

Valor

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

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OUR MOST POWERFUL FOE IS LIMITED MENTALITY . .

IT IS possible for an outstanding intellect to possess itself of all the facts behind the international distemper, recognize the causes making for world upset and discern what would lay them. Unfortunately earth-society is not salvaged by extraordinary information in a few super-intellecets. It is the rank-and-file intelligence on which any hope for the body politic rests.

The first reaction of mental mediocrity to one displaying supernal knowledge, is rancor. People always judge other people in terms of their own limitations. They are subconsciously angered that anyone may know more than themselves. But more than that, they are angered that it is possible for anyone to display an erudition above their own and thus assume a leadership based on greater intellectual competency. Tear him down, smear him, deprecate his attainments, lest he show up the common crowd as the simians they may be. If perchance he lands in legal toils, exult se-

cretly that he has met with his come-uppance. In deprecating the mastermind they are vindicating their mediocrity. Who has a moral right to proclaim—or demonstrate—"I know more than you?"

THE TRAGEDY in the circumstance lies in the fact that public safety or longevity may hinge upon the mastermind's success in getting mediocre intelligence to grasp its own jeopardy.

What are you going to do when the great human rank-and-file is totally deficient in ability to discern its own peril when salvation lies in its concentrating against the imminent menace? Do you let it blunder ahead to destruction and perchance physical extermination?

Herein lies the Major Enigma of true social ethics. It is by no means a philosophical enigma.

Try to understand that it isn't the extraordinary wisdom in any particular branch that constitutes the





mastermind—it's the innate intelligence to evaluate and apply it. A thousand college professors may possess specialized intelligence in this or that, but by no means does it make them masterminds. Too often, in the language of our times, it makes them "nuts". The real mastermind displays the inherent capability to apply his learning to the practical circumstance and make recommendations toward the improvement of his species that is concrete. But of what real value is that if the average intellect is still too adolescent to cooperate for its own survival?

It leaves the true mentalist wondering whether he is *supposed* to function as any guardian angel or whether his worth lies in quite another quarter. Cosmic procedure lets the mind develop from spiritual adolescence into spiritual maturity by following the route of harsh and often fatal experience—learning the hard way, as the mastermind may have done in his own right in earlier periods and thus gaining to his current distinction—that after the ordeal is suffered the victimized common mind may cry, "Dr. So-and-So told us this would happen, remember? Maybe next time we'll show sense enough to pay attention to such warnings."

Take note of the time-qualification: "Maybe next time." That postulates a repeat performance, or at least a repeat opportunity.

The anguish is no less real to Dr. So-and-So, that he is forced to witness tragedy in consummation. Nevertheless, Prov-

idence prescribes that it shall be *ex post facto* counselling that truly scores. When people are bruised and hurt, in other words, they are most prepared to harken to sense.

THE TRUE mastermind comes to recognize and concede this, without letting it embitter him. If he let it embitter him, he is by no means entitled to the mentalist distinction. But the eccentric nature of his position by no means begins or ends with adolescents in intellect.

The greatest cruelties may be visited upon him by his own breed.

In other words, masterminds themselves may by no means tolerate other masterminds—not in their mentorships to *hoi polloi*. The nation is redundant with personages whose intellectual attainments rise high above the rank-and-file, but getting them to act in concert—expecting that they should act in concert—is naught but a paradox. The challenge which a competitor implies to their individuality seems to be as instinctive as *hoi polloi's* animus against anyone on loftier strata of thinkings. The cruelty of this odd attitude is never exhibited more clearly than when one of the masterminds is brought to book—by mediocrity—for presuming to raise himself a head above the mass. Will his fellow mentalists rally 'round him? They will not. As he has been an individualist in his specialty so let him be the individualist in payment of the penalizings.

Truth to tell, the lone mentalist is called to suffer the same rancors from his contemporaries that the mentally benighted have displayed that someone should live and function who knows more than they do.

There is, forsooth, individualism among individualists.

It brings the true philosopher back to the fundamental that even masterminding is a process of the mentalist-spirit perfecting his *own* progress, and letting the devil take the hindmost.

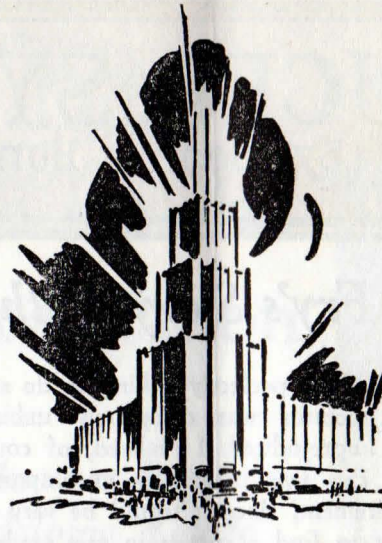
IT BECOMES an understandable fact, therefore, why the earth's Vicious Strategists, taken as a bloc, never truly fear the globe's masterminds considered as masterminds. *Hoi Polloi* will not only turn a deaf ear to them but assent to their crucifixion as expeditiously as possible lest the public ignorance be disclosed for what it is. And contemporaries will pull on their gibbet-ropes as joyously lest one acquire undue public influence above the other. Let any mastermind do any practical organizing of *hoi polloi* and that's a horse of another color. But mere vocal asseverating of threatened disasters, natural or fabricated? . . . "Let the gurgler rant, it only confuses the public mind the more and makes the crowd an easier push-over."

All of which sums up to the deplorable circumstance that there can truly be no bona fide saviors of the human race. There can only be prophets whose utterances have value as they are considered in retrospect. It likewise sums up to the tragic circumstance that *our most frightful public enemy is mental limitation!*

Of course the circumscribed intellect can translate this as Pessimism. It really isn't Pessimism. It is level-eyed appraisal of the technique by which Divine Providence lifts the quality of consciousness of those God-units called human beings: Let the heathen rant and the people imagine a vain thing. Let the disaster strike and manufacture its pile of defunct organic bodies. Then from higher realms or seried existences let the victims recall the nature of what the masterminds declared to them. *The increment always comes in the retrospect!*

To take any lesser view of the situation is to ignore the obvious and flaunt masterminding indeed. Incidentally, it is

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KINGDOM OF HEAVEN MEANS ERA OF TOTAL ENLIGHTENMENT

INSTINCTIVE in the human race is the acceptance that when one dies out of the mortal coil, one becomes all-wise in a twinkling. The fable that "the dead know everything" is imbedded deep in the folklore of all races. Anyone questioning it has only to attend the nearest materialization seance and observe the nature of the questions put by mortals to those affecting temporary re-embodiment.

There must be some basis for such widespread assumption.

We appear to find it in prenatal memory. We may call this Instinct if we choose, for so the Soulscript Mentors enlighten us. We acknowledge, at any rate, that some change in ideology respecting things earthly occurs when one relinquishes the organic flesh.

Now it seems timely for us to recognize with intelligence that what actually happens is not a great inrush of knowledge that makes angelic savants out of deceased swineherds overnight but an overall grasping of the causes for humanity's earthly turmoils because of its limitations in cosmic knowledge.

Humanity commits the blunders it does because it assumes the physical life to be the only life that is. Even the swineherd discovers on graduating into the Etheric Realms there is an Over-World

*TRUE Peace Is that State
Where Knowledge of Cosmic
Processes Is So Wide-
Spread that All Men Do
Right because They Know
the Futility of Doing that
which Is Otherwise . .*

enveloping this materialistic world. Thus his entire angle toward the seeming worldly predicament is revolutionized. It is this revolutionized concept that is mistaken for the "omnipotent wisdom" of the "dead" . .

The dead do not suddenly know more. They find themselves in a position to view life in a more enlightening prospective.

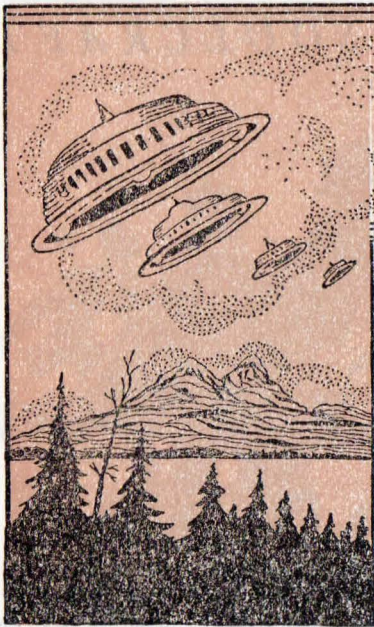
ONE of the profits deriving from this higher viewpoint is the appalling realization that earthly mankind engages in all sorts of embroilments due chiefly to his ignorance of social blocs on earth attempting to force convictions on others. Illustrating briefly this point, the denizens of the world's "free nations" believe that character is best developed through individual initiative being given maxi-

mum exercise in the state called Competition. The denizens of the world's "Iron Curtain nations" believe that the ideal worldly state is one in which the political government eliminates all personal struggle; they regard the individual solely as a unit in the whole. It is the whole that must be cared for as benevolently as possible—at least in theory.

Put these two elements into earthly society—with their contrasting and belligerent effects—and the surface of this planet becomes a battleground in which brotherly love is paradox. The millions of earth express this unceasing competition between the two ideologies and call it War. It has its root, as stated previously in these papers, in economic trade circumstances. Destroy individual significance, make the "State" supreme, extend this suzerainty around the globe, and true enough Wars do cease. This happens to be foment for "peace" so widely advertised and adulated at the current moment.

What the truth of the matter may be from the higher cosmic viewpoint is not identified. The spiritualized elements in the Rightist nations maintain a philosophic "belief" in the survival of personality in some sort of higher life even though they remain confused as to details. The materialistic elements in the Leftist nations maintain a sullen insistence on no higher worlds existing—and wish all in-

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...

Dan Fry's Story of the Lie Detector Test . .

I would be perfectly willing to do so if the operator was completely unbiased and unprejudiced. I realized, of course, that this was practically an impossible requirement, since it would be very difficult to find a person in any trade or profession who did not have some bias on a question as controversial as this one.

"A Polygraph test, however, is of absolutely no value if the operator is biased concerning the outcome, since the Polygraph itself does not indicate truth or falsity, but merely records the physiological reactions of the subject to the psychological stimuli provided by the operator.

"The translation of the resulting graphs by the operator, into an opinion concerning the subject's veracity is a task so delicate that the result is rather unreliable at best, and if any bias or prejudice is present in the mind of the operator, his opinion will almost invariably be found to follow the direction of that bias.

"Present at the press conference was a young man by the name of Chris Gugas who had experience in the operation of the Polygraph, and who had given a demonstration of the instrument's operation a few weeks before on the Paul Coates TV Show, 'Confidential File.' It was suggested that I allow him to make a test at some future date, the results of which would be given on the Paul Coates program. A few minutes talk with Mr. Gugas made it plain that he was far from unprejudiced concerning the information which I had given out, and I knew that any test which he made of me would be almost certain to result negatively. The press conference ended without any decision as to when or if this 'test' should be made.

SEVERAL days later, Mr. Coates announced in his column in the *Daily Mirror*, that he had 'called' and that I had agreed to undergo the test on the

following Sunday on his television program. This, of course, was 'news' to me inasmuch as Mr. Coates had never in his life communicated with me on any subject. In view of this public announcement, I realized that I had no alternative but to go through with it, even though I realized the type of pattern which would be followed on this program.

"Early Sunday morning I received a telephone call asking me to come to the studio at once for the purpose of taking the test. I arrived there at ten o'clock and was immediately ushered into a small room in which the operator had set up his equipment. His first act was to ask me to sign a complete release of legal liability stating that I would bring no action for damages, regardless of anything that might be said about me on the program. I signed this, and he then began to explain the equipment which constituted his Polygraph.

"Since I have been engaged for many years in advanced instrumentation work I was already completely familiar with the mechanical and electrical aspects of this instrument. It consisted, briefly, of a three pen recording galvanometer of the 'Brush Recorder' type, two low range pressure pickups, and a direct indicative galvanometer.

"One of the pressure pickups is strapped to the chest to record the frequency and amplitude of the subject's breathing. The other pickup is strapped to the wrist to record the frequency and amplitude of the heart beat. The base line of the resulting wave form also indicates the blood pressure of the subject at that moment.

"The operator now began to ask me a number of questions which were not connected in any way with the subject of the test. He explained that these were only for the purpose of acquainting him with my background, and that the answers would be kept absolutely confiden-

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VALOR has received so many letters and inquiries relative to the lie detector test taken on Dan Fry, author of *The White Sands Incident*, that his story, in his own words follows.

"The proper technical term for the instrument commonly called the 'Lie Detector' is the Polygraph. I have used the term 'Lie Detector' rather than Polygraph, because, as you will see, the latter actually had little or nothing to do with this incident.

"On April 4, 1954, at the Space Craft Convention, I read to the group assembled there the account of an experience I had with some of our extra-terrestrial friends. A few days later I was visited by Mr. Franklin Thomas of the New Age Publishing Company who asked permission to publish the information in book form. This was done, and the result is the book called *The White Sands Incident*.

"A few days before the book was released to the public, Mr. William Gilroy, president of the newly founded Saucer Research Foundation, called me and asked if I would be willing to speak at a convention which he was holding at the Carthay Circle Theatre in Hollywood. I agreed, and he thereupon called a press conference on June 1st for the purpose of announcing the convention and of acquainting the press with my story.

I WAS asked if I would willing to submit to a Polygraph test. I stated that

WHY Opinions Differ in the After-Life on the Process of Reincarnation



NEW religions appear in the worldly scene, of course, because prevalent theologies have gone sterile in their degeneracy into mere ceremonial or formalism, or because man is still far from Truth in his mass estimate and perception of the correct fundamentals of mortality.

If man in the mass knew the exact truth concerning the phenomenon of physical and spiritual mortality, his spiritual hunger—which religions are assumed to fill—would come to an end.

Religions, in the main, are mass gropings for correctness in knowing what the Eternal Verities are, so as to accept them and abide by them.

And the reason for all the turmoil in religious conceivings is that man persists in fighting any divine admonition that he as a volatile spirit must return to this earth-life again and again, till he has absorbed the profit from all the experiences which earth may hold to impart to him, and thereafter is fit to enter a state called Heaven.

He squirms and screeches and follows false gods and false doctrines because he will forever try to concoct some mystical substitute for this seemingly unpleasant and distasteful certainty. When people get this supreme fundamental of mortality accepted into their philosophies of life, new religions rarely make headway amongst them.

Man in his mortal state is constitutionally convinced that having lived his one earth-life, he has had quite enough of it. What he wants thereafter is ease, life without effort, the bliss of sitting still and doing nothing for half a dozen eternities.

So any religious panaceas that come along and present new arrangements for this escapement, hold his ear for a time.

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

But always they are panaceas, or palliatives. So they wear out, or cease to attract. Or rather, whatever new doctrine comes along that promises still more that is antithetical to the cares and burdens of earth, is bound to overshadow whatever was believed in before it was proposed.

So long as man dodges the one fundamental truth behind all mortality, he will continue to shop around in theological humbuggeries.

THIS means that "new" religions will continue to make their appearance till the Great Truth is faced. Thereafter there will be no more need of new religions. And where there is no need, there is naught called up to attempt its filling.

Probably one of the greatest stumbling blocks to the acceptance of the Earthly Return fundamental is found in the deployments of psychical research. People break away from the spiritual sterilities of Paulist Orthodoxy and begin to explore life and its consciousness-survival, scientifically. They become convinced by demonstrations in the seance room and otherwise, that actually there is such a thing as continuation of conscious personality after the vacating of the physical

mechanism. They eventually find themselves in audible contact with Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry. Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry gives incontestable proof of her or his identity and that there is some mystical way of thinking and functioning beyond occupancy of mortal flesh.

Sooner or later they are bound to ask this question: "What of the truth of reincarnation? Do people come back into mortal mechanisms, and live new earthly lives, from the conscious state in which you are now functioning?"

And Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry responds: "I see no signs of it!"

The earth-persons who go into the seance room open-minded upon the subject, resigned to acceptance of the earthly-return hypothesis if they receive discarnate testimony of it from those in whom they have had confidence, turn upon the mystic who has sought to expound it to them and cry:

"If reincarnation is a fact, why doesn't Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry confirm it? Surely, in their discarnate states, they should be the ones in a position to know the truth of it."

Then likely as not, after all the Aunt Janes and Cousin Harrys have been conferred with—and the seance-sitter is becoming as fed up with their personalities in their discarnate states as he ever was in life—there enters into the psychical contact some profound and erudite spirit from higher realms of intelligence who states without equivocation: "Certainly

reincarnation is the life fundamental. All souls must come to it!"

Thereat the person in mortality is still worse confused.

"Why can't these discarnate people get together and agree upon the matter?" he demands in pique. The root of the trouble lies in the fact that mortal habits of thought are operating, and earthly concepts will persist in intruding into situations where they have no business.

From these mortal habits of thought, and their deeply-established earthly concepts, people assume that the mere fact of being physically "dead" makes all discarnate people alike while at the same time it imparts to them an omnipotence of knowledge on all matters from how an archangel parts his hair to where little Susan, aged five, lost her finger-ring on the Sunday School picnic.

It can be stated dogmatically for the benefit of the spiritually illiterate, that the mere fact of having accomplished the Passing does not make all persons alike. Neither does it endow them with omnipotence of knowledge.

Changing the bodily enhousement is in no wise different from changing the suit of clothes in daily life on the planet Earth.

Men and women do not change their temperaments, their characters, or their degree of scholastic knowledge by withdrawing into the side bedroom and altering their appearance by a suit or a frock.

A person illiterate as to spiritual fundamentals in mortality will be equally illiterate as to spiritual fundamentals outside of mortality.

All he does by "dying" is to enlarge the scope of his perceptions.

THIS strange assumption, that the dead know everything merely because they are released from mortal enhousements, is a gracious tribute to the powers of omnipotent thought. Unfortunately, thought is no more omnipotent in the eternal dimensions than it is in this dimension. Or to put it the other way about, thought is thought in any dimension but there is no assurance that people go beyond their immediate environmental factors in thinking in the more elaborate dimensions than they are wont to do in this mortal dimension. It isn't a question of the functioning of Thought but of

the functioning of the spirit that does the thinking.

The spirit-soul that has taken no interest in psychical research or the esoteric faculties in mortal life, will probably take no interest in psychical research or the esoteric faculties in the next immediate phase of existence.

The spirit-soul that has confined its observations and its thinking to strictly environmental factors on "this side" will doubtless do the same on the "other side."

Of course Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry reports back into the seance room that she or he "sees no evidence" of reincarnation in the more tenuous environment in which she or he is now functioning. What evidence exists for them to see? The functionings of a spirit undergoing a spiritual experience can no more be seen than one person in mortality can "see" another person's having a dream.



Still, material evidence or lack of it is not the true reason why spirit-souls in the next dimension cannot attest by observation that reincarnation is a fact. The reincarnational process is accomplished by stages that in totality amount to a cycle. These stages might be likened to separate and distinct lives or consciousness-sequences.

A person lives in his mortal flesh for seventy years, let us say. That is the formal, three-dimensional sequence. At the end of the seventy years, he "dies". What truly happens is, that at the end of seventy years of fleshly encasement, his spirit-consciousness vacates that fleshly encasement.

But it only vacates a peculiar condition of Matter. It by no means vacates Matter altogether. The next consciousness-sequence is lived in a more tenuous Matter-body, a body of infinitely finer vibration. This body is sometimes named the light-body.

At the end of the consciousness-sequence in this more tenuous light-body, it "dies" again—out of that more tenuous light-body into a still more delicate and imperceptible body. Finally, after such a series of occupancies and vacancies, each in a sublimated pattern of the original gross physical body of earth, the consciousness is utterly discarnate—or without residence in any body whatsoever.

In this state it is ready again to take possession of some developing fetus in a pregnant woman's body and, as we put it, incarnate anew.

This explains why children who die in mortal infancy "grow up" in the more delicate dimensions. But at each demise out of some sort of formal body they are getting closer and closer to Pure Consciousness, or consciousness functioning without the need of any body whatsoever.

The mystics of the East declare that they have discovered evidences of at least seven such super-bodies, that must be "died out of", before the spirit-soul can go around the cycle anew.

NATURALLY a spirit-soul like Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry, that has only lately quitted the gross mortal encasement, sees no more evidence of reincarnation in its next immediate state than it has seen in this state. Furthermore, it probably pays no more attention to such matters in its state next above that of each, than it has paid during mortality. How then, can such a one be authority as to the truth or falsity of the reincarnational cycle while engaged in living a segment of it at any given moment?

We have to bear in mind that there is no more concurrence of conviction on these matters as between individuals in the next immediate life than there is at the present moment in this life.

The reincarnational cycle is not something to be observed, anyway. It is something to be experienced.

Only spirit-souls far up in the states of Pure Consciousness—that is, not dwelling in bodies of any nature—and ready for incarnation in new formal earth-bodies, are in position to attest as to whether or not reincarnation is a life fundamental.

They affirm it because they have shuffled off all bodies above the mortal and are at last prepared for it.

To expect that Aunt Jane or Cousin



Week in Retrospect

AN electronic engineer from Los Angeles University says that scientists at Palomar Observatory in California have spotted an "electric ring" that encircles the Earth. The astronomers say this "ring" is travelling at the rate of twenty miles a year and at this time is interfering with radar systems of the world. This is why, says the engineer, that so many planes and ships guided by radar find at the last minute the radar just disappears into thin air. Cosmic rays are causing confusion, murders, nervous conditions, revolts, etc. As the "ring" draws nearer to the earth it will make conditions worse. Palomar scientists told

the engineer that unless a miracle happens before the "ring" gets to within two hundred miles of the earth's atmosphere the entire world will be engulfed in strange happenings. There will be no seasons, many storms, ice will form in the sky and fall to earth. The engineer says that this information is so startling that it cannot be given to the world for fear of creating panic.

ASTRONOMER Frank Halstead, in charge of the University of Minnesota Observatory has just returned from a years' visit with scientific centers in the West. He says: "Aircraft of some sort are visiting the earth from outer space. The best scientific minds in the

world agree that some planet or planets out there are sending these things to look us over."

BISMARCK, North Dakota—Two jet fighter planes were ordered out in an unsuccessful attempt to get a look at a "strange object" reported in the sky south of New England, North Dakota. This was just revealed by the air defense filter center. John E. Brusich, on duty with the Ground Observer corps, spotted the hug, orange globe in the sky south of town.

A FLYING Saucer visited Pasadena, California, according to two South Pasadena police officers. Sgt. Charles Hughes and Res. Officer Robert Ward spotted the Saucer at three in the morning while on patrol in the Monterey Hills. They saw an object that was oblong and about two hundred feet in diameter flash across northern sky. It had a subdued blue light and was travelling at a high rate of speed. It was about six hundred feet above ground. There was no exhaust or sound.

MOUNT Asama fifty miles south of Tokyo, Japan is on the rampage again, spewing clouds and ash a mile in the air . . . Typhoon winds of more than one hundred miles an hour lashed Okinawa Island . . . A sharp earthquake jolted the Island of Formosa and sent thousands of residents into the streets . . . Torrential rains on Hokkaido, Japan's northernmost main island, have flooded several thousand acres of farmland and more than one thousand homes . . . More than four hundred houses collapsed during recent floods in Shigatse, second largest town in Tibet; the Shigatse palace of the Panchen Lama, priestly ruler of Tibet collapsed and all the valuable collections of fancient works of art were washed away . . . The Yangtze River has flooded hundreds of thousands of square miles in China and dealt the Red rulers an economic blow.

Harry must know all about it, is like expecting a high school sophomore, who has lately graduated out of grammar school, to be able to tell those children still down in the kindergarten exactly how it is with young men and women who have graduated out of high school, gone through college, and are about ready to graduate from college also.

Because a youth has graduated from high school is no guarantee that he is endowed with knowledge that comes to young men and women whose college career is almost behind them. The small child still in the kindergarten may adulterate the high school student for being in a loftier state of scholarship, but that doesn't mean that the high school student actually does know all there is to know merely because he is far ahead of the kindergartner.

FRANKLY, people still in the mortal encasement are comparable to the academic kindergartner. And they apply to the "high school student" in the next dimension for attestment of a fact of life that is only apparent to students far up in college post-graduate courses, so to speak. When the "high school student"

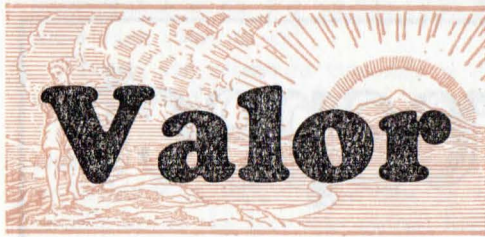
just graduated out of earth-life, comes into the seance room and expresses doubt about the reincarnational cycle, and some soul that is far up in a college post-graduate course of Cosmos also comes into the same seance room and affirms what he discerns to be true from his wider knowledge and experience, the kindergartner in mortality cries petulantly: "Why can't these discarnate people get together and agree on what actually happens after mortal vacancy?"

Could high school students and post-graduate college students "get together" in a commonality of knowledge about any worldly subject on this side? Would not the very difference in the degree of their knowledge cause them to make contradictory statements?

Why then expect people in the next dimension to hold exact and uniform views on this mightiest of all subjects? As a matter of fact, a spirit-soul indicates by the scope of his knowledge upon such matters approximately "where he is" in the cosmic curriculum.

Spirit-souls will only agree upon these matters as they speak from the same plane of experience and observation.

And what is wrong with that?



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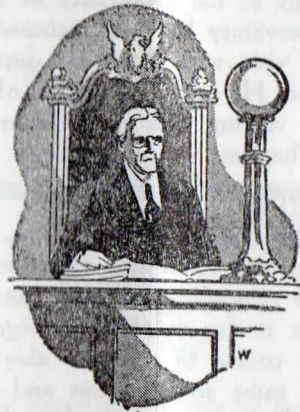
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And One to Go!

ON AUGUST 20th the Seventh Federal District Court of Appeals at Chicago decided adversely against rehearing the Pelley petition to take note of the U. S. Supreme Court's interpretation of Sedition as handed down in the Baumgartner, Hartzel, and Viereck cases in 1945—the point on which this whole corrective litigation was brought. The one recourse left open now is appeal to the High Court in Washington itself.

During the mass sedition trial at the Capital in 1944, the High Court handed down the three above decisions that so interpreted the Sedition convictions that William Dudley Pelley was freed technically of his conviction in 1942, but not actually. To obtain official freedom meant that a habeas corpus action had to be brought on a level of the sentencing court, having the Supreme Court's pronouncements applied to the Pelley Case evidence and the movant discharged. For seven years Pelley has tried to get the lower courts to consider what the High Court had pronounced, for nothing in the evidence convicting him in 1942 came beneath its stipulations. The High Court, to the contrary, by outlining what did or did not constitute Sedition, declared in effect that Pelley had every right to publish what he did publish respecting the events leading up to World War II. He committed no legal crime punishable by imprisonment.

Finally his attorneys succeeded in getting Federal Judge William C. Steckler of Indianapolis to admit the case to court. Judge Steckler took a year to decide that Pelley was entitled to no rectification of his sentence, denied him an open court hearing to which the statutes entitled him, and bypassed entirely the Supreme Court's 1944 stipulations. Pelley went to the Chicago Appeals Court, specifically naming the High Court's decisions as cause for his petition. The Chicago Appeals Court confined itself to inane "review" of the sentencing Judge's behavior, ignoring the High Court decisions completely. Pelley sought redress by asking rehearing on this one point only—that the Appeal justices render a finding as to whether or not the Supreme Court's findings were pertinent. The Appeals Court remained silent, thus turning down such request.



The one point now remains, whether the Supreme Court itself will honor its own earlier findings. Petition in certiorari will be filed in Washington between now and October 1st.

It is generally conceded in American jurisprudence that Supreme Court's pronouncements are the law of the land, higher than Congress, higher than the Chief Executive or any federal department. Thus it was made part of the law of the land in 1944 that any bona fide publisher could criticize the cause of a war, the events leading up to a war, the conduct of any war, or the identity of any ally in a war, without the slightest infringement of any existing statute.

The lower and district appeals courts refuse to acquiesce in this opinion. It amounts to that. They declare by their arbitrary and contrary attitude that no one has the right to criticize the cause of a war, the events leading up to a war, the

conduct of a war, or the identity of any ally in a war. They refuse to acknowledge the Supreme Court's decision to the contrary. No such situation has ever arisen in the American legal system before. The Pelley Case is evidently to be a test as to whether or not lower courts are subservient to the higher.

It remains to be seen whether or not the Supreme Court will act in such challenge to its dignity and priority.

Too bad that this obstreperous Pelley won't go far, far away and drop dead!

Anyway, that's how it is. That's the sort of inter-departmental confusion and recalcitrance that taxpayers are forfeiting their hard-earned moneys to sustain.

What a travesty on justice!

What Intelligence?

DR. A. G. BLAZEY is obviously a physician in Washington, Ind. Occasionally the good doctor takes his fountain pen in hand and writes letters to the newspapers. On a recent week he took the said fountain pen in hand and wrote a letter to the editor of *The Indianapolis Star*. VALOR presumes the liberty of republishing it to preface comment on its final paragraph—

To the Editor of *The Star*:

Your "Can-Do" label on the 83d Congress is fitting only in the sense that it could do what the President directed rather than what constituents asked for. The farm bill was but one of many examples of executive pressure brought to bear on Congress when such action is totally outside the business of our chief executive as specified in the Constitution. The elevation of Mrs. Hobby to a cabinet post, the killing of the Bricker Amendment, the passage of the Federal St. Lawrence Seaway project, the Army-McCarthy investigation, the extension of Social Security, Federal Aid are all examples of executive department pressure on our Congress after the same unconstitutional precedent set by Roosevelt and Truman, with the same threats used by those "gentlemen" to achieve their devious objectives.

Ike does not understand the constitutional separation of power when he denies, by executive order, the proper in-

vestigation by congressional committees. He does not understand separation of powers when he uses taxpayers' money to instigate radio and TV drives to put programs upon the American people that were blueprinted by the socialist stooges that advise him the same as they advised Roosevelt and Truman. He does not understand the balance of power in favor of the voters when he uses his presidential office to influence legislative compliance with the noxious ideas of those who surround him.

The farm parity bill of elastic nature is better than rigid support, yet to exhibit that as a presidential or congressional accomplishment is the same as condoning the thief who says he will not take all of his victim's money because his prey looks like he needed a new suit of clothes.

If we are ever to return to government by the people we will have to quit praising government by an "intelligent" few!

THE intelligent few, indeed!

Go up on Main Street within the next twenty minutes. Buttonhole the first twelve men you encounter. Ask them to step up into a room in the nearby Federal building. Without proper screening, they mightn't even make satisfactory jurors in a hit-and-run case. Yet they are twelve average voters and undoubtedly did their parts electing the present Washington, D. C. setup, good or bad as you may judge it. At any rate, they are the celebrated "people" which the observant Dr. Blazey exemplarizes as preferable for the running of this Republic. How about putting a few questions, not to them but to you?

Of the twelve, which one would you appoint to take charge of the State Department and manifest the intelligence to determine America's foreign policy in respect to Korea, Indo-China, or the European Defense Community?

Of the twelve, which one would you place in Senator McCarthy's shoes to properly investigate Communism in the U. S. Armed Forces and weed out the military observers observing for Soviet Russia?

Of the twelve, which one thoroughly understands the intricacies of the Bricker Amendment, and why it was imperative, and who really killed it?

Of the twelve, which one can get up

FREEDOM



SOUL-BOREDOM is a dubious thing,
Continued, it can illness bring;
To find oneself in one deep groove,
To follow time clocks for each move,
To make one's path convention's trend
Will bring one down before one's end.

To me a bird's epitome
Of all that's noble, strong, and free.
At any moment day or night
It spreads its wings to freedom's flight;
It has no luggage, ties, nor care
Can sleep on wings spread to the air;
At its caprice 'tis pleased to light
In any shelter from stark night.

We humans, governed by a clock,
Are anchored as to lifeless rock.
We think we're free, but glance about
And note us cooped by Mind's first doubt.
Our freedom is a dream of thought
By weary hearts and muscles wrought.
Yon eagle, on the other hand,
Knows every cranny in our land.

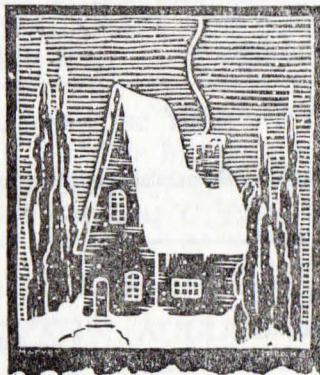
He pauses long in some high tree
His vista spanning sea to sea,
Then oaken pinions take to air
And lift him high o'er worldly care.
While we like sheep are hedged by gates
Weighed down by cares, pursued by fates.
We dare not ape the eagle bold,
'Tis "safer" in protected fold.

Sheep herd together in one flock
Beholding succor in some lock.
The eagle on free heights relies,
His safeties offer in high skies.
The minds of sheep would God atone,
When eagles fly they fly alone.
Their solo freedom is their might,
Their safety rests in unchecked flight.

Be like the eagle, earthbound Man,
Break through convention's iron ban;
Divorce all ties that to earth bind,
And greet the safer heights of Mind.
Learn from this bird that soars in Light
The paltry earthiness of fright.
Despising laws of claw or tooth,
Grow mighty wings of Faith in TRUTH!

—through WINCHTSTER MAC DOWELL

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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

and deliver an intelligent twenty minute talk on the elastic farm parity bill, and how its principles conflict with fixed parities?

Of the twelve, how many know the true meaning of hard money, or what measures the government should take in a dropping bond market, or what to do about the nation's current over-production, or how to balance the federal budget? . . . why go on? . . .

Of the twelve there aren't four that have as much as \$500 in the bank they can check against. There aren't five who could liquidate what they possess and settle what they owe. There aren't six who ever addressed a letter to a newspaper editor suggesting a single betterment in government. And not one in the dozen has ever looked upon his senator or congressman in the flesh, or talked with either face to face.

The great American electorate on whom the integrity and competency of government depends! Scarcely one of them can run his own family or farm successfully. Yet the sentimentalists count them as beings without guile.

Blazey remarked, "If we ever are to return to government by the people we will have to quit praising government by an intelligent few."

Government always *has* been conducted by an intelligent few, thank God, because without the intelligent few we should have no government. It is a law of Cosmos that "no group shall exist without its mentor." That goes doubly for the universal national group.

The task before all of us, to bring a real political Utopia, would be to so elevate the intelligence of any twelve men like the foregoing that any one is competent at random to head a federal department and head it well.

By that time we shall need no government, for any twelve competent to do that, would be governments unto themselves.

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

tial, that under no circumstances would they ever be released to anyone. I was sufficiently familiar with the procedure involved in the Polygraph tests, to realize that these questions concerning my

past life were not ones which would be of any great value in establishing a norm with which the critical questions could be compared. I suspected that, in spite of his solemn assurances of secrecy, he actually intended to use these answers in some way on the television program that night.

"I decided that this would be an excellent opportunity to establish what in instrumentation is known as a control. This is merely the setting up of an independent reference point from which the value of the test results themselves can be evaluated. To do this, I gave the operator some truthful answers to his questions concerning my past life, and I gave him some false answers. I wanted to discover for myself whether he actually was able to distinguish between true and false answers. Subsequent events proved conclusively that *he could not so distinguish!*

"During the course of the television program that night, a man was brought before the camera and introduced as a detective who had investigated my past life, and who would now read his findings. The man then proceeded to read word-for-word the list of answers which I had given to the operator that very morning . . . the true answers and *the false answers*, stating that these were facts which he had discovered by independent investigation. To give a few examples, he stated that my wife was born in New York, actually she was born in Canada and has a birth certificate and naturalization papers to prove it. Then he stated we were married in the First Presbyterian Church of Altadena. However, we were married in the Lincoln Avenue Church of Pasadena and there were people watching the television program who had actually attended the wedding ceremony! If the 'detective' had spent as much as ten minutes investigating my past life he would have discovered that the statements which he was reading were false.

"At the time I felt that there was no need for me to comment on the program in any way, and I still believe that facts are able to speak for themselves. I would, however, like to remind the readers that this television program was simply a 'show' and that the principal aim of a show is, and always has been, simply the entertainment of the audience. If we consider this program in the light of this

fact, no harm will have been done.”

VALOR's associate editor knows Dan Fry personally and has the highest respect for his integrity and honesty. Those who are condemning Dan because of the results of this 'show' should learn the true facts before going out on a limb. God bless Dan Fry.

Limited Mentalities

(Continued from Page 2)

explained why no savior receives his reward from society during his lifetime—if we should watch out for him and ask whose ulterior interests he is serving. Generous publicity by no means makes a prophet. Remember, you can rarely prove a prophet to be a prophet until the events he prophesied have come to pass. And sometimes those events can consume generations.

Why then do personages of superior mentalities manifest in any generation whatsoever? Probably for the spiritual increments privy to themselves in serving out their roles in the face of rancors and jealousies.

Jesus unquestionably got more out of His role than any other individual connected with the whole Galilean Drama—a lesson which tens of thousands of lesser souls could acknowledge with profit. We learn most by enduring most, whether we consciously approve of our ordeals or not. It is a tough philosophy but it does make men—and women! Stamina doesn't consist in showing off in front of the cowardly. It consists in being at all times true to one's own quality of intelligence.

So very few are.



Can you continue to do what mastering you can, regardless of how it is received, and keep your dispassionate attitude without a sense of your own futility while the crowd plunges its way perversely to destruction?

Unless the crowd does plunge its way perversely to destruction, how is it to be

established that you truly knew what you were talking about?

Think it over in the face of such a gigantic cabal as the Great Marxist Conspiracy now afflicting the nations. Apropos of the senatorial expose of it, McCarthy is truly the one getting the most out of it. By the same token, those who wage the most valiant fights against it in the ranks are similarly those profiting from it most.

Never mind the crowd. Where there's little sense there can be little feeling.

God seems to be interested in perfecting only the individual—although given enough individuals, all society is regenerated.

Enlightened Era

(Continued from Page 3)

crements to apply solely to the current organic life. Each is willing to murder military draftees in rows to force its viewpoint on the other. The truth of the cosmic situation is not only ignored by the Leftist-materialists; they do not even care to investigate, since they might be shown up as in error.

The true problem in earth-life is, what to do with elements that have no inclination to explore the facts?

IN ALL logic there *should* be a solution to such impasse in fruits of exploration and investigation.

It is by no means true that the millions in the Leftist nations have arrived at their sullen and perverse materialisms through their own explorations and investigations. They have been made, actually, the slave menials of a tight and efficient governing bloc whose members are by no means activated even by a materialistic idealism; that governing bloc, quite to the contrary, is engaged in perfecting a world state in which they as racists shall be supreme. And this maintains from generation because they are a recalcitrant cosmic group that considers itself superior as a cosmic ideology—carrying on a senseless but dogged battle with the altruistic forces represented and led by The Christ.

Unless we go back to this fundamental all our fancied "learning" avails us little.

Two forces exist in cosmos itself, in
(Continued on Page 14)

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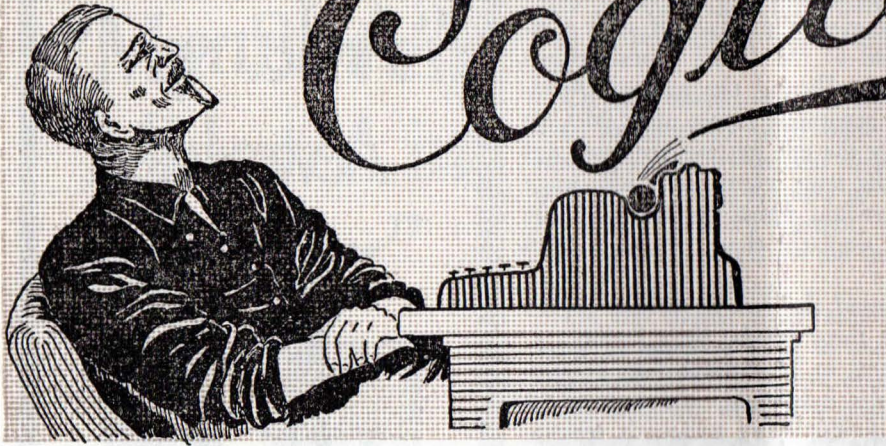
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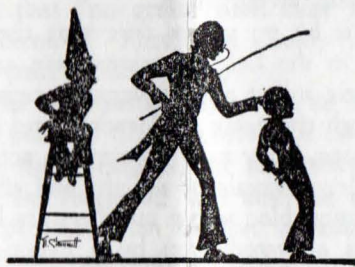
Soulcraft Chapels

Cogitations



ONE thing I have learned to be true: in the language of the small and practical-minded girl, "People don't always match their outsides." I had this brought home to me by two episodes in my life, both of them having tie-ins strange to say with Chicago. The first had to do with my visit in 1925 to the studio of a famous sculptor, sculpturing a remarkable victory monument for a city down state. I took a taxi out to the place on the South Side where several sculptors worked in connected ateliers. Gaining to the main compartment, entirely roofed by glass, I found him high in the superstructure engaged at "pointing up" the figure of a gigantic horse. He hailed me from his elevation, said he'd be down presently, and then forgot me utterly. I wandered among the plaster casts and marble "studies" of anatomy, trying to identify the upraised arm of a Greek god from a mundane housemaid's knee, when the scrub-lady of the place confronted me. At least I took her to be such. She was toting a mop and pail, had her outer petticoat tied about her waist, her hair done behind in a small tight walnut. "Do ye, now loike the crayture?" she queried me, whamming the pail down noisily and thumbing over her shoulder at the sportive steed above us. I said that in its embryonic state it was difficult to pronounce its esthetic attributes. She turned with fists on her ample hips and essayed it with one eye squinted. "'Tis the rump that's too big," she criticized, only she didn't call it rump. As I didn't enthuse about her estimates of the rear of the

beast, she shrugged and went about her business. But in ten minutes she was back. "How do ye like me 'at?" she now queried me, determined to thaw me somehow. The 'at—or more properly hat—was a fried egg thing that set on her scraggy locks with all the blitheness of a saucer in a beanery. Was there no escaping this loquacious sprite? I replied, somewhat stiffly, that the millinery without a doubt had come from Paris, but didn't add that it had probably made the Atlantic crossing on the head of a Gallic peasant, sex feminine. I felt in my pockets for my pipe tobacco, affected not to find it, and escaped on the excuse that I would step to the corner and buy a tin. Thus did I nip the incongruous romance . . .



WHEN it came to Art, I have always been stronger on sculpture than on painting. In fact, when visiting in Chicago in those years of the mid-twenties I rarely missed an afternoon in the classical sculpture gallery of the Chicago Museum of Fine Arts. A few days earlier I had been in the place—not in the classical section, however—to return again and again to a new exhibit of *Mother and Child* by a sculptor named Smith or words to that effect. It was a life-size affair, the mother in the background in

flowing robes, the child on tiptoe a couple of feet in front but facing away from her. Both its hands were upraised slightly as though in adoration of a bird or some other natural wonder just above the level of its gaze. The exquisite grace of both figures, the wonderment caught on the child's countenance as well as the pride on the mother's, caused me to mention it to my friend the horse sculptor as we sat in the Cliff Dwellers' club after dining that evening. "Have you seen it, by the way?" I asked my host. "Seen it!" he exclaimed. "Man alive, it was sculptured down there in our atelier." I said, "You're acquainted then, perchance, with the sculptor? How I wish I could meet him and tell him personally how strangely his composition moved me." My host raised an eyebrow. "Why didn't you do it?" he exclaimed. I didn't understand. "It's not a *him* but a *her*," said my host. "She was trying to make up to you this afternoon, showing you her new hat and all, but you seemed to think she was something contaminated." . . . No, folks don't always match their outsides. I have since paid more careful attention to scrub ladies when visiting sculptoring studios . . . Then there was the case of Henry Coyle, who hailed me in the lobby of the hotel on Madison Street . . .

—o—
BACK in New England in my younger newspaper days, Henry had been one of our leading hardware merchants. He was a fine figure of a man in his early forties, selectman and member of the school board, but about as agreeable to live with as a bear with eczema. The whole town felt sorry for Ella, his wife. She was a soft-spoken, dove-eyed little thing who had given Hank two boys—and anything else he wanted because no women would dare do otherwise. He was brusque, overbearing, dominant to boredom, often let his temper slip in an argument and pasted his antagonist in the eye. But here they were in Chicago ten years

after my knowing them back East, inviting me to have dinner with them. "We are on our way to the Coast on a second honeymoon," Henry told me. We had been at the table less than ten minutes when I began wondering what on earth could have happened to change Henry Coyle. He was so sincerely solicitous to little Ella that her eyes were misty throughout the dinner. We talked over old times and at ten o'clock they left for their Pullman. Funny thing, throughout the whole evening they had made no remark about their sons—beyond the younger recently graduating from military school. . . Six months later I happened to be back in the town where I had owned the newspaper, chatting with my successor. "By the way, I told him, "I ran into the Coyles in Chicago in September. They were on their way West for a second honeymoon. And Ella seemed getting the affectionate attention I never saw her get while I lived here." The newspaperman smirked. "Something happened," he said, "that changed Henry over in seventy-two hours. He killed his oldest boy, Frederick." . . "Killed him!" I cried, sitting upright suddenly . . "You mean murdered him?" . . "Henry so considered it," my newsfriend answered . . and I got this story . .

o—o

"YOU know how stubborn and domineering Henry always was? . . Well, Frederick his oldest, grew along to eighteen and naturally wanted to go out with girls. But there was one girl the father didn't like and he told Fred if he ever caught him out with her, or heard of him going with her, he'd shoot him dead. Whether he meant it or not, the son was worried. Well, one Saturday night Fred was driving out beyond this girl's home when his machine broke down and he had to tow it to an all-night garage in the town ahead, deciding to go to a nearby motel rather than return for it next day. He tried to get his mother on the wire and explain where he was, but the telephone service in the little burg had gone off at midnight. Next morning was hot and he spent it waiting around the garage, watching repairs and drinking soda-pop. They got the car fixed around noon, and Fred headed home. He headed home not knowing that a man-friend of his father's had reported seeing Fred's car parked in that garage,

leading the father to jump to the conclusion that his son had walked back to the prohibited girl's house and apparently spent the night with her. Fred reached home, turned into the driveway, headed the machine around with its nose to the street and went into the side hallway. His father was standing directly across it waiting with a leveled shotgun. Henry said later he'd only intended to scare the boy to 'teach him a lesson' . . but Fred, stomach distended by the soda-pop he'd drunk, thought the old man was meaning business. He took one look at the muzzle of that gun, his ticker went bad on him, and he dropped lifeless at his father's slippared feet. Henry supposed the lad had only collapsed, stood the shot-gun aside, knelt and felt his pulse. But there was no pulse . . "

o—o

"FOR heaven's sake!" I cried. "Yeah," said my informant, "but wait till you hear the pay off. Realizing what he'd been the means of causing, Henry stepped across the expired boy's body, went into the yard in unbuttoned vest and slippers, got into Fred car hatless and gunned the motor. He drove from the yard and out of town. *And all that Sunday night he didn't come back.* The coroner assured the prostrated mother that Fred had passed out of heart failure, nothing worse, and Ella throughout Monday had to make preparations alone for the funeral the following afternoon. We carried the story in Monday's paper, making it as easy on Henry as we could. Town women aided the bereaved mother, and at 2:30 Tuesday the local church was packed for the services, out of commiseration for Ella. Meantime, not a sign of Henry. The services commenced and were concluded. The undertaker removed the flowers from the casket so that local high school friends could take a last look at the dead boy. They were about to start the procession past the bier when a commotion came at the back of the church. Henry Coyle walked in, just as he'd been clothed when he stepped across the dead boy Sunday morning and climbed into the car in the driveway—only needing a two-day shave. Up the church's center aisle Henry came, walked straight to the opened casket and stood looking down on his dead son—who'd been the pride of his life. And with the whole church listening, Henry made Fred



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a speech. He said he'd probably been the worst father that an eighteen-year-old boy ever had possessed. He talked to the lad a full ten minutes of abject and heart-purging apology—the whole church listening breathless. Then his remarks to the son concluded, Henry strode across to the front pew where his wife sat with James, the younger boy, her own mother and some intimate friends. Straight down on his knees before Ella he dropped and made public apology to her as well. Said that in addition to being the city's worst father, he'd likewise been the State's worst husband. But he was asking her forgiveness for the way he'd treated her since their marriage, proposed to her over again, and promised her a honeymoon to California if she'd forgive him and start with him over. It was the worst dramatic act this town ever witnessed. There wasn't a dry eye in that church when little Ella encircled his neck and pressed his head and face to her bosom . . ."



SO TWO nights later—but one—I'd been their guest at the Madison Street dining room in Chicago, without suspecting the cause for the husband's devotion. And Henry was the type that meant a metamorphosis like that, and kept it. He must have had the tenderness for his wife inherent within him all the previous years I'd known him because that sort of alteration can't be posed or fabricated. I learned later from my newspaper friend that Henry had clocked up eleven hundred miles in almost continuous driving about the State in unbuttoned vest and slippers, only halting to have his gas tank filled, before making up his mind to turn over a fresh leaf in his character, apologize to his son, his wife and the town, and live an exemplary matrimony thereafter. His thoughts on that trip must have been pretty terrible . . . No, folks don't always match their outsides—the little girl had it right. Some-

thing for us to remember when we're prone to judge the next person . . . Sculptresses or hardware merchants, the adjuration stands . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Enlightened Era

(Continued from Page 11)

other words, antagonistic to one another, and the fracas of earth-life only mirror and substantialize it generation on generation. Without that higher cue to it, philosophers of any nationality must flounder about in ideological half-light.

True enlightenment reaching the Rightist millions would make recognition of such elements of prime importance and the Leftist strategists would be driven from their bastions. Today, scarcely ten percent of the Rightist millions are intelligently aware of this higher competition for dominance in Cosmos. They are frequently as benighted as the dupes of the Leftists. Being benighted, they labor under handicap in achieving their own dominance.

They don't fight the facts intelligently. Therefore they fight the facts inefficiently.

Remember the true Leftists today are not political, they are not economic, they are not even racist—altogether. They are ideological. Racism is merely an externalized expression on the earth-plane of a leadership in cosmic ideology, that thrives on the purblindness of its opposition. Leftism even invades the camps of Rightist officialdom and subverts pivotal individualities in them.

True and factual education would unmask the whole canard, dehorning the mischievous and subversive blocs at a stroke.

The whole thing starts with incorrect or deficient graspings of the basic organization of Cosmos itself. Not being able to protect themselves by the full and complete equipment of Truth, the Rightists are vulnerable to treachery in their own ranks.

It has been estimated that by the end of this century the American population will have reached two hundred millions. If each and every individual in those two hundred millions had a clear and proven understanding of the basis of Cosmic Organization, or conditions prevailing in

the overlife, the very plan of Opposition to the Leftist headache would be triumphant. Here's how, as Soulcraft reasons it—

THE CHRISTIANS of this nation, not to mention the earth, hold to the assumption that the Kingdom of Heaven is imminent for this earth. This Kingdom of Heaven is vaguely visualized more or less sentimentally, as a cast of society where God or Holy Spirit is the anthropomorphic monarch against whose dictates there can be no dissent. The Divine Ideology bespeaks the loud word "Peace!" and universal tranquillity comes in result of holy fiat. Thus do the Christians of this nation, not to mention the earth, display their own circumscribed knowledge of cosmic actualities.

True peace is that state of affairs which results when knowledge of cosmic ethics is so widespread that all men do right because they understand the futility of doing wrong!

Divine fiat has nothing to do with it.

It is strictly a matter of comprehensive discrimination.

The much-touted Kingdom of Christ will begin to manifest on earth when, and if sufficient number of folk in earth-life recognize openly and intelligently the Whyness of Right, that Wrong is merely some sort of destruction in action, and destruction is only the most potent demonstration of nihility—or a heading toward nihility—instead of pushing onward and upward on the part of spirit in greater and richer exercise.

To be practical for the moment, there has been collated the complete agenda of cosmic knowledge in 384 Master Lectures, available for absorption by human minds. If the two hundred million minds of Americans were workably conversant with these 384 Master Lectures, no such fracas and confusions would be going on as exhibited at present in the series of international conferences distinguishing this period. To begin with, a new order of intelligence must reactively manifest in the personages elected to political office, so that an end comes overnight to the further successes of Soviet diplomacy in victory after victory of the Cold War. And the same thing applies to United Nations.

If 200 million Americans were fully enlightened in the basic causes of cosmic

disturbance, the Moscovite Fifth Column—for instance—would vanish from this Republic. Today the average American is a hapless ignoramus at knowing how to identify the agents of Moscovite Fifth Columnism—he gullibly accepts that all are subversives whom his equally purblind officials declare to be subversives, when what truly is happening is a naming of such by Fifth Columnists themselves esconced in high places, making provision for the emasculation of their opponents.

Senatorial or congressional investigations could halt as swiftly, in that the need of them would have become inconsequential. Smear would disappear in our newspaper organs—because Smear is ever the Fifth Column in vocal action, discrediting public characters in ulterior interests of private blocs and elements. Predatory trade unionism would undergo a reformation because it also would be trenchantly identified and expurgated.

The whole moral order of the United States would assume a different aspect because Leftist persons would not be striving to get tangible results amid a purblind populace. Even religious groups would stop trespassing into realms of politics and economic welfare because knowledge of cosmic truth would give them too much to employ themselves, interpreting the higher spheres that little time would be available for messing in materialisms.

America today has the highest standard of academic education of any country on the globe. But it is cosmically purblind in evaluating such academic education. Reverse the process and the United States leads the globe indeed.

And the Leftists lose the cold war and fold up because amid a world of truly enlightened peoples they could make no headway—but weaken, disintegrate, and disappear through the effects of their own vice upon themselves.

YES, the Kingdom of Heaven is by no means a matter of altruistic sentimentality. It is a matter of establishing and disseminating TRUTH—and Truth in this sense means, not the enforcing of one bloc's opinions upon another *but investigating and espousing those fundamentals of life that can be proven under every condition from circumstantial evidence.*



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Box 192 Noblesville, Ind.

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

FRANKLY, I can well accept that this is the lowest plane at which intelligent life manifests—if you care to call it intelligent. One of my higher mentors commented once that I might be astounded to learn the sizable numbers of human beings going about in bodies only vaguely aware that they are physically and mentally alive. He was wrong in such estimate. I would not be at all astounded. Too many of them write me letters, while others are just dumb from natural causes. But what about individuals affecting to be leaders against the forces of error and subversion, who shy away from any agitation of the 1942 Pelley Case because espousing my battle in that regard would “alienate too many people” whose religious tenets differ from my own? That’s the excuse they advance when they really mean something quite different. They mean they hesitate to espouse Pelley’s fight for vindication because indirectly it would be taken as acknowledgment of his intellectual leadership, and they cannot tolerate any such insinuation. It deprecates themselves as masterminds in this fight . . . I have now been twenty years or more watching these leaders of Movements perform. Some of them, the most prominent, have stemmed out of my own earlier organizations. However, it is the lamentable lack of perspicacity for checkmating the enemy that I read into their current attitudes—something which apparently never occurs to them . . .

WHY in the world did the whole rank-and-file of the Leftist forces go into a dither a few years back, to see that I “got the works” unless it sought to bring about the very conditions I believe I have cause for deploring, in this Afterthought? To “smear the man” so that no one gave him credence or dared to cooperate with him was precisely what the enemy started out to achieve—and apparently has achieved—to the discouragement of crusaders of similar pattern. And a policy of common assailing of the unconstitutional violations evident in the Pelley Case, is thereby checkmate and emasculated. Instead of making a shining issue of the most flagrant suppression of constitutional rights in American jurisprudence, better to squeejee the whole episode and forget it as soon as possible because here’s an entirely uncontaminated Galahad in the person of Joe Doakes announcing a “new Movement” unattended by any of the olfactory features “left over” from the Pelley Unpleasantness, so rally ’round, all ye would-be savers of humanity, and let’s go to town behind him. Joe doesn’t go to town, of course. He goes fourteen blocks

down the road, attended by seven old men, eighteen women and three boys thirteen years old, runs against the same opposition that Pelley fought straight to a prison cell, finds himself in durance vile similarly and wonders why he’s gotten exactly no place. The Opposition fixed matters in the Pelley Case so that similar crusaders in future would get exactly no place. The Opposition, in fact, is about as afraid of a united front against it as it is fearful of a kitten beneath a stove. So long as the individual leader can be persuaded to put his ego ahead of the incentive of the common goal, he is “just another queer” who can be knocked down when the time comes. Not that I’m soliciting the championage of these Doakes persons. I’m talking about the displays of intelligence masterminding these altercations . . .

SO CLEARER and clearer it comes home to me that instead of wasting tears over purblindness of diffident colleagues the thing to do is forge straight ahead and educate the public for the *public’s* sake, and what it can perform for itself after adequate enlightenment. Christ said once, “Whomsoever is not for Me is against Me.” But the larger viewpoint should have it that being *for* this person or that person butters no parsnips. The proposal resolves into creating a higher level of intelligence throughout the whole body politic and letting nature take its course in aftermath. I’m reaching the years when I’m beginning to perceive the futility of Movements. The maturer course is to enlighten *hoi polloi* as to the facts behind distempers, then let it pursue such reprisals as it pleases. Movements forever involve personalities—spites, jealousies and prejudices—and in the exact degree that you’re successful you discover your own camp divided against you and emulators gleeful as the lightning of reprisal knocks you cross-eyed. Education of the masses lets them solve their own quandaries but with enhanced intelligence—providing they’ve got some as a basis. Few have incarnated in the current American Scene without having a faint trace of it to serve as embryo for gestation. . . . So, as perchance you’ve noticed, from here on out the likelier course seems to

BEWARE of the man
who doesn’t return your
blow; he neither forgives
you nor allows you to
forgive yourself . . .

give what time remains to me to perfecting a curriculum of esoteric enlightenment that cannot be ignored because of its TRUTH . . . Once being materialized, it can endure regardless of where I may be living or what I may be doing—and others can proselyte it quite as effectively as myself. Heading up this bloc or that bloc, using your own supernal endowments for hero worship of subservients, only results in scrimmages where bystanders come out limping.