

VALOR

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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CAN WE SAVE IT WITH TALK?



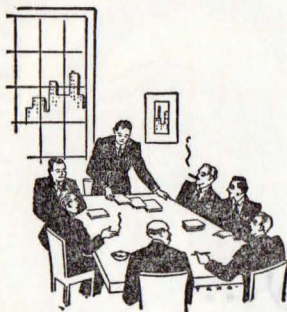
IVERY incoming mail in these restive times brings its plethora of mimeograph bulletins that announce a new paper committee organizing to save the country. But once in a while something of more than ordinary merit and integrity comes along. Men of more than mediocre ability are getting together and aspiring to solve problems bigger than Man-in-the-Street mentality.

The latest of these is a Washington, D. C. group calling itself the *Committee of the 48 States*. The name, of course, is lamentable from the psychological standpoint. Neither color nor drama. Taken of itself it might

be a national committee to study the sex life of the watermelon. By no means do you grasp its significance or purpose at a glance. But that's something that might be corrected later.

By the time the average citizen has read through eight paragraphs of general conversation, the meat of the coconut is reached—

"This Committee is formed to bring the people of our country to consider the means and measures by which



the Founders established in Philadelphia in 1787, to secure a more perfect union, establish justice, insure the general tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity . . . *under God.*"

Excellent. Nobody in the Kremlin is going to get excited over that. But read the ensuing announcement—

"The Committee for the 48 States has been organized to be a unifying coordinating strategy committee, designed to enlist and channel the efforts and energies of the conservative elements in America. In addition to working in and through groups already organized, the Committee intends to broaden its base of support down to the county level in each of the 48 States. The forty-eight State Chairmen will constitute the Board of Directors of the Committee."

A forty-eight-man Board of Directors, presumably requiring a 25-man quorum before any activity is official. Ho-hum! On November 15, 1954, we are informed, the Committee met and set forth an over-all program—

1. To return to the States their rights, powers, and duties under the Constitution and to restore and protect the freedom of the people;

2. To have Congress submit and the States ratify the following two amendments:

a. Limiting the taxing power (presumably federal);

b. Giving the States power to amend the Constitution without intervention by Congress.

Again excellent—assuming supporting members on the county level possess the acumen to know what either is all about. But here is what electrifies Soulcraft and VALOR:

"The Committee of 48 States has been in the making since November of 1954. It is the idea of Congressman Ralph W.

Gwinn of New York (Yonkers) who brought it into existence. The Congressman and his associates have chosen as permanent leader Robert B. Snowden, planter, banker, and businessman of Hughes, Arkansas. He is nonpolitical, patriotic, of national stature; widely known and a thoroughly practical businessman gifted as an organizer. Mr. Snowden plans to spend several years on the undertaking and to visit personally every major section of every State of the Union to get common understanding and to find the general highway that will lead the many conservative organizations, groups, and individuals in sensible unity toward a common goal."

Congressman R. W. Gwinn, as publicized in a recent VALOR, is a native of Noblesville, Indiana, where his brother, Fred runs one of the biggest farms in the county about a mile from Soulcraft headquarters. Rep. Gwinn happens to be one of the outstanding Rightists in the Congress. The listing of the names of an additional ten heavyweight businessmen and jurists from Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Alabama, Nebraska, Missouri, District of Columbia, Connecticut, Michigan and Iowa, imparted to VALOR in a private letter, indicates something of substance here. But nowhere does any monumental name appear identifying a sponsor who has had any gruelling previous experience in solving the problems associated with effective national organization or performance on any county basis. Without his counsel of such, a group of fine men will quickly become disgusted by what they will term "criticism" or "lack of cooperation" and the group disappear into innocuous desuetude like all former groups.

IN THE first place, as already stated, no experienced and effective organizer would approve so nondescript a name for this gesture—which approaches no salesmanship from any angle viewed. In the second place, hoping to achieve concrete performance of value with a directing board requiring a 25-man majority means either an executive pattern that is non-workable from scratch, or a board which will be attended by scattered handfuls as private affairs dictate, thus one or two will run the works in the name of the group, laying themselves open to group censure and frictions as absentee directors dissent. In the third place, Chairman

Snowden by no means has any period of "years" to visit every section of the 48 States and weld the organization into a unit of scouring power—he scarcely has months. Finally, in the fourth place, to expect to get interest to percolate down upon any county level, confounds the sophisticate with the wonder if this is more than a unit of impractical idealists grievously lacking in knowledge of present-day conditions—not to mention human nature.

VALOR has not the slightest desire to criticize merely for criticism's sake, nor to vaunt any smarter-than-you attitude. But VALOR's editor has previously so organized corrective forces in the nation that no less than a Chief Executive was exercised to call in federal agencies to halt and destroy it, since it raised such a monumental challenge to his dictatorial behavior. Based on a record of proven but penalized successes, therefore, he has long-since learned that effective organization that really points to accomplishment must acknowledge these fundamentals—

1. Its name must express both its character and its goals;

2. Its leadership must approach maximum simplicity in policy-making, that responsibility conversely may be individually fixed;

3. People will follow an individual as he is personally colorful in his performances and expressions; they will not follow a group or committee no matter how individually meritorious;



4. The objectives held up to an expectant rank-and-file must have universality of appeal but applicable positively in the individual instance; meaning that general patriotism may be commendable but what the individual wants is the instantaneous eviction of the federal commissar off his property and out of the daily conduct of his business;

When the nation's high courts refuse to back up their own mandates, what chance of action has the sedate sunshine patriot? . .

5. The program must have a definite terminus that is unmistakably clear to everyone whose support is sought—in other words, a concrete job to be achieved, not merely an “improvement of conditions” where the effects of the improvement can be widely controversial;

6. Something definite and concrete as substitute or replacement for a resented current influence must be provided as attainable when every last applicant has contributed his utmost;

7. (And last)—something more powerful than mimeograph recitals of wrongs must be in reserve to execute reprisals against opposition as it manifests. Which means in turn that the sponsors and espousers must be prepared for every sort of weapon turned against and upon them, nominating themselves selflessly for concrete martyrdoms in the event that they fall short of realizing their programs.

No overseas or domestic enemy is particularly fearful of challenge by mimeograph assailments. But let twenty men line up along the street with sleeves uprolled and staves in their hands and the screech of “Un-Americanism” reaches the White House.

Direct actionism is un-American—let that be understood. Yet anything less draws only a Bronx Cheer from the workers of real enslavements. The only exception to direct action as being un-American is the goonism in the American Labor Movement. Strong-arm methods there are quite pardonable.

In other words, the enemy that is “un-Americanizing” the type of government instituted by the Founding Fathers fears nothing but knots of grim individuals determined to work reprisals on bloc mischief-makers with vigor. Is it proper to inquire how a quorum of twenty-five commercial “conservatives” plan to supervise *hoi polloi* in recovering their rights nationally when that twenty-five can't even control the depredations of paid super-

visors unionizing their industrial plants in their particular local fields? The inquiry is put by one of experience who has trodden the patriotic winepress already.

Who is coming to the aid of the “Conservative” group when a judge has pronounced a 15-year prison sentence upon each of them “for threatening to overthrow American institutions”—the said institutions being a state of insufferable lechery inculcated in the national scene by predatory aliens?

To the exact degree that the 25-man quorum is successful in arousing every county in America to effective housecleaning of the elements that are the direct causes of the current American trend toward civic chaos, every man upon it must be prepared to suffer wholesale radio and television smearings, to be threatened in person and in the persons of his small children, to have paving-stones come through his windows and shower glass upon his desk, finally to be criminally indicted for what the forces he has aroused to righteousness *might* succeed in doing toward upsetting the stability of government. No untoward acts are necessary to conviction. He will sit incommunicado in a barred cell from seven to ten years for what he represented as a potential. It has been done in this nation already. It's the enemy's technique for knocking off opposition.

DYED-IN-THE-WOOL experts have already pioneered exactly these pathways and discovered from experience what oppositions are called up. Idealism *will* rear itself and declare regardless, “There *ought* to be a way to organize the true



Americans of all the countless in the land and effect alterations in these ruinous trends merely by the happy pastime of writing multitudinous letters to the conservative elements.”

But will one outstanding “conservative” leader go to the defense of someone who has already essayed it? No, no. “We can't afford to get mixed up with such-and-such a fellow. His ‘past’ is too ‘cloudy.’ Besides, he sought to work up racial or religious hatreds.” To bestir themselves and learn *why* racist or religious hatreds happened to be drawn into the picture would be to tar oneself with an unwelcome brush. Better to ‘play it safe’ and ‘play it clean’ . . . meaning it's better to play it capricious fashion and in blissful ignorance of the number of infantrymen in yon Trojan Horse.

Paper committees, indeed. What infantrymen inside a Trojan Horse are especially fearful of handfuls of mimeograph bulletins hurled in their faces?

It boils down to this harsh fact—

When these “conservative idealists” display the acumen to connect with, and espouse, definite individuals who have al-

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The Crisis Facing Us



THE ARTICLE opening this issue of VALOR would seem to have no connection with the caption at the head of it. But the time is here to do something to cause these "conservative idealists" to realize the strength and viciousness of the forces they would challenge. VALOR is essentially a journal of spiritual declensions. Nevertheless, even spiritual declensions can be asinine in the face of jeopardies that would prohibit the exercise of *all* spiritualities.

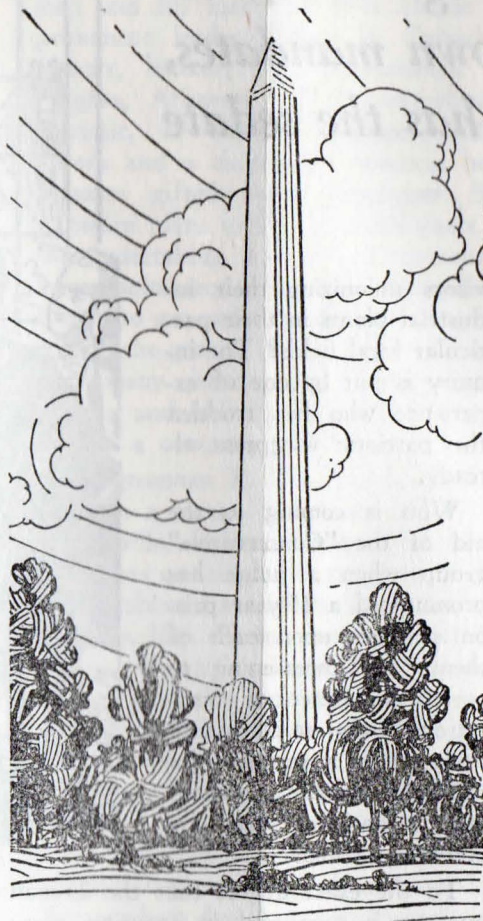
We as a people on this First Plane of material disciplines don't always recognize nor acknowledge factors that are an essential "must" for our First-Plane experiences. Freedom of conscience and speech has been one of the unalienable rights bequeathed us by the Founding Fathers but if it be taken away from us—as is now in process—not to mention our wealth of national assets, we have every cause to exclaim against it.

Committees are springing up all over the land, affecting to counsel mass humanity out of the snares and pitfalls of alien conspiracy having destruction of the Christ Ethics at their cores. But something must be done to bring home to idealists the grim realities of the forces they would challenge.

For instance, take as illustration the *Indianapolis Star*—

OUTSIDE of Chicago, *The Star* is admittedly the greatest pro-American newspaper of the grassroots Midwest. The caption at its masthead reads: "Where the Spirit of the Lord Is, There is Liberty." Pretty reading. How far does the *Star* go in substantiating it?

The Star under Eugene Pulliam's editorship sponsored and espoused Dwight D. Eisenhower as American President. It did not appear to recognize that sponsorship of Mr. Eisenhower was sponsorship of whatever down-east interests wished him put in such executive position. In fact, the *Star* made no investigation of Mr. Eisenhower's down-east sponsorships. All was sweetness and light and freedom, so long as we came clear of Truman dominations.



Indianapolis Star Is Wroth at \$112 Billion Spent in Interests of Unappreciative Overseas Governments . .

Now the Situation becomes graver and monumental issues are acknowledged. America is "giving herself away into disaster" and the *Star* exclaims editorially about it. But does the *Star*, or will the *Star*, utter one syllable of editorial matter in defense of a fellow Hoosier who took the lashes of political Rooseveltism on his naked back when he had caused such a reaction of patriotic elements as to menace New-Dealism in its federal entrenchments? Not a whisper from *The Star*. "That crackpot" was just one of those

"alarmists" who sought to monumentalize himself by promoting racial and religious "hatreds." The *Star* can't "touch" such issues as that. When said "crackpot" asked revision of his 1942 sentencing by the Indianapolis court—for publishing precisely the "expose" material the editor of the *Star* "goes to town about" today—did it lend any sort of ear to the premise of his declaimings?

And yet now, up here in 1955, comes the *Star* of Sunday, March 5th, publishing a lead editorial such as the following, which VALOR reprints in full—contending its sentiments should have national audience.

It seems to be a peculiarity of human nature that if you espouse the utterings of one individual in a single particular, you are thereby espousing all his utterings, no matter on what subject. If "one's religious views" be so controversial to the average orthodox religious intelligence that upholding him in his political contentions would appear to be controverting the theologies of the masses, shun him like poison.

Nobody happens to bethink that perchance the intellectual acumen that might breed the one could be equally sagacious about the other.

The irony in the American nationalistic situation is, that unless you be strictly conventional in all your views, you can in nowise expect support from your own breed without compromising those who may still continue hoodwinked.

At any rate, read this Sunday editorial in *The Indianapolis Star* for March 5th. It speaks for itself—

THE OTHER day a reporter asked President Eisenhower if he planned any big economic aid program for Asia this year. The President answered, "There is evolving a plan soon to be crystallized that will be brought out to the Congress for approval."

So there we go again! The last Congress voted to end the life of the Foreign Operations Administration by next June 30. Now the administration is planning to resurrect it—as has been done before.

Americans who are interested in how
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SACRED PSYCHICS . .



THERE have been something like 65 Messages withheld from publication in the volume, the GOLDEN SCRIPTS. They were withheld either because of their great private import or because general readers might not be far enough advanced in Esoterics to comprehend them. Some of them from time to time will be printed on this page. What would you make of the following---



NOW THIS too is important: Know that ye have a mission in flesh so vital that mankind would stumble in the Dark another thousand years if ye failed to manifest in this generation. Think ye well of its importance. Consider it, beloved, in the light of earthly benefaction. Bear the importance of it from the tongues of those who read the future in terms of the past.

Think you that holding such a place in mankind's development, you could have mischief permitted in your affairs?

I say, *mischief hath a place in psychics and their development of no small importance.* It permitteth you to decipher the friend from the enemy for more consequential matters.

Mischief describeth to you that which is well for you to accept, or test before employing.

KNOW that great events impend—as I have told you. But how they impend or what the process that bringeth them, or what the procedure is by which those on This Side of Life perceive them, is something of import for your intelligence.

I have told you of vacuums made by lack of particles in ether, or Etheric Voids. I say, they have a mission in that they hold within themselves the 'psychology of light', using psychology as a term to denote life behavior. These things are important only to the teacher of psychics.

Prophecy cometh out of these vacuums. They descry event by projecting event. The reflection goeth before the Cause in that the reflection is the Cause. The etheric particles form and reform, making manifestation of the order to come in earthly substance.

Sunspots are not whirls of gasses as

astronomers surmise so much as coagulations of events unborn on various planets. They do swirl of an order, yea, but not as fire that is whipped by a gale. They do manifest in light that which cometh in substance, and reading that light arightly we who have knowledge revision what portendeth.

The sun hath power to 'send out', men say. Verily the sun hath no such power, for the sun is an etheric vacuum even as all 'making worlds' are etheric vacuums or nebulae wherein incandescence cometh from great Thought Reservoirs coagulating into fearful frictions . .

CONCERNING Prophecy, out of the future cometh a wind. Great is that gale. Out of the future cometh a fire. Great is its heat. Out of the future cometh a cyclone. Great is the terror of those who perceive it. Out of the future cometh a holocaust. Great is its destruction to those without knowledge.

This is the prophecy: *That men and women shall make mock of divine ceremony amid the planets.* Know ye that unto which I refer.

The days of the Living Loved Ones are numbered. Seven times Seven is that number. The days of the Living Dead shall be numbered. Eleven plus two is the symbol of departure.



Think ye well on this. Add them, my beloved, and your destiny accrueth.

Seven times seven are the days of the living. Eleven plus two are the days of the departed. All else shall pass excepting My words. I say unto you again, excepting the Sons of Light perform, great darkness visiteth upon My people.

THERE is a faculty in ether which draweth it apart, making it to have a void in its heart. Into that void Thought Divine rusheth, Thought that is angelic, and Thought that is mortal. Great are the impacts and Light is born out of them.

I have said unto you that Light is the essence of all things living. Verily all things live by concepts of Thought.

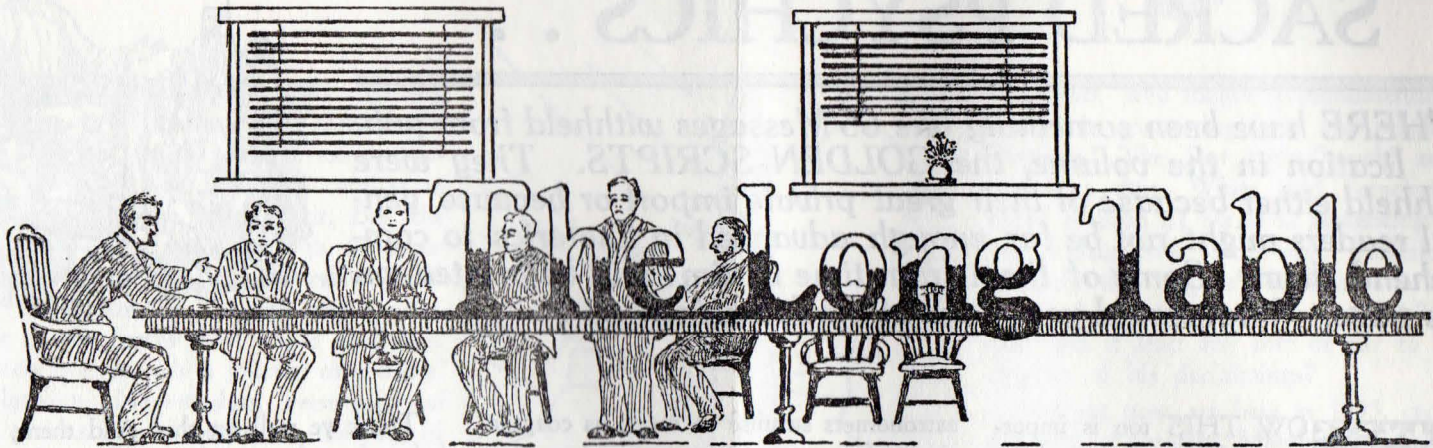
Give ye heed unto a ray of light; ye are beholding a Thought projecting in ether with millions of others, colliding or singing.

Light is the essence of vibration, with love its motive power. Energy bringeth substance to such state that physical observation becometh possible. This is important.

Love cometh of Thought Incarnate. It rusheth through Ether, separating, colliding, manufacturing Energy. Energy perceiveth and enhanceth Ether, stronger in some parts than in others. Thereat is substance. Light cometh when Thought runneth riot, when Ether filleth not, being Pure Thought colliding not with Ether but itself. These things know ye, for verily ye see them manifest.

MY BRETHREN have a charge to keep. They keep it well, I say unto you, doing those things which are pleasing in My sight and I reward them. They go and come in spirit, practicing restrictions that they may serve with vaster

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VEXATION ON VEXATION

PENNSYLVANIA: "What a shameful waste of time and paper, the publicity material you are sending out. Just another angle of Satan decrying God's precious word, the Bible. Woe on to him who causes another to stumble! Your writings are another way of Satan to keep people—precious souls—from seeing the true light, the only way to eternal real peace and joy which is through the Lord, Jesus Christ. Yes, what a shameful lie you flaunt, making it appear that your righteousness is sufficient instead of what Jesus did on the Cross of Calvary. May the Holy Spirit vex you and vex you, that you know no peace until you come to God through the Lord Jesus Christ. Sincerely in Him . . ."

Comment: The Holy Spirit with which Soulcraft assumes it is in touch, doesn't vex anybody. Only purblind denominationalism does that. Trouble is, Pennsylvania, you seem to have caught the form but not the essence of the Galilean's message. You are probably one of those Redeemed Souls who would think nothing of taking an offending child down in the cellar and thrusting it alive into the fire-box of the furnace. You would be tried and executed by the authorities of Pennsylvania if it were proven that you did it, but you worship a God who would do it, respecting Hell, being above the authorities of the State of Pennsylvania.

Quite all right. We are simply not worshipping the same Divinity. Let it go at that.

GULLIBLE

NEW YORK: "I well remember Pelley's interesting allegory which ap-

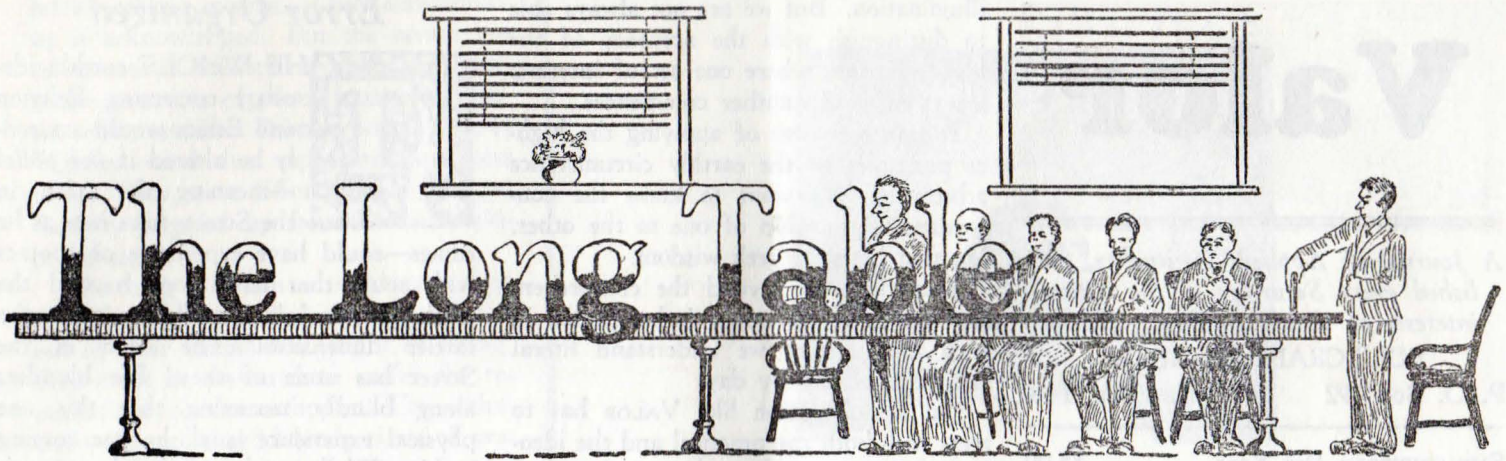
peared in the *American* some time ago, that it created quite a sensation for a time but eventually was written off as the vivid imagination or modern version of Swedenborg. Fanciful fiction. You know Swedenborg visited heaven and hell and talked freely with residents of both places. This he had to do, as during his time Higher Planes and Overhead Levels had not been invented or discovered, so he could repose in comfort while awaiting supernatural revelations and inspiration. *Seven Minutes in Eternity* will measure up favorably with many kindred subjects such as Eddy's Science, Fox Sisters' Spiritualism, Psychianna, Theosophy and a host of others that might be named, and only that the American people are a hopeless nation of suckers, ready to swallow anything that sounds mysterious, the above mentioned sciences—or whatever they may be called—would have died aborning and the world would have suffered no loss . . ."

Comment: Uh-huh. And you, New York, are not a sucker and know all the answers? You know just how you got into life, and where you're going when you come to finish up with it, and the developments of the Hereafter will hold no enigmas for you. And probably if you heard a pair of shoes walk across the floor of an empty room of a house at midnight, you'd not go through the nearest window and take the glass with you, not much. You'd be nonchalant, light a cigarette, and declare it was all done with mirrors. Oh well. Some of us sacrifice our lives for such as you, and wonder why we do it. Blessed are those who know nothing, for they shall rest in the contentment that they know everything. So *Seven Minutes*

was all fanciful fiction, was it? Would that it had been. A lot of heartburn might have been saved, trying to get some real illumination into the heads of Irish boys in New York who affect to know more about the Omniverse than Christ Himself . . .

WHERE DID THE WINE COME FROM?

NEW YORK: "I had a most curious experience a few years ago which it occurs to me you might explain over the *Long Table* . . . I am a woman of 42. One night I dreamed—or supposed I did—that I had gone to a friend's house on Long Island, not found him at home but paused to sit down and wait for him in his trellised grape arbor. The season was autumn and the grounds of the residence were very beautiful with autumnal colors. I recall sitting down at a round iron table under the arbor that was heavy with concord grapes. For a time after seeming to dream this dream, I supposed the sight of those luscious grapes might have put the thought of wine into my head. Now I'm not so certain. What happened was this: As I waited for the occupant of the house to appear, I heard a step near a gate to the left and turned expecting to confront the owner of the premises. But it wasn't he. To my astonishment it was a young political worker from across the Sound in Yorkville whom I hadn't seen for months. I will call him Andrew. Andrew came into the arbor, greeted me, and I told him about our mutual friend, the house's owner, not being at home. 'In that case,' he said, 'I'll get a bottle of port and some plastic cups I have out in my car in front, and we'll have a couple



of good drinks together while we're waiting for him.' Which thing we did. I am not a drinking woman although I do relish an occasional glass of good wine. But in my 'dream' as I supposed it, I felt that I drank too much of Andrew's wine as we sat there and talked. At any rate, I 'dreamed' that I fell into a semi-drunken doze. And when I awakened from it, the morning sun was coming in at the window and I was lying on my bed as usual in my apartment near Central Park. I should have classed the whole experience with ten thousand other insignificant dreams had not this thing happened: A week later, while passing the Astor Library on Fifth Avenue, whom should I run into but Andrew in the flesh. After greeting me, he asked if he could walk with me a distance in the direction I was going, as he had an odd experience to recount to me. Believe it or not, I could scarcely believe my ears when he described the meeting at the friend's place on Long Island, precisely what we had talked about after he brought the port in from his car, and ended by declaring, 'For once you drank so much of the stuff that you went to sleep on it. But it was all so vivid that you've been on my mind every day since.' Here then is a circumstance of two people 'dreaming' precisely the same dream, in the same spot, remembering the same conversation, and having identical experiences in their separate persons. Could you give me any explanation as to how it could happen?"

Comment: Seems to Soulcraft here is well-nigh proof of the Etheric Double . . . You hadn't either of you been dreaming and naught else. You had actually been at the friend's home on Long Island in your Etheric Doubles, which, operating

on the same plane or frequency of vibration, had been apparent to one another. Only instead of penetrating to a loftier plane, you both were operating on this earth-plane. Was it real or "etheric" part? It was probably provided by the same thought-form projection common to the Third Plane when you are out of your bodies and not coming back . . .

REBELLION

OREGON: "I note that a certain sameness seems to run under the doctrines of all the so-called Esoteric cults. Come right down to it, don't they all own up, directly or indirectly, to the same etheric structure? Why go into them, when each one appears to differ only in details? Thoroughly read one and you come to grasp them all."

Comment: Soulcraft has run into a batch of critics this week mainly because it acquired some names of perspective clients from a certain orthodox source in the middle west. And the chief obstacle to be hurdled in approaching the orthodox client is *smugness*. Few seem to grasp that they are pontificating more or less from childhood fixations. The comment that one esoteric cult is like every other esoteric cult is open to debate. Underneath all mysticism runs a scarlet cord of Truth—in other words, reference to supra-mortal conditions of the soul and consciousness. But different temperaments interpret it differently or from the angle of personified experience. To say that one derives the same spiritual profits from Mary Eddy, Helene Blavatsky and Frank G. Robinson, however, is to disclose to the sophisticate how little the candidate has

delved in any of the three. As for Soulcraft or the *Golden Scripts*, it isn't a cult to start with. It's merely the modern re-establishment of original Christian fundamentals. One should ask oneself first, "What am I seeking?" In truth, what is one seeking, in examining any of these esoteric specialities? If it's a case of having answered, "What's Life all about?" it's fair to come back with the demand, "Who are you, that anyone should tell you?" If there's one particular sesame to these ancient mysteries, it's contriteness in inquiry. Actually there's too much bona fide heart-hunger on the part of purblind humankind to waste much effort in edifying the breed that's quite positive it's "redeemed". By the very fact of accrediting the Redemption it's identifying its degree of illiteracy. But tell 'em they're illiterate and you only make 'em mad. Okay, so what? . . .

REAL INQUIRY

MICHIGAN: "You don't need to talk to me about the probability of Mr. Pelley's Seven-Minutes experience. I want you to know that I have undergone almost an identical experience not once but several times. Nobody, of course, who has not gone through it can appreciate what it means to experience it. The thing actually puzzling me is, why do we encounter such spiritual adventures when it is expected of us to return to the earth-plane and go along with our lives?"

Comment: Probably for no other purpose than to be able to attest to others that survival is a fact and they'd better become aware of it. But alas, how many of us truly do anything about it?

Valor

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Two Planes

LET'S try to have this understood—

In any such labor as Soulcraft is engaged in, a peculiar bit of intellectual gymnastics is necessary. The woes of current conditions on this centrosome and hard-core earth-plane of Cosmos must be acknowledged and interpreted as circumstances give rise, while the psychology of the overall picture from the cosmic viewpoint is equally as necessary. Otherwise earthly turmoils and tribulations have no significance.

On the earth-plane under current conditions, forces of anti-Christian and anti-spiritual purport are rampant, seeking to curtail or supervise all intelligence reaching down to us from loftier octaves. This is a situation that commands prime consideration. But overshadowing all of it there are the Eternal Stipulations, that Soul-man is progressing through a series of stratum of experiences to perfect himself in cosmic realities. Attention has to be accorded to both, though at times they are competitive.

Actually we're striving to achieve a total understanding of what our own earth-plane represents in the organization of the Whole. Thus is the United Nations issue equal in import with the truths delineated in *Soul Eternal*.

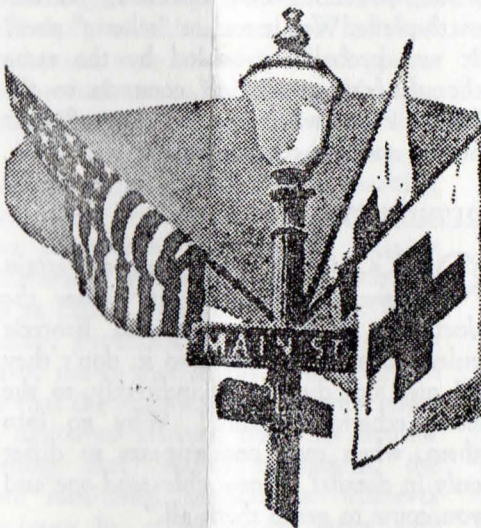
We are souls seeking guidance through a multiplicity of condition whose significances are beyond us. We have opened minds for all that is bona fide in cosmic

illumination. But we are not always able to distinguish with the accuracy of the higher octaves where one set of interests leaves off and another commences.

It isn't a matter of applying the higher principles to the earthly circumstance arbitrarily. We want to know the concordant relationship of one to the other. On that basis we seek wisdom.

This thing is beyond the comprehension of all of us unless it be graded in such aspects that we understand literal significances day by day.

But a publication like VALOR has to treat with both the practical and the ideological as conveyed in the cosmic utterances. Actually we of this earth-plane are as third-grade grammar-school pupils, directed to comprehend higher calculus. It is by no means easy.



Congressman Whoozis demands that we publicize this, that, them and those. He has no more conception of the values he's dealing in than a frog has conception of why Westbrook Peglar has contempt for the memory of Heywood Broun. Soulcraft and VALOR tries to find the common denominator in logic for all human vagaries, political and metaphysical.

The acceptance is, that as we solve the headaches of this earth deception, we shall have perfected ourselves in the intellectual adroitness to solve the headaches of the higher zones consistently.

But the role isn't sinecure. We have to go forward as this-plane conditions dictate . . . It explains why we are in them—and getting nowhere fast!

Error Organized

THE WHOLE earthly ideology respecting Religion and Ethics would assuredly be altered if *hoi polloi*—meaning the Man in the Street, take him as he comes—could have experience of contact with souls that have gone beyond the earth-plane and discovered how it is in the loftier dimensions. The Man in the Street has none of these. He blunders along blindly, assuming that this one physical experience is all he has coming to him. Well, perchance there's a lesson in such blindness that he fails to identify. He *does* take this earth-plane with a certain finality seriousness. And that is attainment of a sort in itself. He learns to give it attendance and allegiance. Maybe he would disastrously shirk his earth-plane obligations if he were convinced this octave were but temporary. We have to think of such possibilities.

What we're really engaged at doing is enlightening a segment of the current species to catch visions of the Ultimate and thus inspire the whole though insinuations of impovement.

Error is *organized* on this core-plane of Earth. That is to say, it's in a position to rise *en masse* against him or her who brings humanity too brilliant illuminations of Reality. Crucifixion is the penalty. What's it all worth? That's purely a cosmic inquiry requiring a cosmic answer. One way of regarding it is to say that we're merely armored worms down here on the bottom of a vast ocean of air, exerting a pressure of 14.7 pounds per square inch. What are we expected to know of life anywhere near the surface or even of the atmosphere or stratosphere above where winged creatures volplane in celestial sunshine?

Yet we do know about it. Some of us came down out of it to attempt to inspire the forms of life on the deep-sea bottom that rising into it finally is destiny. The things is really bigger than factual locations, anyhow. The whole conspectus of accomplishment is what should interest the great rank and file of us.

And yet it can only do so as certain soul-men risk crucifixion to achieve it. We ought to think of that as well.

Behind and above all of it, however, rears to the cosmic savant the reality of

loftier etheric spheres. Their substantiality is acknowledged. But the savant has to operate in this sphere under the intolerable pressures of them. It is not a happy circumstance. People want Higher Wisdom—and then repudiate the rigors of it. They want Effortlessness and get Activity stepped up beyond their comprehension.

One thing is certain . . . prophets in their roles as prophets get precious little "kick" out of their distinctions. Right or wrong, they must be prepared to suffer the repudiations of the orthodox. The orthodox—who are they? Merely those of preconceived and imaginary opinions—people who have Already Made Up Their Minds.

Their entire Golgotha of it is well-nigh incomprehensible. But there it is. You learn, or you don't learn, according as cosmic circumstance afflicts you.

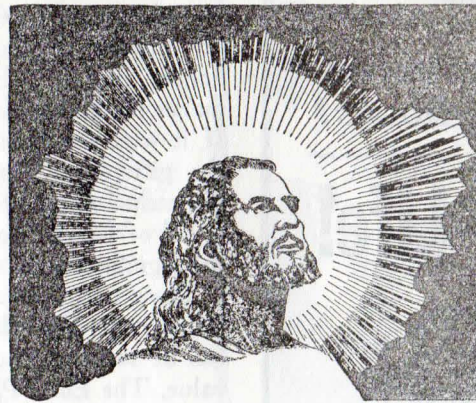
The Pivot Men



WHOLE editorial page might be assigned to the subject of those who came into life in this Dispensation to help bring in the Kingdom but succumbed to the hypnosis of practical facts and aligned themselves within the rows of the spiritual Opportunists. "I'll help, Lord, as I find myself in largess of circumstance to contribute of my surplus that the Work may go forward." That they should reconvert yon television set into coinage that the Program might be underwritten is a presumptuous outrage. That their chromium motorcars and their sumptuous apartments should be liquidated is a thought equally as unthinkable. "Give me largess, Lord, and I'll be as generous as circumstances dictate." What is to be their discomfiture in the Final Day is not for current contemplation. That the Lord might comment—ament their television sets, their chromium motorcars and their sumptuous apartments—"Ha-Ha-Ha—Pooh!" falls in the classification of purposeful mulctings.

You only get credit on the Higher Side for those sacrificings that have meant real personal discomfitures.

But try to convince *hoi polloi* of that in the current maelstrom of economic dilemma. In this the Lord's Work suffers



.. HE SMILES ..

By Winchester MacDowell



EW ARTISTS paint Him with a smile
His face is ever sad to see,
As if no jest could ever be
Appropriate or worth His while.
The kindly humor that could pat
The heads of boys for breathless glee,
And say, "Let children come to Me,"
No brush, with smiles, has rendered that.

Yet One who blessed a little child
And walked the ways of common men,
Though troubled deeply now and then
With friends about Him must have smiled.
Despite His mien in Holy Word
His chuckle, I suspect, was sweet
When, children playing at His feet,
He jested of some quip He'd heard.

He must have had a twinkling eye,
Relaxed at times in gentle mirth,
To be so greatly loved on earth,
So bravely, for mankind, to die.
Although it was a tender laugh
It must have cheered o'erburdened hearts
And though men saw it not in marts
It should have eased their loads by half.

No laugh of His but love would hold
Where only sympathy was meant,
Its import sounded where men went
Their tortured courage to enfold.
Someday when vision's promptings stir
I'll paint that charming smile
When men forget the doleful guile
Which birthed that 'Man of Sorrows' slur!

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from selfishness. "Sorry I can't dispatch my tithe this month, Lord, but I'm expected to provide Christmas presents for my intimates." It never dawns upon such donors that it's the Lord who thereby makes the gifts—by no means themselves. If it were the Lord's funds that bought the gifts, then the earthly donors have dispatched them under misrepresentation.

All of which is getting far afield from the significance of the Pivot Men.

Their real first-interest is the Master's Objectives. For these naught bartered can be sacrifice, naught relinquished have value. The Earth-Plane is not a plane of values anyhow, merely illusions. The world is filled with disciples who cry, "Everything I have is Thine, Lord," but whose facial expressions do a high dive when the Lord replies, "Then sell that diamond ring your wife gave you Christmas and apply the funds to promoting My work." What a thing for the Lord to propose—that a loving gift be surrendered, meaning so much as connubial momento. What they truly should have cried was, "Everything I don't actually need, is Thine, Lord. Be certain you ask me to denote only that which I truly don't feel economically or sentimentally. But possessions that cost me something . . what kind of a Lord are you, anyhow, that asks me to underwrite your work . . when You're supposed to be arbiter over the wealth of the omniverse?"



So such souls spin into the fourth dimension and find everything of Darkness. Indeed, and why not? What hades-plane electric bills have they prepaid?

These things are the truly great matters we would understand from Soulcraft. Whether a lava pit overflows in the Hawaiias or Secretary Dulles gets a nod from the Marxists premier of Transylvania, these are collisions of particles in schoolyard star-dust. Is the cosmic work proceeding properly on all etheric levels?—that is—the quandary that makes Betelgeuse murmur.

And yet wives do require to give diamond finger rings for Yuletide and just try and pawn one and see what results. The only thing important is the event in the NOW. Pivot-Men can wait. Thus the Temple of Truth may get its foundations laid but all above sod-level be scaffolding and good intentions.

So let the world go to perdition in a hack.

Hubby's diamond is monumental.

Saving It with Talk

(Continued from Page 3)

ready carried their crosses up Golgotha and know what Calvaries are effected by success, it will be time to greet their belated formation with acclaim. Certainly "they mean well" but the campaigner who's been through a couple of major wars and felt the enemy's steel in his groin, regards them, forsooth, with a certain commiseration.

If they actually *knew* what their idealisms are inviting, not a mother's son among them would "stick their necks out" the distance of eight inches.

The enemy in this war is playing for keeps.

It takes *soldiers* to fight it, not Boy Scouts.

Let it go at that for the moment . .

Sacred Psychics

(Continued from Page 5)

wisdom. My sisters are the right hands and the left to those who are My brethren, for ye know not the goodness, the greatness, the beauty or the grace, nor perceptions of those who manifest Service.

Handmaidens are higher than princesses in the Kingdom of The Host, for princess have honors of empty acclamation for what they would think themselves while handmaidens bring in baskets of beauteous fruits that the guests of the household may know their refreshment.

I leave you now with blessing. I say unto you, come as it pleaseth you. Oft do I gather with you when ye know not who speaketh, enlightening you in heavenly problems, enhancing you for earthly

gardenings. Let this be your shibboleth—
The Son of Man hath an errand. He performeth it through *you*. Therefore stand ye as an armament, yea, as an equipment to win a vast battle . . .
PEACE

The Crisis

(Continued from Page 4)

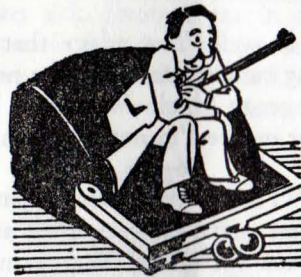
their tax money has been spent abroad should get a copy of a book called "Billions, Blunders and Baloney" by Eugene Castle if they want some help in supplying Congress with ideas for economy. You don't have to agree with all of Mr. Castle's conclusions to realize just from the facts presented that FOA is not only worse than useless, it is harming American policy abroad.

THE U. S. Information Agency, another target of Castle's, has 10,171 employes in Washington and overseas. What do they all do? They duplicate the private press services in supplying news overseas which is rarely used because it is considered propaganda. They make movies that they take out to show people how wonderful America is which often create the reverse impression and which are shown mostly to captive audiences. Yet the private U.S. film industry has daily audiences abroad of 200,000,000 people! They live in nice homes with nice allowances in nice districts and put up nice exhibits in places where the average citizen rarely goes. They do not mingle with the people or adopt their customs or try to learn their cultural and psychological natures. As a result the USIA has, to date, done more to antagonize our foreign friends than to woo them. The results are obvious, of course. Never has the United States been held in less respect than today. Never have we had less support from our allies. Never have our enemies been able to sneer at us with such impunity. Until we began sending these journalistic gauleiters abroad to "sell" the United States we were not only respected and admired, we were liked!

We have sent \$112,000,000,000 abroad in foreign aid in less than 15 years. What good did it do us? Are we more secure than 10 years ago? Are we better liked than 10 years ago? Do we have more loyal allies than 10 years ago? Are our

enemies weaker than 10 years ago? Do we have more "friends" in other countries than 10 years ago? Is our aim of supporting freedom further along than 10 years ago? It is not!

Think what schools and highways that \$112,000,000,000 could have built in the United States! Think of the military power we could have built with that \$112,000,000,000! We could have paid off nearly half of our national debt with it! Which would have done us more good? Which will do us more good in the future?



LAST year Congress allocated \$5,245,575,795 for FOA. Yet there was already a back log of \$10,000,000,000 unspent and \$2,000,000,000 of this was not even allocated! But when Congressmen objected and tried to slash it, the administration put on the pressure and cried "wolf" once more and they buckled under. If Congress had eliminated FOA last year, as it had planned, we would have a balanced budget now with something left over for tax reduction.

But Mr. Stassen says, "We cannot, nor must we ever trim our aid to needy free nations just for the sake of cutting our own budget." So we owe everybody in the world a living, including those who oppose us, except ourselves.

We have tried to buy allies and we failed. We have tried to buy peace and got three wars. We have tried to buy friendship and bought only enmity. The most conspicuous example is India to which we will have given \$378,000,000 by next year. India not only refuses to join us in our peace and security efforts. India joins the other side against us! Yet we keep on. And Stassen's minions keep calling this "success."

Mr. Castle's cites a conversation with a Turkish newspaperman. "There are no 'Yank go home!' signs in Turkey," he said. "Turks like Yanks; Yanks like Turks. The only Yanks the Turks don't

(Continued on Page 15)



"Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!"

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Cogitations

Pella

WELL, this issue of VALOR is coming out on my 65th birthday. Sixty-five years ago this night a physician in the city of Lynn, Massachusetts, received a hurry-up call on a maternity case shortly after midnight. He was admitted to a narrow story-and-a-half house on a side street not far from the Massachusetts Metaphysical College recently owned and conducted by a lady stirrer-upper named Mary Baker Eddy. Mother was confined in a tiny front bedroom on the second floor—the narrow house, not the Metaphysical College—reached by a steep flight of stairs. The story went that the medico bumped his cranium on an overhanging coping just before entering the maternity chamber, knocking his hat down tight on his ears. His comment was, capriciously, “Well, it’s *little* better than a log cabin, at any rate.” Then he went inside and did his stuff. What had he meant? Throughout my early years Mother seemed to feel proud of that comment but I never could get it. Between twenty and ten minutes to one o’clock I was yowling my small cranium off for nourishment—and getting it. I have gotten it ever since. The house has long since been demolished, not that it means anything. I went back and viewed it once in my eleventh year. It was built closely between two more pretentious houses—as most of the side-street structures in Lynn at the time—had three or four front steps going up from tar sidewalk to a roofless “stoop” and a small front bay-window that gave light to the parlor. We moved away from that house when I was sixteen months. Yet I can recall distinctly not only the layout of those rooms on both floors but their fur-

nishings as well. The adage that a human being cannot think until he possesses a language to think *in*, simply is not true . . . or maybe I’m not a human being.

o—o

I MAINTAIN they were the nation’s happiest years, between 1890 and our participation in World War I in 1917. Most of the Eighteen-Nineties I passed in the country backhills of the north central portion of the State, but at least twice a year one of my parents permitted me to accompany him or her back to the Boston vicinity to visit parental relatives. The only break in the tenor of our ways was the blowing up of the Battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor in 1898. Then



the bugles were sounding across summer sunset and men were enlisting for Chickamauga and San Juan Hill. I saw them march away to the South Gardner trains—and lived to see them come back, those who weren’t poisoned by rancid beef that gave rise to the Chicago stockyards scandals. No matter. I was in life and growing along. The one thing I recall most vividly about those long-ago years, in either town or country, was their *tranquility*. Traffic roar was unknown, even down in Boston. What you got instead

was the clop of horse’s hoofs or the sturdy claque of truck tires—steel—on cobblestones. These and the whine of “electric cars” negotiating speeds from block to block. Even the main business thoroughfares of those cities had no traffic congestion. What they did have was electric-car congestion. In Springfield, just after the turn of the century, I saw electric cars jammed pilot to bumper the entire ten blocks of Main Street, as much alike as early Ford jalopies, only identifiable by their differently painted colors. But the purr they made on the long runs was pleasant. Our favorite pastime in summer was to board the front seat of an “open” car, just behind the motorman, and go ten miles for a breather—for five cents. The undulating motion of those four-wheeled cars speeding over glistening rails was one of the thrills of that long-vanished childhood . . .

o—o

AFTER I wrote that article in VALOR a few weeks ago on possibilities of Old Timers’ Leagues, one of the younger generation demanded to know what besides autos, radio and airplanes particularly made life at the turn of the century so much different than today. In fact, more than once such query was offered. I had an answer that permitted of no argument. I said, “We went into debt for practically nothing. If we didn’t have the money to put down for something we wanted, we didn’t buy it.” The only exception to this rule was real estate. We did buy places to live in on a mortgage. But that was the only obligation disturbing our peace of mind. What we’ve learnt to do since is go into debt and name it Progress not to let it worry us. I saw in an Economic report last week

that the per capita debt of every family in these United States was something like \$24,500, national debt included. Back in the Nineties and Nineteen Hundreds the man who couldn't settle his weekly grocery bill Saturday night—and get his pink-and-green-striped bag of candy—was a community pariah. If you "owed" anything anywhere, your whole neighborhood knew it. We went on a cash basis, and slept soundly nights. We didn't have collectors pushing our frontdoor bells the week around for chromium motorcars, television sets, patent cookers, new fangled refrigerators, and Yuletide gifts bought on credit last Christmas. The most-thronged store in any city was "Woolworth's Five-and-Ten" . . . Instead of taverns and movies palaces we had Ten-Twenty-Thirty melodramas—which of course were rank extravagance—or church. There was something going on "at church" every evening in the week but Saturday. Ninety percent of people had bona fide savings bank accounts and got three, four, or five percent on their money. The most they'll pay you today is 2½ percent, but few people are aware of it because they have nothing to save in them . . .

o—o

HUM, sixty-five years, only five years more to my allotted three score years and ten. I've had a good life. O. Henry once said that no life is complete without its knowing Love, War, and Poverty. I've loved several worthy ladies, one at a time, and here and there one of them has loved me—or I've assumed that she did. At least she put up with me. I've known three wars, Spanish, Kaiser Bill, and Hitler, in the second of which I traveled seven thousand miles for Uncle Sam through the heart of Bolshevia. As for Poverty, I've known how to get along without things I couldn't afford, but my life has been more distinguished by Success than penury. I've had two business failures while battling my own way commercially since January, 1907. No more. I've brought from 20,000 to 50,000 people into a more intimate knowledge of the Elder Brother and contrived to acquire friends in every country on earth. My banner year was 1924, due to the success of two-best-selling books plus extravagant movie royalties. Harriet's was the only intimate death I've had in my immediate family, both mother and father

dying elsewhere in my enforced absence. I've never known a broken bone in my body in my six-and-a-half decades, been ill just once—from swimming in chemically befouled water—and had one hospital operation from which I enjoyed total recovery. I mention such items not to brag, but to show what kind of a life America could turn up if one conserved his assets and did no helling around. In what other country could you duplicate it?

o—o

AT SIXTY-five I don't have an ache or a pain in my body the year around. I'm never sick. Every organ in my physical ensemble functions to perfection but my sense of smell. And thank God for that! I still can outwork any ten men



who are half my age for concentrated attention the clock around. I only wear glasses for close-up reading or typing. There isn't a square inch of flesh from my neck to my heels that doesn't possess the same health and elasticity that it showed at twenty. True, my feet will get me limping from too long standing over imposing-stones but I blame that on the fact that being a Piscean, foot weariness is zodiacal. I can eat three meals a day, any kind of food, and relish every morsel of it. And I can still write an average of 6,000 words a day, seven days a week, and arise to let four dogs in or out the place with no more than normal profane expletive. But the biggest thrill of this lengthy and spectacular life of mine has



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been contained in the experiences of conversing face to face, by word of mouth, with the living dead for upwards of twenty-seven years. To me there are, in consequence, no such persons as *dead* people. Thus fear of death is minus in my ideology. I sleep six to seven hours of every night, and sleep them soundly. Sacred prediction has had it, time and again, that the climactic sequences of my career are still ahead. But I'm prepared to confront them and get them behind me. You have to be as familiar with all the Planes as you are with this one, to be a trifle disdainful of mortal importance. It really isn't important—mortality. It's merely something to be ridden out . . .

o—o

FRANKLY, I don't think the youngsters of this rising generation are getting the solid satisfaction out of being alive, that I've gotten, in that they *can't*. Circumstances don't permit it. I have an adult son and daughter both living, and five grandchildren. All are successes as successful life is measured in the crazy present. Instead of going in for writing, as my daughter has done, my only son has gone in for banking. At thirty-five he's a vice-president of one of the biggest banks in the East. I'm proud of every inch of his six feet-one because he's gotten where he has by merit and not favoritism. But I still doubt if he'll get the thrill out of life that his father has gotten. He's living in a different civilization. But what I'm really praying for him is, that when *he* reaches 65, he possesses as many friends who'll go to hell for him as his old man possesses. I say, assuming he does, he can count his life well lived. Whether he leaves 103 books behind him on a shelf for people to continue to read after he's gone, is entirely immaterial. It's the number and quality of the colleagues you've annexed that decides whether your life has been a saga or a flop. True, you can have enemies as well—and the chances are if you've got steadfast friends, your enemies are both numerous and vicious. But that's to your credit. Always make certain they're enemies you're proud of. I'm sixty-five tonight and can say honestly that not a single experience I've encountered in those years has left the slightest trace of embitterment upon me. I'd cheerfully forgive *all* my enemies—only they'd consider themselves insulted if I did so. Any-



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how, they're not corner grocers nor char-ladies. I'm rather proud of the fact that they're America's enemies as well as mine, although I'm not sure that gives me right to forgive them for that. I know I enter my 66th year as game for anything of a complicated nature confronting me as I felt at twenty—perhaps a lot more so, because my sense of values has developed. But I do congratulate myself that I specified a sequence in American life to be born in and live, that supplied me with the best that the Republic had to give me in its prime. It has been an experience that's paid off. Talk about Sunset Years all you want. Sunsets can show themselves the day's most beautiful part. So, be seeing you in 1960. And I'd hate to bet I won't be around and as senilely reminiscing. One thing, thank God, there's particularly nothing the matter with. That's my memory . . . I'm going to use it in good stead after I've tripled the speed of my etheric vibrations and come back to haunt you . . . and don't think I mayn't do it . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

The Crisis

(Continued from Page 11)

like are your propagandists all over our country. If they would go home it would be still better for Turkish American relations. Never mind the men who might be left without jobs."

IF WE want to buy propaganda in foreign countries, we should hire foreign press agents who know something about their own countries and how people think. We have built huge monuments to our psychological stupidity in our lavish embassies and official residences abroad which excite envy, not admiration, sneers, not praise from local citizens. Our troops are another source of irritation. If the next war is to be fought in the air with atomic weapons, why not bring them home and eliminate this ever present source of irritation?

But America's chief failure in foreign policy, a failure that still persists, stems from trying to do with dollars and propaganda what can only be done with sound policy. The Soviets make successful propaganda only because they have successful diplomatic and military policies.



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When they win a victory in the Tachen Islands it is worth 1,000 SEATOs. Every Geneva is worth a score of Marshall Plans. Every victory in Indo-China is worth billions spent on propaganda. Every diplomatic or military retreat by the U.S. is worth 1,000,000 Harold Stassens. A successful and dynamic foreign policy will automatically bring successful propaganda, more solid alliances, more respect and admiration abroad. Retreats do not excite either confidence or respect.

So Congress should end all foreign aid this year and force the administration to concentrate on building sound policy. By balancing our budget we would be greatly strengthened at home. By bringing home our despised propagandists andresented troops we would be strengthened psychologically abroad. The slogan for this Congress should paraphrase the slogan that our stupidities and naivetes abroad have brought upon us, “Stassen Go Home”—and stay there!

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



OVER the week-end Soulcraft Headquarters profited much by the visit of a medico from the South. He was young, alert, well informed on cosmic fundamentals. "What I'm waiting to have determined for me," he said, "is how to differentiate between patients applying to me for medical help whose karma specifies physical handicap to develop them spiritually and those applying to me whose faulty physical condition is interfering with their acquisition of spiritual wisdom enabling them to complete their mortal missions. If I'm curing people who aren't supposed to be cured, I'm *interfering* in their karma. If I'm curing those who have no business confronting illness or physical handicap, I'm *helping* with their karma. In either case I'm involving myself as a factor. But I have no enlightenment to acquaint me which is which." All of it wasn't so screwball as it can sound. It brings up that irrepressible question of *Healing*. Are there people in earth-life not supposed to be healed? Of course a universal screech of protest arises at the intolerable prospect of it. All the same, when you get a fairly accurate picture of the nature and significance of the various higher "planes" many points are projected whose solutions aren't so simple . . .

TWO MAJOR enigmas call for attention. One of the oldest theologic stipulations is to actualize "the Kingdom of God" on earth. But a comprehensive look at the purposes and natures of the enshrouding spheres brings up the puzzle as to how any idealistic Kingdom of God can be realized on this hard earth-core of circumstance, seeing it is *what* it is and the character of the purpose it obviously serves in compelling Soul-Man to progress. The Kingdom of God brought literally to the slow-motion centrosome of the spheres would destroy the latter's nature and therefore its function. Thereby would the orderly ensemble of those spheres be disrupted. The idealistic social condition called the Kingdom of God is really a progressive status that must be earned. But it's more than reward for one life of rectitude. It's proceeding into a consciousness whose capabilities make the individual Soul-Man *eligible* for facile performance within it. As an idealism the Kingdom of God Idea is, of course, commendable. As a practicality it tends to destroy any graded system of purposeful attainments. This may seem heresy to put into words but it's something to note as a factor in logic . . . Then there's another anachronism . . . At the same time intellectual Soul-Man is absorbing cosmic wisdom to a point where his attain-

ments make him the capable mentor for those beneath him, his allotment of earthly life-force is running out. He is, as earth-folk describe it, "becoming aged" and his vehicle exhausting its efficiencies for function. The unlettered solve it by exclaiming, "But if he's got true illumination he should have access to a reservoir of life-force that sustains him indefinitely." Well, that's just the point, interference with the mechanics of the planes again. You're not only eliminating one of the major disciplines of earth and the cause for souls vacating the physical envelop at proper time but you're introducing a state which tens of millions can't profit from. And if they can't profit from it, why tantalize them by suggestions of it?

APPLY to Higher Mentors for elucidation and what happens? You get psychologies expressed willingly enough but peculiar to the planes on which they're functioning. Listening to their counsel for any lengthy time leaves you with the disconsolation that they've forgotten how to be conscious of the limitations of this earth-level. They prescribe what seems apparent to them from the octaves of their new residence. Particularly in this matter of health and Healing they hopelessly mix up the fundamentals of the Kingdom-of-God levels with the fundamentals of this Sub-Hades earth level but are unable to discern that they're mixing them up. Yet their positivities carry the effect of infallible pronouncements. Their psychology is, of course, that everyone should be exempted from health handicaps but hypochondriacal Soul-Man's mission to himself in a given life isn't so much ignored as not comprehended. One of the erroneous illusions to be suffered in earth-life comes from the assumption that people have carried along into their higher status every last one of the psychological sentiencies pertaining to octaves previously lived. Perhaps they've done no such thing at all. Yet not a shred of blame attaches to them. Maybe what's really being uttered here is the discomfitting adage that "Too much wisdom may be as bad as not enough." Anyhow, it's something that challenges our intelligent consideration . . . It begins to look

as though it's well-nigh a "must" for Soulcraft to publish a terse, vital book on the *Analysis of Invalidism*. It would be invaluable to physicians while in no way doing other than aiding patients capable of understanding it. At least it presents the disquieting thought that perchance everybody in the world has been teaching Esoterics the wrong way around. Maybe Esoterics should be approached from the overall portrait of the Planes and their purposes, working from Timelessness down to Materiality.

¶ **WHAT** do men see
in any kingly line save
that it runs back to the
basic successful soldier?