

VALOR

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 19

COMMUNISM'S TIME IS RUNNING OUT ..



UP ACROSS twenty-five years, the Soulcraft publications have not made many statements or predictions that have not been eventually disclosed as based upon other than unassailable fact. The very assertions that got the Recorder into legal toils back in 1942, have since been attested by reliable military authorities as the sternest reality. In this issue of VALOR, however, here at the commencement of 1955, Soulcraft would advise students and communicants of a current reality of the most vital consequence—

Communism in Russia is finished!

The average American raises his eyebrows at this. There has been no social revolution reported out of Moscow in the dispatches. What he assumes to be the sternest military menace from Russia's atom bombs and submarines has by no means been diminished. True, there has been a change in Kremlin leadership of late. One General Bulganin, assumedly with the real dictator—Khrushchev—in the background, seems to have gained ascendancy over fat-boy Malenkov, successor to



Stalin. The Red Premier of China hurls anathemas at the United States over the Peiping radio, obviously with Kremlin approval.

Can't help any of it. The assertion stands.
Communism in Russia is finished!

VERY GOOD, suppose we look at it. When Stalin died—or was murdered—our State Department, and the more excitable columnists, were telling the American people that "Dear Uncle Joe's" demise meant

absolutely nothing in the long-range plans for world domination, that Russian Communism was controlled by a committee of which Malenkov was dominating individual and that he had schemed to get that point over a period of years with Uncle Joe's approval.

A jittery and apprehensive American public swallowed all of it, hook, line, and sinker. It watched the Fat Boy strut for a little moment on Red Square balconies. He seemed to offer the hand of peace and "coexistence" to the nations of the West—on his own terms, naturally.

Then one morning that same American public awoke to the news that something had happened to Malenkov. He had been "weak", it was broadcast. The Russian Situation demanded a strong man, meaning a continuation of Stalin. So in a day and a night the Politbureau had changed heads. A celebrated General by the name of Bulganin had been voted into his place—and the public heard for the first time that behind him stood the impregnable figure of one Khrushchev, real mastermind of the Kremlin secretariat.

That Russian Communism might be cracking up before the eyes of the world occurred only to those who have had their ears to the ground for the past fifteen years.

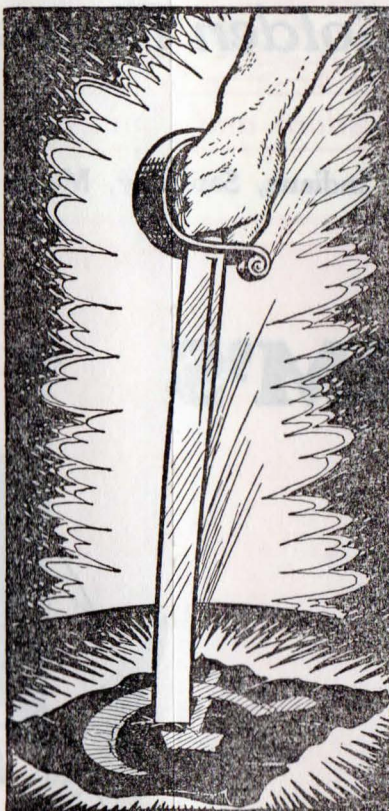
But public attention was diverted from Moscow events to the more spectacular moves aimed at ousting Chiang Kai-Chek from domination of Formosa.

THE REAL truth of the situation has been, from the moment Stalin breathed his last, that Great Russia is in the throes of bloodless revolution from mass starvation. Russia, despite all the bombastic strutting, is weaker today than she has been at any moment since the Czar's enforced abdication.

Instead of being any special "menace" to United States or Great Britain, Marxist Russia's "strength" is the supreme hoax perpetrated on a world that depends for credence on a desperate group of commentators and propagandists who at all costs must "save face" . . . one wonders why.

Khrushchev and his "group" announced officially that the new policy would be for less consumer goods; more emphasis on record appropriations for armament and heavy industry, and that, in general, the foreign policy would be tough where

it involved the United States. One Molotov added his myopic ten kopecks' worth, with a bellicose speech in which he said that the Russians had hydrogen bombs superior to the United States and all-around Russian strength was invincible. Only weaklings pursue such methods,



when they're desperate and don't know in which direction they should turn. But more than psychology is involved. Communism in Russia is finished because Marxism hasn't worked to solve Russia's internal problems and a change in personnel and policy is demanded by a situation in which *hoi polloi* is getting out of hand from sheer privation.

RUSSIA has been the world's colossal fake from the start of her civic setup, only kept from collapse a dozen times by the machinations of her fifth column elsewhere, and the handouts that came to her from a pro-Kremlin Administration or the rape of territories that Americans' arms made available for her to seize.

That instead of being any super-mind Joseph Stalin was the dumbest individual ever sitting on the throne of Peter the Great, in that he knew nothing about human history or he never would have

staked Russia's prestige and stability on the bankrupt system of collective farms—a system that never has worked during the entire history of humankind. When the ruler of a people can't feed them to stay fed, he's sitting on a powder-keg that needs no long-range percussion cap to bring detonation. All this talk about conquering Europe and the world without the rations to supply the soldiery for even the occupation of East Germany, demonstrates the dementia of the men behind the "menace" . . . The real Russian situation since the close of World War II, particularly in her cities, has been similar to a rotted apple. Russia's successfully plotting and achieving a World War conquest with no railroads, no troop roads, no heavy industry, no major electric power resources, no nourishing viands for her "army behind her army" reeks to high heaven of a country sustained strictly for propaganda purposes elsewhere.

Well, the political changes in the politbureau the past sixty days have stemmed directly out of the circumstance that collective farms are a failure, that the Russian army can't be trusted outside Russia for fear of wholesale desertions, that the Soviet Union is a lunatic asylum ruled by maniacs who know nothing of the sanity of a well-fed and loyally enthusiastic public necessary to win any war from the standpoint of morale if naught else.

Actually, the most reliable private reports from Europe have it, that Stalin had been senilely incompetent for years, that he wasn't prepared for death when he did die and his choice of a successor in Malenkov showed his irrational condition, that instead of world Communism stemming from a united front, the pack and parcel of the Politbureau—composed of anything but Russians, by the way—actually was and is disunited as a pack of mad-dog bandits.

THINK of a people expecting to conquer the rich and organized countries of the earth with a citizenry not eating properly, statistics put out by its government as to food and military resources a tissue of lies from first item to last, an agricultural crisis existing and peasants no longer cooperating, prices sky-high and consumer goods unobtainable excepting by political aristocrats whom everybody hates and fears, not a single prom-

(Continued on Page 10)



IF Congressional Probing Is with Us to Stay, Make It Constitutional by Law

LEGISLATIVE, Executive and Judicial Departments Should Have a Fourth, the Depart. of Police to Guard Against Alien Bloc Connivings . .

theory is sound. In practice, the congressional legislator becomes transformed into a federal super-sleuth, playing politics with constitutional guarantees in the First Amendment.

The viciousness of what is occurring shows in the fact that whosoever protests such infringements on his constitutional liberties can immediately be pilloried as operating surreptitiously in league with the public enemy. Anyhow, the public so accepts.

The investigatory legislator therefore discovers—to his gratified astonishment—his own invincibility.

WHAT happens actually is acknowledgment of a Fourth Department of government, under dubious portfolio, with power to sit as judge and jury yet without allowing any defendant to be competently represented by counsel, and from whose decisions there is no appeal. Public opinion accords impeccability to the congressional investigating committee's integrity, yet nothing in the Constitution delegates such sleuthing and sentencing powers to the legislative branch. At times it can become a usurpation of the powers of the three other branches of government, and the pilloried citizen who protests it thereby assigns himself to implied culpability along with the public enemy.

That the matter was reaching proportions demanding codification in equity was the real motive behind the McCarthy censure episode. It wasn't that Senator McCarthy was incorrect in his premise, of security risks not wholly being confined to the lower echelons, but that this fabricated Police Arm of the Legislative Branch was coming to operate with a scope and arrogance that warranted censure in itself. Senator McCarthy was thus made the symbol of such usurpation of

to enable them to formulate adequate protective measures, the legislative investigating committee came into existence. But behold the true nature of the legislative investigatory committee in practice.

Originally hatched by conniving intellects acting for Red Fifth Column minorities seeking "protection" from sincere and effective vigilante groups, the same conniving intellects were powerless to halt the investigating committee from examining those Fifth Column activities in turn, when the vigilante groups had been rendered innocuous by unconstitutional intimidation. Caught then in the toils of their own excesses, both patriots and predatory minorities find a fourth—and a new—department or division of Government created and manifesting, the Police Arm, nominally accountable to the three civic divisions and yet truly accountable to none of them.

This Police Arm is composed of benighted legislators—affectedly—in both House and Senate, seeking "information" that shall permit the passing of stronger and more effective restraining statutes against forces "seeking to overthrow organized government." Fundamentally, the

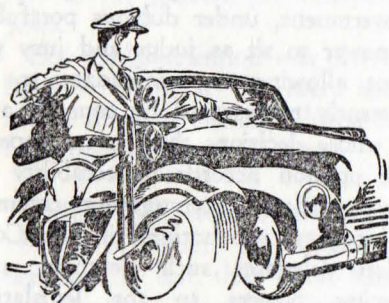
THE FOUNDING Fathers provided constitutionally for three departments or divisions of Government: The Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial.

The Legislative was assumed to provide laws by which the behavior of the citizenry was dictated, the Executive was assumed to transact the federal business in the light of such statutes, and the Judicial to provide recourse to adjudication in event of controversy. It amounted to that.

Now comes a condition where the Republic becomes so sizable and its affairs so complicated that insidious forces and blocs serving private ends or the ends of predatory groups overseas bore into or undermine this constitutional structure, until the continued existence of government itself requires defense action. Forthwith, under the excuse that legislators must require information based on fact

authority—to the widespread hurt of legitimate espionage on international conspiracy. Besides, the persons he pilloried had political influence—they were by no means small-town pamphleteers or neighborhood Garibaldis. McCarthy encountered grief because he was proceeding too effectively, but from a premise not warranted by the basic nature of his office. He wasn't investigating to instigate legislation against international espionage, because legislation does not originate in the Senate, it originates in the House. What he was really doing was to operate from the unassailable position of the Senate, to make facts clear to the public that no other branch of the government felt politically adequate to execute. He ran into grief because he was laying himself wide open to retaliations from operators immune to condemnation—at least from the Senate.

Thus is America confronted up the next ten years with a major headache in the affairs of any Republic—how punitive control can be exercised over powerful minority blocs or individuals with decisive political connections making congressmen dependent on them locally for political authority.



Talk is rife at the Capital of making the various House and Senate investigatory committees "permanent" . . . which opens a vast and alluring resource of enduring police power for surreptitious groups who have only to perfect their political control at the local source to make certain "their men" are paramount in such police office.

The situation grows increasingly serious because it is fundamental.

NOMINALLY the supreme functions lately exercised by these investigatory committeemen should be pursued by the Secret Service of the State Department or the sleuthing arms of the Department

of Justice. But both of these fall within classification of the Executive Branch and subject to Executive inhibitions. Theoretically the Executive Branch stands on an authoritative par with the Legislative and Judicial. Thus one can defy the dictates of the other, tauntingly demanding, "What are you going to do about it?" In truth, nothing can be done about it because departments of equal authorities are contestants to the dispute. The moment you disturb this balanced authority, under a Constitution, you are paving the way for the umpire of a dictator—thrice abhorrent to theoretical "freedom" . . .

The Founding Fathers, by no means the Perfectionists their progeny have assumed, depended upon public sentiment to be the supreme arbiter when such *impasse* arose. That was enough theoretically when the Republic was less than twenty millions in population. Then it expands and complicates with the mental and civic inertias of 200 millions. Besides, it is no longer dominated by a free press but by a controlled radio and television commercially. A wholly new setup is called for. But it will not be encouraged so long as it wrests arbitrary power of the present—no matter how usurped—from those congressionally exercising it.

Instead, the sedate and sagacious student sees this undercover resentment as an unnatural authority—exercising judicial powers without proper legal basis—growing to a point where respect for all law and government is damaged. If congressmen have no business behaving as Justice Department agents, and yet exercise it practically, why need the private citizen pay squeamish allegiance to other infractions of law?

Such subconscious unrest intermittently manifested, is acclaimed as a growing encroachment of Communism, when it is nothing of the sort. The Constitution itself is disclosed as inadequate to meet a situation where increased populations alter cases. Dictatorial government always steps in, when such emergencies occur, and escapes condemnation because it solves a construction not otherwise remediable. Today, such "stepping in" is the historical indictment against the New Dealers, and particularly Mr. Roosevelt. He acted in emergency—as the Chief Executive is supposed to act—where Constitutional provisions are inadequate to treat with woeful public conditions. But he

kept on similarly acting after the emergency had passed—which, of course, was merely human nature maintaining its status quo of influence.



ON THE whole, more good than harm, or more profit than distress, has resulted from the legislative committees exploring the nature and extent of unhallowed performances by alien groups to the nation's detriment. But the first and original Committee on Un-American Activities was both sponsored and conducted in the interests of a minority group, starkly affrighted at the ramifications of private citizen explorations into their alien depredations. It was held to be "un-American" for the private patriot to expose too vigorously something which the Congress up to that time had ignored, and which it couldn't operate against anyway because of political inhibitions. The political reasoning of the principals concerned congressionally was, that if such citizen groups carried too far and became too powerful politically themselves, they would exert a disastrous influence on federal government as then conducted.

VALOR believes there should be a permanent police arm to explore and curb real subversive activities, but first it should be rendered immune from electoral controls at its source. Its members should have no political or racist axes to grind by being named as members. And it should have the same prerogatives as that of the U. S. Solicitor-General: to wit, authority to seize any data or document in *any* government department for arriving at its findings. Even Presidential prohibitions should have no effect upon it. Then put a McCarthy or a Jenner at its head and let the heads fall where they may.

(Continued on Page 10)



COUNSEL to the Psychical Novice

from the Master Counsellor

of growing process whereby ye do draw unto yourselves elements in ether that supplant those ye do give off in manifesting. Metabolism of Spirit is an excellent term to describe that which happeneth. And yet, it goeth deeper . . .

There is a Great Ocean of Power in the personalities and presences of those who love you, and whom ye love, that cometh to you under certain conditions. Such Ocean of Power is made up of millions upon millions of souls on life's Higher Sides, and it behooveth you to mark this well. Millions upon millions of souls are on earth, *but they are infinitesimal to the millions who dwell on so-called Planes of Spirit.*

The far greater proportion of created souls is Out Here, not in physical flesh. Earth could not support life so abundantly at present were this not so. Populations are regulated by this fact. Lands are populated not according to acreage but according to life-standards.

Psychic force cometh from these as a current of overwhelming power . . . Their thoughts and predictions force themselves upon you and through you in massive splashes of vitality. Ye do say, "We have goodly reception of the message." Verily ye had goodly reception in that your friends existed and functioned. But mark you . . .

VOICES address you in your thoughts and say, "How is it that sometimes we hear well and sometimes poorly?"

The reason is controlled by two factors, beloved: First, earthly weariness, the senses being numbed by overplay upon them; second, psychic caprice of an order in that those interested in you may not all be attending upon you, not millions necessarily but in sufficient numbers to register amongst you.

(Continued on Page 10)

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

MY DEARLY Beloved: I speak unto you tonight as one with yourselves, gathered to hear gems of wisdom and prophecies of import. Know that it pleaseth me that oft do ye pursue Truth together for my sake. It is pleasing that ye do associate yourselves thus in my work, and invite me into your midst by your preparations to receive me as instructor. When the Latter Days are come, and the Great Speaking thundereth among the nations, I shall be with you counselling you, my Little Company that heareth my words as guest and servant, brother and friend, as one who speaketh for those who listen.

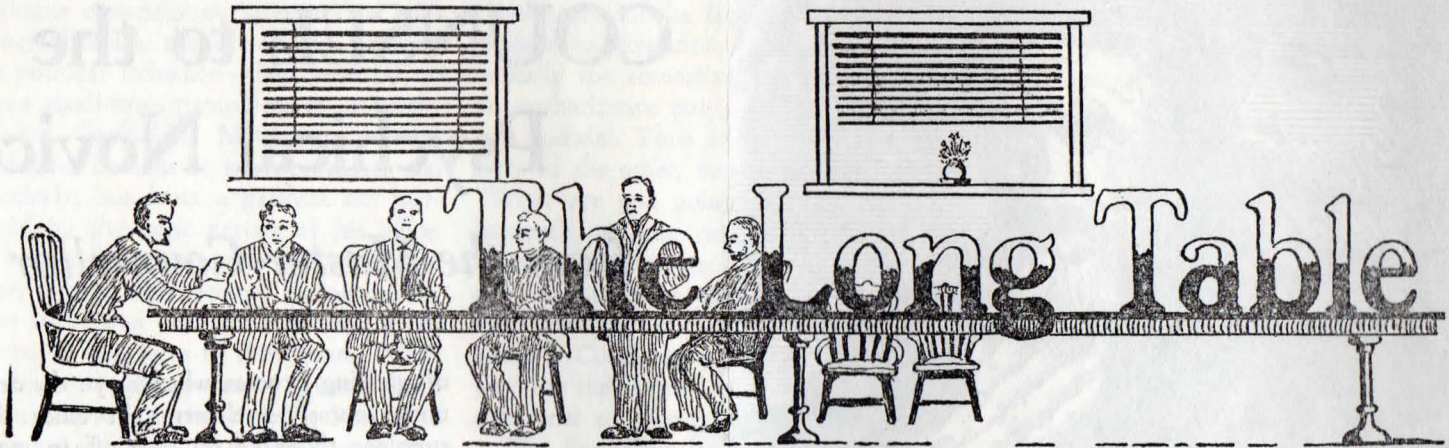
Now, my beloved, I talk to you this hour upon Psychics, that ye may know whereof ye function.

Ye do have gifts that are divine in essence, created in you for spiritual guidance. These gifts are abilities to hear and see, not as men hear and see but as mentors hear and see. They have power to perceive and receive the words of the Holy Ones and scenes of future events. That ye know. I speak no banalities, only as they lead into vaster subjects.

Now I tell you whence cometh this power and what it is . . .

KNOW YE that when ye do plant a rose ye place it in soil and water it generously. That rose absorbeth nutritive elements in soil and moisture and applieth them in growth. Your psychical gifts are identical in process. That is to say, the rose imbibe chemicals and moisture, and increaseth in stature as these particles replenish that which is uttered unto the air as fragrance.

Psychical forces can be likened to chemicals and moisture in the ether, taken in at the base of your spirits and applied to the fruitions of your perceptions. That is to say further that it becometh a sort



EXCUSE MY DUST . .

CALIFORNIA: "Again a question comes to mind. Does the passing (or dying) leave a dust or particles, and another being pick them up and reform them so as to seem the same ego that passed? Of course Time intercedes in this process. I'm not too clear here, either . . ."

Comment: The answer is NO. Nowhere in all the data received from a score of impeccable sources has there been the slightest implication that bodily "dust" means anything but residual rubbish of the earth-self. In fact, many communicators have gone out of their way to emphasize the feasibility of utterly exterminating what may be left of the physical envelope by cremation. However, it isn't that some other party might pick up the aforesaid 'dust' and masquerade within it. The emphasis is placed on cremation in order that the released soul may have no formal remains on the earth-plane that draw it back morbidly to sentimentalize over them. There IS such a thing on higher planes as 'the Memory Envelope' to which reference is frequently made, in that by some nonunderstandable process, the soul-spirit may pick up its collection of earthly memories acquired by the brain and effect to exercise in the earth vibration again as to details of recollection. But this seems to have nothing to do with specific bodily remnants, be they dust or be they ether-matter. Thousand arouse in time from their third-plane consciousness to become spectators at their own funerals but life is too vivid and significant on the plane where they next find themselves to waste spiritual resource being morbid over their physical remains or what happens to them. Just figure that when your time comes to make the Tran-

sition, you will MAKE it and only be attracted back to earth-life as the karmic responsibilities you may have incurred, add to your concernment about unpaid bills left on the mortal side. However, even the 'dust' you are so worried about, California, is naught but atomic residue manifesting in this third dimension. It has no reality of consequence on the higher speed mentally at which you will be operating. Not to be coarse, as well might a human baby proceeding into higher childhood wonder about the significance of the diapers it soiled as an infant and what became of them. Life is a more vital and consequential business . . .

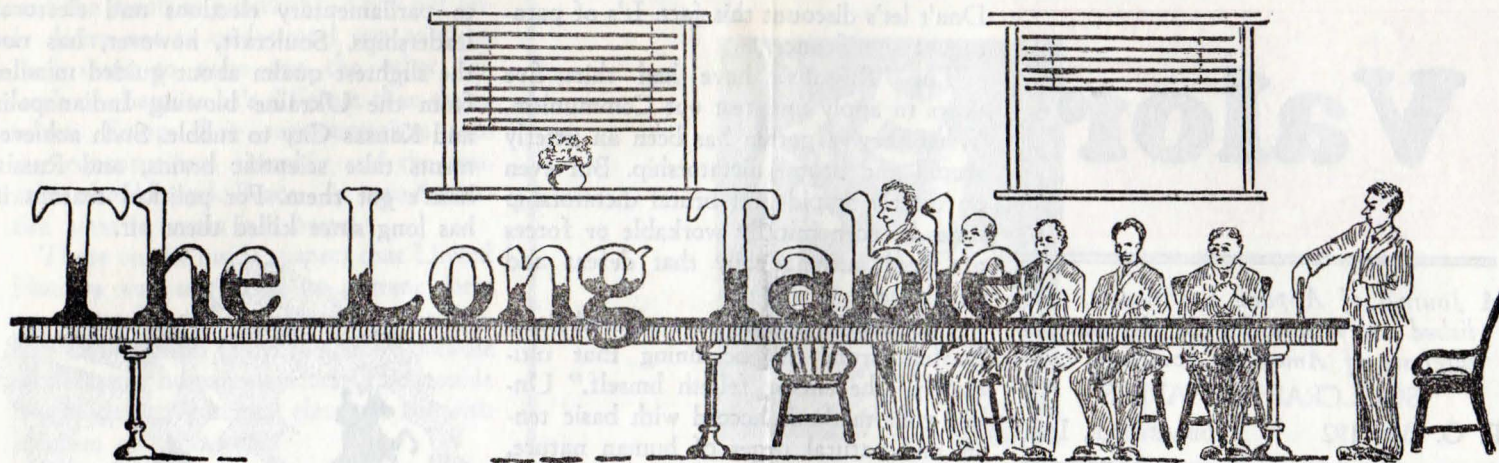
ACKNOWLEDGMENT . .

WASHINGTON STATE: "My 47-year-old son passed away New Year's Day, and what a comfort Soulcraft knowledge is to me. How I wish everyone could understand what death is. Thank God his wife understands. He was a wonderful son and is greatly missed, but it is so comforting to know how it is with him. God bless the Recorder and his helpers—getting this helpful knowledge and comfort to the ones who are looking for the truth . . ."

Comment: Glad you were helped. Such acknowledgments are about the only real compensations in a labor of this kind. What an irony that orthodox people should weep and wail because one of their beloved has graduated out of this earthly madhouse, finding a plane and a state where all is tranquillity and harmony. Look upon the separation as merely temporary. You'll be seeing your son again, Washington. That's the biggest thing you can depend upon . . ."

THAT CELESTIAL ORCHESTRA . .

CHICAGO: "In your July 31st issue in your article on Perdition you ramble on about departed souls playing harps, that a great deal is said about it by people on earth. The only ones I have ever heard mention such an idea have been ignorant and illiterate people. I have heard thousands of sermons and read hundreds of books, and never once have I heard that in heaven the departed souls all play upon harps, or any of them for that matter. You say 'What an absurdity'. I say, 'What an absurdity for you to take up a half column in ranting about such a ridiculous thing.'" Certainly no minister of the gospel that I have ever heard, was so hard up for material that he had to resort to that kind of drivel. Every minister I ever heard, and I've heard many, has been an educated man who delivered educated and edifying sermons. As for belittling the Christian churches who teach the Vicarious Atonement and all the other teachings which you seem to despise so much, isn't it strange that such a despised gospel has managed to survive for 2,000 years, and it looks like it will continue to do so, as witness Billy Graham's meetings in England and all over the world, not to mention scores of men such as O. L. Jagers, William Branham and many others. Their love for humanity reaches out to the multitudes; men and women of Skid Row who are practically hopeless find eternal salvation of body, soul, and spirit, through this despised Gospel. You say the Vicarious Atonement is not what Christ came for, but that salvation is through our following His teaching. One of His teachings is LOVE for our fellowmen, but all I can read in your articles is contempt for or-



thodox Christians because they are so stupid as not to believe as you do. I don't read anything in your VALOR that shows real pity for sick humanity; all you write about is talking to the dead. Instead of compassion for sick souls you keep repeatedly calling them "benighted" . . . almost every article has the word somewhere in it. The world needs spiritual healers, not a bunch of people seeking selfish thrills because they feel that they are so much further 'advanced' than their fellowmen and basking in their own conceits. One time you write like an enlightened, educated man, and the next minute you write hogwash—like playing a harp in heaven. When your writings begin to show some LOVE, real Christ love, I will believe you are genuine. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Some of the things you say, you are appallingly ignorant of the Scriptures or you deliberately misrepresent what they present . . ."

Comment: Ho-hum! Just for the Chicago lady's information about the Scriptures, the playing on harps as future employment for the soul is mentioned in the Bible Concordance just fifty-three times in the Old Testament, and no other occupation is mentioned. If so, VALOR would be delighted to expatiate upon it. Ridiculous, isn't it? As for 'belittling' Christian churches who teach the Vicarious Atonement, VALOR is well aware that no forms of criticism are otherwise than belittling. However, will this Chicago correspondent send Soulcraft just one quotation out of the Bible, where Jesus Himself makes a single reference to the fact of it. The prelates of the past 1500 years took the doctrine of Reconciliation and made the Vicarious Atonement out of it for ecclesiastical purposes, mostly at the Councils

of Nicea and Carthage. It was strictly the Law of Moses that decreed that if a whole tribe sinned, but the most sinless person in the tribe were put to death, all was balanced up. Soulcraft looks upon the whole ideology as pure paganism. Protestant theology declares, "As in Adam all sinned, so in Christ are all men made alive." And Bishop Parry of the Anglican Church of England came out this last week and gained world-wide notoriety by declaring that the whole Adam and Eve story was a fiction and a myth. If there had been no Adam, how could all mankind "sin" in him? When the clergy care to get together and agree on something as fundamental as the religion one hears spoken at a high-caste psychical seance by persons from a higher plane, Soulcraft will give ear to the hellfire and brimstone threatenings of such sensation-mongers as Billy Graham. No one on the higher side ever seems to have heard about this fiery hell that Graham and other popular preachers use to terrify their thousands and tens of thousands. Plenty of clergymen have been heard from who have given vocal repentance in sackcloth and ashes to the utterly fallacious claims of the Israelitish Scriptures which they so long and so *benightedly* promoted. Funny thing, that although the orthodox consider Soulcraft disdain for ecclesiastical error 'hogwash', you won't find them referring to it as such on the Higher Side. As for 'love' of the 'poor sick souls' on Skid Row to whom the gospel brings so much, where are they? Why, if they are cured, does Skid Row continue to exist generation on generation? Oh well, no use to get into a religious argument, which is another name for an argument by prejudices. If so many clergymen are above

such "drivel", how comes it that more clergymen this past year began to preach openly from the *Golden Scripts* of Soulcraft than in any other years in the last 27? . . . As regards blanket love for invalid spirits, there seems to be one kind of love which consists of sticky sentimentality and indulgence for their stubborn hates and self-indulgences, and another kind of love that gives them a virile spank and tells them to straighten up and stop feeling so sorry for themselves. Get knowledge of Truth, and the Truth shall set them free. But they don't want Truth; they want effortless ease and a Christ who died to save them from their sins which they're too cowardly to stand up and die for, themselves, seeing they have willfully committed the sins. No, there's nothing maudlin or mawkish about Soulcraft. It teaches you to be valiant, self-reliant, and sagacious, that you're sick because you secretly enjoy being sick, due to the sympathetic attention it gets you from relatives and neighbors. As for Christianity "surviving" two thousand years, thereby proving its authenticity, why are people in greater dither over it at this late day than they were when it started? After nineteen centuries of Christianity, will anybody contend that we live in a truly *Christian* world? . . . So it has gotten precisely nowhere. At any rate, wonder what the Chicago lady would have to say if she sat in on one of the Soulcraft seances at Headquarters and saw and heard the epiphanies resulting? Five million words of Soulcraft Doctrine have been dictated from the Higher Planes because orthodoxy is operating in such stupendous error. Bet a nickel to a kopeck the Chicago lady has never even heard of the *Golden*
(Continued on Page 14)

Valor

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It Didn't Work



SOULCRAFT and VALOR are beginning to reevaluate the factors making Communism from out the Kremlin the menace that free peoples have regarded it for the past twenty-eight years. It seems not alone from practical developments following the death of Joseph Stalin but news coming overseas from East and West Germany. Marxism is such a dismal and absolute failure, civically and economically, that races and nationals on the very front lines facing it are regarding it pretty much as we of the United States would regard a militarized Mexico. Loud talk, bristling bellicosities sour with too much vodka, are too frequently mistaken at America's distance for the efficient militarisms of a Kaiser Wilhelm or a Hitler. Deeper and stronger forces are at work to stabilize the Peace situation than the succession of this leader or that to the helm of the Kremlin.



Overshadowing everything is this mighty conditioner: In actual practice and application *Marxism doesn't work.*

Don't let's discount this fact. It's of paramount significance.

The "Russans" have had thirty-five years to apply and test out Communism. What they've gotten has been an utterly stupid and brutal dictatorship. But even an utterly stupid and brutal dictatorship must be economically workable or forces are bred automatically that defeat and terminate it.

The Golden Scripts have adjured Soulcrafters from the beginning that ultimately "the enemy felleth himself." Unless your methods accord with basic tenets and natural urges of human nature, actually you can get nowhere of permanence with force. Kill off your intelligentsia and it stands to reason that when you want and require intelligence in administration and economic results that keep a state healthy, you are going to discover it lacking.

You can't destroy your capability cake and eat it, too.

Leader after leader is now due to tread the crimson pathway from the Kremlin rostrum to the firing-squad wall. But what does it get anybody? Unless you found your State upon principles of Christ, it can in nowise endure. Because you're consuming your human talent that makes it endure.

VALOR and Soulcraft have been advised that the tacit crack-up of Marxism is proceeding. Oriental cunning in past statecraft has given it a prestige in the capitals of the world that it has by no means merited. The Kremlin endured under Stalin thus long, not because of its successful recommendations for a more abundant life but because it served as premise for beggings, borrowings and lootings.

Perhaps the time has arrived in history for the American public to regard it in facetious disdain.

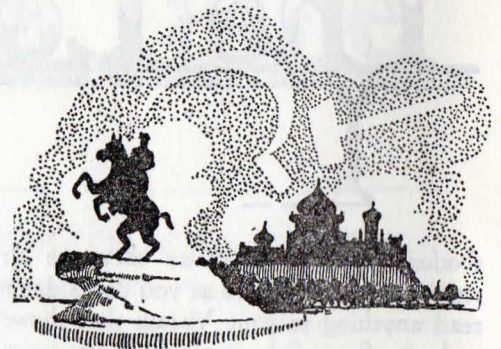
We may have taken it too seriously.

Lamponing it might work it greater disaster than dropping atom bombs upon it.

No, Communism is demonstrating that it doesn't work. As such, we have little to fear permanently from it. But we do have much fear from insidious workers who use it as premise for private fanaglements.

Don't be astonished if the events of the coming eighteen months disclose a Russia that has decided to come around

to parliamentary elections and electoral leaderships. Soulcraft, however, has not the slightest qualm about guided missiles from the Ukraine blowing Indianapolis and Kansas City to rubble. Such achievements take scientific brains, and Russia hasn't got them. For political reasons it has long since killed them off.



After war-threats of inestimable magnitude, the Chinese Reds suddenly send invitations to United States to come in to huddle over the captive airmen. We should appreciate the hollowness of the Chinese bombast to date.

Mayhap we've been taking overseas Marxists too seriously, VALOR says again. Intellect and humanitarians are what cause any human regimes to show themselves invincible. Russia as a modern world state reveals itself as a colossal jest and hoax.

How long will it take for Americans *en masse* to treat with it accordingly?

Bronx Cheer



IDENTICAL recommendations go for United Nations.

Why not give a New Look to it, based on recognized traits of human nature? After all, when the propaganda is all jammed in the trash-can and the cover banged down, it still remains a fact that no world government can succeed because the very human wits essaying to conduct it will have bitten off more than they can chew.

The world is too big for one government to direct it.

Nationalism isn't a fad, it's expression of a fundamental of human nature.

People of a given nationality understand one another and work in reasonable harmony and understanding. Introduce two, three, four additional nationalities

and the result is a fistfight. They not only desire not to understand one another, they want to poke out the other fellow's eye because he's different than themselves. Bring their representatives into one constitutional assembly and the situation should work Peace. In actual practice what it works is a brawl.

Those on the inside suspect that United Nations was set up in its current form to achieve by global statescraft what Russian Communism failed to achieve because of defective human elements. The trouble is with defective human elements not with idealism of the setup.

Nationalism has a place in the scheme of things because it unifies those of similar race, religion or culture under a camaraderie that is destroyed by heterogeneous global assemblies. Sooner or later the bickerings of sectional cultures will defeat any international administration.

United Nations may decree a thousand American boys police Moscow while a thousand Moscow infantrymen direct traffic in Indianapolis. Sooner or later one of two things happens. Either the Moscow gendarmery have turned Hoosiers or the American boys in Red Square shall have papoosed enough Russian maidens to want to stay in Moscow and found dynasties. United Nations be hanged.

You can't get away from human nature in such denouement.

Yes, perhaps we should recast our values in respect to this great and ludicrous hoax given spacious quarters from the Rockefeller purse on New York's East River. Young John D. seems to have been a more ridiculous sucker than we hitherto have suspected him.

Thinking the thing through to logical conclusions it becomes apparent that anybody who schemes to subdue the earth legislatively by bossing an assembly from one backroom, deserves exactly the progressive headache he prescribes for himself. Inflict a foreign police force on Americans, recruited in Czechoslovakia or Israeli, and ten to one there won't be one of them around within eight months. When a whole nation arises in insurrection again Dear Old Spiderweb, will it be insurrection? That's the \$64 Question.

So bring on your superlative legislation and let's try it out. When you discover it doesn't work any more than your insane Marxism worked, what then? Human nature is still human nature in any



ENIGMA

By Winchester MacDowell



AN the builder or designer,
 Creature loved of God on high,
 Does he fashion or probe mysteries
 Playing God on land, in sky?
 Are they chains his hunting forges
 Or shall Science liberate?
 Is he seeker for high knowledge
 Or for Might in earthly state?

Thou Shalt Not perhaps is promise,
Thou Shalt Not is Blessing High,
 Can he learn no lore's denied him,
 God forever answering *Why*?
 What if Love's the quest and answer?
 Love the Maker, Love the score?
 Love the secret of all Cosmos
 Mounting as he quests the more?

Chains which bind, can they be blessing?
 Sing they not a dirge of earth?
 Aren't they forged by man's ambition,
 Keen attuned to Satan's mirth?
 Why subdue the awful atom
 Lifted from Pandora's Box?
 Need such atom have a master?
 Seeks man truth or paradox?

Chains to bind him or give freedom,
 Heavenly power "controlled" or not,
 Is man's bondage self-invited,
 Fastening him to what he's wrought?
 Such enigma hovers o'er him,
 Spirit only holds reply:
 God is Love, and Love is master,
Can man ask for greater WHY?



*Have You Seen
the New
Round-Cornered
Soulcraft Books?*

Behold Life!



¶ A Book you should read to get the whole philosophy of life straight in your intellect—presenting a balanced and rational picture of the purpose being served by those sojourns of ours in mortal bodies . .

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in life may be all
about, this book
must help you . .*

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331 Pages \$4.00

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
Noblesville, Indiana

land or clime. You must follow the prescriptions of Cosmos in such matters or you're only cutting out supreme Trouble for yourself.

It's what WORKS that counts. What doesn't WORK, passes. That's the fiat of Divine Providence, creating human nature as it is.

What say we give such a loud Bronx Cheer for United Nations that its representatives sneak home, unable to withstand assaults of barroom humor? . .

Congressional Probe

(Continued from Page 4)

Of course such a Police Chairman would quickly become more powerful than any Chief Executive, but otherwise how are you going to get accurate security checkups.

It's a major headache in the business of governors and governed being one and the same set of citizens.

Communism's Time

(Continued from Page 2)

ise of its government over an entire generation carried out, Russian money utterly without value, the mass of the populace drinking excessively to escape the bitterness of realities and a general moral breakdown existing from coast to coast. Programs of world conquest, indeed! . .

WELL, this Bulganin is in, and his new program in some satellite countries like Hungary has already introduced chaos. The peasants interpreted the program as guaranteeing the return of public lands to them practically at once, and when it wasn't executed, a studied sit-down strike of workers has begun. To make a bad matter worse, Bulganin's new "Plan" is bitterly fought by most of the active members of the Communist Party itself. Remember, these are the bureaucrats, the shop officials and the caste that stands to be put out of business if collective farms were done away with and the peasants given their liberty.

Everything done in Soviet Russia, and now being done, is the psychopathic opposite of all laws and rules governing human nature and civic intercourse. To sus-

pect that such a system of affairs could plan and execute a global campaign to conquer by supreme military strategy the sane nations of the world like Britain and America, is to classify oneself in the same category with Oriental paranoiacs.

The prospect is absurd enough to call for a cranial examination of those who take it seriously.

Only no one does take it seriously but the tycoons who must have a foreign menace to alarm the public so that governmental appropriations for more and more armaments may keep their bloated industries running and ward off economic collapse at home . .

WE ARE witnessing the breakdown and crackup of Marxism in Russia and her slave satellites, and these rapid-fire shifts in personnel for Kremlin leadership are but confirmations that *everything* is rotten in the Russian Denmark and we need be as fearful of Russian "might" as a kitten beneath a stove.

China is another matter.

The Chinese have less moral responsibility and global knowledge of Marxist antagonism than the "Russian" monomaniacs. Almost we may liken them to a vast horde of Oriental carnivora. As Russia continues to stagger and stumble, and rulers change night by night, we can envision animal-hungry Chinese spilling over the Chinese Wall and stampeding *anywhere* that offers loot for sustenance. That is another story and brings a crisis by itself.

That the Chinese may astound the world—propaganda nourished—by taking Russia with scarcely a shot being fired and rolling over her with all the elephantine efficiency of a celestial bulldozer, is by no means outside possibilities in the coming year and a half. Thereat we may expect the propagandist to swing into action to "save the poor Russians" from the monumental heathen of Cathay.

But we can look for the disintegration of Communism, as such, from here on out. The utter sterilities of Russia, accruing from the insanities of a 30-year Stalin-esque regime, point to nothing else. Every report arriving from East Germany only portrays the Russians in more and more desperate plight.

Armed aggression and victorious usurpation does not stem from such poten-

tials—which were never potentials from the first.

Note, a year from today, if VALOR is not right!

Counsel on Psychics

(Continued from Page 5)

Further consider they may not all of them have interest in that which is discussed. They may have interest elsewhere as important to them as your earthly interests are to you. No matter. They do not crowd about you in sufficient numbers to make you aware of their personalities and their play of constructive love upon you. Think not that ye offend if ye do not hold your sessions. Ye do make yourselves ready to transcribe a message and they thus become aware of it. It is naught to them if ye be weary or have employments elsewhere. It is pleasing to them, however, that ye have such thought of them and their activities, that the Golden Cord can connect you thus.

I say unto you that Psychic Force is ever of two kinds: Positive and Negative. The Positive demonstrateth in man in physical tenor, such as Materialization, moving of objects, making room in fleshly vehicles that others may inhabit them for purpose. Negative force is of minor order. Negative force permitteth transfer of ideas spiritual in essence making you to hear speech or perceive by vision. I say unto you, however, that one is no less important than the other.

Psychical force of Negative quality, even as Positive quality, draweth on you for strength as well as from those who aid you on This Side. It requireth that ye do place yourselves so that hammerings on your personalities will not be heard, coming from those without license to speak. This placing also hath significance in that ye dovetail your personalities and vibratory rates one into the other, that ye receive the message whatever its form, with least obstruction from wrong vibratory rates. Ye become each to the other as sounding-boards, impacting and reacting on your senses, although only one may be speaking the intelligence. This is important—

When ye have so gathered for psychical work, either positive or negative, ask yourselves sincerely whether or not there be forces present in your thoughts

that have a derogatory effect upon the message ye desire.

Now, my beloved, hear me say it: Ye have strength of one another and ye do marvel at it. If ye be man and woman who thus receive, ye say: "I have received the message clearly in that the other was present with me." But that is not the fact, beloved. Ye do have a power for receiving the presentations of the host of those who love you, storing it up subconsciously. Do ye ask for it in substance, that they augment their thought with yours. When they so do, ye strengthen the current of perception. Is this clear? Now, my beloved, hear further and be wise—

I SAY unto you the time cometh when ye shall be so exercised by worldly event, so concerned with distresses about you, so moved by psychic currents playing promiscuously in ether, that ye shall seem to have lost contact with those who minister unto you. When such times come, I beg of you not to be thus dismayed. *No harm cometh unto you in these intervals of silence.* Ye do but have a resting period till these waves of excitation have subsided. Know that ye shall be protected from untoward event demarking you for your line of duty in performance.

Ye shall know periods when performing psychically will be possible only under peculiar conditions. *Rain* hath a goodly effect on psychical perception but a bad effect on those who send to you, in that it diluteth their force for sending, even as it strengtheneth you who receive. *Sunshine* is excellent for Negative performance for we ride in thought excellently on sunbeams. *Cold nights* are absolute perfection for receiving, yea even sending, even as your worldly contrivances called radio. *Warm nights* are anathema but possible if the forces of senders be concentrated. These times and weathers are all impossible, however, if ye do not say unto yourselves, "What matter have we in our minds antagonistic to the wanted message coming?"

When ye do hear *My* voice, the conditions are different. I have the power to send and speak myself a hundred million nights through Space, yea more nights than your intellects can conceive of. But I do it on a vibratory rate that is peculiar—

(Continued on Page 15)



Enlarged Edition! . . .

"Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!"

Eighty New Pages have been added to a great book, including the alleged Mary Eddy visitations to Soulcraft . . .

This third big printing of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* has been published on white paper, in limp leatherette covers with rounded corners, telling most of the author's psychical experiences since 1929.

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



Cogitations

Pelle

ONE of the richest experiences of my life was owning and publishing the *Deerfield Valley Times* in Wilmington, Vermont, just before the outbreak of World War I. The *Times* had been a boiler-plate weekly of eight pages since the Civil War. Boiler-plate weekly meant the variety of country newspaper that had its four inside pages professionally printed in the nearest big city with general news articles, perhaps a continued story by some popular author, and a goodly consignment of patent medicine ads. The four outside pages were shipped blank. The country publisher set up four page-forms of hand-stuck type with local news and mercantile announcement, ran them off on Thursdays, and the subscribers were not supposed to know the difference between inside and outside. No country publishers in those halcyon days before World War I ever bought newsprint from any paper-house or mill. The Western Newspaper Union supplied this inside printed service, collecting what it could for the professional advertisements. They had plants that furnished such "patent insides" all over the nation . . . Wilmington was a village of some thousand souls down toward the southern end of the State, in the center, between Bennington and Brattleboro. Its only industry when I took over *The Times* was a chair-stock mill at the northern end of the village. Chair-stock meant the mill sawed up wood from logs to appropriate lengths for spindles and chair legs, shipping them down to the Readsboro Chair Company, a dozen miles below us. The paper had a thousand subscribers at \$2 the year. That meant a guaranteed publishing revenue of \$2,000 annually, plus

such receipts from local merchants as could be extracted for advertisements. As I recall it now, my rate was ten cents the running inch. Two girls and a boy sat atop stools for ten hours each working day, "sticking" eight-point type. The rest of the week, outside of publication day on Wednesdays, we did job printing. If I did \$5,000 worth of business the year around, I was enjoying exceptional prosperity. But aside from the revenue, the greater dividends came from experience in contacting Vermont human nature. It was a very peculiar human nature. It went on the principle respecting public affairs that "if somethin' ain't wrong, 'tain't right," and "nobody's business is everybody's business." I got my first baptism in Green Mountain psychology when the cider mill burnt down the second week of my proprietorship . . .

I DETERMINED to awe Vermonters by publishing a 16-page weekly at no increase in price. I merely set up eight



pages of hand-composed type and bought two separate "patent insides" which I slipped together in finished sections. Fresh from the *Boston Globe*, I determined to show metropolitan enterprise by

indulging generously in scare heads when news-matter warranted. Promptly on my acquisition of the sheet, the patent medicine and professional cards came off the front page, and when the cider-mill burned, at 11 a. m. Wednesday, I "broke up" the front page of mediocre rural news and used four columns to headline it in 72-point. I set my "lead" in 18-point, two columns, liberally surrounded by white space, and sent the edition across to the post office. Wilmington should awaken to the fact that William-Randolph-Hearst enterprise had arrived to give it a journal of outstanding consequence. But at nine next morning old man Kidder, the local undertaker and bank director, came into my office with vest unbuttoned, straw hat awry, and foggy glasses askew on his nose. He slapped the copy of the *Times* which he'd just procured from his box. "Faugh!" he expressed himself. I said, "Faugh, Mr. Kidder?" . . . "Faugh!" he repeated, in somewhat louder voice-pitch. I inquired, "You mean you don't like the *Times'* handling of the cider-mill conflagration?" . . . "Faugh!" he said a third time, . . . "Wasser idee squanderin' so much white paper with this big type? . . . we-all know the cider-mill burnt down, . . . we was to the fire." So scarehead journalism died in Wilmington, Vermont, appropriately enough at the hands of an undertaker. The inhabitants *wanted* their paper to preserve its stereotyped and antiquated typographical appearance. To change things about and headline a fire in letters that could be read across a street was equal to dressing great-grandmother in shorts, giving her a cerise bra, and asking her to tote a red, white and blue parasol to Sunday morning church service. Even old man Kidder refused to alter his ad-

vertisement which had been run weekly in the same position and had said the same thing since 1896—

KIDDER & BARBER

Undertaking and Embalming Service
Funerals Priced to Fit Your Purse
Emergency Cases a Specialty Graves Dug
We Are Always Pleased to See Old Friends but Don't Ship Bodies To Us without Advance Notice

I tried in vain to make old man Kidder see that his publicity lacked a certain something. Who would ship him a corpse without advance notice of who or what it was? Furthermore, where would he get it for such a shipment? "Young man," he withered me, "you can go out here with a shot gun and make two-dollar corpses all over the place in twenty minutes, but we're not takin' 'em in till we know who's gonna foot the expense o' buryin' 'em." His idea seemed to be that, mortician or not, the economic aspects of homicide had to be negotiated first or the remains of victims could pollute the air till the State Board of Health intervened, and see if he cared. But I started to comment on human nature in Vermont . . .

o—o

IT SEEMED as though I'd elected myself advertising copy supervisor for most of the commercial advertisers up and down the valley. Stetson Ware brought in an ad for dining tables he'd stocked, desiring to inform the public about their superior enlargement and contraction properties. His copy announced—

"The leaves when opened will seat six people comfortably and there's an automatic brass hinge that holds them firmly in place"

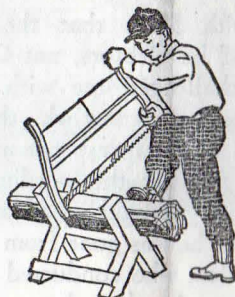
He seemed to feel I was casting my superior academic education in his face when I called his attention to the ambiguities concerning such hinges. Next week we had more trouble when he desired to advertise a new line of feminine hosiery and wrote—

These stockings for women are so thin you can see right through them, but so serviceable that lots of our lady customers wear nothing else . . ."

He never did like me. He said I read all sorts of dirty insinuations into his copy and that people with clean minds wouldn't recognize anything wrong so long as those minds were pure. But I did have to put

my foot down when he brought in this classic—

We have a lot of wonderful soap when you wash yourself in a tub. The manufacturer says you are "refreshed, relaxed, and stimulated." All we can say is, after washing your dirty parts with this soap, you step out of your tub ready to meet all comers."



BUT it was the classified advertisements that I installed in a special column on Page Seven that caused me most heartburn. Two out of three I had to edit or be sued for something or other as publisher. Joe Lamour, the boisterous French-Canadian plumber insisted I run the following—

WANTED—Wealthy wife, by steady, hardworking plumber who will give up fixing her bathtub when it leaks. I am not bad looking, and have had plenty of experience in Montreal.

A chap named Wheeler thought himself somewhat of a Yankee trader, and when his insurance agency lagged, he wanted to publish in the *Times*—

WILL TRADE—life, fire, or automobile insurance for anything can use. Especially want lady with automobile.

One Hetty Summerfield desired to run ad for her boardinghouse near Brown's mill. Only she didn't know how to spell "meals" . . . the copy she wanted run in the classified column went something like this—

I have bossed a boardinghouse too long and got poor business. I could use a few moar boarders at \$25 per week, especially wommin because men are too fussy. For \$20 a week, I will supply nice room overlooking river, with males. First come, first served.

This remained a classic in the office along with Mrs. Lonnie Wheeler's copy—which announced the following—



What You Can Buy for \$75

The COMPLETE Shelf of all major Soulcraft Books in print at this time.

Behold Life	\$ 4.00
Star Guests	\$ 4.00
The Dead Are Alive	\$ 4.00
Adam Awakes	\$ 5.00
Beyond Grandeur	\$ 4.00
Getting Born	\$ 5.00
Know Your Karma	\$ 5.00
Undying Mind	\$ 5.00
Thresholds of Tomorrow	\$ 5.00
Soulscripts (10 volumes)	\$50.00
Road into Sunrise	\$ 6.00
Seven Minutes	\$ 1.00
	<hr/>
	\$98.00

Send your cheque for \$75 and Save \$23 by buying at once

Copy 7 Minutes Free

WHEN you purchase any *two* of the above books, you will find included in your shipment a free \$1-copy of *My Seven Minutes in Eternity* bound in pocket-sized leatherette.

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. Box 192
Noblesville, Indiana



The Higher Life Is Due to Amaze You

HERE is the book you have long awaited—the book that tells what hundreds have experienced on vacating their bodies!

If you go into the After-life informed in advance what to look for and what to expect, you orient yourself at once—few surprises and nothing to fear.

No Person in America Can Afford Not to Read this Book

320 pages of data secured after 26 years audible-voice communication with those who have made the Passing only to discover that little was correct about Eternity which they once were taught in Sunday School . . . The biggest book that Soulcraft has published in the past five years . . .

NOW READY -- \$5

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

TO LET—Furnished room in my house upstairs. Want only a lady. Semi-private bath. Near railroad depot where trains pass.

An odd character by the name of Sloat hit the town one week and envisioned a fortune in the following ad—

HAVE YOU lost track of your creditors? Let me locate them for you. You can't help but win.

I argued with Sloat that the persons sought should be Debtors, not Creditors. "Boy," he challenged me with dignity, "you don't begin to know who the people are I chase . . . and always get my man." He refused to alter the wording and I published it, as he paid in advance. But the fourth day he was gone from amongst us. Verne Allen, who conducted the only furniture store in the place—excepting Stetson Ware's General Emporium—brought in an ad he wanted headed in big type—

VANITY DRESSES

Large and roomy . . . beautiful mirrors . . . you can see yourself the length of them . . . Other odd pieces at low prices . . .

To this moment I never did figure out what Leonard Brown's Garage was getting at when it sent in this adv. one day just before presstime—

FORD SEDAN—Near River Street, attractive, warm, single, gentleman, reasonable, name your price and it's all over but the shouting . . .

Ed Boyce came in from the East Road, I recollect, and wanted to market an old farm that was largely the joke of the community for its rocky acreage. As I recall it, his classified adv. ran something like this—

300 ACRES—Partly cut over old farm. Buildings consist of one tumbledown cowshed. Side road. Hunting. Absolutely worthless. Take it away for \$300.

Funny thing was, Ed sold it next week to a Brattleboro milk firm. They used it to pasture bovines preparatory for the slaughter-house. But to go back for a moment to another adv. I recall Verne Allen bringing in about his furniture. Susan Gorham settled in Windham County from upstate and commissioned Verne to scout the country for antique furniture, and he brought in a want adv. that read—

WANTED—A mahogany livingroom table by a lady with Hepplewhite legs.

Susan held it against me when I tried to make her acquaintance. "Young man," she accosted me acidously, "my legs are *not* Hepplewhite." And she backed away from me in a manner that made me fear she intended to demonstrate what kind of legs she had. But I turned the tables on Susan when she brought a Want Ad into the office subsequently which read—

FOR SALE—Boston Terrier. Male. Six months old. Has 1914 license, also player piano attachment and rolls.

Yes, a boy publisher in a small country town can have his troubles, but what an education in human nature it was. For a long time I kept a memo book on the headaches I encountered. But Harriet's illness intervened and I went bankrupt trying to meet her hospital expenses. Funny thing, when that happened, old man Kidder, the mortician, showed himself the most helpful and sympathetic personage in the place. I got a lesson from that also.

—THE INTERPRETER

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 7)

Scripts. But does she condone the rape, incest, idolatry and even outright blasphemy constituting such columns of the Old Testament? Of course she doesn't. She merely conveniently overlooks that it's there. As for writing educatedly one moment and facetiously the next, mayhap that's due to the attempt to get balance for the unutterable illiteracy of the most fanatical in scriptural defense. Soulcraft strives to reach all octaves of intelligence but makes a poor job of it because there are so many. Anyhow, Soulcraft *does* take away the fright of the average person at dying. That's more than orthodoxy achieves or Soulcraft would forthright have no patrons and be a voluble superflueity . . . Let's talk about the weather.

SO THE RIDICULOUS

KENTUCKY: "My little Grandson shrilly maintains that he sees fairies, that they exist and upon occasions talk to him. Would you say there *are* such things as fairies, or should I box his ears soundly for telling lies?" . . .

Comment: By all means, if you're a good orthodox Christian and accept everything in Holy Writ and naught beside, belt the little shaver from hell to breakfast. Does the Israelite Holy Book have a single word to say about fairies, or for that matter the astronomical progression of the earth about the sun, or radio transmission or television or the atom bomb? Don't you know, Kentucky, that anything the ancient savants didn't authenticate in the Scriptures is devil's brew and hallucination? Even the atom bomb is just hallucination; ask anybody who suffered its effect in Hiroshima. They only *think* their city was wiped out. As for little Horace seeing fairies, how do you and I know *what* he sees? Elementals out of the grass sometimes take strange manifestations. Fairies are said to be four inches high, equipped with



gossamer dragon-fly wings, and full of the joy of the Christ Love. Repudiate all this for little Horace's sake without delay. Slap him down good and get it through his ignorant little head that only bearded men living twenty to thirty centuries ago had the inside knowledge of what Cosmos contained, after declaiming which they went home to their lawful wives and two to five hundred concubines and made a night of it. We are supposed to follow their tenets to the letter in order to gain to paradise, although you turn up just one poor lone concubine and you'll spend the next three months in the nearest hoosgow.

Psychical Counsel

(Continued from Page 11)

ly mine own, mightier than many sunbeams. Make no mistake about this, beloved—

We come and go in flesh as psychical receivers by election. We do take the words of The Host Made Perfect and



Published by
Soulcraft
Chapels,
Box 192,
Noblesville,
Indiana

Does Consciousness
Dictate to
Time and Space?

“UNDYING MIND” ..

BEGUN as a sweeping compendium on Mysticism, this book turned out to be an examination of *Individuality* and why no two persons on earth are exactly alike. A strange work, indeed, not easy to describe, but offering you a new estimate of yourself as a factor in Cosmos. Incidentally, the whole roster of the Soulcraft ideology is in it—with more beside. The sort of volume that is going to make you stop and cogitate every few pages as new horizons on your own unsuspected capabilities startle you . . .

Is there a Secret of Life that
Man Will Discover Chemically?

LATER in the spring, UNDYING MIND will have a corollary, *Soul Eternal*, and as you absorb what they have to disclose to you, the utter *security* of your spirit as it moves up the worlds will be brought to you in a new guise, and God and Christ take on heightened significances. Grasp what the “focusing” of Consciousness can do and you realize what a new universe the Soulcraft precepts have created for you. 320 pages in de luxe printing, red leatherette binding, uncut pages . . .

\$5

transmit them for eternity. That they may have power to change men's lives they do contain wisdom that is above the wisdom of eternity's passing sequence. This wisdom oft is of vast import in millions of souls who know it not on earth, not having had the worldly opportunity. Recall at all times that ye do win for me not only brothers and sisters enduring in their flesh. Recall that great, great are the cohorts of those missing from earthly firesides who gather about you to hear

of mine instruction or reading it from printed page as ye have it into letters . . .

(THIS MASTER paper on fundamentals of psychical instruction will be continued in an early issue).



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

MAYBE you noticed the nation-wide press stories that hit the Sunday papers February 27th from Southwell, England. Dr. F. R. Parry, Anglican Bishop, gave it out as his ecclesiastical opinion that the biblical story of Adam and Eve has been a myth from the beginning and "it serves no Christian interest to pretend otherwise." Said the Bishop in a news-letter to his diocese, "It does not describe an event which happened at the dawn of history. It presents one of the permanent and moral realities of human history. The author is stating a fundamental truth about man in the form of a story, a dramatic poem, or, as theologians now say, a myth." Parry advised Christians to be "perfectly frank" about the Adam and Eve story. Otherwise, he said, "they would be maneuvered onto false ground in trying to defend indefensible positions." . .

WHAT truly do we have presented by the whole of it? Specifically, that the opening details of the first book of the Bible aren't true, but a poem, a fiction, a myth. Unless clergymen so come to regard it they will be maneuvered into "indefensible positions". But take note there can be no particular reasons for selecting just this Edenic incident and none other, and terming it mythical. Clergymen as a caste affect to stand before the millions of their followers and contend that "the Bible is the infallible word of God" . . . Infallible means infallible; it isn't comparable. Millions so accept it. At what point in its narrations does the Old Testament cease chronicling myths and begin chronicling facts? Orthodox adherents can't have it both ways. If the Adam-Eve episode is mythical, why should we not pronounce as readily that the whole chronicle of the Hebrews in Egypt and their deliverance from bondage is mythical? Why can we not contend that Moses was mythical? . . . and so on throughout the whole Old Testament. The "indefensible position" into which the Anglican Church may be maneuvered lies in being confronted with anthropological data of so scientifically positive a character that no theologian has a foot of firm ground to stand on. Psychological science is already achieving positions as unassailable in respect to data contrary to the biblical portrayal of conscious life after physical death. The doctrine reared from this same Book's mythical origins says that man dies, ascends before the divine Judgment Seat and is forthwith consigned to heaven or hell as repayment for deeds done in the body—to remain in one location or the other throughout eternity. Tens of thousands who have died mortally and consciously survived, communicate back that the biblical

assumption of the Judgment is so fallacious as to be no less than hoax. The orthodox spectator meets such challenge with the argument that such communicators are liars and deceivers; they are not communicating bona fide because "there is neither voice nor knowledge in the grave whither thou goest." Survived persons make the discovery that such clergy simply do not know what they're talking about, and give incontestible proofs of it. One such permitted fingerprints to be taken of his materialized hand and compared to mortal fingerprints left behind on toilet articles. They were found to be identical. "No," repeats the stupidly benighted, "both sets of fingerprints were the Devil's handiwork."

THE DISPASSIONATE philosopher views such explanations as coming from Satan Worshipers. Orthodox Christians would be angrily scandalized to have themselves so stigmatized. But what else is being demonstrated by their unwitting credence of a principality so clever, accurate, and successfully deceitful? Psychological scientists make the blanket statement that *there is no devil anywhere in creation*—and never has been such a character from the Beginning. Are they not thereby more theologically moral than the investigators the theologians call duped? You cannot recognize and esteem a job without recognizing and esteeming the personality of its perpetrator. Soulcraft receives letters by the hundred the year around, written by fanatical orthodox believers who beseech The Recorder to stop doing the devil's work by affecting to prove survival. But now comes one of their own bishops and picks up the same devil's work by insinuating that the Adam and Eve tale is a myth. Consistently, it makes the whole doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement equally a myth. "For inasmuch as in Adam all men sinned, so also in Christ shall all men be made alive." If the Adam in which all mankind sinned was a folk tale, a poem, or a myth, then such sinning could have no substance demanding a sacrificial Christ. The truth would seem to be that we stand on the brink of a sequence when man-made dogma of an entire great church promises to be regenerated. Psychological researchers know already, however, that no souls are more distressed upon gaining to the

next higher planes of consciousness than church prelates and clergymen. It comes home to them how far the facts are from what they spent their earthly days promoting. In agony of soul many of them seek rectification—through communication. What do they get for it? They hear themselves called satanists in turn. A laurel-wreath as Truth's garland for Bishop Parry. However, he can expect his public rebuke, followed by ecclesiastical crucifixion.

¶ IT IS vain to find fault with arts of deceiving while man generally finds pleasure to be deceived . .