

VALOR

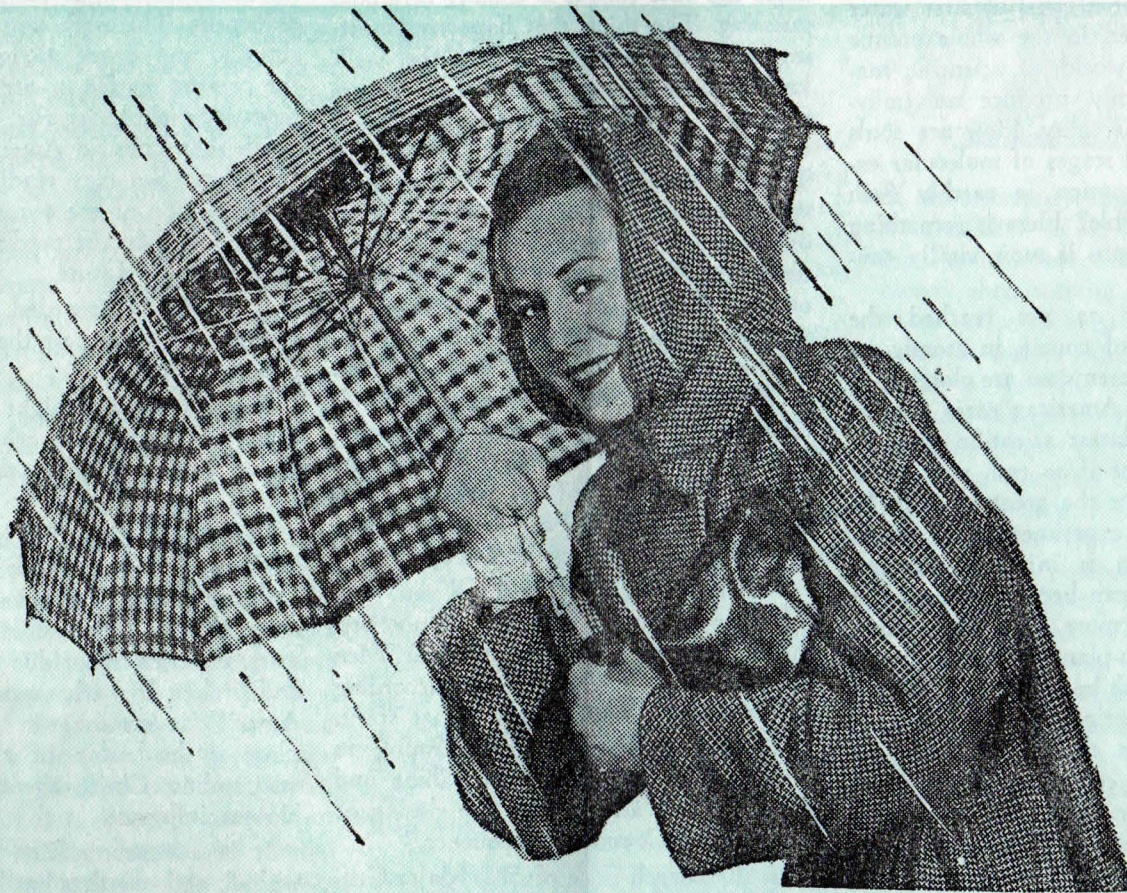
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 18



WHAT DOES SPRING MEAN?



SPRING this year leads into the fraught summer of 1955. This year of 1955 has been designated by Enlightened Wits on the Higher Side of life as the final "Dark Year" of our planet. "Get through to July of 1956," a materialized Mentor declared at a Soulcraft seance on February 5th, "and see if you do not behold your planet rid sud-

denly and permanently of its terminating war curse."

Are we to accept that something decisive happens to Russia and China, to make them forever emasculate of war-projecting powers within the next eighteen months? Or is a greater and mightier cosmic event to intervene altering the whole complexion of international relationships? One thing is certain: that atomic experimentation cannot continue much further without the

upper strato-radiumistic "fall out" becoming quite as deleterious to global health as though a fair-sized atomic war had been fought. Japan today is in an economic crisis because fish taken from the sea within a thousand miles of Bikini are so radioactive as to be unedible.

SOULCRAFT is not interested in international development from the political standpoint but from the spiritual. Let's get that premise clear for all time. True, the detonation of atomic bombs is declared to have small materialistic effect on the higher echelons of life and consciousness. But a crisis of first water can be precipitated in the whole cosmic structure of the worlds if scientific maneuverings suddenly produce an unlivable world for mortality. How are souls to get their initial stages of molecular experience if incarnation in earthly flesh is no longer possible? Here is something in which all Cosmos is most vitally concerned . . .

We have not as yet reached the saturation point, of course, in atomic radioactivity but it seems we are closer to it than the average American cares to consider. And the latest scientific journals declare baldly that if so rash a thing as a cobalt jacket for the greater bombs be exploded, even in experimentation, a well-nigh fatal poison is injected into our stratosphere that can become universal in its effects. If no more souls are coming up from the earth-plane, or if practically all the souls in flesh be suddenly domiciled in the higher etheric planes, it marks a climactic point in the structure of the worlds. This, of course, is all so much mythology to the materialistic scientist who take the position that anything he cannot fasten beneath his microscopes exists only in the imagination. It is far from being mythology to the guardians of the loftier echelons of spirit—as man can discover.

SOULCRAFT has always taken its cues in major earth-developments from its "discarnate correspondents" on higher levels of life and consciousness. It does no good to decry such correspondents as nonexistent. Colleagues on the earth-side DO have data so transferred to act upon in advance of scientific or civic handouts to the contrary. In 27 years, scarcely one detail of such data has been



erroneous. The scientist rationalizes it, naturally, as "lucky guessing" but ignores the fact that it is usually infallible guessing. The thing that happens, resulting in such infallibilities, is the well-known esoteric fact that before events crystallize on the earth-planet they "build up" in the higher etheric dimensions. True, prayer or an enforcedly altered statesmanship may mitigate their effects, or in cases even reshape the etheric pattern. But when events start to "build up" on the Higher Side, it is almost automatic that they materialize in our dimensions.

The date of July, 1956, was specifically spoken on a recent evening at Soulcraft, utterly uninvited and unexpected. Spectators were left to infer that the date marked the ending of the military idolatry which the nations of earth have been practicing since August of 1914.

"There is much we could tell you," the informer declared, "but we are not permitted to do so on this Higher Side. Men must work out his own destiny according to the attainments of his spirit as spirit. But you can look for grave trouble to stem out of France. As for China and Formosa, it is all tied into the closing of the Russian-Communist sequence."

In the March issue of *See*, Major-General Claire Chennault lists a Six-Point program of the Reds in Asia which makes 1955 "the year of total peril" for the United States, and his reasoning is uncomfortably sound. One thing all these great military masterminds overlook, however, is the actuality of mighty Spirit Forces shaping this planet's destiny. This reality isn't something that needs taking on religious faith—not to the psychical initiate. He has his own incontestable evidences of such personalities and their performings.

The highest Mentors behind the whole Soulcraft Illumination tell us well-nigh

with one voice, that if military events of gravest nature occur in the Orient, their confidantes on This Side are not to regard it despairingly as a third cataclysmic world war but the tacit Beginning of the End for the rule of the satanic influences over the world's free peoples. It is the wind-up, the clean-up. Incidentally the finish of the nuclear fission menace is involved in all of it.

THEIR more enlightened and trustworthy colleagues on the earth-side will want this thing to happen, having fullest confidence in its regenerating denouement. The earth cannot struggle and stumble and grope along forever under the present burden of armaments and international skulduggeries. The first depth-bomb that sinks an American gunboat in the China Sea may readily be the opening explosion of the sequence that marks the end of Marxist perdition for a thousand years in future.

It should be regarded, in fact, as the opening concussion of the real Armageddon.

Matters move straight and fast after that, winding up the whole program of global turmoil. *Really calling the halt to it.*

But the blow is to fall heaviest on those workers of iniquities, out of the Kremlin and otherwise, who have been most responsible for those iniquities from the start. America is not due to be prostrated and broken by such martial denouement. America is coming out to her rightful place in leadership of the world—with outstanding Christ agents in places of highest influence.

It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and one that has been a long and exhausting time anticipating. Global thugs and megalomaniacs caused two world insurrections. Now this last action, threatened by the Spring of 1955, is analogous to a group of stout-hearted police cornering the leaders in a given district, closing in on them, and rendering them powerless to work further mischiefs of any nature among nationalistic humankind. After the captures, we may depend upon war-criminals' trials that will make the late Nuremberg precedent a little girls' tea-party . . . Get your thinking adjusted along this line and ready yourself to live in a regenerated world . . .

REMEDIES for Federal Socialism

Appearing in States' Independence



THE TIME has come for Soulcrafters throughout the nation to become intimately acquainted with the name of Rep. Ralph W. Gwinn, congressman in the current federal legislative session from Yonkers, N. Y. Congressman Gwinn is probably the most influential solon on the Committee for Education and Labor, and his speech in the House of Representatives on the past August 12th against the practice of federal subsidies that drain the financial and economic lifeblood of our nation deserves reading wherever bedeviled Americans have a pallor for what is being made to happen to free government.

Congressman Gwinn, although representing the congressional district that chiefly embraces Yonkers, N. Y., is a native of Noblesville, Indiana, where he was born March 29, 1884. That makes him 71 years of age. All his life he has been a staunch Republican, with the Hoosier's ideas of Americanism that stem from the grassroots. Incidentally, he was named after Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great Concord Transcendentalist. He has been the father of five children. Graduating from DePauw University in Greencastle, he went to New York in 1908 and entered the practice of law, acting as counsel for the U. S. Shipping Board, and special assistant representative to the Secretary of War for liquidation of war claims of U. S. against the Allies. He is a trustee of the Agricultural Missions Foundation, International Council on Religious Education, and Asheville, N. C. Boys School.

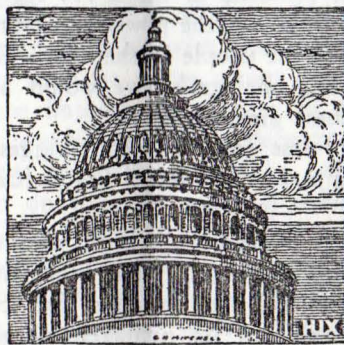
Read this speech against Subsidies that he delivered in the House and get personally acquainted with Ralph Waldo Gwinn—

MR. GWINN: Mr. Speaker, some time ago the Government took by force private property by taxation and gave big gobs of it to the beef cattlemen. In effect, beef became the public property

Soulcrafters, Meet a Congressman Fearless in Assailing the Evils in Subsidies . .

of the Government. More and more people went into raising beef for Government subsidies. Surpluses of cattle increased. Prices to the consumers were fixed high by the Government, in spite of increasing surpluses.

Suddenly the people quit eating beef. They struck. Just as suddenly the sturdy big-hatted ranchers woke up to the fact that they were raising socialized beef for Government, a most unreliable political customer. They had lost their real dependable customers, the American people. So the cattlemen took a vote and threw out Government price supports and control of their business. They chose the hard road of winning back their customers in a free beef market. That meant lower prices, but increased beef consumption from 62 to 76 pounds per capita—an alltime record. Congress was not smart enough to stop subsidies, but the cattlemen were.

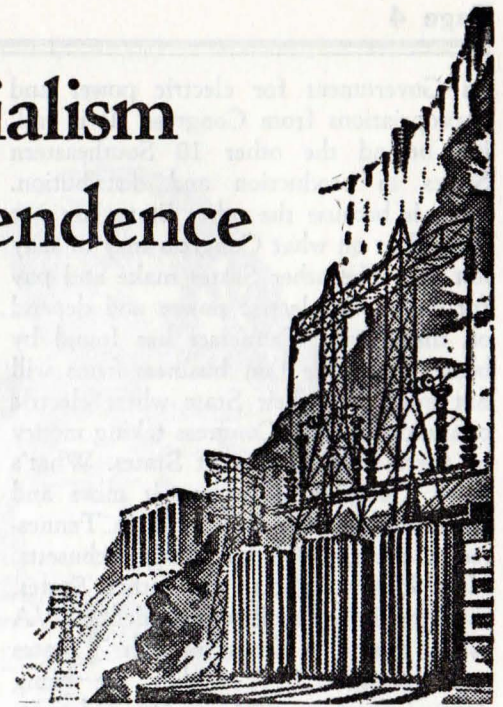


THE potato growers were corrupted for years by Government checks totaling \$478 million. They, too, delivered their potatoes to the Government instead

of the consumers. Suddenly the taxpayers were shocked to see the Government paying farmers for potatoes with taxpayers' money, then burning the potatoes to make them scarce to keep the prices high. To make it worse, after destroying the potatoes on one side of the road, the Government bought potatoes from Canada to feed the people on the other side. Year after year Congress could not stop it. The people did stop it. Potatoes won their freedom from Government. And tough as freedom is, potatoes would not go back into socialism, viz, management, ownership, and control by the Government.

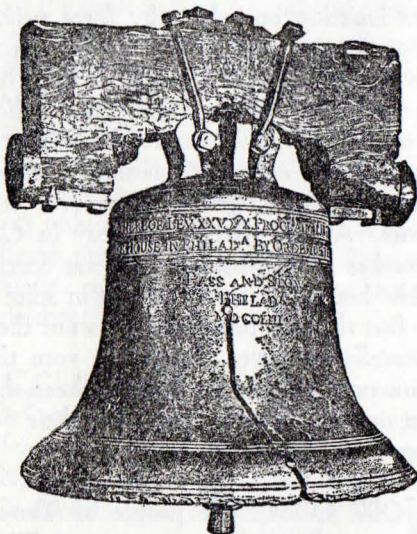
In the same way the Government has been insisting on taking by force private property and building publicly owned Government houses. It rents them at half rent, exempt from taxation. The billions of taxpayers' money cannot be accurately counted. Of course, Government expects tenants to vote right in return for such favors. A very narrow majority in Congress has been insisting lately on forcing public houses on to the people in spite of the fact that the people do not want them. Generally wherever the people vote they throw out Government housing, keep their own money at home, and build their own houses.

NOW COME the people of Tennessee telling the true story of TVA, the first and most highly touted of American socialistic experiments. It is turning out very badly for Tennessee. For Tennessee has become totally dependent up-



on Government for electric power and appropriations from Congress. It is falling behind the other 10 Southeastern States in production and distribution. That is because the other States are not dependent on what Congress may or may not do. The other States make and pay for their own electric power and depend on themselves. Tennessee has found by bitter experience that business firms will not move into their State where electric power depends on Congress taking money by force from far-distant States. What's more, Congress is finding it more and more impossible to buy votes in Tennessee by charging the cost to Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, and other States. Even the little schoolboys now define TVA as "a river that flows through 7 States and drains 41." Yet they are being drained again in 1954 for the 22d year. The total take to date by TVA is \$1,800,000,000—all from taxpayers.

This year be it noted, a Republican Congress is appropriating less than any year before, but it still gave \$120 million to build steam plants. That will help heat Tennessee houses with electricity, though Tennesseans have plenty of coal in their backyards which they could use. They could also use oil like other people. But it is cheaper to use electricity so long as taxpayers in other States can be socked to provide it. But Tennessee knows that no scheme to buy votes as crazy and incredible as TVA can last. This administration has already given



fair warning. So Mr. Robert M. Metcalf, Jr., vice president of Guaranty Mortgage & Trust Co., of Memphis, Tenn., comes up with this remedy. He

proposes a new and greater TVA in *Spotlight* for the Nation. He says:

WE ARE nearing a fork in the road. With the inexorable march of events, it may not be far ahead.

Probably during this administration, our Government will be faced with a choice of what to do with TVA—for the long pull. The administration itself is pledged to a withdrawal of Government from the fields of industrial enterprise. The new Hoover Commission is already girding itself for that job; a task force of the Commission under Ben Moreell is working in the specific realm of water resources and power. In the battle that has already raged for years in the press and through the Halls of Congress, the recommendations that come in from the task force may well bring on the climax.

With the taxpayer who lives elsewhere in the Nation naturally reluctant to continue being forced to invest in power facilities for Tennesseans, the fight over TVA appropriations has become increasingly bitter.

The resident in the TVA region, on the other hand, sees TVA as a *fait accompli* and will declare war at the flick of a power switch when he feels that his city's growth has a ceiling being placed on it by threat of a power shortage. He realizes that it is unsound and risk-filled to be dependent upon Congressmen from all sections of the country to vote funds for his power expansion needs. Nonetheless that is the way it has been and still remains.

What would be the happiest solution of the problems posed by TVA—the best answer for the country as a whole and for the residents in the TVA region?

It is this: Sell the power-generating facilities to the people in the area it serves.

By this one stroke we would accomplish these great objectives:

1. Reverse one of the biggest socialistic steps the United States has ever taken.

2. Lift TVA off the backs of the Nation's taxpayers (as it has been with respect to (a) its demands for capital funds and (b) its nontaxpaying status, though a producing enterprise).

3. Get the ownership of TVA truly in the hands of the people (and they would be the people most concerned) with control of the vast project at home.



4. Give to TVA the dynamism and flexibility of private enterprise, with an ownership truly alert and responsive to power needs.

5. Eliminate the tyranny, abuse, and graft of politics to which an institution like TVA is so subject.

6. Stop the threat of a power shortage that constantly hangs over the TVA region because of dependence upon Congress for growth funds.

The legislative processes to bring into being this new TVA need not be labyrinthine. They might well lead to the following steps:

1. Empowering TVA to issue bonds, debentures, preferred and common stock for private sale (in order noted below), specifying that the United States Treasury shall be the ultimate recipient of all securities sales proceeds.

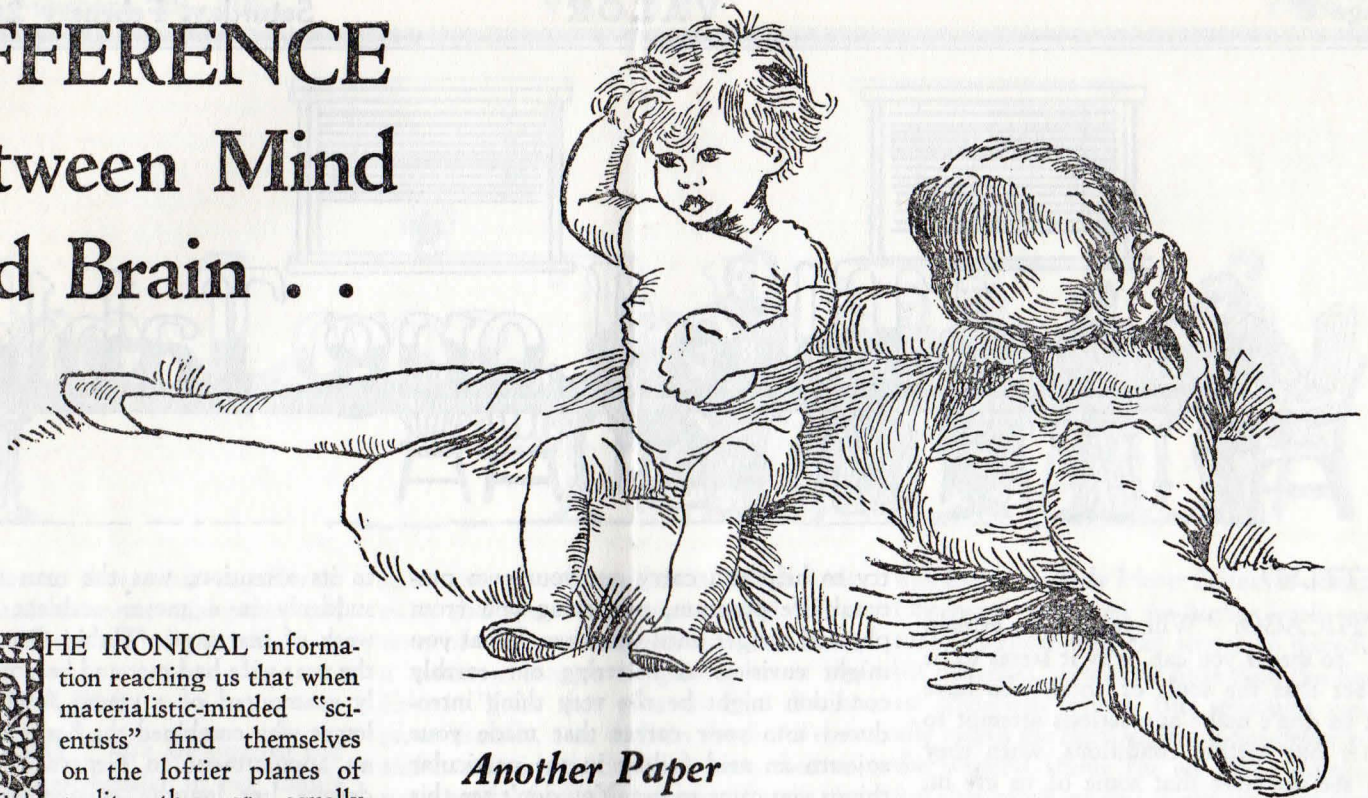
2. Sale of the senior securities first, in proportions that are normal for a public utility of that type.

3. Sale of the common stock, to be offered first to individuals residing in the TVA region. The equity would probably not be too large, after step 2 is taken, for the TVA region residents to take all of the stock. They would be allowed to purchase for cash, exchange for United States bonds or pay by installments.

4. Election of board members by the new owners and complete divorce of TVA from the United States Government. The cognizant State regulatory bodies would take over regulation, and from them must be obtained prior agreements to allow rates to go to proper economic levels.

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DIFFERENCE between Mind and Brain . .



THE IRONICAL information reaching us that when materialistic-minded "scientists" find themselves on the loftier planes of reality, they are equally as vociferous in declaring that the mortal plane does not exist, brings us back to an exposition of Mind versus Brain that we explored only briefly in the VALOR of February 5th.

Brain as a physical organ, we are being told, has naught in common with Mind—which is the intellect of spirit—excepting to transmit sense-impressions from deployments in this physical world. Mind goes along with us into the various octaves of loftier-plane lives. Brain stays behind and disintegrates with the corporeal remains. The claim of the materialist-scientist that brain's control of Mind is proven by the results of surgery on the cerebellum, which he so proudly points out as conclusive proof of brain's dominance over physical life, is one of the hypnotic delusions of earth-plane effects.

His exploit actually is similar to a saboteur getting into a great telephone exchange and "operating" on the various switchboards and mechanisms, changing them about or making freakish connections, then declaring that because the messages are all mixed up or become blanked out altogether, that he is "controlling" the conversations of the human beings at different ends of the various circuits.

He is controlling them, yes, but only to the extent that he is limiting them in their expressions across miles of wires. He is not altering the mentalities or in-

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

telligences that would operate normally if he desisted from his mischief.

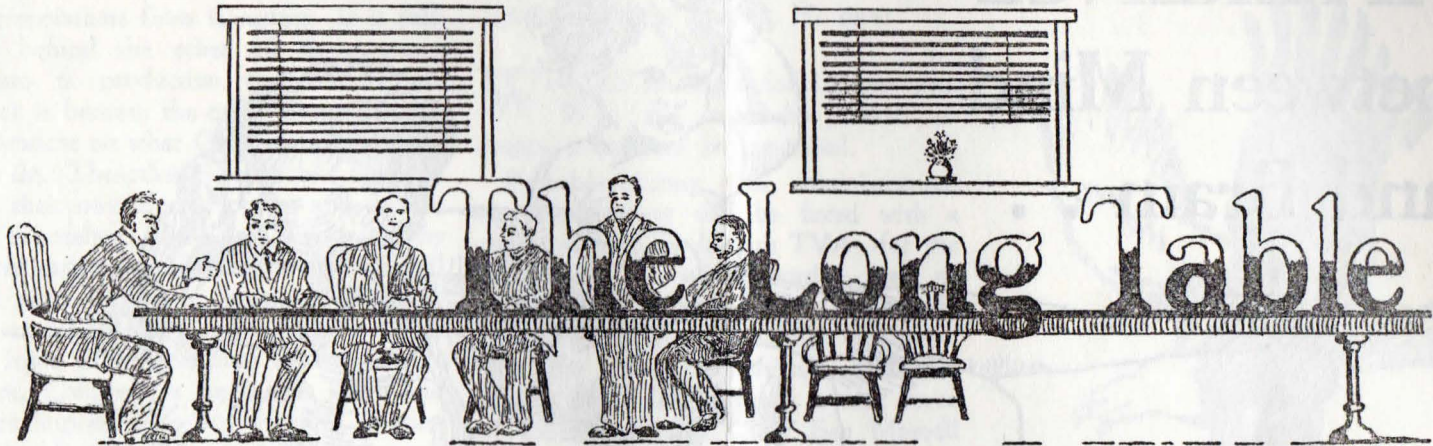
MIND in control of physical body, directing its behavior or receiving sensations from its nerve system that continue to improve the quality of intelligence, is exhibiting only a department of its traits and possibilities—the part that has to do with the material vehicle of mortal expression in a world of substantial materials. And when the average person starts out with this as a premise and begins to examine what other departments mind operates in, aside from the strictly physical, he is immediately introduced to wonders that run all the way from the highest marvels in Christian Mysticism down to the sorriest fortune-telling of the corner soothsayer.

It was calling attention to this fact that seems to have been one of the major tenets of the Great Galilean's teaching. Continually He sought to impress the fact that "man is more than meat and drink"—that is, his physical person—and is essentially a spiritual exhibit. "Hath it not been told you that ye are gods?" The first step in acquiring a knowledge of all of it, is being able to understand basically—or make the basic distinction—that spirit and body are two separate entities, and that Mind and Brain are not the same, but that Brain is strictly in the inferior position of being Mind's servant for material pursuits. This means that the master goes on living and functioning long years and even centuries after the servant has been discharged.

PEOPLE who say, "That is all very well, but if Mind has existence apart from Brain, then what does Mind think *with?*" are hopelessly enmeshed in the delusion that Mind requires atomic substance in order to exist or perform; that unless spirit operates in and through materials, it has no existence.

Has sunlight any existence as a material thing? It can travel through ninety-two million miles of space in a trifle over eight minutes, penetrate through whole acres of plate glass, and operate to il-

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NETTLED

CHICAGO: "Will you please explain to me, if you can, why it seems to be a fact that the souls of those who have left us don't make any serious attempt to better our earthly conditions, when they can see the fixes that some of us are in, physically or economically? Constantly you print that the 'dead' are watching over us but what good does that do either one of us if we can't see the effects of it in the practical and profitable manner? Why need I have anybody watching over me when it means nothing?"

Comment: How do you know that it means nothing, Chicago? You may have been saved from a dozen tragic mishaps by being thus watched over, particularly if you have a loving maternal relative on a higher plane, but how would you know it unless someone informed you about it? From the general tone of your letter, Soulcraft gathers that you are piqued because this watching-over by the relatives on the higher side hasn't resulted in your making a million dollars as yet or prevented your wife from running off with the younger and handsomer man. The relatives in the higher planes, if they be competent to act as your guides or helpers, are adepts in the ethics of not interjecting anything into your life that alters the nature of your mortal errand to yourself. Likewise they are schooled in the principle of doing nothing that weakens your own bump of initiative or self-reliance. You came into earthlife to have certain adventures because your character needed the increment. If possessing large sums of money defeated that lesson to your soul, no guardian would change it by giving you two unnecessary kopecks. What guardians do is

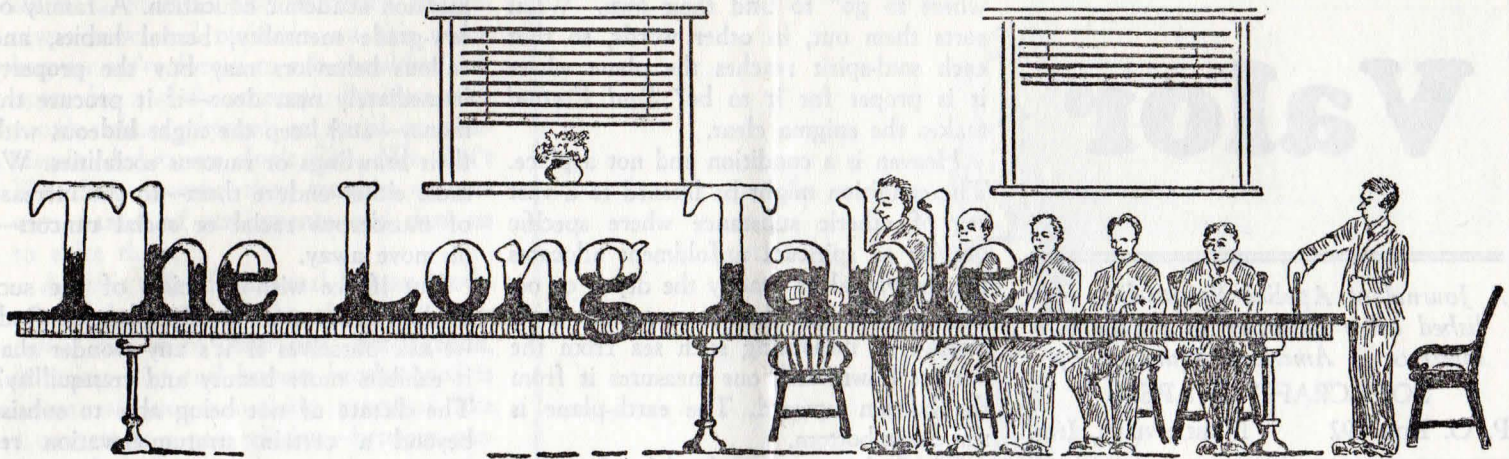
try to help you carry out your own prenatal life program, preserving you from physical danger until you have. What you might envision as bettering our earthly condition might be the very thing introduced into your career that made your sojourn an arid failure in the particular things you came to get. You don't see this now, perhaps, any more than you appreciated your mother's loving eye over your activities when you were four. You may be in no better spiritual condition to have your earthly situation bettered financially at the present time than you would have been if when you were four your parents saw to it that you had a hundred-dollar bill every week to go to the corner store and buy candies. Study seriously the actual conditions between the planes and you'll understand better why matters take their current courses . . .

TOUGH BLOW

IDAHO: "My fiancee, whom I loved very dearly and with whom I had been keeping company nearly three years, passed over suddenly of heart failure during a minor operation two days before we were to have been married. We had been over a year selecting and furnishing our new home. Our wedding was to take place on Saturday afternoon and she died on Thursday previously. If we are really living planned lives, what sort of spiritual increment can be expected from such an inhumanly bitter break?"

Comment: It is always a delicate matter, diagnosing this type of situation between two engaged people. One can only estimate from answers to similar dilemmas that have been earlier received. The last case of this kind that Soulcraft had called

to its attention, was the man who died suddenly in a motor accident within a week of marriage. Within three months, the near-wife had met and become strangely enamoured of a young American diplomat who combined the honeymoon with an appointment to Geneva. Obviously, despite her lengthy engagement to the first man, the young woman was marrying the wrong man and it took dramatic tragedy to correct it. Many engagements are merely what we can call emotional mishaps. One or the other of the parties have a despairing feeling that they are never due to have a home, the right person not yet having appeared, so embrace whatever opportunity offers to go through with all the preparations for one. Really they are making so sizable a blunder, wrecking the whole life errand, that it calls for a drastic decision on the part of the other. In conferences on the Higher Side during sleep, a far more common happening than the average unlettered person supposes, the whole thing is thrashed out and the wrong person being married gets permission to step out of the picture. The woman in the case quoted had a definite experience coming to her in earthlife of being a diplomat's spouse and spending a given number of years in Europe. In the case of the fiancee who passed out suddenly of heart failure, whether an operation is entailed or not, she did not have *verve* enough actually, despite what seemed to be her surface happiness, to go through with the union. Heart failure under such circumstances might almost be called self-induced. That the whole experience has definitely strengthened you, Idaho, is shown plainly enough by your closing attestments in your letter. Maybe that too had something to do with it. You required



the experience to show your capacity to rise above such dramatic misfortune and not let it wreck the rest of your life.

ETHERIC DOUBLE

NEW JERSEY: "We are puzzled and no little apprehensive in our family as to why there have been five members of it, two women and three men, who during the past dozen years have passed over by heart failure. The odd item about it has been that all but one enjoyed average good health, and was not particularly known for having a 'weak' heart. What is heart failure from the higher esoteric standpoint?" . . .

Comment: The conscious entity, or soul, that is your thinking self is actually en housed throughout your mortal days in what parapsychologists term the etheric or pattern body, a sort of identical twin to your physical body, that ordinarily fits to perfection inside the molecules and atoms of your fleshly self. This Pattern Body, seemingly formed of a peculiar quality of Light, by no means stays retreated the clock around inside your body composed of atomic substances. It is not the sort of "pattern" to which atomic flesh-substances cling like steel filings to a magnet. Rather, it exercises a sort of supervision over the bodily structure, so that cells keep to the one recognizable design that is the You identified by relatives and friends. The latest findings and photographings of this Etheric Double indicate that it lifts a little way outside the physical self during sleep, in fact, the question is being asked if sleep isn't just *that*, the temporary withdrawal of the etheric pattern self so that the body it supervises can relax and recuperate. We do know that con-

sciousness of self resides in this Etheric twin, and when there are so-called levitations of that consciousness to a distance—a common enough happening—it is the Etheric Twin that goes to that distant place literally, sees with its duplicate eyes and hears with its duplicate ears, then returns to the fleshly envelope. Thereat the latter "awakens" or comes from "trance". As described in the forthcoming Soulcraft book, *Soul Eternal*, pictures taken of a hypnotized boy, by a camera with a quartz lens, showed this etheric double arising out of his physical self and passing directly through a wall at his left, to obtain information of what was happening in a distant spot. The boy in trance, separated his two bodies and went to the spot in his etheric double to see. But here is the connection between the case of your ill-fated relatives and the Etheric Vehicles in which intellects reside . . . the two are forever connected to one another by what is known as the Silver Cord, more popularly the Life Cords. Some parapsychologists declare there are two such life cords, one connecting from solar plexus to solar plexus and the lesser from brain to brain—or



at least head to head. If such silver cords chance to get severed while the etheric double is out of the fleshly envelope so that the former cannot make its way back into the latter which it normally supervises during waking hours, death from the

well-known malady Heart Failure is noted. Observant people on the higher levels say that this silver cord can stretch to incredible distances, seemingly finer than the finest spiderweb strand. But severance usually means the thinking spirit has departed the physical frame for all time. Assuming that much of this is correct—for supporting data came through too many widely separated sources for it to be imaginative—do you not perceive what might have been the difficulty in the cases of the five persons you mention? It mayn't be defective hearts as organs that are inherited down through your family line. It may be silver cords that will stretch just so far and then break. In dozens of cases where subjects seem to have passed away of heart failure during nights of slumber, to be discovered deceased by daylight, the Etheric Double has been found to have broken away from the fleshly self on the nocturnal excursions that too often give rise to dreams. A big majority of dreams, we are finding, are really not imaginative but jumbled memories of actual experiences undergone by the thinking self in the etheric pattern body during such physical vacancies. Cases have been known, however, where such silver cord has stretched without severing something like two to three thousand miles, and made safe return. The foregoing would seem to be the likeliest and readiest explanation of the enigma you propound. Notice how seldom the average person "dreams" of being in densely packed crowds, or in situations where the silver cord could be hopelessly entangled or obstructed. In the normal dream, only one or two persons are concerned and you rarely pass around one another. You just stand face to face and that's all.

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Kingdom of Heaven



WHEN one reads deeply into the plethora of literature giving fairly reliable data about the specific features of the life following mortality, one begins to get perturbing understanding as to why the Kingdom of Heaven is what it is. Also the analytical mind entertains its first doubts about its workableness on this earth-plane. None of this is heresy. It is recognizing or identifying the one big difference between the planes, and presents the age-old problem of tolerance in a challenging light.

All the higher authorities agree that heaven isn't so much a place as a condition. But a condition of what?

The best one-word answer that can be offered is . . . *Segregation*. Not segregation of groups on the internment-camp basis but groups separated upon strata according to spiritual development.

When you finally come to read the book that is now going through the Soulcraft plant, *Soul Eternal*, you will find depicted for the first time anywhere in the Soulcraft literature what might almost be called the separateness of character attainments on the loftier octaves. Millions who get psychical inklings of the speeding-up process of the soul in the etheric double that lives on after the fleshly body has perished, constantly wonder by what process souls in various degrees of spiritual enlightenment "know

where to go" to find their own. What sorts them out, in other words, so that each soul-spirit reaches the plane where it is proper for it to be? *Soul Eternal* makes the enigma clear.

Heaven is a condition and not a place. The condition might be likened to a vast sea of etheric substance where specific gravity of spiritual unfoldment allocates the individual at exactly the depth or octave in that sea that corresponds. Only instead of measuring such sea from the surface downward, one measures it from the bottom upward. The earth-plane is the ocean-bottom.

We find our proper level by the stark fact of our proper spiritual density—if such terms can be used. One can reach a certain height and rise no higher, because one wouldn't be conditioned to maintain himself if he went higher. The etheric densities thus have the practical effect of effecting a sorting out or segregating process, automatically. No one is either rewarded or punished by the mercy dictates of any capricious divinity. You go where you have made yourself eligible for performance. Incidentally, that is likewise how you arrive in the environ-



ment of your own beloved kin. Generally speaking, most of us have operated on the same spiritual strata as our kin. Thus we rejoin them.

But under and behind all of it is a graver condition making for clarification of celestial society. And this point is important.

Here on this sea-bottom earth-plane, every type and variety of temperament and character development or lack of it is thrown together, with all the antagonisms that arise from differences in race, culture, and ethical development, not to

mention academic education. A family of low-grade mentality, bestial habits, and callous behaviors may buy the property immediately next door—if it procure the money—and keep the night hideous with their brawlings or raucous socialities. We must either endure them—to the increase of murderous racial or social rancors—or move away.

But if we wish to think of the succeeding heavens as the Kingdom of God, we ask ourselves if it's any wonder that it exhibits more beauty and tranquillity? The dictate of not being able to subsist beyond a certain stratum-elevation removes caste antagonism.

Here on this sea-bottom earth all men and women possess bodily vehicles approximately alike. They possess freedom of movement to travel where they like and settle where they like. If the odors of their culinary habits, perhaps peculiar to race, drift from their premises across to ours, there is nothing we can do about it but abandon the neighborhood and try to locate ourselves among folk more compatible. Meaning our own breed and kin, whose private living habits are mainly likened to our own.

Try to imagine what a different world this would be if all the coarse, unlettered, improvident or indigent human creatures had to stay below a certain point, leaving the higher regions for those of attained culture, manners and habits of living.

So when the sentimental religionist has much to say about establishing the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth, it entails more than abolishing military conflicts and the lamb lying down figuratively at peace with the lion. The similar Kingdom of Heaven could be established uncannily soon here on earth if some automatic atmospheric process separated the human sheep from the human goats or the human lambs from the human hyenas. Alas, this is not the plane where such distinctions are arbitrary.

Thus do we come to hate the immortal vitals of the tribe of aliens or foreigners next door, or across the street, or down in the next block. We are forced to endure them despite our more cultivated tastes and manners running to the contrary.

There are people who will tell you that no battles are fiercer or more lengthy than between folk of a similar culture and racial attainment. It simply is not a fact.

Racial animosities and minority antagonisms arise and maintain on this plane because we're forced to rub shoulders day upon day and do economic business with people whose physical or social or commercial habits we don't like. We don't like them because they trespass on our own estates of attainments and dare us to evict them.

All this talk of universal human brotherhood is regardable by the truly sagacious as mere minority propaganda, knowing that real human brotherhood is a natural—not something practiced like a convert to a new religion—between persons of similar breeding and tastes, who supply aid to one another as situations are propitious.

The Kingdom of Heaven is what it is because group frictions are eliminated by the etheric conditions that maintain. But how to effect the same blanket privacies on the earth-side?

That is the challenge. It is something to give thought.

Speculation

SOMEWHAT along the foregoing lines the comment is continuous, "Why cannot Soulcraft be nationally organized, so that we can not only have opportunity to meet and mingle with persons who believe about cosmic matters as we do, but have it stand for something formal and orthodox in the estimates of John Q. Public?" The insinuation is plain that lack of organization is indication of weakness.

The answer to that one is, that "organization" of any stripe is an atavism from a day when he who believed contrary to officially approved tenets was pariah to ecclesiastic or political authorities and thus invited persecution or extermination for being a stirrer-upper against power setups of those who were stronger.

The early church is often held up by those unlettered in history as example of the requirement of organization to launch distinctive esoteric principles on their way. Of course it was nothing of the sort.

The formation of the so-called Early Church came about from two causes, neither of which is very vital today. First, two thousand years ago, only about one person in a hundred could read, granted



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 From Him who gives them birth.
 While holding close within his heart
 God's love for all that lives,
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 That moves and loves and gives.

Christ came to earth that we might have
 Abundance in high plan
 And find within the Father's Soul
 The Soul for Perfect Man.
 Drink deep then, Man, of life's full cup,
 Thus quenching earthly thirst;
 The waters here are free to all,
 Love man, but, love God first!

There flows a fount within each heart
 From which comes Wisdom's strength,
 Love is the gauge by which man learns
 Its width and depth and length.
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 By all that's pure and true,
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there had been books or periodicals to read *from*. Printing from movable types wasn't invented until 1448. Before the fifteenth century, the only way that crowds of people could learn anything from experts in any line of wisdom was to gather in his vicinity and hear him tell them by word of mouth. Thus was the congregation born. They were gatherings to hear the expert express himself in his specialty.

But that wasn't the only reason for the congregation in respect to earliest Christianity. The pastor wasn't alone the humanized authority who spoke the wisdom to assembled hearers that they could obtain in no other manner, he was likewise the titular head of the religious community within the civic community. Mark that word "community" . .

Almost none but professional bible students are aware of the fact that economically the early Christians had been instructed in a primitive form of Socialism. Granting it didn't work out practically in a world constructed as it is competitively, early Christian converts were expected to cast their earnings—let alone their wealth—into the common pool. Get out the Acts of the Apostles and read again the episode of the killing of Ananias and Sappira. The new sect of Christians contributed their earnings to the common lot, administered by a supervisor or supervisors—trustees, we would call them today—who saw to the community's welfare and provided for those who were indigent or invalid. It wasn't Communism as we know it today, because the community didn't strive to compete with surrounding industry as a community. But we do require to face the fact that each early church was quite as much economic as it was theological. The thing that worked both for and against such economic organization was persecution. Persecution welded believers together emotionally, but one economic community after another was disrupted constantly by individual or family flights to foreign parts to escape the rigors of civil or ecclesiastical reprisals. For a considerable time, John and not Peter was head trustee for the Christian body in and about Jerusalem.

It goes without saying that such motivations have all vanished today in man's modern free world. When every communicant can lay down his pence for a book wherein the wisdom is set forth in type, and saunter away under a tree in a field

and imbibe its contents for himself, or curl up on a couch on a murky day and have the volume act as the former community spokesman before the congregation, the latter are archaic from the standpoint of erudition. And no cult, church, lodge, or other formal assembly would last long on the socialistic basis economically.

Organization *as* organization, therefore, has long been archaic. And yet it has survived emotionally as an arena for fellowship, or for collection of taxes, the sum-total of which enables the trustees to underwrite propaganda that attracts outsiders. As for the premise for organization in the type of philosophical straw-boss who finds gratification in having large numbers gather to hear his punditry, the less said the better.

Churches or religious orders don't grow mighty simply from the feature of being well-knit and cleverly operating political parties with religious platform. They grow mighty from offering a mighty common service to perplexed or distressed human nature. Christian Science as a church is most convincing argument of the truth of such recognition. Christian Scientists don't build churches all over the land because it is pleasanter to go and sit in them of a Sabbath morning than in structures of Methodists, Presbyterians or Baptists. Mary Baker Eddy wrote a *book*, that is all of Christian Science that exists philosophically, in one pair of covers. It is that book's instruction that makes Christian Science what it is, not the number or size of edifices all looking like the same Greek Temple or First National Bank & Trust Company.

And today the book's the thing when it comes to altering the ideology for the better.

Soulcraft is finding that out . .

Mind and Brain

(Continued from Page 5)

lumine a room. Light as an atom has never been trapped or caught, though after a fashion it has been harnessed. But if you think it cannot motivate action, lie out on the sand in strong sunlight without clothing to protect your skin. The very sunburn that results is a symbolic example of action being rendered without

the slightest material substance doing the rendering.

If you could conceive putting self-recognition and the power of voluntary decision into sunlight, you would have an example of spirit thinking without a brain to think *with*, at least you would be offered the mechanics of the idea that I am seeking to express.

Mind "is," just as the idea of a baseball, a house, a ship, a military bomber "is," separate and apart from the actual baseball, house, ship, or bomber worked out in terms of atomic materials. It is the integral, self-aware capability of volatile free spirit making itself known to the universe as an operating unit.

Maybe this sort of thing is somewhat deep for the average reader, but if he could only jerk himself free from the notion that he must always and forever have a brain and a body in order to be aware of himself, a whole new world of hyperdimensional affairs might begin to open to him—just as it has opened to millions of Soulcraft students since the beginning of materiality. The "you" inside of your body, in other words, is imperishable and always self-conscious, regardless of your field or vehicle of expression. These last only qualify the degree of sensation transmitted through the switchboard of your brain to your everlasting and perpetual consciousness.

CHRISt was probably the greatest performing exponent of the soul's ability to function in realms and octaves above the physical, that the earth has ever seen—that is, function in realms and octaves above the physical while at the same time performing perfectly in His body. Mohammed gave no such exhibitions, neither did Zoroaster or Confucius.

These last three were more or less moral philosophers and not much besides. Even Moses, outside the "magic" which he was supposed to have demonstrated before Pharaoh's court, never attempted to display psychical behavior. That he was undoubtedly mediumistic and clairaudient we concede, but he made it no part of his earthly ministry as Christ did it unabashedly and in a manner that seems to have implied that His followers should not have any inhibitions about performing likewise.

The Miraculous Draught of Fishes episode was nothing but an exhibition of pure clairvoyance.

The incident of the Woman at the Well in Samaria was a display of transcendent Psychometry.

His healing miracles were all displays of tapping into the cosmic rays and allowing them to course through His body to affect the condition of the sufferer for the better.

The miracle by which He fed the Five Thousand we find told in the *Golden Scripts* is an explanation of how Materialization is accomplished.

There is scarcely one "miracle" with which the Elder Brother is credited, that we cannot have explained to us by modern grasp of the possibilities of Soulcraft.

Jesus, in short, had mastered all the various angles and departments of the soul's ability to perform in regions outside the physical while by no means deprecating or discounting the physical.

The raising of Lazarus from the dead was a sheer piece of drama achieved probably with Lazarus' cooperation; Lazarus responded from the astral to the Master's call to reinhabit his body for a little time in order to show that the thing could be done and the spirit and body were two separate entities.

The exercising of the "devils" that afflicted the men among the tombs, sending their possessing entities into the herd of swine, has been duplicated in a hundred seance rooms of the present among advanced psychical researchers.

If Christ had not wanted us to investigate all such phenomena and familiarize ourselves with it, would He have practiced it Himself?

Begin to accredit this, ponder it, and you have taken your first step along the long road to the true import of The Galilean's message, which after nineteen centuries only a little handful, compared with earth's millions begin to understand.

Your soul can do many things besides activating your body. It can live its own life independent of body, depart body and function across the astral, perform within its own self-awareness as in normal dreams, communicate with other wires or mechanical apparatus connecting them and even penetrate higher octaves of consciousness and observe the life-phenomena there, as in certain varieties of trance. You find a whole library of discussion of these super-mortal capabilities in issues of this periodical to come. But

(Continued on Page 15)



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Cogitations

Pella



HOWARD Candler, the medium's brother, gave us quite a talk on Saturday evening, February 5th, about the beauties of life as we grow older. Howard himself "went over" at the ripe old age of twenty-three. He now appears to be a portly man in his late forties or early fifties. "Life is sweeter in your sunset years," he sermonized. "Friendships are richer. Comradeships mean more to you." And so on for twenty to thirty minutes. As I superintended the reprinting of this tape for Soulcrafters afar and listened to it half a dozen times, I *wondered*. Is life sweeter in one's sunset years? Are friendships richer? Are comradeships filled with more meaning? It was all a touching sentiment, particularly the way Howard spoke it. But does it stack up with life as one truly discovers it? This month I'm ending my sixty-fifth year in this vale of tears. I can look back on the whole life-show from the Gay Nineties, through the Roaring Twenties and Depression Thirties to the Propaganda Forties and Atom-Bomb Fifties. I wish I could agree with Howard, but I'm afraid I can't. Not in America in the current century. The country has altered completely from what I knew back in that far-off time and land when I sat before a starlit window with mother and watched the old century go out and the new century come in. It's lost its *wholesomeness*. Things are now garish, brazen, tawdry. We've thrown culture overboard. I cast up accounts with myself and try to estimate honestly whether or not the change is in myself. Conscientious as I try to be in judging, this just isn't the American land and civilization in which my memory started . . .

I STARTED life in the days of the Full Dinner Pail, Foxy Grandpa and Pyrography. True, we had some quaint sayings to express witticisms, such as "Go 'Way Back and Sit Down," or "How'd You Like to be the Iceman?" or "Wouldn't that Jar You?" When an undesirable hove in sight and bored us, we expressed our contempt in the snappy adjuration, "Twenty-three—Skiddoo!" Whenever we came upon a stalled "automobubble" at the side of the road on a Sunday afternoon buggy-ride, we shouted raucously, "Get a horse!" If we were requested to



commit some act that required vehemence of refusal, we said, "Not on your tintage!" We never said that a boisterous party got it in the neck, we said he got it "where the chicken got the axe." It was all Americana, however, none of it imported via Ellis Island. So was "Rubberneck!" . . . "Rats!" or "Nit!" or "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight"—although the last was more in

the nature of uproarious melody for all occasions. Speaking of songs too, brings a lump in the throat. "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree", "There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway," "Hello Central, Give Me Heaven!" "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines Nellie," "That's a Picture No Artist Can Paint" vied with such snappier numbers as "Down Went McGinty", "Me Name It is O'Hoolihan", "Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis" and "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-Aye." You remember the music well enough. The Big Stick, the Keeley Cure, celluloid collars, croquet, and the cottage organ were strictly American, so were tape-trimmed suits and gates-ajar collars, easels, lambrikins, kaleidoscopes, free silver, Frenzied Finance and "Biggest in the City—5 cents." Strip-tease hadn't been offered to abet juvenile delinquency. We depended on such tear-jerkers for theatrical entertainment as *The Great Train Robbery*, *Girl from Mexico*, *Hoyt's Bunch of Keys*, the *Lighthouse by the Sea* or *Nellie, the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl*. Corny, the current generation might term them. But they went with Saturday-night baked beans, the Four Hundred, Hettie Green, fascinators, Billikin, the Glidden Tour, dens, and tandem bicycles.

o—o

AMERICANA forsooth has changed *racially*. The rackets have come in, and the joke with a sting, and the popular exclamation that promotes propaganda. The present generation never heard of Carrie Nation, William Jennings Bryan or Opie Reed and wouldn't know what they stood for if it did. The Gibson Man, "scorching", cozy corners, Sunny Jim, pot-pourri, "sparking", zither harps, Coal Oil Johnny, Stoddard's Lectures, Populists, souvenir spoons, cigar-band pillows,

and Laura Jean Libby would be equally incomprehensible to today's generation. But they carried the very atmosphere of America. And what about \$2.50 a week servant girls, \$3.00 coachmen and \$4.00 cooks, not to mention 8¢ chops and 9¢ steak? How long since you oldsters have seen an autograph album, a jabot, a tacked-down carpet, a Morris chair, a crazy quilt, a painted umbrella-jar or a glass-hen egg dish? When you've lived through half-a-century of an America that has vanished, you feel a nostalgia for such items. True, we had our advertising slogans . . . "Danderine Grew Hair and We Can Prove It", "The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous", "Ready-Made Neckties", "Heinz' 57 Varieties", "Wilson's—That's All," but there wasn't a neon sign from Boston to San Francisco, and a legend could grow up about a man who had spoken over a telephone a distance of more than twenty miles.



We had a population of 75 millions, just half what it is today, and the entire cost of our federal government, all departments, was 693 million dollars a year. Today we spend that much every three days and think nothing about it till tax-time . . .

—o—

YES, we are big as a nation, but we're so big that our political bureaucracy has gotten away from us and government by the people exists in talk only. When the ramifications of life and government can't be encompassed by the average citizen's mentality, rest assured some minority interest is going to run the show from Behind the Scenes. Once we thought it was The Trusts, but at least Trusts were American. Now we don't know *what* the minority interest behind the scenes is, but one thing is certain, it isn't native. Life is doing anything but getting sweeter and richer for the olders of America of the 1900-1950 sequence, what it's getting is screwier and more complicated by the minute. But probably the biggest thing

that the Howard-Candler sentimentalists overlook are the mortality statistics. The man of sixty-five in the present is appalled when he stops to take cognizance of Howard Candler's "comrades" of yesteryear who are no longer about. I know it's so in my case. I have only two male acquaintances on my list whom I've known more than thirty years. I'd been fifty or more years making friends and colleagues but where are 90 percent of them tonight? *Upstairs!* Practically all of my intimates of my newspaper, book-writing, and even anti-Red crusading days are now in spirit. And I can give you a personal testimonial that earth-life is very, very lonely without them. What's sweet about life when the nation's culture is turning more and more foreign by the month, and you're more or less left to saunter over the fields of early battles *alone?* True, new associates, no less staunch, have showed up to take "old comrades" places, but you know the period of your new camaraderie is definitely limited. None of you see the future as endless. I'm not bitter, I'm just realistic . . .

—o—

SOMEHOW or other the ties of the original Group Spirit are changed. You started out in physical life with a subconscious estimate of what you're expected to accomplish. You found others had come into mortality to help achieve the same ends. *Esprit de corps* became swiftly established. As Woodward wrote in his *Life of Washington*, which I quoted on this page on a former occasion, "He had reached a time of life when men of action feel a dull greyness settle within them. It is the wraith of climactic Yesterdays and it comes to stay for life. After that, there can be no keen adventure. A man who is grey inside must Follow the Road that lies before him; he must keep on doing what he has done before. To live, means merely to endure." That sounds like pessimism but it isn't. It's just a fact peculiar to earthly tenure. You feel an ambition stirring within you in your teens which is really a foreknowledge of what you've contracted with Cosmos to accomplish. Very good, you do your stuff. You read your record in *Who's Who?* Comes the unerring hour when you ask, *So what?* . . . Your tried and true pals are holding a smoker and jollification up on the Fourth Plane tonight while you can't be with them. Stack



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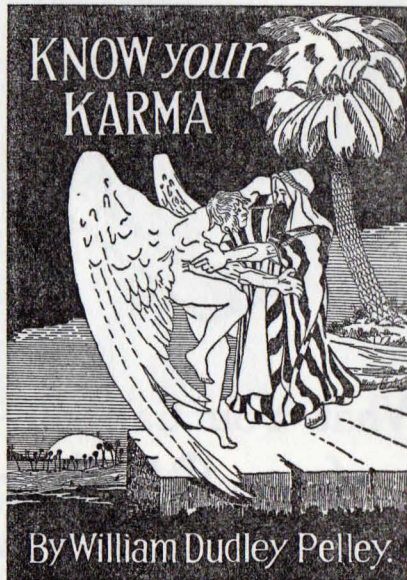
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that bitter fact up against some six-point type printed on the page of a book published in Chicago and selling for \$25 the copy. I'll take vanilla . . . The youngsters say—and rightfully—"If the America you knew was so rare and valuable, why didn't you preserve it so as to hand it along to us? *You* were the ones who let it go whacky." And you have no answer, because there isn't any. You couldn't tell how much of Bigness was progress and how much was lechery getting in licks by wholesale. You take small comfort out of the fact that fifty years from tonight, today's youngsters will be listening to the same yammer from today's occupants of bassinets . . .

o—o

AT ANY rate, you leave your Best behind you and hope it will endure. But deep down in your heart you don't particularly worry. *You* are the one who will take the real good out of life with you, in the things you accomplished. That fact comes to you also. You hate to see the country you've loved and served with what you had to contribute, go to the dogs. But so will today's youngsters when it comes their turn . . . and the youngsters of the youngsters after them. Funny thing about it is, the dogs always recede as the country advances. You know the country won't *really* go to the dogs. It will merely change and become something else—something with which you can't be in sympathy because of your yesterday's background. The thing that puts the crack in your heart is being unable to take the telephone out of its cradle and call Roy or Floyd or George or Johnny-Boy but are forced to call the police instead because one guy is beating up another guy out front for making disparaging remarks about Joe McCarthy. Where's the blessed nationalism in it all, to which you grew up? How long since you've heard "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" or "Rally 'round the Flag, Boys" or "Marching Through Georgia" or even the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" played on any kind of a public musical instrument? No, the "Battle Cry of Freedom" is changed to some foreign giveaway that becomes the Battle Cry of Feed 'em, while the Battle Him of the Republic is what they play at the stadium fights when Rocky Marciano comes on. You get sick at heart for a nationalistic enthusiasm for your own country and if the Hottentots

haven't got a bottle of morning milk let 'em drink coca cola out of a wild nanny-goat. Do friendships grow sweeter and richer as you grow older? You're right, Howard. They most certainly do. Trouble is, you want the friends that represent those sweeter and richer friendships to know the colleagues of today without whose eleventh-hour support the whole saga would have folded. And that can't be worked till we've *all* gone over. What a sixes-and-sevens arrangement! . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Federal Socialism

(Continued from Page 4)

Then Mr. Metcalf concludes by asking, "Could any American dedicated to basic principles ask for a better TVA?"

AND SO, Mr. Speaker, I propose to the people that they help Congress as Mr. Metcalf has helped with a new idea. That's where new ideas come from. No President, no Congress, no government can solve our problems without such help. For twenty years Congress indulged itself in a kind of vote-getting game, sometimes under the lash of a President, to redistribute the wealth. They indulged in doing good with other people's money without too much disturbance to conscience. If conscience were disturbed, alleged national defense relieved it.

But by now each group getting the benefits of the redistribution is running head on into another or running out of benefits. Indeed the mess, which this Congress came into power 2 years ago to clean up, has smeared the faces of those who have quite diligently wrestled with it.

If there are critics of the failure of Congress to reverse the New Deal trend and reduce taxes much more, let them answer these questions. Which particular group feeding in the public trough would they knock out first? Which subsidy law would they repeal to start with? They must be repealed one at a time. That is, which group's vote would they risk losing first? The attempt has been made.

THREE weeks ago the Illinois delegation in Congress representing corn attacked peanuts. Corn having been for nearly 20 years in the public trough and feeling quite secure said in effect: "Now

what basic rights have peanuts to put their feet in this trough? Why, the country would never miss them if we never raised another peanut. They are indigestible anyway." And corn called for a vote of all the others to throw peanuts out. Whereupon peanuts furiously counter-attacked with most devastating effect. They said, "Why of all those feeding in this trough that have grown sleek and fat and should be thrown out, it's corn. Above all others it should fall on its knees and ask forgiveness for its sins in the well of this House." So little peanuts, who really had no case at all shamed corn and scared the others so that the vote was 228 to 170 to keep peanuts in. After the fight it appeared that peanuts might get nearly as much subsidy as corn got for keeping itself padlocked in cribs so as to make itself look scarce and high priced.

After the vote in which peanuts did so well, apples were heard tumbling all over themselves out in the Halls of Congress. They said, "Why sure enough we are just as basic as any of the rest. Besides we can be kept by freezing. What's more basic than an apple a day keeping the doctor away?" In the distance you could hear groups without number organizing the votes. So every seat in the House may be endangered unless the member votes to give each new group theirs for no good reason except that all the others are getting theirs. When I asked a friend on the floor if this would ever stop, he answered "No; it will go on forever."

I dare say a majority of Congressmen are leaving Washington this August 1954 with a greater political, economic, and moral sense of frustration, than at any time in 22 years. It is because we have tried and failed to resolve questions of right and wrong on a constitutional basis in our domestic affairs. The contentions of groupism and the outright disorder and lawlessness of some of the more powerful groups have wearied our souls. What is worse, we have no defense against the demands of these groups in the future. Congress has found the constitutional limitations on its power to satisfy these groups gone and the flood-gates wide open.

The people themselves must reassert those limitations on Congress and re-



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nounce for themselves the corruption offered for their votes. The people must determine for themselves the kind of government they want. Congress cannot do it for them. Mr. Speaker, I would like to know what the people think of Mr. Metcalf's proposal. And I would like to hear, as I am sure every Congressman would, how to get the Government out of all of its unconstitutional business.

Mind and Brain

(Continued from Page 11)

the first requisites are, the crediting of the separateness of the Soul-Mind from Brain-Body, and learning how to recognize the distinct performings of each.

Thereafter the phenomena becomes recognizable—because you observe them with the appropriate equipment, and separate Mind and Brain!

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

IF the hour is not too late, the time is at hand when the great rank and file of traditional Americans are going to have attention riveted on what is being made to happen on the highest levels of our nation, specifically the Supreme Court. It is reported to VALOR that the February issue of the *American Mercury* documents the Red records or traffickings of 50 of our federal Senators. That is greater than a majority of our highest legislative body. Mysteriously enough, copies of that publication are not procurable in the Midwest. But what is being made to happen to our Senate in the matter of loyalty checkups, isn't an ace to what we seem to be confronting in the composition of our highest Court and its vital significance to the free-world way of life. In a recent appeal to that court to determine whether the Constitution or the U-N treaty making powers was the supreme law for Americans to obey, the Supreme Court was reported as dividing 50-50. Four justices out of eight were for constitutional law. The other four were for United Nations. Such even split nullified the decision until a ninth justice could be appointed and confirmed. Thus came up the nomination of one Harlan of Connecticut. Nominee Harlan—according to the files of all anti-Kremlin fighters throughout our badgered Republic—has given every indication throughout his public career of having sympathies on the side of the so-called Internationalists. If, as, and when confirmed, *this means that a majority of the Supreme Court holds that the first loyalty of Americans is not to the Stars and Stripes but to dear old Spiderweb.*

THE FIRST Amendment to the Constitution specifically states that "Congress shall make NO law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Congress shall make NO law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press—that was unconditional and final. The First Amendment didn't qualify this instruction. It didn't say that Congress could pass one teeny-weeny bit of a law prohibiting criticism of the government by the private citizen in war time, or calling it seditious to assail the Chief Executive for privately promoting a war to gratify the interests of minorities who might command his sympathies. The Constitution said NO law, none whatsoever, of any kind, shape, class or color. Nevertheless, Congress went ahead and passed the so-called Sedition Laws

of 1917 and 1923, and when a private citizen disclosed to the nation the presidential machinations—now public property over no less a signature than Admiral Theobald of U. S. Navy—that resulted in Pearl Harbor, he had his private liberty taken away from him for a period of years. Appealing to the Supreme Court to give more than lip service to the First Amendment's technical stipulations, the High Court avoided the issue by refusing Certiorari . . . Then after being interned two and one-half years thus contrary to the Constitution, the High Court bestirred itself and handed down decisions in the case of two other fellows, ignoring the nonconstitutionality of the 1917-23 statutes but qualifying them to the degree that free speech must be accompanied by some overt act essaying to overthrow government, before convictions could be obtained under them.

THE EDITOR of VALOR had done naught but use the constitutionally-guaranteed free press to indict an international-minded President for behavior more in the interests of Soviet Russia than the United States, with no vestige of any overt act even introduced into his trial. So he started the dreary grind up through the federal courts to have the High Court's 1944-45 interpretations applied to his case. All Federal justices ignored those interpretations entirely, and when final recourse to the High Court itself was taken, again the Supreme Bench averted involvement by declaring "*Certiorari Denied!*" This was saying in substance, "We do not exist for you, regardless of your American nativity and the illegal and unconstitutional wrongs perpetrated against you." This now is the capricious body that can end free government in the United States tomorrow by declaring legal and valid a treaty that gives an entirely spurious United Nations full sovereignty over internal American civic jurisdiction and no private citizen can refuse to be governed by United Nations without being declared in a state of personal insurrection . . . Native-born Americans seized by U-N's law officers, taken out of their homes, transported to foreign countries for trial, have no courts to whom they can appeal. They are henceforth living under Internationalism and may be

¶ *WHOSO betakes him
to a prince's court, be-
comes his slave, albeit
of free birth--Sophocles*

tried by a jury of Egyptians, Haitians, Javanese and Norwegians, with no appeal from their judgments. Shades of Patrick Henry! The appointment of just *one* pro-internationalist jurist may achieve that. Justice by Justice, the personnel of the Court has been packed until the Supreme Court appears as nonexistent *for everybody* as for Pelley. This is what the Bricker Amendment strives to prevent, but again, the hour is later than we think . . .