

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 17



WAR HAS BECOME MAJOR BUSINESS

*Sentimentalists Doing Themselves
Disservice by Ignoring Economic
Facts of Life to their Hurt*

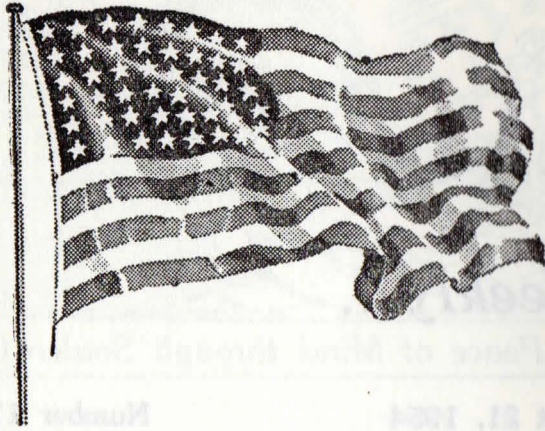


ESUS admonished us to be wise as serpents but harmless as doves—having direct reference to common sense applied to life's practical factors.

We believe we understand the meaning of being harmless as doves. It signifies in Christian philosophy, precipitating no performance that works harm on others. But do we understand clearly the corollary essence of being "wise as serpents"?

What alternative have we but to accept that the Great Teacher was cautioning us against allowing our sentimentalities to blind us to conditions of life as they factually exist?

It is one of the easiest pitfalls of saccherinity to agitate for the abolition of mass carnage between nations—assuming the inert moral wickedness of all



who give hand to it—and overlook stern and inevitable economic conditions that leave us small choice between War and Peace. It is time for the mentally mature, in confronting these wholesale globular crises, to face squarely the truth of the circumstances that the earthly economic setup being what it is, *War is Commerce in Action!*

Always in international commerce you run across situations where the interests of nationalisms set up road-blocks against each other. They say, "Thus far you can conduct your competitive operations and no farther—or we will bring up our military machines and annihilate your physical vehicles, making further encroachments impossible."

It is an accepted earth condition, based on the necessities of economic circumstance. Which is better, that adult millions starve or that a handful of youthful expendibles be risked, confining trade encroachments to definitely marked limits? Man for man, of course, War with all its potentials of mass destruction, is preferable to mass famine. So the world's statesmen reckon, and have always reckoned, in terms of grammar school mathematics. Certainly it is deplorable that certain sizable industrialists make millions in profits, building up the road-blocks to effectivity. But behind each global prohibition on Trade looms the greater and more impelling issue of survival of peoples as peoples.

By no means is it pleasant to find oneself trapped in the military open spaces between the road-blocks, with the bombs making rubble of the pavements, but that is merely individual misfortune. Behind the soldier-unit being shattered looms the more formidable gnawing of the nationalistic stomach.

Coming down to the position of our own Republic in such execrable predicament, we find it represented by gargantuan home industry that can no longer maintain the high wage rate in peacetime that was common in wartime and must have war orders to prevent shut-downs or layoffs. Such abnormal wartime payment-rate is accepted by politicians and public alike as Prosperity. Being forced to return to peacetime standards of payment is held to be Depression. The rational solution to Depression therefore, is maintaining the industrial potentials common to the War state. This includes too the sustaining under arms vast numbers of the youthful element with the national government the employer and meeting the soldier payrolls.

What is being done is perpetually sustaining a military condition, that war standards of "prosperity" be permanent.

The moralists and sentimentalists preach that mass killing of human beings for secular reasons—Trade or no trade—is reprehensible. But put it up to the individual moralist or sentimentalist: "Very fine, but are you willing to work for \$60 a week instead of \$120 that mass killing of human beings for secular reasons may cease?"

He may not cry indignantly, "Of course not!" But he expresses it by his ballot at the next election, making certain that officials are elected who "stand for no nonsense" on the paramount platform plank of national preparedness . . .

BEING "wise as serpents" therefore in the Christian sense impels us to recognize that the question of war or peace is not one of ethics but of all-time economics. All the exhortations against War up ten thousand years become so much empty ranting, as against the stern realities of asking any populace to sacrifice its high living standards that men may dwell in brotherly love together. And that goes for Russia and China quite as significantly as for United States, Great Britain, France, Japan, or West Germany.

To maintain wartime wages, wartime goods must be fabricated. To continue to fabricate wartime goods means over a lengthy period that they must be consumed by accelerated destruction as in war. As if this were not enough, you

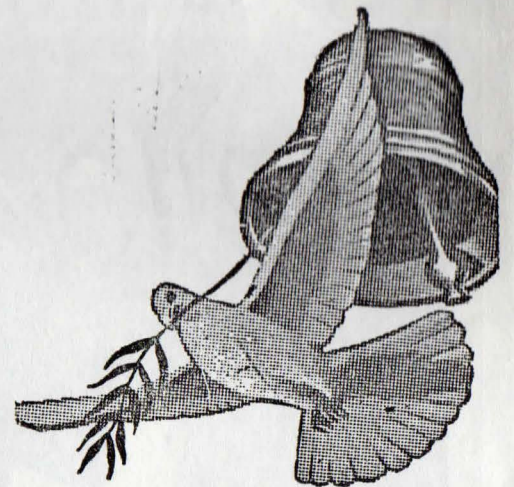
can't continuously march a million men uphill one day and downhill the next, all in uniform and efficiently officered—the very human nature involved will not tolerate such futility. So causes for open conflict must be kept explosive. A war going on somewhere in the world every minute of every year thereby keeps the producers in all nations on the *qui vive*, accepting such condition as normal.

It is all quite in line with "modern civilization." In fact, it is modern civilization.

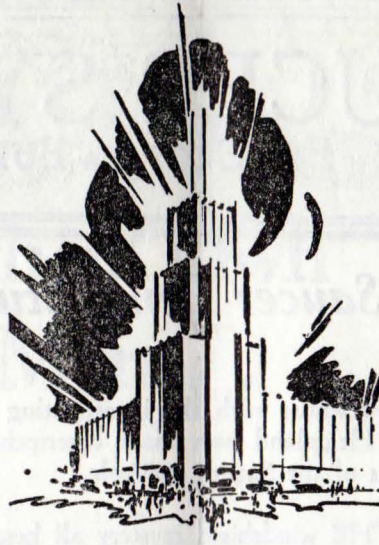
No one person, no one nation, can be charged with direct responsibility for it. Human nature in its desire to live as prosperously as possible, is as directly responsible for it as any human factor. But behind it is the economic circumstance that decrees, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread" . . .

WAR, therefore, to those "wise as serpents" should cease being presented as a periodic national catastrophe and come to be regarded as the major business concernment that it is, that predominant numbers of the populace may possess high-powered motorcars in which to speed by day, and equally high-priced television sets by which to receive the sustaining propaganda by night.

Ten thousand mimeographed appeals come into the offices of the nation's pub-



lishers annually, expressing the organized sentiments—and sentimentalities—of altruistic-minded persons who wish to hail an era of universal peace. On the face of them, they make it appear that "steps are being taken" and "something is being
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SUPPOSING 1,000 ILLUMINED SOULS WERE TURNED LOOSE PER YEAR!

*Condemning Mass Ignorance Is Negative When the Future's Call
Is for Knowledge that Stands Up under All Critical Research*

VALOR has from time to time decried this current period as the Great Era of the Mimeograph. For the benefit of the provincial, the mimeograph is a mechanical contrivance for doing type-writing upon stencils, transferring the stencils to a rotary machine, and reproducing the typewriting in quantities, cheaply and swiftly. Copies of the sheets thus duplicated in quantities are collated, bound in the upper left corner with a staple, the sheets folded and thrust into an envelope. Sundry persons across this land are the recipients by the post of what is thus created. It is a facile and inexpensive process whereby dissenting individuals acquaint other individuals with convictions concerning this or that, and is generally approved as Public Enlightenment.

The sobering truth is, that it relieves boiler-pressures of the dissenters mentally by enabling them to express their opinions, no matter whether those opinions have true merit or not, whereas the parties receiving the effusions may read them at their pleasure to toss them in

the waste basket. Eight out of ten toss them in the waste basket.

It is the motivating factor behind such activity, meritorious or otherwise, that commands our more tranchant attention. Why do people engage in it?

THEY engage in it because as individuals they assume that they possess knowledge of a particularly valuable character that should be lodged in other people's minds. It is a purblind method for conveying the idea that the writers are wise in some specific regard but that the persons whose names make up their mailing lists are ignorant. The assumption is obvious that if greater numbers of the country's populace were wise and numbers of the ignorant reduced, earth-life would be a more pleasurable or at least less distressing as an experience to undergo.

The principle behind such assumption is excellent. Unfortunately, it by no means follows that *what* the mimeograph author has to impart is sufficiently dynamic to alter recipients' thinking en masse. Worse and more of it, it by no means follows that men's thinking being altered,

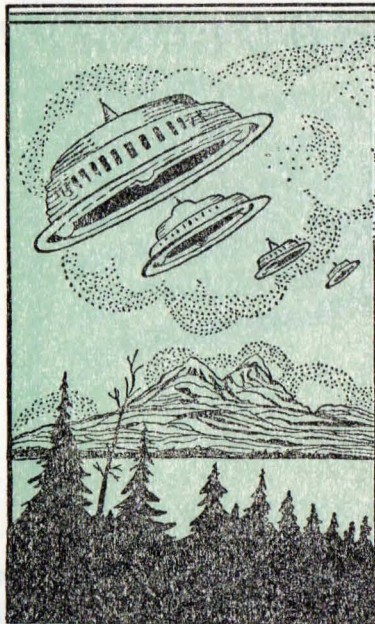
the ways or means are to hand for translating it into workable improvements of their culture. About the only dissenter up across American history whose mimeograph-talk was disclosed as effective, was one Thomas Paine in his production of the monograph, "The Crisis." In the darkest hours of the American Revolution he penned the timely tract that started off, "These are the times that try men's souls . . ." But the country was already embattled when he did it, and he only got away with it because the British Royalists were not in a position to do much about it.

Generally speaking, the mimeograph author is negative in that he is chiefly "agin" something. Not one mimeograph resolution in fifty is *for* something, in that it portrays precisely the ways and means for altering a set of circumstances constructively. Truth to tell, the average mimeograph author is propelled by an irresistible urge to relieve his own boiler-pressures as aforesaid, and having done so, he feels content that he has done his duty by his country. Let others carry on while he enjoys self-gratification.

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



Flying Saucer Being Studied on Helgoland Island

low-scientist with the investigating team on Helgoland have made descriptive details of the Saucer available.

THE windshield mystery all began in the city of Bellingham, Washington, where horrified citizens learned that, in one week's time, fifteen hundred automobiles had received cracked windshields. No one, not even university scientists, could explain why.

Bellingham's thirty-four thousand people began to wonder what madness was in their midst. Many home and store windows also were shattered to bits. Sometimes the windows cracked while the automobiles were in motion. The police were baffled . . . it couldn't be Junior out with his "pea-shooter."

In a few days, the same thing began to happen in Wyoming, Oklahoma, Pittsburgh, Indiana, California, Michigan, Wisconsin, Arizona and it even spread to England and France.

Experts at the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company said the pock-marked windshields were caused by normal road conditions and, therefore, no scientific mystery. One expert said, "Flying sand, cinders, gravel, or the materials used to de-ice snow covered roads could and very probably did cause the pit or crush marks found in the cars examined at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan." The expert didn't say why cinders, etc. hadn't caused such strange damage before.

Another expert said, "Automobiles are being built tighter today than ever before, consequently the inside holds heat and the outside cools faster. This change in temperature is what causes windows to crack and break."

A truck driver found pock-marks on his windshield and said, "It looked like white ashes on the windshield. I put some of it on my fingernails and watched it penetrate the nail. It must be extremely active material."

Some scientists said the H-bomb caused the glass damage, others said there was no connection. An industrial engineer said, "The H-bomb was exploded on a coral island of marine structure. The particles blown into the air formed a glue, solvent in water. These dropped on the windshields of cars and they went to work just as glue is used to place names in glass windshields. The particles are not radioactive."

The next phenomenon to appear was the strange turning on of radios in the Midwest and Canada . . . weird things happened to television sets and telephones rang without anyone being on the line. Then, a few days ago large chunks of ash-like material began to fall in various parts of the world.

Reports from California say that radioactive fog keeps coming in over the west coast every day or so. Many crops are dying there and it is getting difficult to grow anything well. Many insects are dying . . . chickens and turkeys are sick and some have died. Man pollutes Mother Earth and expects nothing to come of it.

ALL OF this is important, Dr. Loberg believes, and he feels certain that the "coming of the Saucers" to Earth has something to do with it. Not that the Saucers themselves are causing the damage, but the fact that they are here because of these unusual happenings.

Scientists are now examining the magnetic instruments of the downed Saucer in hopes of discovering the secret of Saucer magnetic propulsion and power. Dr. Loberg says the craft evidently landed under guidance of its own instruments and investigators studied it at a distance for two days before risking any closer observation.

The area where the craft came down was bombarded with certain rays. Geiger

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FLYING Saucer recently came down on the tiny island of Helgoland in the North Sea off the German coast. The Germans used this island for a submarine base during World War I. A secret investigation headed by top scientists is now in progress to determine why the Saucer was forced to land.

Preliminary findings have been revealed in Oslo, Norway by Dr. Hans Larsen Loberg, Norwegian scientist and chief of the investigating team. Dr. Loberg said that researchers have already made some startling discoveries.

One of these discoveries is the fact that the Saucer carries instruments that produce magnetic rays. Dr. Loberg believes there is some connection between the magnetic power of the Saucers and the mysterious shattering of automobile windshields throughout the world recently.

Since Helgoland is just a dot of land on a large body of water, scientists believe the Saucer was forced to land there. Certain atmospheric pressure made "flight" of the space craft impossible. The landing, however, was not a "crack-up", because investigators found most of the Saucer's instruments in good condition.

Bodies of seven men, burned beyond recognition, were found outside of the Saucer. It is believed that these men were occupants of the craft. Dr. Loberg, who is a world-renowned scientist, having won the Hungarian Physics Award, and a fel-

WHY Women Are More Intolerant of their Own Sex than of Men . .



VIEWED from the higher cosmic explanations for all forms of human conduct and earthly relationships, how does it happen that "women have no use for women" and will tear the characters and motives of their sisters to shreds behind their backs while saccharinely polite to their faces? The modern psychologist will probably answer that the whole sex attitude is one of biological competition. Women sense in other women a menace to their mates. Only the abnormal or inhibited woman deliberately seeks the companionship of other women in preference to that of men.

So says the scholar who seeks to explain life purely from the physiological standpoint.

But is that the last word in the matter?

How does it happen that women in business will not work for other women—that in occupations with which men have nothing to do, and cases in which the disruption of happy matings cannot possibly be concerned—women will still act catty and vindictive toward one another?

THE original law of the Cosmos ordered that men were to become men in mortality, and women were to become women, because of a law of Cosmic Eugenics.

By that, our Higher Mentors imply that there is a certain mode or manner of procedure for souls of given attributes to take, in their journey up through spiritual evolution. Souls of one set of attributes appear to take one manner or method of operation to get adequate self-expression. Souls of other talents and attributes operate in opposition.

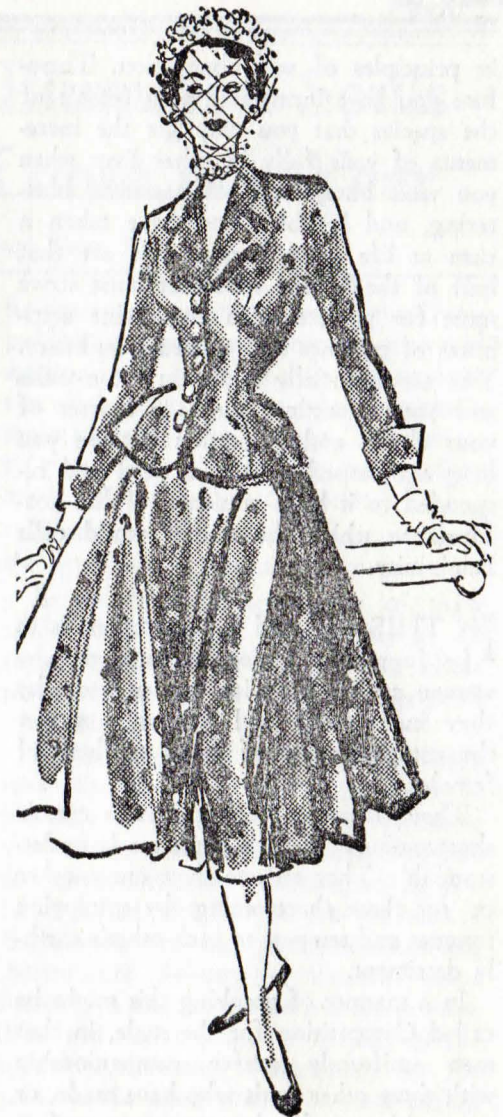
Now it is a fact that the higher cosmic law does *not* recognize any essential dif-

ference between men and women as mortals. Both are encouraged to go into life and experiment, to get all the experiencing they can possibly acquire, and, in so doing, perfect themselves in maximum Self-Awareness. They are each to know pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, famine and plenty, heat and cold, the delights of Love proffered and the distresses of Love rejected.

All this was for the purpose, our Higher Mentors say, of perfecting them in spiritual ennoblements. *But there is a higher spiritual ennoblement of which mortality is not wholly aware as yet: It is the ennoblement that comes from various forms of abject Self-Sacrifice.* And until that is learned, or at least digested, there can be no satisfying explanation as to why women are more critical of other women than they are of men.

IT SHOULD go without saying that women as a sex are more self-sacrificing than their masculine consorts. That is one of their prerogatives as women—one of the major profits they come to earth to acquire.

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



Women are souls who need greater exercise for their talents of self-abnegation than men need, and super-consciously they admit it.

They are "created"—if we may use the term—as objects of a certain Self-Pity. Or to put it in another way, the sum-total of their attributes—what they are and what they hope to perfect themselves in becoming—is to make them acutely conscious of their prime requisite, or errand in each earthly expression.

So when they come into life, age after age, or experience after experience, they mutually recognize one another's purposes or errands. And they are more or less sensitive of their own need for the things which life offers them *as women.*

This being so, it is only natural that they should hold a blanket of scorn for each other.

They say to one another in effect: You are weak and seek to be made stronger

in principles of self abnegation. Therefore you have incarnated as a female of the species that you may get the increments of your folly in other lives when you were bumptious, self-assertive, blustering, and ignoble. You have taken a turn at life again because you are that half of the human soul that must strive most for perfection in the divine attributes of patience and spiritual resiliency. You are essentially remiss in those traits and your feminine role is a matter of your choice and possession because you long ago sensed your own need and responded to it by a standard of life performance which the mortal world calls Femininity.

IN THIS need and in none other, is to be found the major explanation, why women can't work with women and why they instinctively and inherently prefer the companionship of males to those of females.

They "disrespect one another's cosmic shortcomings" if such a phrase is understandable. They seek to show one another up for those shortcomings by employing tongues and tempers to each other's earthly detriment.

In a manner of speaking this might be called Competition for the male, in that men uniformly prefer companionship with those other souls who have made, or are making, a definite gesture to perfect themselves in cosmic achievements. And by no means should the strictly biological urge be discounted.

We are speaking of those women who seem to feel an inward fury at being surfeited with their sister women in any earthly predicament. They want to get out, to escape, because those sister women as a great blanket audience remind them of the significance of their own life missions, else they would not be on this mortal plane of experiencing at all.

Now women so exercised are not all weaklings, nor are they all under the blanket indictment of futility in their life's affairs. It goes deeper than that. It goes into a delineation of the original separation of the soul into its twin halves, that each half should progress a different route through the Cosmos and arrive at a different objective.

Woman by *her* division of the soul's attributes, to put it that way, is essentially the Perfecting of the Attributes of

Self-Abnegation within the completed Soul Whole. To her is delegated the job of teaching the race its Patience, Self-sacrifice, Acquiescence and Nurturing Love.

Those qualities, it must be understood, are only possibilities, so to speak, when they are first recognized in the female counterpart in the male. They have to be brought into cognition by a long series of "treatments in, and by, circumstances," on the finite plane of self-aware functioning.

To perfect herself in these, woman has to be the thing which is understood as being perfected. And a swarm of women—to use that inartistic expression—to that degree constitutes a swarm of capabilities for self-sacrifice that cannot function altogether unto themselves else they would ultimately extinguish themselves in the very act and process. The result would be ludicrous if carried far enough.

So a different mode of expression is determined upon. They exercise their prerogatives for self-sacrifice, not on one another as a sex but on their opposites in soul development and spiritual enhancement: those coagulations of sentiment self-expression who are not in life to perfect those qualities so much as their opposites. That is only the Law of Common sense.

WOMEN who are uniformly disrespectful toward each other, who tear apart one another's moral codes and ethical standards as they tear each other's hair at a bargain-counter, are therefore following out a cosmic pattern for one-half of the Completed Soul's ultimate development. They are perfecting themselves in *being* and beyond that is no answer.

In individual cases, of course, women have unpleasant experiences with other women who disrupt their homes or entice away their mates. But it is an irony of the situation that in comparatively few cases are lasting sex hatreds bred from such biological causes.

It is all a form of Cos-

mic Procedure, by the way, that on the whole is irrelevant and facetious in the face of the grandeur accomplishments undergoing in the Cosmos. They have no right nor reason to so indict themselves or to indict each other. And yet they will probably continue to do so until the end of time on earth.

Men have the same fellow indictments in other phases than self-sacrifice or self-abnegation. They hate each other for having to learn the fallacy of Killing, for example. They continue to kill because they know they must learn *not* to kill in their ultimate attainments. To kill or not to kill, whether individual murder, open warfare, or the exigencies of commercial trade, is a prime question with every man that makes him seek relief from the distractions of surfeitings of his kind in the companionship of Woman—the antithesis of slaughter in all its forms.

Men do not like each other as a sex, any more than women like each other as a sex, only they have a more primitive mode of showing it. They have not learned to preserve the aspect of companionship and altruistic acceptance of custom, as women preserve it and cultivate the saccharine voice and glassy smile. They hit another man on the nose and have done with it. Or they throw him into the hands of a receiver and brag about it.

FROM the large angle, there is not much to be said in vindication of either sex in their practices toward each other, or those of similar sex. They come and go in and out of the various life-experiences age on age and æon on æon,
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Saucer Symposium

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counters checked the area and other protective devices were used before complete investigation began. Actually, the seven charred bodies found near the Saucer are as yet, unidentified. Clothing was completely burned away and all seven seemed to be from twenty-five to thirty years of age. They were about five feet, eight inches tall and had excellent teeth.

The scientists have one theory: That the seven men were occupants, were consumed by fire inside the descending ship. The fire probably had been caused by sudden changes in atmospheric pressure conditions inside the Saucer's hermetically-sealed cabin. On top of the Saucer is an opening and the men could have been thrown clear of the craft through this on the impact of landing. The ship is ninety-one feet in diameter, the cabin is seventy feet in length . . . in fact, all the dimensions are divisible by seven.

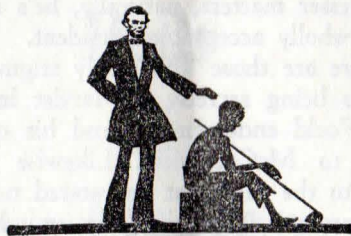
On the control board there is a series of push buttons, but Dr. Loberg says the team is studying the Saucer for secrets of its propulsive power. "I believe the 'disk' travels by harnessing magnetic lines of force which we know encircle all planets. There is no motor or propeller on the craft, and what we have termed "landing gear" resembles a tripod of three metal cylinders which can revolve in any direction. There are no bolts, rivets or screws on the Saucer and we have found two metals used in the Saucer's construction that are entirely unknown to us on earth at this time. The outer metal of the ship is light in weight and resembles aluminum, but it is so hard that even fifteen thousand degrees Fahrenheit can not melt it down. Strangely, two men can easily lift one side of the Saucer."

Wall-enclosed bunks have been discovered placed on one side of the cabin's interior. A liquid resembling water, but nearly three times heavier, has been found in two small containers. A wall-bracket contains a tube filled with some kind of tablets.

The Saucer had a radio device that had no tubes, wires or aeriels. Pamphlets and booklets were found written in an unknown script. Some are believed to be navigation information, but they haven't been deciphered yet.

Suppose 1,000 Illumined Souls Were Turned Loose per Year

(Continued from Page 3)



Suppose we look at the broader aspects of such dissenting . . .

DISSENTION arises from the circumstance that matters are not as they should be and the recipients of the monographs are being either enlightened as to cause or urged to embrace prescriptions that conditions may be altered. Thus the challenge is major: Why do conditions maintain that are not as they should be, and how can they be altered wholesale by lone mimeograph dissenters raising up their voices in isolated instances and suggesting that the sufferers rally 'round?

Why not alter the whole public dilemma at a stroke?

That, of course, seems preposterous, public lethargy toward enlightenment being what current times find it. But is it so preposterous? When has it ever been attempted, to prove whether or not it is as preposterous as it sounds?

How many mimeographers, for instance, have ever gone so far as to attempt to lay before the bedeviled public the Completed Picture of precisely how things should be, letting the contrast with the present bedevilment work its own magic of metamorphosis? All they have seemed to do is suggest one little corner or segment of alteration that ought to

Dr. Loberg says that when the Helgoland investigation is complete it will shed new light on the great mystery of the "coming of the Saucers."

This report from Germany confirms the report in Frank Scully's, *Behind the Flying Saucers*, and the photographs of George Adamski.

be innovated, assuming that if the Dumpublick innovated the segment it would automatically forget to halt but innovate the whole program. Just *what* program is never made clear by the text. The mimeographers never get that far because they never think that far, themselves.

Truth to tell, as individuals they lack the erudition as well as the vision.

In proof of it, how many of them could step into the psychologies of alleged Space Visitors and view our whole planetary situation from the vantage-point of 75,000 years in future?

For instance, the allegoric Space Men says first-off, "The trouble seems to lie basically in your inhibited or primitive view of the universe as a whole. You reason from the stone in hand, which you have picked off the planet's surface, to the majesty of the galaxy constituting Andromeda. Seventy-five thousand years hence, you will have reversed the process. You will reason from the majesty of the galaxy constituting Andromeda to the stone in the hand which you have picked off the planet's surface. By thus reversing your concepts, you will grasp the classification of yourselves in the vast cosmic ensemble. Thus you will come into a consciousness of *why* you are as well as *what* you are, and see wherein your current modes of culture distress so many of you."

The discomfited mimeographer might make demand, "And where is the overall knowledge to come from, acquainting us even with what the distant galaxy of Andromeda *is*? . . . must we not arrive at knowledge by first analyzing and identifying the stone picked sixty seconds ago off the ground?"

"Not," says the Space Man, "when all such analyzing and identifying has already been done by personages who have long since gone through such elemental stages. You have the entire curriculum of Knowledge offered you from Beginning to End. All you are required to do is regard it and utilize it."

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Gentlemen's Gentleman



WESTBROOK PEGLER, whose columns in these crucial weeks are becoming the most informative parts of any newspaper, gave it out on the 16th that President Eisenhower was becoming a disappointment to him, and quoted one Richard Lloyd-Jones, editor of the *Tulsa Tribune*, as blowing a trumpet for a new political party made up of sufficient heavyweights in the Republican field really to go places and do things.

Mr. Eisenhower, declared Lloyd-Jones through Pegler, was merely his own version of the New Deal and Fair Deal without the propaganda title.

VALOR scarcely considers this news, although it is not completely fair to Mr. Eisenhower.

He is by no means a Fair Deal Republican.

Mr. Eisenhower is—and has been—simply himself, from the beginning of his military career onward into the political. As himself, he was acceptable to the Group Behind the Throne as an executive who would carry through their plans for a world super-government, but so cleverly contrived that it sidestepped the rancors of historic nationalism. This super-government, brought to ultimate reality through United Nations, would simply take over on the Peace-War issue and run the world. Nothing to it. Simply do it. Mr. Eisenhower obviously bides by the judgment of these master-

minds. He wouldn't have run the ghost of a show of becoming President otherwise. However, so long as it isn't done by force and violence, and a majority of our people become sold on it, he sees nothing wrong with it. Obviously, in this, he's merely an anti-isolationist.

In lesser matters, naturally, he's making a wholly acceptable President.

There are those who rashly stigmatize him as being secretly a Marxist in his One-World endorsements and his opposition to McCarthyism. Likewise they point to the fact that he uttered no official protests when the Masterminds instructed him to draw the American troops back and let the Russians take Berlin. But Dwight Eisenhower is no Marxist—VALOR doesn't believe it. He is simply a gentleman of large ability who knows which side his pumpernickel is buttered on, realizing that to get anywhere in this man's world you've got to do as its masterminds direct you, or the smear columnists take care of you.

He is, in other words, an Horatio Alger boy, wise with the wisdom of today's world as it is. Can one blame him for that? Assailing him for playing the game of Success along the lines of least resistance, butters no pumpernickel—nor parsnips, either. But as for Richard Lloyd-Jones, the gentleman is naive—which Dwight Eisenhower isn't.

The one-world masterminds simply wouldn't let such a Party get anywhere. Why waste good newspaper space discussing it?



Incidentally, it is going to take more than a dissenting national convention of perspiring delegates, Republican or Hot-tentot, to unseat the masterminds from their thrones of control. The true unseat-

ing will probably occur at the hands of forces whom even the better hatchet-men columnists are unable to smear. That's why their henchmen are watching the skies these fine summer nights, or scanning the reports of the passenger-transport airplanes with such worried expressions, contemptuously pronouncing that there's "nothing to" these interplanetary reports. Okay, okay, let them have it *their way*.

Again incidentally, you'll know whether or not the masterminds have lost suzerainty by any Chief Executive's action in exonerating one William Dudley Pelley from the 1942 skulduggeries in legal form.

Queer about these Presidents. Likewise these Peglers.

You can always weigh them, more or less correctly, by the blocs in the body politic whom they consider it suicidal to "offend" . . .

Prime Mystery



THE AVERAGE person pooh-poohs psychical phenomena. He pooh-poohs it chiefly because he has never personally witnessed it. But occasionally those who are veterans in phenomena run across demonstrations for which there is no accounting. One of these happened in the memorable Soulcraft-Candler seance of July 13th, though VALOR has but recently heard about it.

The VALOR account of the seance work last month described the twin cases of allegedly Biblical personages, distinguished by their characteristic beards. The materialized beard of the first was jet black, the second silver-grey. In the compact-bag of one of the ladies present was a pair of quite ordinary manicure scissors. The first ancient personage seemed aware of the presence of such scissors and suggested the loan of them. Lifting them off the editor's extended palm, he ran his materialized fingers and thumb through the handle-holes, worked the scissors and severed a generous lock of his beard—which he presented to his "instrument" on the earth-side, handing the scissors back with the strand. A quarter-hour later the incident was repeated by the materialization of a second Biblical personage, also bearded.

Both locks of beard-hair were "fixed" by the powers of thought to remain in existence on the earth-side, and have kept their identity to this moment, although the donors dematerialized. Here is the mystery—

The scissors on arrival in Noblesville in the handbag of the visiting lady had been only nominally sharp. Carrying them back with her to Chicago without cause for using them until next day, *their feminine owner made the discovery that the cutting blades had become razor keen!*

Something had obviously happened to the steel atoms of the blades, making them extraordinarily effective. Twenty persons present had witnessed the transfer of them from the editor's hand to the materialized hands of the "discarnates." The latter had asked all present to aid with concentration of thought-power to make the demonstration successful. The two operations had not consumed over twenty seconds at the most. Question! . . . When and how were those scissors blades honed to razor sharpness?

You figure it out.
It happened.

Still They Come Out



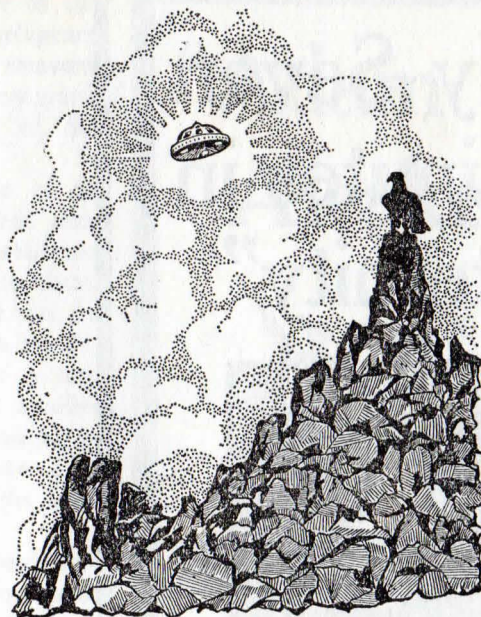
WILL purchasers of Soulcraft books please be advised that an unprecedented demand for the outstanding numbers during the current summer has cleaned them from stockroom bookshelves. Noblesville Headquarters is short on *Behold Life, Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, several of the bound volumes of *Soulscripts*—most notably Volume Four—and *Star Guests*. All books are now being reprinted in heavy express editions outside the Indiana plant.

In any case where request is so made, Soulcraft will return any funds sent in for above titles, pending their delivery from the binders. Otherwise they will be "back-ordered"—in other words, the requisitions placed on the spindle for immediate shipment when deliveries are made as promised in September.

So large is the annual Soulcraft business becoming that only the periodicals and small first editions of books will be physically manufactured at the Noblesville plant. As original type is set, it is

Bells of Heaven

By Kit Wing



T CAME in the night, a thing shining
Of amethyst, crystal and gold,
It came to speak to the "harried ones"
Of the ones revered of old.
It came to speak to the "worried ones"
In gentle and friendly voice,
In that it knew that the "Saros Ones"
Were making a fearsome choice.

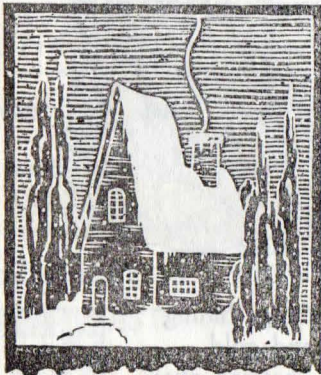
It hovered above in skies velvet
And its fellows joined it in file,
It came o'er my garden in twilight
And it lingered there for awhile;
I softly walked out through my hedges
Across the dew-dampened lawn,
Then stopped as a mystic voice warned me,
"Stay where you are till we're gone!"

A voice with a trumpet's sweet clearness
Came out of that crystal bell,
And I stood transfixed to listen
And learn what it had to tell.
"My brother," it said, strong and friendly,
"Give heed to the message we bring;
Your earth now rocks on its axis,
Disaster rides in on the wing.

"Each man must pass on to his brother,
Each man impart to his friend,
Proclaim to your chieftains and churchfolk
Their rule may be close to an end.
You tamper with forces so awful
Your kingdoms may ride to their fall,
Unless you turn back to the Father,
Give heed to His clarion call!

(over)

"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"



**A NEW
\$1 EDITION**

*The book you should read
first, to understand how
Soulcraft came about*

**THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
ESOTERIC CLASSIC**

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

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

"We love you and weep for your folly,
We long to join hands with you now . . .
But as wild undisciplined children
You play with your doom, we avow.
We learned in past æons and cycles,
Yea, lives in the dim long-ago
That life without love for your brother
Is but seed without water to grow.

"We come in great sorties and legions,
We blanket your skies through the night,
Unseen and in silence we guard you
And flood your dark shores with our light,
In ways to your people unlettered,
By methods divine do we aid,
And counsel you oft in Great Silence . . .
Your tenets are valued and weighed.

"Your thoughts are all open and listed,
The light of your souls shining through,
There are noble ones watching and weighing,
To protect the more precious and true.
Hold fast to your Pact with the Master,
Tell the nations His advent is near,
They must cease their mad bombings and pillage
Their killings and fillings with Fear."

Then after such speech came a Silence
That follows the ringing of chimes,
And the Great Bell of Heaven sped skyward
Into vistas of limitless climes.
I gasped at its sudden departure
Even wondered if I were insane,
But the music that sang in my spirit
Had celestial, angelic refrain.

I wept as I bowed there in sorrow,
In shame for man's error and sin,
But a voice seemed to add benediction
From this physical temple Within:
"All is well with the heart that is earnest,
In truth and in love to endure . . .
The Pact with the Master is faithful
As the soul of the Earth-One is pure!"

now being electro-plated in nearby Indianapolis and page-plates turned over to quantity printers for publishings in heavier amounts.

Only one more book is contemplated for publication at Headquarters this year, *Getting Born*. It will probably appear in late October. But new editions of *Thinking Alive* and *Earth Comes* will be pro-

vided. Likewise something must be done toward a heavier Third Edition of the *Unabridged Golden Scripts*.

Just now, *Beyond Grandeur* is the heaviest-selling title. Meanwhile the Headquarters plant is pushing toward completion of Volume Ten of the *Soulscripts* . . .

Woman vs. Woman

(Continued from Page 6)

working out their own problems in their own peculiar ways. Now and then it is necessary for a given Half-Soul to have residence in the biological body of the other half as it manifests in the finite world. As a rule, however, the designation is more or less constant. When the one-half has its lessons thoroughly learned, it awaits completion and complement with the other half and they combine into one perfect whole on a plane of experience too remote and intricate for mortal minds to grasp.

War Is Business

(Continued from Page 2)

done." But not one mother's son nor father's daughter in a hundred—whose names are signed to the bottom—would consider it anything but calamity to see the nation's economy deflated back to Woodrow-Wilson standards. Actually, no steps are being taken—that lead anywhere in the practical manner—and not a thing is being done. Why not face it?

The public won't stand for abolition of War that also abolishes high apportionments of weekly earnings in the take-home pay envelope!

So the quandary isn't one of not being able to get men to subscribe to Christ's tocsin altruisms. The quandary is one of finding ways to maintain the standard of wartime economy without the war. Even the calloused statesman breathes a sigh of sympathy for the hysterical youthful wretch caught between the international road-blocks, where the lethal bombs are dropping. But subconsciously the statesman's position is, that the youthful wretch should be more or less happy to be thus expendible that high wages may maintain and the television sets exhibit nightly in every home. The statesman is basically a mathematician. Better to lose five youthful voters, annihilated in a road-block against World Trade, than five million voters who can't meet weekly grocery bills otherwise and starve politely in consequence.

This sounds like sarcasm, but it isn't. It is what the dispassionate Christian observes when he examines the premise of

War vs. Peace with the sagacity of the serpent. It is focussing the intelligence on the issue as it is, not as someone imagines it or expresses it on mimeograph paper to the heavy burdening of the mails.

America as a nation, because of its high industrial potential, has been educated to demand the economic increments of War by no means back down on them. Very good then, why should it not be educated as efficiently to tolerate the little unpleasantness of War, say a city bombed here or there or a given number of uniformed young wretches caught in those road-blocks? There is greater gain to more numbers of people in the summing-up.

It is upon such psychology, openly recognized or otherwise, that the success or failure of political parties hinges.

The politicians know this subconsciously, even if the sentimentalists do not. It sums up to this—

Peace is more expensive to the individual pocketbook than warfare!

Peace proposes a lowered living-wage, less take-home pay, fewer chromium bedecked motorcars and television sets, and general all-around Deflation. War means everybody toiling merrily, money free and easy to get, take-home goods that only the upper-crust could otherwise afford, and the chance to be sanctimonious over the evils of carnage and call it Christianity.

Being harmless as a dove provides no funds to meet gargantuan taxation. On the other hand, being wise as a serpent does explain satisfactorily to the exceptional intelligence why society can't have its Prosperity Cake and eat it too.

Is the outlook hopeless then?

YES and no!

Soulcraft contends that so long as Theology censors with malice aforethought the enlightening of the common populations of all countries as to how they got into the mortal arena, what it factually is, and what purpose it accomplishes cosmically, earth-life will continue being an opportunist-gamble with the political minority enforcing the road-blocks and losing nothing but their lives, while the majority enjoy the chromium-bedecked motorcars and necromantic television sets.

(Continued on Page 14)

"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.

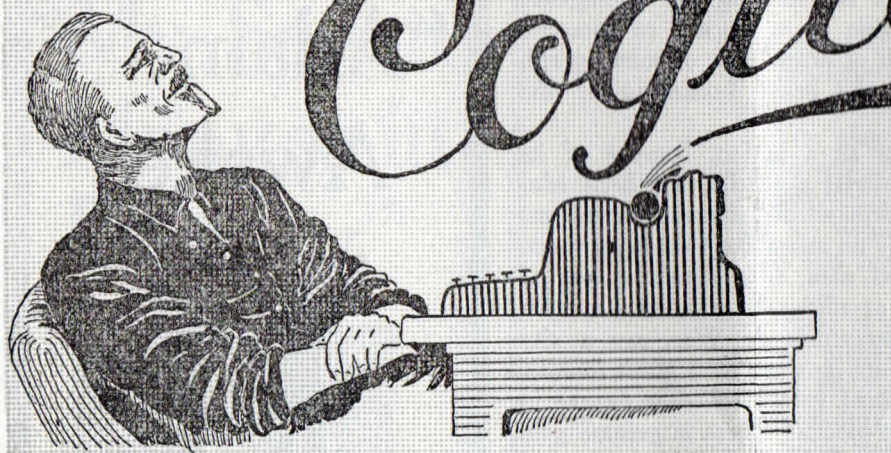
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Soulcraft Chapels

Cogitations



HAVE just been looking over a lot of economic reports on what's wrong with the American family. It seems the chief thing wrong with the American family is the ease with which it can buy things on tick: "For a small Down Payment"—and, of course, a modest carrying charge—the American family can obtain anything from a millionaire's automobile to a summer home in Shangri-La, with every gadget in between, up to and including a mechanical zipper for mother's girdle so all she has to do is push a button and get an hour-glass figger without the aid of a mirror. People in America today, average people that is, are practically starving to death and going on Relief at an average wage of \$87.50, after taxes. My thoughts go back to the family life under which I was reared up to the age of twenty. The normal wage rate for heads of families between 1890 and 1910 was \$15. Men raised domestic ensembles of four and five youngsters on \$15 weekly. To draw \$18 weekly was to approach the upper economic echelons, while men who drew \$50 and \$100 weekly were tycoons and plutocrats. Boys and girls who have come to maturity since the advent of Roosevelt want to know how it was done. How could you even live yourself on \$15 weekly, much less support a wife and family?

o—o

TO BEGIN with, it was the age of \$8 and \$12 tenements. And they were by no means shanties. In other words, out of a monthly budget of \$60, you paid \$8 to \$12 for rent. My father paid \$10

a month, I remember, for the Lake Street house in West Gardener, Massachusetts, the year that he gave up his pulpit and rented from Old-Fixation-of-the-Oughtness whom I described for you in these columns two weeks bygone. The rental of \$10 monthly bought him five sizable rooms on the upper floor of a two-story house in an entirely respectable neighborhood—a kitchen, dining room, parlor, and two sleeping-rooms. The furniture with which we equipped these rooms was the same he had acquired on the occasion of his marriage. It was entirely paid for. He had delayed his marriage to make certain he had the money to compensate for such furnishings. It would scarcely have been "respectable", back in 1888 to run up a bill for a thousand dollars' worth of furniture, pay \$90 down on it, have it shipped to a rented premises, and start using it in the nature



of cohabitation with a young woman, legally or otherwise. Savored of a Raines-Law hotel proposition. No, dad owned his furniture from scratch and no monthly statements coming in from the carpet or folding-bed people that they expected a tap of his pay-envelope on the first. When he had paid \$10 for rental of the Lake Street premises, he had \$50 left

for the sustenance of his dependents across the ensuing four weeks . . .

o—o

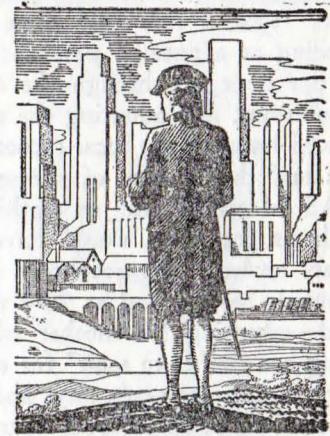
MOTHER had no "laundry" bills to nick into that \$50 residue. She "did" her own washing. That is to say, Sunday night after returning from divine service it was the beginning of her weekly rites to "put the clothes to soak." She dragged in her own wash-bench from the back shed, plunked two wooden tubs upon it, filled them with water drawn in pails from the kitchen faucet, and sorted out the soiled linen she would scrub on the morrow. These family fabrics enjoyed a cold water bath from Sunday night to the following morning, with no 75¢ compounds of fancy suds aids to nick the aforesaid \$50. Monday morning she arose at 5:30 and "went to it." She "scrubbed" the more recalcitrant parts of these fabrics with her own knuckles—and yellow soap that cost 5¢ the bar—on a washboard, rinsed them and ran them through a wringer. By eleven o'clock her "wash" was on the backyard line—and was she proud of it! I remember, however, that it was 1899 or thereabout before she reached the affluence of a wringer—that is, a gadget of two white rubber rollers that turned by a handle. Mother could take a bedsheet weighing four or five pounds, roll it into a dripping curve, extract the water from it with her two muscled arms, and shake it out ready for the clothesline and no comment from anybody. She took in these clothes in Monday twilight and prepared them for Tuesday's ironing. Monday noontime, by the way, she had desisted from wrestlings with dripping bed-sheets to fry father, sister, and myself a meal of 9¢ liver. This 9¢ liver—or it might have been sausage costing not much more—had been augmented by the half-crock of Sunday beans, Boston baked, of which more presently. Four Mondays of 9¢ liver—or sausage—left father \$49.64 on which to meet obligations for

the remaining 26 days of the month. Tuesday was her Ironing Day and throughout it she ironed. How well do I recall the cozy fragrance of the warmly ironed fabrics with which the kitchen was pungent! Wednesday was her Baking Day and throughout it she baked. She baked four to six immense loaves of white bread, substantial, nourishing, any slice of which was a meal for a hungry small boy's tummy. Any woman who bought "store-bread" in which rats could scarcely make a nourishing meal, was a dilettante or a hussy, back in those halcyon days of Americanism preceding the Spanish-American War. And unique to state, those four to six loaves of white bread, substantial, nourishing, kept us in nourishment throughout the week that followed. Bread in those days was kept in a crock, sometimes wrapped in moist fabrics. The rich creamy butter spread upon it to gratify the aforesaid small boy, cost 15¢ the pound. Oleomargarine as a substitute was a satanic concoction purveyed to wean the righteous from the faith of the fathers. Mother likewise baked a Raisin Cake—in a pan 20 by 30 inches as to size—and sundry assorted pies, running chiefly to apple. Her pie-plates were an inch-and-a-half in deepness and with a triangular wedge of the product taken out, half-an-inch of syrupy sweetness remained in the bottom of the dish. When you ate a sector of mother's pie, you ate a meal in itself. I recall how carefully and esthetically she used her thumb to score a scallop around the edge of these masterpieces. Father bought her flour by the barrel in those days, and sugar by the sack. He also bought apples that went into the masterpieces by the barrel. I remember amusing myself once with the mathematical problem of figuring out the cost of one of mother's pies. You can credit it or not, but it was *four cents!* . . . In these days when *hoi polloi* starves to death on \$87.50 weekly—and the same pie costing a dollar at the baker's—such figures are of import . . .

o—o

THURSDAY, mother "entertained" . . . It was the day when the neighboring ladies, and oftentimes the pastor, came "calling" . . . She rigged herself out in her best crinoline, banged her hair with a pair of curlers thrust downward in the glass chimney of a hand oil-lamp, and prepared to "look her best" at 2:30

p. m. When the ladies rang the bell intermittently the balance of the afternoon she "received" them—or the pastor—in the "best front parlor", never opened otherwise the week around. Inasmuch as such hospitality nicked the \$60 monthly exchequer not a kopeck, it deserves no particular mention in this paper. Friday mother "went downstreet and shopped" . . . That is to say, she canvassed the emporiums for suchever necessities as to garments in general her family might require, and bought them on a strictly competitive basis. She dressed in a flower-basket hat to do this, skirts sweeping the sidewalks and requiring to be kept raised by clutching them in the rear with the left gloved hand. To get downstreet she didn't drive her own car and have difficulties over the condition of the fenders after finding proper parking space. She rode downstreet in a sedate "electric car", the fare costing her exactly 5¢, got out at the main intersection of the business district and pursued her commercial bargain-hunting. Maybe she spent as much as \$4.25 one Friday afternoon—no matter. She got value for it. Two-dollar footwear was considered "reasonable" but \$3 trousers for her developing offspring was "rank extravagance." Usually she bought fabrics by the bolt and made them at home herself. Saturday she dusted, mended, and baked the enormous pot of beans that she had parboiled Friday night. They sufficed us for Saturday-night supper—with the loaf of her wonderful brown bread—Sunday-morning breakfast, and such other early days of the week as rations were short. Saturday night, too, she usually "went downstreet" with father and personally settled the \$8.30 grocery bill that had accrued throughout the seven days, receiving gratis sweets in a red-and-green striped bag as bonus for thus paying their viand-bill promptly. Father found he actually had a \$20 to \$25 leeway on his \$60 overall emoluments, to invest in sundry pieces of furniture for the house, or buy himself an \$18.00 suit of clothes, or perhaps put in the savings bank at 6 percent interest. No \$125 payment on a millionaire's car, no \$85 on a Federal Home Loan, no \$50 on a television set, no \$25 on the electrical kitchen appliances, no \$25 union dues. On Sunday, after divine service, which cost an even \$1 note dropped in the collection plate, father "hitched up the



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

horse" in the Concord buggy, two-seated, and we "took a ride" for three hours, proceeding at a pace of perchance three miles per hour up through the snazziest parts of town, and admiring the smoothly-mowed lawns of the local tycoons' residences and their bushes of syringa flowers. All of which cost us nothing, inasmuch as the horse would have eaten the oats anyway. We got home in time for evening service, and at 9:30 were all in bed—excepting for mother who was "sorting her clothes to soak" for a repeat performance in the seven days ahead . . . And she lived to be 83, poor overworked creature! . . .



WE LIVED happy, industrious, and reasonably prosperous lives, back in those \$12 to \$15 weeks before installment buyings had been invented. Mother didn't aspire to drive her own car, nor did she consider she was losing cast not to belong to the neighborhood bridge club. Instead of attending a movie on Tuesday or Friday nights that nicked father's wallet some \$5.25 for his dependents, including tax, we went to a baked-bean supper in the church vestry for 35¢ or sat out on the veranda in the seasons of pleasant weather and discussed the newly weds up in the next block. The strange part of it was, we were just as respectable, just as physically comfortable, and decidedly more prosperous than our children of the present. Mother worked hard, certainly. But so did father. And as both accepted it as a factor of adulthood, so did we children coming along. The Federal government ran itself on a 2 billion-dollar budget, gotten largely from tariffs and excise taxes, did not try to dictate what the standard of living in Patagonia ought to be, and we paid no federal income taxes whatsoever. It was the time of real thrift and sane

living that made this modern America great. Life was quiet, serene, and reasonably secure—much more secure than we feel it to be at present. We paid for what we bought with cash, and if we couldn't afford it, we didn't buy it. Today, we figure whether or not we've got the ready cash for the down payment—and leave the periodic installments to haunt us and be met as we can be caught and upended and the balance shaken out with force and clumsiness from our trousers. We've learned to obtain expensive things easily, and so we must have federal relief if our income falls below that celebrated \$87.50. All of which spells out the ugly fact that we've lost social discipline. We must possess and enjoy everything the Joneses possess and enjoy or we're slipping. But we do slip—and we slip and we slip and we slip. And presently with all that we've bought on the cuff because the payments were "convenient", we have to visit the neighborhood finance company on Monday to acquire cigarette money to last through the week. . . . No, the days of Nationalism and Isolationism weren't so bad. Trouble is, you'd have to go through them to know what the peace of mind and soul was, to live in them . . . Listen! . . . the front-bell just rang! . . . Probably the collector for the television set! . . . Maybe if we don't answer, he'll go off and forget we owe it . . . whatta life, whatta life! . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

War Is Business

(Continued from Page 11)

Raise the mass standards of education on the cosmic Facts of Life and brotherly love follows ethically from the nature of the circumstances. Not that theological housecleaning brings in any Utopia. But theological housecleaning means enlightening the common man in the true causes for his distempers so that he espouses right programs for creating a healthier premise for earthly society generally.

Using theology to "bless" a faulty or spurious premise for Prosperity under our twisted and crooked economic structure of today, is to deal in futilities—nothing more. God isn't propitiated by enjoying the subserviencies of the cosmic-

ally benighted. He shrugs at the whole of it and lets man proceed along in error and learn the Hard Way.

Communism isn't the Right Way although to millions of the expendibles it may seem the Easy Way.

It's a wholly new educational system from top to bottom that is called for. And in such an educational system, War should be classified as the Must-Industry that it is, human nature being *what* it is.

No, of course we don't like it. But we have the greater and more abhorrent dislike for the sacrifices entailed by Peace.

All of which leaves us harmful as serpents and wise as doves.

What an irony!

1,000 Illumined

(Continued from Page 7)

"But isn't that precisely what we're doing," asks the mimeographer, "when we embrace and affect to utilize the findings of modern Science?"

"No," says the Space Man, "because such findings are regarded from too provincial a premise. What can the ant upon the runningboard of the speeding motorcar know of the nation's traffic problems? True, he is a participant in them by the sheer fact of his locomotion. But the same ant on a space ship, regarding the human scene from a vehicle a hundred miles in air—granting he possessed sufficient intelligence—would be able to discern all the problems as one problem by the sheer circumstance of his observation. Get the point?"

"Okay," says the ant-mimeographer, "bring your Space Ship down and take me off. Let me see it from your elevation and I'll ride with you cheerfully."

But it doesn't happen to be a circular resonating-magnetic contrivance that comes down to earth's surface that the ant-mimeographer may be enhanced. It is a prodigious roll of manuscripts opened for inspection.

"What are *those*?" cries the mimeographer.

"Those," says the Space Pundit, "are scrolls containing three hundred and eighty-four hours of exposition of completely altered ideologies of Reality. Read them and do your own space traveling."

"How many hours?" the mimeographer wants to know.

"Three hundred and eighty-four. It will take you that amount of continuous reading to imbibe the corrected agenda of what you should know and how you should expound it."

"But that's fifteen solid days and nights of reading, with no time off for either meals or slumber!"

"Granted. On the other hand, it's a mammoth omniverse in which you find yourself. To be the pundit you essay to be, however, you must know your subject in totality."

The ant-mimeographer is appalled. "But I couldn't read *continuously* for any such span of time. The very effort would break me down mentally!"

"That," scoffs the Space Man, "is merely one of your personal delusions based upon mass delusion of your present provincialism. Someone has merely suggested it might break you down mentally, and you have believed it because you shrink from the effort you perceive to be involved in it."

"All right. Granted the mental feat were achievable, how might it alter earth's culture at a stroke?"

"It would acquaint you with the Cosmic Order in the universe, which when you align your worldly affairs with it, brings cosmic order into those affairs. Your state of society exists at sixes and sevens now because you are striving to fix the nation's intellectual traffic by riding on the runningboards of speeding motorcars without even a notion of where you are being carried. You are purblind, in other words, in your elevation of viewpoint."

"But how do I know these scrolls are authentic?"

"You arrive at a grasp of their authenticity by the material they present to you. If they present the truth, they withstand every probing of research. Further, they work the alchemy within yourself of espousing a culture in which there are almost no further distresses to the individual."

"I get it. You ask me to revolutionize my whole concept of the universe and life by viewing the microcosm from the macrocosm, instead of viewing the macrocosm *from* the microcosm!"

"I ask you to grasp in a mere 384 hours the position of your microcosm in the macrocosm, thereby encountering no more distresses in the microcosm. Your

elemental and primitive distresses are all due to your striving to interpret the macrocosm from the microcosm, instead of the reverse."

"Well, suppose I read one hour a day, five days a week, and really make the effort to absorb what I read—how long does it employ me?"

"Two years exactly."

"Where's the first chapter. Where do I start?"

OUT of a nation of 160 million souls, suppose there could be selected by intelligent screening exactly 1,000 such mimeographers per year, the whole 384 hours of intelligence-acquisition imparted to them, then turn them loose in the body politic? How long before their prodigious intelligence affects the whole rank and file of today's populace? Would this not run closest to "reeducating the masses at a stroke" of anything procurable in today's purblind bedlam?

It is Soulcraft contention that by such methods of "education" the mimeographers would be "standing for something" and innovating something truly "constructive."

To say patriotically, "I'm for the Constitution of the United States," is not enough. That's merely identifying the principle, not concreting it.

To say spiritually, "I'm for the precepts of The Christ" is not enough. That is merely identifying the Kingdom of Heaven, not inducting it.

But to first imbibe and then disseminate the whole agenda of the Cosmic Law would be to bring man's practical emancipation from political, economic, and theologic distresses in a handful of months.

It's something to consider—something to think about.

The Great Agenda of splendid erudition DOES exist. The question is, are there one thousand prospective Light Bearers available—temperamentally as well as intellectually—in this Stygian gloom of mass ignorance that makes this solar satellite the lunatic asylum of the galaxies?

And is a new thousand procurable every year?

We have to grasp the immensity of the program before we can begin to appreciate even a segment of its significance . . .

Next week we'll go further with it.



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

BERTIE Lilly Candler told me something once that remained in my mind. I had asked her what her physical sensations were, sinking into materializing trance. Was she conscious of the ectoplasm departing her or any of the discarnate representations building up? No, she wasn't. "My experience is a consciousness of a great plastic canopy seeming to lower down over me, enclosing me. Not only does it shut me out of the world of earthly matters but it seems to engulf me in a higher vibration. When its bottom 'edges' touch the floor of the cabinet-space, apparently the manifestations begin." . . . A great plastic canopy lowering down over her! Sounds like a complete segment of a "higher world" transmitted down into our earthly universe, within which the phenomenon occurs. The picture-image of Mrs. Candler's sensations, I say, has come to represent something else in my mind. *It has come to represent a completely rejuvenated educational system for mass humanity, within which the Kingdom of Heaven lowers upon earth and manifests its metamorphosis.*

WHAT I mean is, I get an analogy of beholding the outlines of our continental United States as a territory well-nigh representing the confines of Bertie Lilly's trance-cabinet. And down from the Higher Regions of Time and Space descends slowly, slowly, a vast cosmic canopy of precisely the same contours, encompassing and enveloping our 48 States. Call it a great segment of the "heaven world" superimposed upon our present American Republic. And when it is "down" so that its bottom edges exactly match our Atlantic and Pacific coastlines, and our Canadian and Mexican borders, the higher phenomena of a recreation of our nation begin their miraculous work. The vast populace of 160 million Americans, enveloped within the area, are components in the gargantuan "building up" of a more heavenly order, all premised upon cosmic education. If, as, and when the canopy is ever lifted, an almost nonrecognizable America is disclosed, for the wonders that have been wrought. However, at once the conjecture is paramount, what sort of "educational system" could ever blanket down over America, disclosing the consummation of a Kingdom of Heaven, while it had been thus lowered? I think I know . . . or catch snatches of it at times. Strangely enough, those snatches came most clearly while reading the works of Adamski, Williamson, Angelucci, Van Tassel and Bethurum of their converse with the Space People . . . Our own planetary world is in such low miasma of confusion,

say the neighboring planetary visitors, because the common earth-person is so cosmically benighted. He is still living back in Dark Ages of theology, when the Church maintained that the earth-world was the center of the universe and the sun, moon, and stars revolved around it. True, his scientists have long since proven the contrary but altogether it's no more than an academic postulation to him. And as it has been with Astronomy, so it is today with Cosmology and Ontology. Man thinks his earth-civilization is advanced only because he is utterly witless in respect to knowledge of what any higher civilization could be like. True, he seems to be groping his way out of practices of international fratricide, and trying social experiments in a better and more equitable economic order. But ever behind his efforts is the infantile or immature Power Complex. He wants to rule unopposed over his lesser brethren, actually enjoying a "kick" from the adulations or subservience of the hapless who become subject to him. He doesn't grasp that this of itself is indication of his embryonic state of consciousness. He wants goods of this world to enhance his own opulence, not to elevate the living standards of all society. This is another. If he were made erudite in what conditions and tranquillities were upon the higher planets, he would come into a knowledge of how truly benighted he is. Real Education then, should start with the Omniverse, not with how many oranges one possesses if Mother supplies two, Aunt Jane three, and Uncle Herbery seven—or whether one spells "cat" with a "c" or "k" . . .

FROM a schooling in the background of the Omniverse, even the small Fry should be apprised of what the Man Particle is, what his bodily vehicle is and why he inhabits it and uses it to get the experiences of earth. That he comes into life, goes out of it, comes into it again—and again and again and again—and goes out of it again and again and again, would begin to impress on the developing mind the common predicament with its fellows and what their community problems truly are and how to meet them with minimum friction. True religious consciousness would automatically ensue as the role of the Great Teacher came clear in the whole of it. Thereat the developments of Geology, Anthropology, and Ethnology, would make sense. Sociology, Civics and Economics would follow automatically as self-evident *denouement*. Having nothing else to occupy my time, I might toy with the construction of such a system. Trouble with it would be, I'd only get myself crucified for disturbing the status quo . . .

¶ THE TEST of the efficient educator is showing little Willie exactly wherein algebra is essential to his future success . . .