought worth-while. This self-righteous Jeremiah would never have concentrated his smears on Pelley unless Pelley had been a personage or had a message of which the New York face-lotion bazoo was inornately fearful. While I don't wish the face-lotion bazoo any hard luck, I say that both he and you are laying yourselves open to a blanket charge of self-destroying blindness for failing to recognize in Pelley's polemics the Genuine Thing.

I haven't pursued these Behind-Life fundamentals for thirty-five years without being able to tell the Phony from the Genuine. Pelley stands in an epochal relationship to this new age—and I don't mean perhaps—and if you did a little real investigating you'd find that his is the Voice of the New Intelligence which your atheist or Communist in the front seat needs to alter his ideas and make him a Christian citizen. But you're too purblindly interested in tearing Pelley down because that face-lotion expert set the style, to do any researching on your own and discover what interests you're serving by your indifference. I've come to the

You Can Now Get the Soulscripts Up to Volume Nine . .

There are 13 Weekly *Soulscripts* to each Volume in the order of their publication. Each 13 is bound in a beautiful cover of burgundy-colored leatherette. The Ninth book in this series of Sacred Esoterics has just come from the bindery and can now be shipped same day that order comes in. There are three more volumes to come, making 12 in all or 156 Scripts to the collection. There have been 117 issued to the current week, making 39 still to come. This means the *Soulscripts* will continue to be issued until approximately November, 1954. Price \$5 per volume.



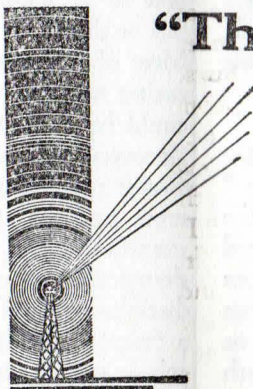
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

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place where I'm firmly convinced that Pelley has the same kind of mission that Jesus had, twenty centuries ago, mostly in respect to the evidenced fact that Pelley has a Direct-Line up to celestial Intelligences. I think this is proven beyond the slightest doubt by the issuance of that 844-page book, *The Golden Scripts*. No mortal brain could have composed that work. Question, . . . Then *where* did it originate?

WELL, this is the challenge I'm putting squarely up to you, Mr. Boss Newspaperman. You're willing to assail

any sort of chicane or misrepresentation in your columns in secular abuses excepting the supreme chicane and misrepresentation making atheists and Communists by the hour . . . What's the Plan of Life and why are we here in this world of seeming turmoil? Blavatsky told us in oriental mysticism a generation back. Pelley is putting the same thing into newspaperman's language in this Twentieth Century, expressing in a fresh form what Jesus meant when He said, "I and my Father are one."

I leave this thought with you until I talk to you again . . .

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

ONE THING I have very earnestly sought to do since 1931—maintain an exact and sensible Balance in respect to spiritual tenets applicable to secular complications. What I mean is, I happened to have been born with what I like to call an overly quota of hard New England common sense. Spiritual matters do *not* merit undue adulation merely because they are spiritual matters. And persons who have sought to excel in their exposition are no more to be eulogized than persons who make their living carrying out the ashes or frying hamburger. Maybe my early training as a newspaperman gave me more than passing polish for discriminating between that which was worthy and that which was applesauce. Anyhow, when I broke into the early Liberation-Soulcraft revelations, I always felt a relieving and inborn desire to turn iconoclast the moment *hoi polloi* started "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" over me. Taking the fact of receiving the revelations—not the revelations for their contents—in its stride, my impulse has ever been to turn facetious the moment the "Ain't he wonderful!" psychology commences to display in whatever audience I have before me at the moment . . . Of course I felt myself called to watch out for false modesty as well during the whole of it . . .

I HAVE not been insensible that people from time to time have declared that such realistic attitude was the one "flaw" in a great program of ineffable preachment. "After all, the man does have a streak in him as common as dirt," I overheard on one occasion. And after I wrote and published *Adam Awakes* some of the more prudish brothers and sisters from Florida to Oregon were quite certain I had this dirt-streak as broad and deep as the antediluvian Drift that marks the North American continent from Manitoba to North Carolina. I actually discussed Sex without sublimating it . . . as though *that* were necessary. Why need Sex be sublimated any more than membership in the Knights of Pythias, or wearing Christmas neckties, or getting a G-I haircut at the barber's? People went home after a visit to Headquarters and reported that I spent hours "poisoning" myself at my typewriter with an old briar pipe, that my office was a clutter of mongrel dawgs, that instead of "industriously" answering my mail I frequently tossed a whole evening away going to see a Hollywood movie, and that I seemed to glean an unhallowed joy from filling the back page of VALOR with cheap jokes that

were told louder and funnier in *Reader's Digest*. If I wore my hair long, went about the plant in Socratic robes, and had queer lights and incense-pots burning in my sanctum until two in the morning I would identify myself as one of the Anointed. I didn't seem to show the least inclination toward being Anointed. Messy ordeal, being Anointed—the oil probably trickles down into your beard or your undershirt.

IT SO happens to be my temperament to turn whimsically cynical the moment personal adulation begins on all this. You see, I do know myself and how truly good or bad I am, and don't need counsel from Rhode Island or Missouri to call it to my attention. I've read somewhere that Spiritually-minded people think in terms of Ideals, Intellectually-minded people think it terms of Events, and Physically-minded people think in terms of persons. I might add as my own two-cents' worth, that ninety-five percent of the human race classify to me as Physical-minded. They even want to think of Soulcraft in terms of persons—particularly the person who's made it available in 51 books to the moment. "Does he or doesn't he do this or that?" If he does—or doesn't—the doctrine rises or falls. Most of it stacks up to me as analogous to a world of scientists caring not two whoops about Radium, or what it did, or what could be done with it, the important thing about the Radium discovery was whether Madam Curie wore green garters on Easter or liked pepper on ice cream? Soulcraft, as I see it, is more precious and volatile than ever was Radium—it's purest uranium in fact, with every potential of nuclear fission to most destructive or constructive ends. But the Physically-minded disciples come of those who would label Radium a delusion and a fraud if Madam Curie had been discovered smoking a corn-cob or saying the word "Damn!" when she seared her left wrist on a red-hot test tube. But that too is something to take in its stride . . . I have a job to do, enlightening *hoi polloi* in the radium-uranium possibilities of Sacred Esoterics. I assume that if the Great Supervisor Upstairs didn't approve of the way I was executing it, He'd relieve me and give the work to some New Hampshire school teacher or pundit from the Himalayas. I purposely write my own encomiums about it in the language of the evening's paper's City Room, so that the janitor understands it quite as readily as the Managing Editor. All of which means you must take me as I am. Soulcraft is for the Crowd. I'm for the Crowd too, so I talk its language purposefully. By doing it I get *Balance!* . . .

The test of a preacher is that his congregation goes away saying not what a lovely sermon but, I will do something!