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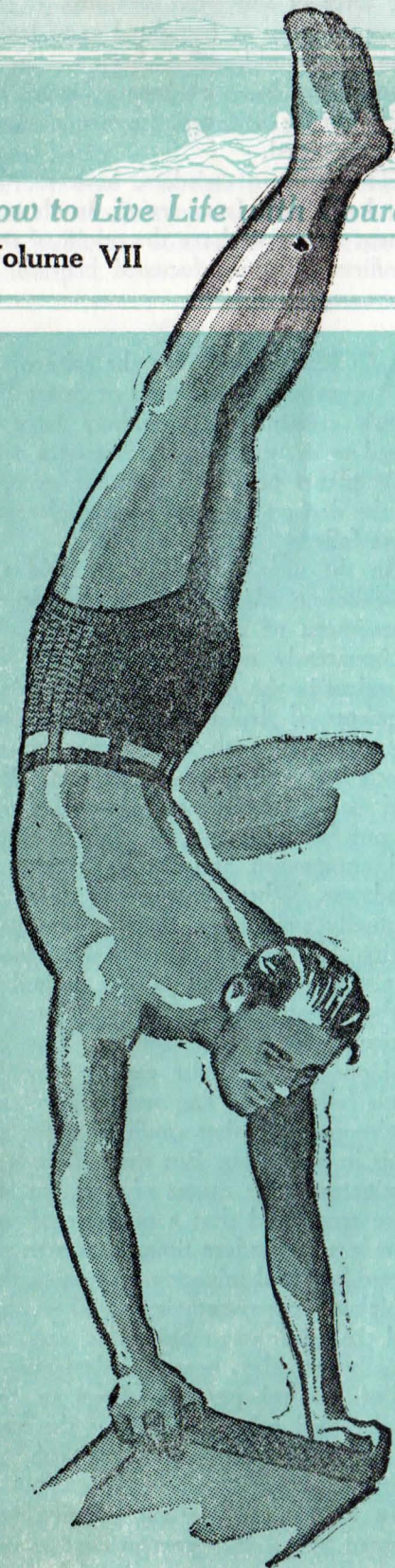
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 11



DIVING INTO WHAT, FROM HERE ON OUT? . .

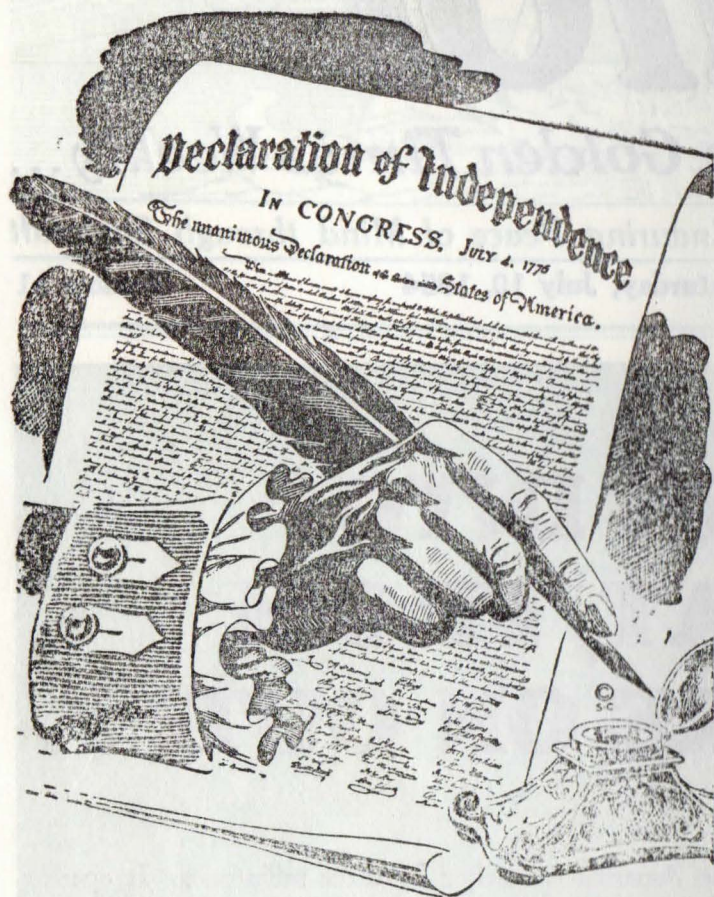
SUMMER in America is marked by three milestones. It opens with Memorial Day, is high-lighted by July 4th, and closes with Labor Day. Anything happening before July 4th we peg as occurring "the first half of the year." Whatever happens after July 4th, we designate as happening the "last half of the year." But whatever the national or international situation on Independence Day, so is the year itself marked. Judged by such gauge, what is the classification for 1954? . .

Surveying the whole vista of international relationships, we shall probably record it a generation from today that the midsummer of 1954 was the turning-point in the attitude of the free nations of the earth toward the Communistic aberration. And more than mere guns, or even atom bombs, shall be disclosed as involved in it. The whole issue of United Nations, or the possibility or impossibility of maintaining any sort of world parliament to preserve the peace, is the keystone of it.

ALL the earmarks and weather-vanes have it that from here on out, United Nations goes into discard. The Hiss Thing is on the toboggan. When the grim fact settles into the subconsciousness of the American populace that nothing can operate idealistically with which Russia has anything to do, the demand will come that the United States pull the rug forthwith from under the whole nefarious setup.

(Over)

Sen. Knowland May Yet Become Savior of



What the Soulcraft audience is most interested in knowing is, with United Nations folded what sort of world does America face?

The history of the earth for the next thousand years is premised directly upon this prospect. Why, forsooth, should we be afraid to examine it?

IT SEEMS to be an eccentricity of the benighted idealist to assume that Peace or War throughout the globe can hinge automatically upon "getting the nations of earth around the council-table and talking their differences out." Such assumption rests upon the fabulous conviction that great conflicts arise between governments through misunderstandings of each other's motives. The Pollyanna solution therefore is to meet in assembly and "talk it out." Whole continents of war-weary common folks are persuaded to espouse such adolescent thinking.

A higher order of astute statesmanship

operates from and upon a more practiced ideology.

Great conflicts do not necessarily arise between governments through misunderstandings of each other's motives. They arise from motives of one government in its relations to other governments being too well understood, with parliamentary talk-fests mere supercilious propaganda.

War is the recourse to force for the settlement.

Who is so asinine as to contend that the free governments of this planet do not by this time "understand" completely the motives of Red Russia, leading the Communist bloc of governments to unchallenged world supremacy?

Provide a world parliament for the association of her diplomats with those of the earth's free governments and you merely implement the predatory designs and strategies of those diplomats in the field of parliamentary gains. This means introducing factors that artfully confuse the issues. The troubles of the earth do not lie in that direction.

The troubles of this earth spring directly from the inferiority complexes of minority racial blocs, striving to effect a condition where their deficiency in numbers is compensated by their power-controls in vital councils of state.

If one cause more than any other can be singled out, accounting for the disruptions to orderly international living up the past two generations, it can be identified as some racial minority, weak in numbers or know-how although not necessarily weak in purse, eternally manipulating to an ascendent position amid great blocs of majorities and ruling by

the force of subverted idealisms. If such blocs were not so benighted as to leadership they would realize that never in human history has such been achieved, and never *can* be achieved. Human nature is too diversified.

Their lack of wisdom, however, does not keep them from trying. In this persistent trying we have the origin of most conflicts definitely focussed beneath the microscope.

ACCREDITING for the sake of argument the assertions of Space Folk which certain contact-authors have relayed to us, we are told that ours is the only planet on which wars are accepted as the decisive recourse when diplomacies have failed.

In the next breath we are told that neighboring planets are lacking in the phenomena of races.

Apparently upon this planet we find ourselves in the midst of an ensemble of segments of denizens of all neighboring planets, each with its separate culture, psychology and idealisms, dropped down and settled on different areas of terrain on our five continents, to reside in perpetual antagonism and the devil take the hindmost. When any two of these are mutually assimilable, there is reasonable amity. If there be one that for reasons of color or religion is not assimilable without destroying a neighbors' integrity, fisticuffs or carnage follows. The old-fashioned psychologist gave it out that trade followed the flag and wars followed trade—meaning that conflict had its real basis in economics. But the sagacious investigator in the causes of wars has long since recognized that a majority of wars—at least in modern times—has been promoted by racial minorities indulging their benighted power-complexes. These control the conditions making for wars, and usually at the peace settlements—so-called—control postwar effects to their unidentified advantage. Only the naive in modern espionage take issue with such premise.

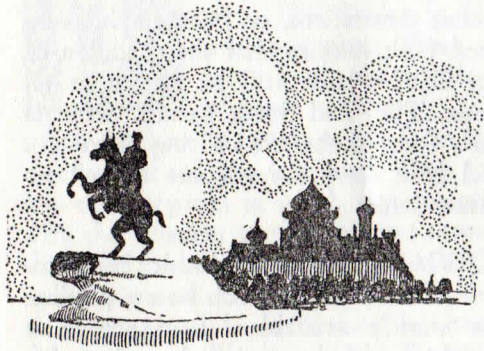
In the United Nations situation, confronted by all free governments in mid-1954, we have an international body ostensibly established for insurance of the

His Country if He Takes Us Out of U-N!

peace but attempting desperately to insure such supervision of other races in its most aggressive form.

This is a page of history—and propaganda—never permitted to get in to the school books . . .

Proof that is a true page is attested by the immediate uproar that rises when some audacious columnist comes close to disclosing it.



THERE IS, throughout all English-speaking countries of earth at present, a small but astute caste of student-investigators who know that Russia as the great Communist is neither a nation nor an idealism. It is the case of an erstwhile major power being successfully and surreptitiously seized and prostituted as a pressure bloc in the diplomatic councils of the world to achieve by reaction what it cannot by arms. Proof of this, too, is attested by the fact that publicists who call attention to it over effectively, specifying actual individuals who manipulated the *fait accompli*, are swiftly smeared and discredited, temporarily imprisoned, and the courts not permitted to vindicate them even when their innocence is proven by contemporary evidence.

Here is the *real* issue, even before such a body as the current McCarthy Committee, accounting for such epilepsy of words as distinguished the hearings over young Schine's week-end date with his girl friends. Here is the *real* issue behind the continued tolerance of the Communist bloc at the United Nations assemblies. Here is the *real* issue in treating with the Red Fifth Column in our midst and its cleverness at defying identification. Here is the *real* issue behind the de-

layed attempts of a man like Pelley to get legal clearance on a spurious conviction even after the Supreme Court has pronounced his "offenses" noncriminal and legal.

Here is the REAL issue behind America's continued participation in United Nations at all!

Does That Hiss Thing advance or retard "Russia's" usefulness as the adequate pressure-bloc by which one clique of minority schemers may exert influence over majorities to which it aspires, and how long can its true objectives be kept from an indignant and exasperated public?

The moment the law of diminishing returns sets in, or its gains are suspect or condemned, United Nations will be allowed to "fold."

Very good. Considered from the prospects of mid-1954, assuming it does fold? How is America any the worse for it?

THE NAIVE sentimentalist takes it for granted—another of his eccentricities—that without the assembly of United Nations our Washington officials would be woefully at a loss to know what opposing nations are doing to our jeopardy. He lacks the faintest inkling of the earlier effectivity of our Secret Service in the State Department—when it truly represented a nationalist America—to keep track of what was going on behind the chancellery facades of other nations. The grim facts are, that Washington officialdom *knew more about them* in the days of the regime of Colonel Robert Sharp than it has ever known since, especially with heavy contingents of Moscow Fifth Columnists ensconced in the swivel chairs of the said State Department to see that the issues are kept obscured. United Nations has added nothing to espionage resource that it did not enjoy when Nationalism was a fetish, even to jingoism.

If the United States dives off this year into a sea of rejuvenated Nationalism, it must be a Nationalism as efficient and incorruptible as it was in the days of Sharp—and permitting this sort of thing to be labeled Isolation is to lend one's silly self to the very minority propagan-

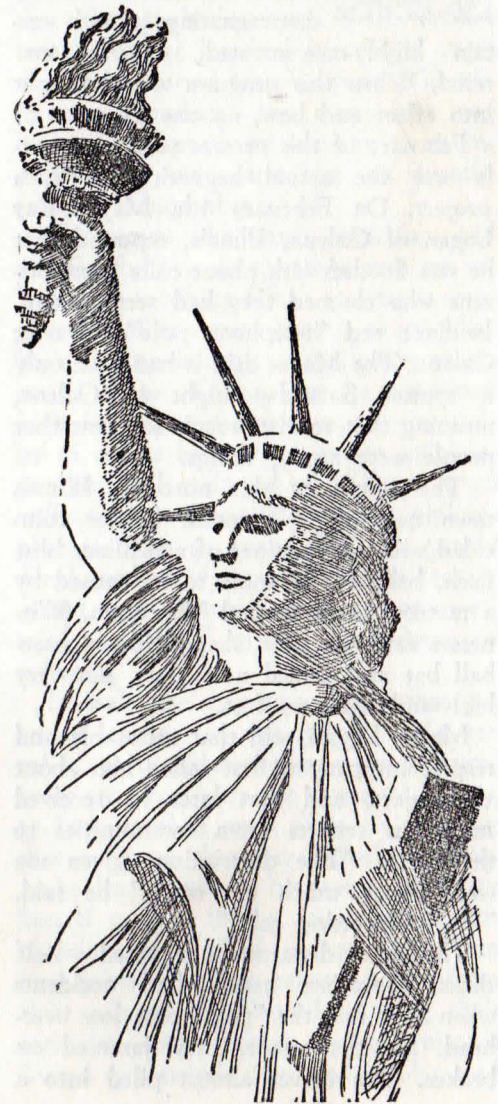
da on which the Trojan Horse agents rely to stay within the citadel of free-nation integrity.

One of the most vicious successes that has been achieved by the Moscovite Fifth Columnists has been persuading the superficial American to use the terms Nationalism and Isolationism interchangeably.

Isolationism means to withdraw from the affairs of the world and have no more to do with them as *international* affairs. Nationalism means to stay at the forefront of international affairs but make American interests paramount, with free-world culture as their basis.

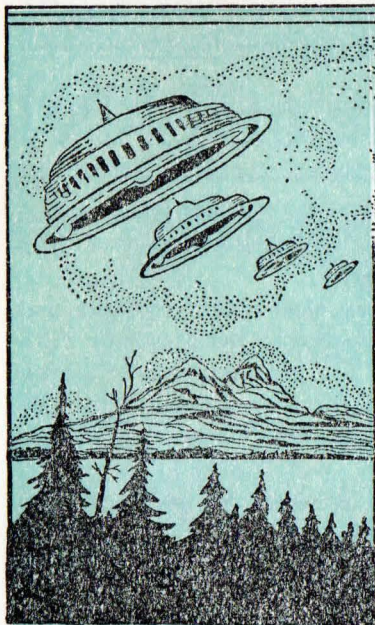
Naturally the Moscovite Fifth Columnists regard such appalled . . .

(Continued on Page 11)



SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



Space Friends Now Rejuvenating Earth's Soil!

truck when its driver abruptly stopped. Virginia Beadle, the local telephone operator, said she saw the object while on her way to work and it nearly scared her lifeless.

Later reports had it the pole was green in color as it sailed northward, and Logan said he received accounts from the north that it was blue over Wisconsin. It was undetermined, however, whether Wisconsin residents saw the pole or the blue flash of light reported by others. Dr. Bengt Stromgren, director of Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, said he received a dozen reports of the flash from throughout central Wisconsin, yet from all of his information he thought the "Flying Phone Pole" had merely been a fire ball!

THE "Red Spray Cases" mentioned by Major Keyhoe are believed to be early experiments on the part of space friends to determine the best method for soil rejuvenation on our world. These cases happened back in the '40s . . . the things came down to two-hundred feet and exploded. The green fire balls never approached so close as these devices. The government listed this strange phenomenon in its 1949 summaries as Case 225. One night in 1949, a strange reddish light was sighted over Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they had been beholding green fireballs. The object came in at five-hundred feet, then suddenly dropped down to two-hundred, and exploded in red spray. A few people were frightened, but it wasn't directly over the city . . . it had exploded out of town toward the airport. This same thing happened on three other nights . . . same place, same hour!

Major Keyhoe believes the red spray devices were ranging bombs under remote control and is convinced that the green fireballs are guided missiles. However, he adds: "The tests began over four years ago. If an attack was all they had in

mind, they'd have hit us long before this." That would seem to be true . . . this phenomenon is of a more constructive nature. The green fireballs are said to be used to clear our atmosphere after atomic detonations, or photograph weakened fault lines so that the condition of the Earth planet will be known at all times. The "Red Spray Bombs" were an early form of the "Red Flying Poles" . . . and both serve the purpose of soil rejuvenation!

BECAUSE of the cosmic bombardments through which we are passing, the world's available humus supply is shrinking and there might be serious difficulties in growing enough food to prevent large-scale famines. This fact was stated recently by Prof. Vaino Auer of Finland's Helsinki University, one of the world's leading geographers. He added that these eruptions—of which there have been six since 12,000 B. C.—take place at 2,000 year intervals and are marked by drastic changes in plant and animal life, long periods of drought, the rising of sea level, and receding of forests, supplanted by desert or shrub. At present we are experiencing all of these marvels.

What is more alarming is the disappearance of bacteria, causing recession of forests, death of plants, and erosion of humus. Prof Auer has warned of the dangers of extensive agriculture, noting that it takes 9,000 years for humus to be formed. It can be destroyed in a year.

Our space friends evidently have known that our Earth would be bombarded harder and harder by cosmic rays, and this would begin destroying humus-forming bacteria. Our own government has now set up a special department to handle this growing problem. It is located at Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C. The space confederation decided to do something about our depleted earth and this is what they have said:

(Continued on Page 10)

MONTHS ago, information was received that Martian scientists were planning to improve the condition of Earth's soil by impregnating it with certain highly-concentrated, organic material. When this program would be put into effect and how, no one knew.

February of this present year apparently saw the actual beginning of such project. On February 4th, Mayor Ray Logan of Galena, Illinois, reported that he was flooded with phone calls from citizens who claimed they had seen a long, brilliant red "telephone pole" fly over Galena. The Mayor said it had been only a typical Saturday night in Galena, meaning that revelry wasn't so great that people were seeing things.

The report in this northern Illinois town near the Wisconsin border coincided with observations of a brilliant blue flash, believed by some to be caused by a meteor, above central Wisconsin. Witnesses said the pole, shaped like a baseball bat and glided noiselessly, not very high and not very fast.

Mayor Logan said that reputable and responsible persons first called him about the object, and that later he received numerous reports from communities to the north. "The descriptions given me were pretty much the same," he said. "I'm still getting calls."

The police department reported a half dozen motorists nearly had accidents when they saw the "pole" pass low overhead. Mouths agape, they jammed on brakes. One driver almost piled into a

"Give Me Help by Return Mail or I'll Brand You a Fakir!"



LETTERS to the headquarters of a great enlightenment like Soulcraft fall into categories. There is, first of all, the acknowledgment of overall help which has been received merely from the discovery of the Wisdom itself. Then follow the categories in which writers agree with the Wisdom in principle but cannot subscribe to this or that tenet, naming it bellicosely and setting forth their own views in respect to corrections or alterations. One would suspect The Recorder had hatched the whole doctrine ingeniously from his own head but gone slightly awry on this or that, needing a pulling back onto the main line of rationality. Somewhere down toward the bottom of the list, however, there is inevitably the classification of those who write in substance—

"I need help terribly and am calling on you to give it. I find myself on the verge of nervous collapse because I cannot become reconciled to the great bereavement I recently suffered in the loss of my beloved husband (or son, or daughter, or sister, or brother as the case may be.) It will do no good to tell me to read a lot of expensive books, because I simply cannot concentrate my attention at present upon reading. What I want, I say, is direct assistance, to be relieved of the crushing paralysis of this inhuman sorrow, and if you people at Soulcraft are what you say you are, you will give it. If you can't, or won't, I can only write you off as a group of charlatans. Now answer me at once, helping me. Yours very truly, etc."

The substance of this letter may be dressed in a score of guises, or another score of suggested causes for the mental upset suffered. But the main theme is there. What it expresses in substance is, "I am in a mess, due principally to the

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

extent of my own ignorance. But I refuse to help myself. I demand that you tender all the help and make me over in a twinkling, because I resent so fiercely having been wounded by these vicissitudes of mortality. If you are sincere about being in the business of aiding purblind humanity, give me an convincing demonstration in my own case, but understand that it must be help so practical and thorough that I am fixed up by return mail and no equivocations. If you resort to equivocations, I shall retaliate by calling you despicable names."

There is no question in these letters about the sincerity or vehemence of their writers. They want something for nothing and they want it fast. Supposing we look at it—

ANY common garden variety of psychologist or psychiatrist knows that approximately ninety-five of every hundred cases of self-acclaimed and imminent nervous breakdowns have but a single cause: unsatisfactory or deficient sex relationships. What the person who proclaims his early and complete nervous collapse is saying is, I'm unbearably unhappy in my love-life. Man or woman, it

makes little difference. Indeed, most of the old school of psychologists went so far as to declare almost a generation ago that Sex maladjustments were behind practically one hundred percent of cases of aberration and mental upset. The adjective "Freudian" has come into our language purposely to identify those impulses that have little but sex dissatisfactions behind them.

The person who wants immediate and effective help in an unsatisfactory sex relationship is asking for an assistance compounded of too many factors to get what he is seeking in swift and effective therapeutic doses. Karma may be concerned in it—the most common cause—unsteadiness of his or her own character, unpleasant personal traits, sheer differences of individuality. But the observant philosopher is quite as aware that few people deeply and satisfyingly in love, or happily joined to a connubial partner, ever entertain notions of mental breakdown or collapse.

It isn't the romantic misfit that we would discuss in this paper. We are called to consider the type or temperament that considers the dome of heaven to have crashed upon them, in the fact that someone they have loved devastatingly has suddenly betaken himself or herself upon a loftier octave of sentient consciousness. "God is very cruel" to have substracted such beloved person from their affairs, they bewail. Giving their attitudes conscientious analysis one is forced to conclude that God is a bearded

patriarch hiding behind an Upstairs Cloud on principle, playing cops and robbers with their emotions anent someone who has enacted a major role in their affections.

"Don't give me books to read," they protest, "give me H-E-L-P—forthwith—or all men are liars and you the greatest liar of all."

Such people are hurt—paralyzingly hurt—there is no room for argument about the reality of their sufferings. And undoubtedly it is true that the throbs of mental pain are so severe that there can be small room for concentration on causes making for the agony of loss. Particularly does it stack up to them like listening for the strains of a symphony amid the cacophony of a boiler factory.

Nevertheless, there should be some point of attack for bringing home to them the disservice they are rendering themselves. Can we determine it?

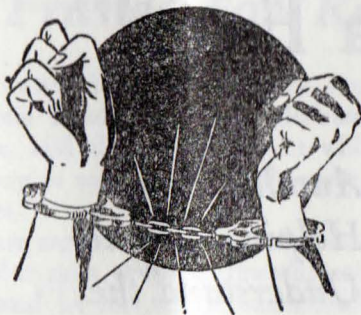
FIRST, it should go without saying that nine out of ten of such sufferers actually don't believe in the orthodox provisions of popular religion, else it should be standing them in better stead in this great and tragic crisis of their lives. Or, putting it in another way, despite all the grandiose provisions of sacred glory that Orthodoxy advances in explanation for the Passing of souls from the earth-plane, there is naught but complete sterility in them for the heart that is stricken with inconsolable bereavement. It is the grim and inescapable fact that Joe or Mary has gone that is significant, not why they have gone or particularly where.

Actually, when we come to look at it dispassionately although with due sympathy invited by the circumstances, people are commonly inconsolable at death because of years of utter error and fallacy respecting the life phenomenon as a phenomenon. Almost, the survivor might write to Soulcraft, "I am embittered and unconsolable because, wittingly or unwittingly, I have allowed myself to remain a cosmic ignoramus. Now, when the fallacy of popular acceptances comes home to me, I am spiritually belligerent over my own condition, and my demand on you is for the correction of that condition by one letter or tract that remedies the indifferences of a lifetime at the cost of a current three-cent postage-stamp."

They don't grasp that such is what they

are declaring, but it amounts to that in audacity.

The time to prepare against the numbing or shattering effects of personal tragedy is before such tragedy occurs. But you can't tell that to an individual who sees no particular need for the arnica bottle until the finger has been crushed.



WHAT truly then is the person saying who admonishes, "Don't give me books to read in this crisis, just help me without alibis or equivocations?" Is he not demanding that the sage perform the miracle of changing the sufferer's whole personality by the flourish of a wand? And would the sage not have equal right to demand, "Why am I obligated to do that, since you have not thought fit to consult with me until you have become thus demolished? If you had consulted with me earlier, you would not now be stricken. It is an effect from cause that you feel the distresses of, and you demand the effects be altered and the causes ignored. That is not common-sense. I apply myself through years of hours, detailing for you the complete agenda of what is happening behind the life-program to make existence what you encounter it. You ignore my work and sacrifice of time and effort and say to me when the paralyzing blow strikes, 'Push all your writings in the wastebasket and burn all the volumes you have so laboriously produced. Give me the whole thing on one or two sheets of paper, so I can make up for my insouciance of a lifetime in ten minutes, and I'll acclaim you as bona fide and a saint. Refuse to do it, and I brand you as a charlatan and deceiver, interested only in making books supply your economic sustenance.'"

As well say to the earthly medico, "I've spurned all your advices about drinking the water of the polluted stream that runs across my property. Its germs are now working their havoc in my system, but I

resent that the blame is mine alone. Shake up your nostrum bottle and cure me with a dose from a spoon or you are not true to your oath as a physician." Such a medico could reply, "My efficacy as a physician is just as much concerned with keeping you from willfully or stupidly drinking polluted waters as in pouring out a nostrum that may counteract your virus. You have advanced your own suicide just as definitely by ignoring my counsel about polluted waters as I might advance your demise by refusing to prescribe the nostrum or suggesting you concoct your own antitoxin and live or die as you are clever."

A doctor, in other words, has the moral obligation to preserve human life as he may, but his preservatives may not necessarily be confined to the liquids of his phials that undo in a swallow the follies of a lifetime indifferently indulged . . .

NOW BEREAVEMENT at most is subconsciously motivated by indignation at the departing one's callousness at going away upon his or her own concerns and leaving survivors to make what shift of it they can. *Not one in fifty such survivors ever stops to realize that when his or her own time for going comes, he or she will follow suit with quite an equal amount of nonchalance as to how his or her survivors are going to take it.*

"I just can't understand," the bereaved one bewails, "why John should leave us so, when he had everything to live for!"

What the bereaved one truly means is, "I can't understand—because I've never bestirred myself to make it my business to understand—why John should give no attention to how we might feel about his going. It's really myself that I'm thinking about, not John."

That John might not have had everything to live for at all, makes little impression upon the critical survivor. John had everything to live for, only as the survivor or survivors had beheld his life. John in his subconscious or eternal self mightn't have viewed it as they do at all. John might have had a hundred-and-one other errands to execute in his higher cosmic brevet, equally as demanding and equally as vital, as anything that engaged him during the period when his survivors formed their attachments to him.

For instance, we find that one of the
(Continued on Page 14)



Week in Retrospect

LONDON, July 1—American and British air force intelligence officers reported that seven weird black flying objects followed a British airliner for eighty miles on June 30th near Goose Bay, Labrador. The *Oregon Journal* in Portland, gave the item headline attention with: "‘Things’ Pace Airliner." However, other papers played down the information. Captain James Howard, pilot of a British Overseas Airways liner bound from New York to London, said the objects vanished when an American air force fighter plane came up to investigate. He and his crew and some passengers, 19,000 feet above the Atlantic, were said to have sighted the dark objects, which reminded Howard of flak bursts. They were moving on a track roughly parallel to the airliner's and five miles distant. The shape of the large object changed slightly and the position of the smaller ones relative to the big one. Some moved ahead, some behind. "All were sure," said Capt. Howard, "that the large one was no sort of winged aircraft. The small ones were merely dots and left no vapor trails. Usually six objects accompanied the larger one. None of us ever saw anything like it before."

PARIS, France—June 26th. The strange windshield mystery has now spread to France. Reports of glass suddenly shattering without apparent reason are being made from areas throughout France. Two incidents of the "pox" were reported on the Riviera, one near Arles, another near Dijon and still another in Touraine . . . points as much as several hundred miles apart. Three of the drivers said the countryside through which they were passing was deserted at the time. Four heard a detonation, and one said he saw a blue light just before the windshield vanished. One said that the

broken pieces of glass were as malleable as chewing gum.

DOZENS of alarmed Greater Clevelanders asked themselves what was happening to the moon this past week. Many described what they saw as a "whizzing meteor" or "bright streamers." Cab drivers, special policemen and a dozen telephone operators were among those who said they saw the moon on a strange rampage. At one time a white vapor, like smoke from a chimney, shot down from the moon toward the horizon. Many agreed that there were sharp black marks on the moon, and it appeared wavy with an unusual halo around it. Policeman Harry Schneider said he was making his rounds when he looked at the moon and



saw something resembling a white plate going fast across the moon, north to south, then cut back toward the lake and disappeared. Others saw a big streak like white fire disintegrate into a circle on the moon. Dr. Fred Whipple, astronomer with Harvard University said that the people saw something, but it is all a matter of interpretation!

PASADENA, Calif.—Two strong earthquakes centered 80 miles deep under the Andes in northern Peru were reported recently by the California Institute of Technology. Dr. Charles Richter said the quakes were powerful and were doubtless felt over a wide area.

DAYTON, Ohio, June 24th—Air Force officials investigated a Saucer sighting reported by Harry L. Roe, Jr. The pilot, with the Ohio National Guard, said he picked up the object near Columbus after eight in the evening. It followed him until he gave chase, then it took off. It looked like a round white light. Roe doesn't "believe" in Flying Saucers!

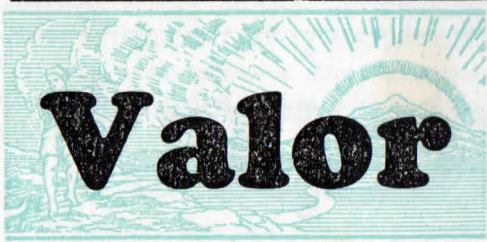
CHICAGO, Illinois—Adler Planetarium's July show will concern the planet Mars. A part of it will be to *debunk any conception*, comic book, or otherwise, *about men from the red planet.*

TOKYO, Japan—Mountain climbers were warned this week not to squench their thirst with snow. Chemists at Kanazawa University in western Honshu said tests showed snow atop peaks in the area called Japan's alps was radioactive. Recent U. S. hydrogen tests in the Pacific were believed to be the cause.

PORT HURON, Michigan—A weird light so bright you couldn't look at it was reported moving slowly across the sky above Port Huron recently. Selfridge Field officials and police had no explanation for the glow, which police said looked like a barrel. The light appeared on the horizon at 5 a. m. and disappeared to the west at 6:30 a. m.

ALAS! Screening a picture does not take the trash out.

IT'S a terrible thing to see people squandering money and realize you cannot help them.



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Strange Interlude



LOUELLA Parsons, movie publicist, says in the morning paper: "The trend toward religious plays has never been as great as it is right now. I believe that's because the condition of the world is so frightening and people are turning more and more to prayer and spiritual help. I've just heard that Jack Warner has handed one of his staff writers a copy of Lloyd C. Douglas's novel, 'Forgive Us Our Trespasses' to write a screen treatment. This is the story of a newspaperman who finds God."

Maybe it's the condition of the world and maybe it's something else, Louella. Maybe religious themes are offering the public a welcome interlude from the banal and tawdry sex stuff that has about as much spiritual depth as a waffle-platter.

After all, human nature does possess a spiritual side and when you starve it to death for thirty years, there's bound to be a queue when the nourishment shows up. Soulcraft literature is proving that.

Harriet



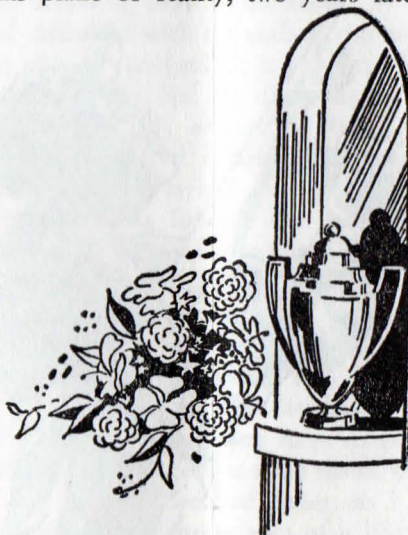
DEAR eighty year old woman in Michigan, trying hard to comprehend the Soulcraft Enlightenment, is somewhat crossed up over Daughter Harriet. She writes—"I'd liked to ask a ques-

tion if I may . . . Where does Harriet go from here? If she left earth when a babe of two and is a young woman now, what about the years to come? . . . I have always avoided Spiritualism in any form. I think we are to 'live the life' and spiritualize our bodies as Jesus did. I like it here on earth—am eighty years old, and hope to stay a long time yet. Yet I believe in Reincarnation, it seems so much nearer justice than most explanations of life, but I'd hate to think that one can reach the heights, then be stricken down as the man was in *Golden Rubbish*."

Our venerable lady is recommended to a more careful reading of *Behold Life*, bless her heart. She misses many vital points.

Harriet doesn't "go anywhere" from here. None of us "go anywhere" from here. *We are*—but the vehicle of our expression alters to conform to our status.

Harriet is probably quite as venerable a soul-spirit as her father, or any other member of the family group or Soulcraft Group with which she is associated. She incarnated in 1912 purposely to become identified as her father's daughter, then vacated the little fleshly body peculiar to this plane of reality, two years later. It



was to serve the objective of aiding her father currently in expounding the truth of survival, which it was known he would pursue as a career in his sunset years. She has grown to a personable woman of 41 at present in her light-pattern body, which in turn is substantial reality to her on the octave where she has since resided—merely a finer vibration of substance in matter than is commonly recognized on *this* atomic plane.

But from here on out it is doubtful that she will be discerned as growing older physically. On the next higher planes of life where we commonly reside between incarnations, the body being more responsive to Thought supervision, attains to its prime and remains there, whereas the extremely elderly gradually recover their middle-life vigors and appear to grow younger until their prime is similarly arrived at.

When Harriet started making materialized appearances to her father, she was a maid in her twenties, given to more piquant temperament than she displays at present. On one occasion she threw her arms about him in a seance and led him in a two-step down the rug in the exuberance of her light-hearted temperament. As she becomes older, a more sedate mien is noticeable.

Like our elderly lady friend in Michigan, or sundry mortals who have temporarily transferred to the Thought Planes, Harriet will wait there until her father's relatives and other Group members join her. Then when the incarnation for all is complete, they will journey onto the higher octaves until the relationships of the group's next incarnation are determined.

Obviously this particular group gets most of its reflexes from its Palestinian incarnation, when Our Lord was on earth in flesh—and understand that it is the Soulcraft Group that is meant, not necessarily a given family group. To this fact is doubtless attributable the transcribing of the *Golden Scripts* . . .

Two hundred to five hundred years is commonly the interval of solar time spent on these Thought Plane visitations and arrangements, which is one of the chief reasons that most persons lately graduated onto octaves of spirit and who find it easy to "come back" through Spiritualistic mediums contend they see "no evidence of reincarnation". They have not as yet been in spirit long enough to frequent the levels where it is manifest to them. Query a soul-spirit of great age, however, and inevitably you discover him or her taking the fact of serried earthly lives as a matter of course.

THE "spiritizing" of the physical body, traditionally attributable to Jesus following the Crucifixion and known as the Resurrection, is quite another matter.

It is the mark of the adept, with complete mental control over the atoms of the physical self—going further than mere psychosomatic supervision. Really it belongs more in the realm of that incident in the Truman Bethurum Space Ship book, where Aura Rhanes disintegrated the atoms of a common flashlight as Bethurum held it out upon his opened palm. But by the same token, the adept is capable of reversing the process and assembling other atoms to provide himself with physical vehicle upon occasion without recourse to a medium's ectoplasm.

The incident in *Golden Rubbish* has been wholly misinterpreted by our Michigan friend. George Robling vacated his former physical self and another spirit entirely entered it and inhabited it, that karma might be paid off in compensations to Sybil. It has always been regrettable that the book's explanations were not more lucid on this point. If the author ever gets leisure to rewrite *Golden Rubbish*, he means to make this karmic incident of clearest understanding.

Meantime Harriet continues her materializations in support of her father's tenets, irrespective of the medium available. She has appeared through at least eight different mediums to date, she says, always the same girl with the same voice and personality, although she works most frequently with Bertie Lilly Candler of Miami, Florida. More power to both.

She's a wonderful daughter!

Mary's Dilemma

QUT of respect to the sensitivities of the Christian Science Mother Church, Soulcraft has been reluctant unduly to stress publicity concerning the post-mortem activities of its beloved Mary Baker Eddy, apparently seeking to rectify her blunder in publishing against communication after physical demise. But reports of the incidents—where she has appeared to groups—are coming in from every quarter of the nation, following report of the phenomena occurring this past year at Noblesville. So far as known, however, the Noblesville materializations have been the only occasions where the much-venerated lady's actual voice tones have been captured by the microphone on electronic tapes. However—

The situation is not without its ironies. The Christian Science Mother Church turns an austere and repudiating eye on photostats of advertisements in Massachusetts weekly papers of the Seventies, wherein Mary Baker offered to give spiritualistic readings by appointment. It refuses to accredit the numerous times that the leader of that Church has reappeared in person and lamented the chapter in *Science & Health* in which she averred

that all spirit manifestation was fraud and humbug. Thus Mary finds herself cut off from direct vocal communication with the head officials of her institution, and they in turn cut themselves off from hearing their beloved leader's personal voice, able and eager to counsel them in the present—granting they desire it.

Soulcraft has Mary Baker Eddy's literal voice on electronic tapes in which she declares in her characteristic clarity, that

Show Me the Way



HOW me the way that leads to perfect life!

I do not care what tempest may assail me,
I shall be given courage for the strife;
I know His strength will not desert or fail me.
I feel that I shall conquer in the fray . . .

Show me the Way!

Show me the way up to a higher plane,
Where Body shall be servant of the Soul,
I hold no fear what tides of woe or pain
May cross my path as angry billows roll.
If I but reach the end I seek, someday,

Show me the Way!

Show me the Way and let me bravely climb
Above all longings for vain earthly treasure,
Above all sorrow that finds balm in Time,
Above small triumphs or belittling pleasure,
Up to the Heights where these things seem child's play,

Show me the Way!

Show me the way to calm and perfect peace
That comes from Soulcraft consciousness of Right;
To where all conflicts with the flesh shall cease,
Where Self shall radiate with Godly light.
Though hard the journey, fraught with strife, I pray

Show me the Way!

Through Soulcraft valors wed to matchless Truth
I find the answer to my problems all,
I feel His hand is guiding and will guide,
Will keep my footsteps so I shall not fall.
Thus all past debts of Karma I shall pay . . .

Show me the Way!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL
from E. W. W.



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Soulcraft Chapels
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

“communication between the Worlds is *scientific*” and in another place, “I denied the truth that was in my soul . . . and now I have to work it out”, meaning that her penance takes the form of being forced to address strangers to the faith which she founded and mentored, in order to pay off the karma of her blunder.

No one who has ever heard Mary Baker Eddy's voice can forget its haunting poignancy.

Specifically she fails to endorse Spiritualism as a religion, although Soulcrafters have heard her declare “There is good in all religions,” only to add, “but we will not have the religions; we will have the *Truth!*”

If this were not the bona fide Mary Eddy, would she still be speaking in the highest praise and tribute to Christian Science? But by repudiating what she knew to be truth while alive, she has locked the doors and ears of her own communicants against herself.

What a tragedy!

There are said to be 14,000 Christian Science Readers or practitioners, . . . what would the great majority of them not give to be able freely and without inhibitions to hear their beloved Mary speaking to them again in her own sweetly clarifying accents?

The validity and authenticity of it all reposes in the fact that she would alter scarcely by a phrase anything she has left to the world as the head of her great Church. The cry in her soul is to acquaint those who today idolize her with the fact that there is more to Christian Science than she made clear. *She would add her knowledge and wisdom of the Higher Life as she has come to know and live it!*

Are those not strange tactics for an imposter—if the lovely personage now appearing in psychical groups of investigators truly be imposter—wanting to add to and strengthen a religious faith she was responsible for establishing?

Sooner or later she must win out, of course, for it is Truth to which she is personally attesting, and Truth cannot be formally repudiated forever.

She publicly attests that what she would like to add to Christian Science are the tenets expressed in the book *Beyond Grandeur*, which she declares that she mothered and mentored.

A still more glorious achievement might

await her Church if such additions to her doctrine could be accredited and espoused. At any rate, the development of her efforts will be interesting to watch! . . .

Saucer Symposium

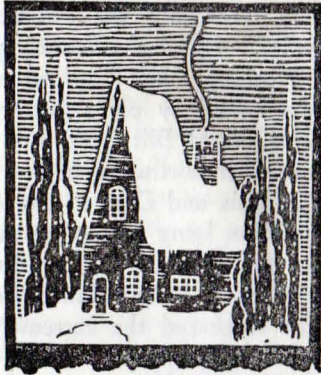
(Continued from Page 6)

“YOU have been hearing about strange ‘Flying Telephone Poles’ observed to come down very close to your earth. These strike the soil and take care of large areas. They go into the ground, dissolving in about one hour. They do not look like shooting stars when they fall, but as blue streaks to your naked eye. You beneficial bacteria is dying out and these ‘Flying Poles’ are sent out by the scientific space laboratories *to take care of your Western Hemisphere!* In this area of your planet you will find that certain farmers are puzzled as to how the soil becomes so rich and why at times there is evidence of red dust. Many of these ‘poles’ are tube-like, pointed at both ends and usually six feet long by twelve inches in diameter, although they can be much larger. The tubes contain rich concentrated organic soil-material from our own gardens and canals on Mars. They are full of vital, healthy, organic elements that will correct your increasing problem of *humus destruction!* The soil will be supplied with nitrogen. Look on some of your land . . . it will take on a reddish color in the sunlight . . . remember, Mars is known as the *Red Planet!*”

Certain bacteria enzymes which accelerate the decomposition of organic wastes such as proteins and other nitrogenous compounds producing nitrogen in a form that can be used by plants. Nitrogen is one of the constituents of protein and thus a requirement of *all plants and animals.*

Certain bacteria take free nitrogen from the atmosphere and convert it by various methods to nitrogen compounds that are in such form that plants and animals use it. Atmospheric nitrogen, however, is not available to plant and animal life . . . so without the services of bacteria in decomposition of organic wastes via the enzymes they produce, or conversion of the free atmospheric nitrogen to nitrogenous compounds available to plants, *there can be no life* and the partially decomposed organic material known

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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

as humus that we possess is left to erosion for lack of plant life to hold it in place! Therefore, bacteria are dying at a rapid rate because of cosmic eruptions. Because of these vital nitrogen is not produced and the nitrogen cycle essential to all life is violently disturbed. Space scientists are correcting that condition on our planet by sending highly concentrated organic material impregnated with the necessary bacteria and this will replenish the depleted earth supply. They say they are doing this in the *Western Hemisphere* because the land of the New Age is here!

Remote control bombs? Guided Missiles? Not at all! Our friends from Outer Space seem to be saving our food supply by soil rejuvenation . . . and thereby saving a race!

Kindly neighbors, indeed!

United Nations

(Continued from Page 2)

THE THING that is apparently on the cards to happen in the closing months of 1954 is the spectacle of Britain going over to the free-world's enemies and making common cause with the artful designs of the minority racial blocs at perfecting their suzerainties with the Hammer & Sickle governments as their instruments. This after we have presented Britain with something 40 billion dollars. France, it will presently be disclosed, has already done that thing under the pressures of the Indo-China War.

According to holy prophecy, the truly significant accounting is due to arrive when a Free World populace comes openly to identify the progenitors of all this world skulduggery. And contiguous with such recognition, America does a swan-dive back into Nationalism of its Bob Sharp heyday. In that event the real Moscovite Fifth Columnists will be conspicuous in a rejuvenated United States for their screeching silence due to absence!

United Nations is not quite ready yet to fold, but it's on the cards to fold. And no one will lose valuable funds wagering on the date of its happening if the selection be predicated on mass identification of the Red Fifth Columnists in the public domain and the insistence that

(Continued on Page 15)

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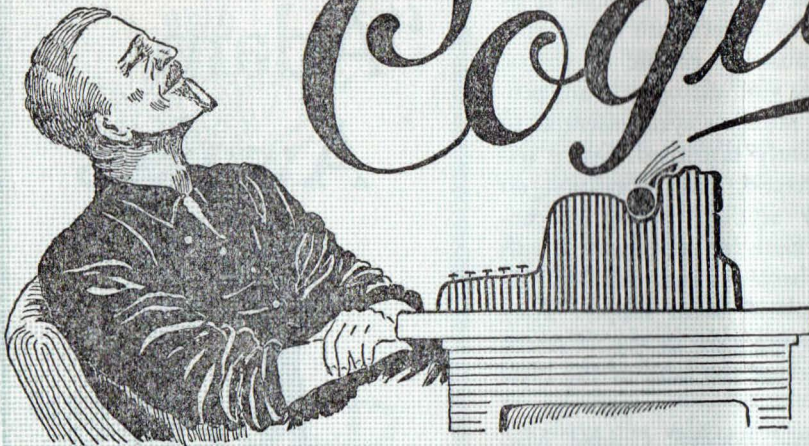
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Soulcraft Chapels

Cogitations



I'VE known two characters in my long and colorful career who truly were representative of the Old West—where men were men and women were glad of it. One was Al Jennings the Oklahoma bandit-preacher, whose golden wedding anniversary I saw noted in the papers just the other day, and "Wild Bill" Byrd, not so well known to history perhaps, but in his own fashion quite a gazebo as I shall describe to you. Where Al Jennings was born, I haven't the foggiest notion, probably under some Tamarack grown in Brooklyn, but I certainly know where Wild Bill was born—up in staid old New England. Al headed up the so-called Jennings Gang in northwestern Oklahoma, looted banks and held up trains, fleeing to Central America when the Cherokee Strip got too hot and meeting a companion in infamy by the name of William Sidney Porter—"O Henry" to you—knocking around with him till both got homesick enough to return up north and sample life in the pokey. Bill Porter served his time—for a bank irregularity about whose criminality there seems to be doubt—Al was pardoned by Theodore Roosevelt, those being the days when United States Presidents issued pardons, a practice now gone out of fashion excepting between good Democrats. There at Al got religion, took to the camp meeting circuit, saved souls wholesale and ran for Governor of Oklahoma. When the votes were counted, Al was in mathematically but I have his own word for it that presenting himself at the State House for inaugural, he was met by a

crowd of six-footers who picked him up by neck and ankles and heaved him as far as they could throw. One of the most cherished books in my library is *Through the Shadows with O. Henry*, containing the following autograph on the flyleaf—

To William Dudley Pelley—

Dear Bill: Let this recall our dear mutual friend, the other "Bill", who made millions glad with his universal yarns. Sincerely yours,
AL JENNINGS.

o—o

BUT it is about "Wild Bill" Byrd that I started to write, and the sketch might be subtitled, *The Boy Who Was Good to His Mother*. "Wild Bill" began life, as implied, in a sleepy town up in central New England. He went through grammar school with no more than the normal number of fist-fights and undoubtedly accompanied his folks to church at least twice a year, Easter Morning and Christmas Festival. But come fifteen or so, it is my understanding that he and his old man engaged in some sort of altercation where the old man got the best of it, and smouldering with rebellion Bill caught a freight out in the dark of New England moon. Stuffed full of the drivel on covers of nickel novels displayed along the inner plateglass of the local cigarstore, Bill entertained a secret ambition to travel out to the real West and become a cowboy. And I have it to record that such thing he did. Al Jennings ended up in Oklahoma. Bill Byrd ended up in one of the craziest and wildest mining and cow towns in ancient Nevada. Jennings went into the bank-looting business before a national administration followed

suit under the alibi that it was saving the Republic from the ravages of Depression. Wild Bill went into the business of—guess what? Mining? Branding long-horns? Nothing like that for a New Englander raised by pious and respectable parents. Wild Bill went into the occupation of importing spiritous liquors from St. Louis and Denver and dispensing same from bung or tap by the glassful for a consideration that gradually accumulated him a bank balance. Believe it or not he embraced the extremely moist calling of saloon-keeper in a country more or less noted for its aridity, and due to the fact that it was before the days of cash registers and most of his merchandise made his patrons unable to count their change anyway, proceeded to



pile up a competence. Now will the Bustled Element kindly withdraw into the next room while I treat with the facts of life on the raw and nonliquid frontier

with only gentlemen present? . . . Wild Bill not only went in for quenching the abnormal thirst of his patrons for generous portions of their mining camp or cow country paychecks but he let not his left hand know what his right hand was doing by adding to his saloon business a line of faro and Fancy Ladies. To all the depravities of the human male Bill catered, he did, and operating before the days of the Federal income tax, he did right well by himself . . . It had been in the late Eighties that this scion of Easter-Morning and Christmas-Festival religion had pulled out of the hills of New England on a westbound freight. In was during the headlined noise of the Spanish-American War that Bill came back, clad in a ten gallon hat, a brace of six-shooters, and saddle boots with his trousers stuffed into the tops, walking out into the middle of the Main Street car tracks and shooting promiscuously at hovering angels, *bang-bang-bang!* just to let Massachusetts and other New England States know that in the period of his absence he had become wild, wooly and full of fleas and hard to curry below the knees. The town marshal heard the detonations and set out to arrest Bill for perturbing the peace. But somebody whispered into his ear that he'd best show discretion, not because Wild Bill had learned to use a six-gun in his absence but because he'd come back to see his folks with a deposit left that morning in the local bank of something like \$300,000. You might arrest prodigals who came back with a target eye set for hovering angels but you didn't arrest local bank depositors with three hundred G's to their credit at the corner of Main and Maple Streets. The marshal veered off to follow the trail of a culprit who was delinquent about his dog-tax . . .

o—o

WELL, when I became a factotum on the town's evening newspaper, they were quick to apprise me of Wild Bill's biography. The record had it that when Wild Bill had emptied both cylinders of his artillery and the angels had flapped as best they could to the handy belfry of the Methodist Church, Bill had moved eastward up Main Street, flagged down a horse and buggy, climbed in beside the owner and requested to be delivered to the home of his parents. The owner of the rig didn't know the cylin-

ders were empty but they say he belabored his beast, standing up in the buggy to escape the nudge of Bill's cold steel in his ribs. Arrived at the old Byrd homestead, Bill had holstered his ordnance, pulled the cow-hat at a cock over one eye, leaped the buggy's front wheel without assistance and gone up on the veranda. The rig's owner tarried to see what ensued. Bill pulled the bell out and kicked the front door in. "Whoopee, Ma, where be you?" he bellowed. Then to his stupefaction a strange red-headed female carrying a defensive rolling-pin confronted him in the hallway. "Who are you and what do you want?" they queried one another in simultaneous introductions. Bill told who he was, but where were his folks? Thereat the red-head enlightened the prodigal. "Your old man's been in heaven—let's hope!—since 1895," said she, "but if you're looking for your old lady, you'll find her out to the County Farm. Now *get out!*" Bill gasped, gaped, hiccupped and seemed to deflate one grisly moment. He managed to demand, "You mean the *poor farm?*" . . . That was exactly what the redhead meant, it seemed. Thereat Bill made further speech in the interrogatory manner. "Who put her out *thar?*" he roared, and his speech could be heard over in front of the YMCA. 'Tis said the red-head shrugged, "Your brother!" she announced. Pause for Station announcements about Brother Otis . . .

o—o

OTIS was a round-shouldered, sharp-eyed little plate-passer and mortgage-forecloser who had joined the church instead of hopping a freight for Nevada and become a leader in the WCTU instead of purveying the Demon Rum. There were no wide-open spaces about Otis. He had the first dollar he'd ever earned—some said it was a \$5 reward for showing the authorities where to apprehend a wife-beater who lay drunken in some weeds—and when his father had joined the Great Majority well-fixed in this world's goods, Otis had connived and manipulated until he'd gotten all of Byrd Senior's property in his own hands, then connived and manipulated some more to have old Mrs. Byrd thrown on the town. This had been the dastardly news Wild Bill had learned on his homecoming, never having corresponded with his hometown since departure. And what



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did he do? I'll tell you what he did. He got out to that waiting rig so quick that the owner fell out as Bill fell in. They say he galloped that nag most of the way out to the Poor Farm in the north-east edge of town, kicked its screen door to slats when it obstructed him, barged inside, went bellowing around the first floor scaring the paupers into fits, then went up the front stairs three at a time in search of old Mrs. Byrd. Do you know where he found her? He found her on her knees at the top of the first flight, cleaning the floor with a scrubbing-brush from a five-gallon pail of suds. Bill addressed no language to her, lurid or otherwise. He merely reached down, lifted her in his arms, kicked that five-gallon pail of suds squarely in the face of the Superintendent coming up to see what the rumpus was all about, strode down the stairs with his appalled mother thus toted, crossed the veranda and put her in the buggy. Thereat he took her down to the Mansion House—our leading hotel—and put her in the bridal suite at \$10 per day, with meals. Thereat he opened his bags, extracted more cartridges therefrom, refilled his cannon, and started up Maple Street in general direction of Otis's residence. Otis was out back, letting his hens get their midday meal from the feedbag of one of his horses. He gave one look at the army of occupation, entering upon his premises and started squealing before the first slug exploded. Wild Bill chased Otis through the Howe property, across the Presbyterian Cemetery, down across the flats by the knitting-mill and up the road toward Whipple Hollow. They do say that Otis outran every bullet Bill fired. The town got up on roofs to see the chase. And Otis kept straight on going, when he hit the town line, and half an hour later the county line. And he never came back while Bill resided in our bailiwick. When Bill chased Otis out of house and home, he returned to his maternal parent at the Mansion House and condoled with her. He might have made his pile out of booze and wild women, not to mention an occasional stacked deck, but the first cheque he wrote on his \$300,000 deposit was payment in full for the swank Nichols Place up on South Street Hill, overlooking the valley for miles around, got her a house of servants, and thereafter, right up till the afternoon of the

old lady's death three years later, never failed to be at the residence for one solid hour with her, from three to four o'clock, Sundays not excepted . . Uh-huh, the Boy that Was Good to His Mother! I could tell you a lot more yarns about Wild Bill Byrd and maybe I will. But some other week . .

o—o

DOES the whole yarn sound familiar to some of you oldsters? Undoubtedly. I've told you the plot to the old-time flicker *Over the Hill to the Poor House*, made by Fox Films in 1922 and featuring Johnny Walker. Know what had happened? J. Searle Dawley, Director-general of Fox's in its heyday, was a buddy of mine back in those dear dead days of the silent films. One night breaking bread with him in his palatial dining room up on New York's Sutton Place, I happened to recount the background of Wild Bill. Searle choked on an artichoke, burped, hit the ceiling and came down amid a flattening of crockery. "Boy, what a movie!" he finally expressed himself. Uh-huh. When Johnny Walker kicked that bucket of movie suds in the superintendent's face, it was good for the Oscar of 1923 . . but all at present just a page in the Memory Book . . Oh well! . . So Al and his wife had their golden wedding the other day did they? . . Wonder if Al still wears his spurs to bed? . . Wild Bill did, when he came to wed the Tatro Gal . . But that's a yarn for another week . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Bereavement

(Continued from Page 6)

profoundest causes for an unexplained early death of some "promising" individual is his cosmic desire to become born back into earth-life so as to attain to his majority at a forthcoming period when great world events may engage his attention and in which he may be scheduled to play an important later role himself. He may have required the past thirty to thirty-five years to clean up a portion of his karma with such persons as had close relationships with him in the current dispensation. These behind him, he must go the cosmic round of metamorphosis so as to be back in earth-life at his prime in the year 1994 and no excuses offerable.

So—a seemingly healthy individual—he is shockingly discovered by a devoted wife or doting mother some morning as “passed away” of heart failure during the night. The wife or mother, having been content to remain in the ignorance of Orthodoxy about the serried lives of the soul, promptly seeks out the community wailing wall and batters her flesh-and-blood forehead upon it because “God has been so cruel” as to call John for Judgment since seven o’clock last evening. God, of course, hasn’t been “cruel” at all, and has had nothing whatsoever to do with “calling John for Judgment.” John had known in his eternal mind that he came into this earth-life for a sequence of thirty-three years, seven months, and eight days, and he must be back in physical prime again in the year 1994 because he is slated to take the oath of office in that year as, let’s say, a future President of the United States. If he hadn’t left the current life now, he would be late for that future inaugural, speaking symbolically. So he has seen to it that his life insurance premiums of the present were paid, waved adieu to his earthly associates of the moment, and slipped into the Thought Planes for a bit of rest before incarnating afresh for the future mission. But a group of “survivors”, positively closing their ears against the pattern of soul-growth and specification for spiritual attaining, assuming naively that the soul has but one life in flesh to live—after which “it is a long time dead”—entertain a lot of blasphemous resentment that it really is God who has left them in the lurch and without John’s visible means of support.

Whatever the rancors at hearing it, their inconsolable grief truly is the product of their own benighted limitations on cosmic wisdom, and “reading books” or not reading books has little to do with it. “To know or not to know is the issue strictly at stake. The circumstance that knowledge comes from carefully composed books is quite beside the point.

The proof of the soundness of the argument comes in the fact that Soulcrafters who do know, suffer no such agonizing spasms of heartbreak. They are serene, poised, and fortified in the occurrence of the domestic tragedy that makes an emotional wreck of the neighbor. Understanding the great processes operating behind the machinery of Life, they

grasp that the metamorphosis is but an incident, that the beloved husband’s or son’s eternal spirit remains quite as close as it has ever been in flesh, and that under proper conditions it can be conversed with and proven.

But hieing to the nearest commercial Spiritualistic medium isn’t the answer. Apprising one’s self of what the Life Processes themselves are, that we see constantly and continually working before our eyes, is the really satisfying remedy.

Truly advanced people spiritually exult when those nearest and dearest to them succeed in effecting the Transition.

Grief is the sign that knowledge is lacking.

Get knowledge and grief goes. But truth to tell, so many people secretly enjoy their grief that they hate to make public admission of the satisfaction they are sensing from it.

No sage can help such.

Truly he is showing himself the charlatan to try it . . .

United Nations

(Continued on Page 11)

they betake themselves elsewhere with dispatch.

The sagacious among them are already doing it, and they should be commended for acumen.

But it will be the mass awakening that brings the real eviction, not solo fulminations of any publicist-martyr—which awakening arrives through the compounding stupidities of the Moscovite Fifth Columnists within the Trojan Horse of U-N itself.

Have the Christians of America much then to worry about?

They have everything to worry about!

However, Time and Red Stupidity are working on their side. Given a few more Guatemalas and Indo-China “settlements” and the mass of Americans arouse to their jeopardies.

United Nations is due to fold by the very exigency of its duplicities. And our vigilant Republic goes off this diving-board of indecision into the deep and refreshing waters of a Nationalism which regains its 1913 integrity in a week.

Senator Knowland of California may well become the Second Father of His Country.

Care to cover that bet?



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



THE QUESTION is frequently put to me: If I had realized, that forenoon in Manhattan in 1929 that the Seven-Minutes story I had just typed for *The American* was to produce the aftermath that it did produce, would I have donned hat and coat and carried it up Park Avenue to the editor, or would I have filed it in my briefcase, taken the subway down to South Street, and bought a ticket for a spring and summer in Europe, thus altering the course of my whole life-career? . . . Usually I ask the questioner whether he's asking from the secular standpoint or the spiritual. From a secular standpoint I wouldn't have delivered that story in ten thousand years. I told friends at the time—who have reminded me of it since—that publishing such a narrative as Seven Minutes would undoubtedly wreck my prestige as a popular writer. Orthodox readers of the magazines, not to mention editors, would privately decide I had gone off my rocker. Yet spiritually I sensed that an obligation rested on me. Exploring further into psychical fields opened as a challenge . . .

THE TRUE answer is, of course, that I had a cosmic job to do and defection was nonallowable. But human nature being what I subsequently found it, I most certainly would have followed a different technique in many instances to save myself much headache. For one thing, knowing what I know now, I certainly would have shown myself less naive at assuming that sensational *expose* of skulduggery in high places would, of itself, cause the American public to "rise up". Actually, it causes the public to do nothing of the sort. Nettled by individual impotencies, it entertains the greater animus for you who have disturbed its traditional equanimities . . . individual friends are quite another matter. I would have taken in more seriousness the epigram that this mortal race spends half its time searching for a messiah, and the remainder of its time crucifying him after it has found him. As for my years of crusading against the Moscow Fifth Column in the American scene, no, I would not have avoided that. People who have bemoaned the fact I seemed to "desert" the field of Mysticism for "politics" know nothing of the specific adjurations and counsellings I had received to that end, prescribed as a definite phase of my mortal career. It was necessary for me to establish myself as an adept in espionage against the earth's real subversive forces in order to keep the ranks of the later neophytes in Mysticism clean of characters that would have reduced it to a mischief. Furthermore, my career

in that department of life is by no means terminated. For my first thirty-eight years I had been rigorously trained in Commercial Economics and Military Intelligence, that when the full revelations in Esoterics had been made I would be capable of combining the three for my country's regeneration. Add to all of it the priceless information I acquired as a feature of my political incarceration, and by no means could such equipment have accrued to me by chance . . .

IT IS because of such tutelage that, greatly to the mystification of many friends, I refuse to become overly perturbed at the gargantuan "mess" that the country is in, today. In the first place, the country is in *no* mess that the eviction of "a little group of willful men"—paraphrasing Woodrow Wilson—couldn't remedy in twenty-four to thirty *months!* I speak whereof I know—and have paid the price of knowing. When I come to write Volume Two of *Door to Revelation*, as near the actual close of my career as I can contrive to write it, I shall be able to expound many things that at present are not permissible and 'fess up what roles I played that right now would not be accredited. True as roles they have been played, so reprisals cannot undo them. But the entire experience since 1928 has given me an equanimity about the future that assuredly compensates for ordeals and sufferances. When I remark to my intimates that it might be well for them not to get overly wrought up about the national or international vista until they see me wrought up, I am engaging in no bombast. And yet the things that would disturb me—really—they would lack the erudition to interpret. Okay, then take my word for them. I have an inexhaustible store of information on which to draw and if I need more, I know where to get it . . . My true reflections concerning the precipitations from Seven Minutes are, that to go through with such role you're required to be the adventurer temperamentally—and have enough of the Irish in your blood to love a royal fight for its own sake . . . if you want things soft, affluent, or sanctimonious, you'll find your head broken more than once, and few repair kits handy. But you'll also find it to

¶ Jefferson said, "Our Liberty depends upon freedom of our press, and that can not be circumscribed without progressively being lost . . ."

be true that the harder you're persecuted, the higher and stronger the sentiment building up in your regard—assuming you need it for the requirements of your errand. These rancorous individuals who fancy they're doing me the most malicious kind of dirt, delaying or preventing my vindication at the hands of courts, how stupid they truly are! But would I publish Seven Minutes over again? I 'fess up to knowing a dozen ways that I would rewrite the aftermath!