

VALOR

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VIII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, March 19, 1955

Number 21



WHO POLICES THE WORLD AT THE LAST? ..

SCORES of Soulcrafters keep sending VALOR copies of a publication called *Good News*, put out by Ambassador College, Pasadena, California, particularly the issue of May, 1953, and asking that VALOR make comment upon it.

Ambassador College appears to be a pentecostal religious institution and its organ, *Good News*, a most commendable publication devoted to the Second Coming of Christ.



The specific article making the May, 1953 issue of such outstanding import was headed *What Is Prophesied!* and presented an analysis of political combinations abroad foreboding no good to the United States, and yet seeming to augment or confirm definite statements in Soulcraft's *Golden Scripts*. Hence the perturbation among VALOR readers.

Inasmuch as the articles in *Good News* are copyrighted, total reprinting in this Golden Times Weekly is not permissible. VALOR does importune journalistic courtesy, however, in treating with excerpts from "What Is Prophesied!" so that editorial comment in all sympathetic fellowship with the strictly Christian principles expounded makes intelligent reading to Soulcrafters interested. The overall thesis offered is the highly controversial question, "Who polices the world at the last?", after the atom bomb has worked such universal havoc that no repetition of it is possible?

Opening with the statement that the present is fearful and asking what the immediate future holds, *Good News* comes back with the assurance that the invisible certainties of Prophecy assure a peaceful, prosperous, happy world tomorrow. But humanity has first its "greatest lesson to learn." And the unseen factor in the immediate atomic future is God.

No one finds fault with such acclamations. But the visible signs all point to horror, disintegration and annihilation. What really started in 1914 was revolution of a sort, says the publication's editor, Herbert W. Armstrong. It set off a chain reaction of world explosions politically that dethroned kings, toppled governments, invaded and overran nations. New *isms* appeared, in fury bent on con-

quering and ruling the world. Today the globe is in chaos, fearful of a far more awful World War III, already engaged in relentless cold war, spiced with little hot wars in Korea and China.

And the hellish Hydrogen Bomb is here—a living, terrifying reality.

Just how hellish is this H-Bomb? this publication by the title *Good News* wants to know.

"It is the kind of bomb that can be built as powerful as the nation constructing it desires," this college organ informs us. "The size most spoken of is an H-Bomb 1000 times as powerful as the A-Bombs dropped on Japan. But it could be made many times more powerful than that! The process employed in the A-Bomb is *fission*. That in the H-Bomb is *fusion*."

"The reason the H-Bomb was not produced in the first place is that no way was known to explode it. It was like igniting a tremendous pile of dried brush soaked in gasoline. There was no known 'match' to ignite and set off the terrific super explosion of hydrogen. It required a temperature equal to the fusion of hydrogen in the sun, 20 million degrees centigrade. But the highest temperature man knew how to use on the earth was around 6,000 degrees centigrade. There was no 'match' powerful enough to set off the hydrogen bomb. However, the scientists at Los Alamos produced a fission atomic bomb that generated a temperature of 60 million degrees centigrade at the instant of its explosion. This is three times the temperature of the interior of the sun. The atomic bomb therefore produced the match to ignite the 1000 times more powerful H-Bomb."

Admitting for the sake of argument that Armstrong has his scientific facts right, he goes on—

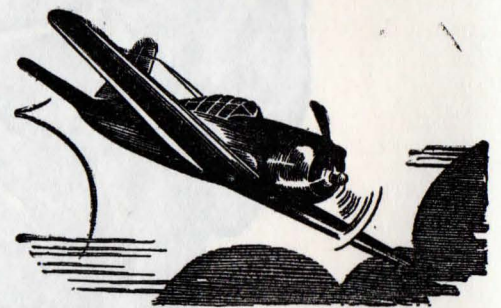
"Now consider the terrifying fact that American scientists have developed an A-Bomb six to eight times more powerful than the bombs dropped on Japan. But this fantastic explosive is merely the trigger to set off an H-Bomb. Although the latter can be made many more times powerful yet, consider how hellish is the Hy-

drogen Bomb generally mentioned—1000 times as powerful as the A-Bomb . .

"TO BE most effective it would be detonated a few miles in the air above the target. In the millionth of a second the A-Bomb trigger would explode terrifying fury three times hotter than the sun, causing hydrogen bombs to fuse and instantaneously unleash imagination-defying destruction on the great cities below. Directly beneath, in a circle ten miles across, everything would be instantly *vaporized*. Total destruction would occur to everything in a circle twenty miles across. In an area 40 miles across the buildings would crumble in flames and people suffer horrible burns. Heat would burst over the ground below first, igniting instantaneous fires 35 miles in all directions. Everything inflammable would burst into flames. There would be a tapering off of damage by fire as far as 40 miles further out, covering a total area 110 miles across.

"Then almost immediately after this burst of heat—as if the sun had suddenly touched the earth—the blast would rock the earth. Burning buildings would pulverize or be crumpled to the ground. The explosion would rock an area of 300 square miles. On the outskirts people and buildings that withstood the heat would be crumpled by the imagination defying blast. But that is not all.

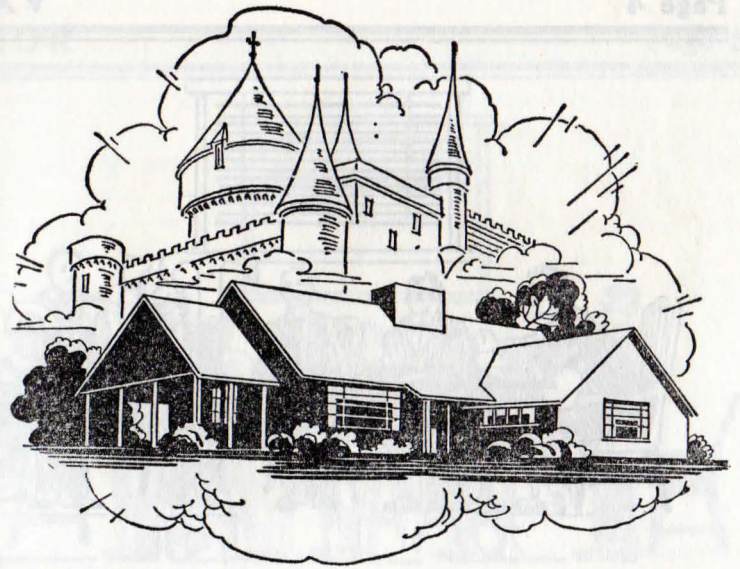
"Following this, all furv would break loose. That roaring heat churning the atmosphere would set in motion mighty hurricanes. How hellish is the H-bomb?"



"It is more hellish than human minds can grasp. Yet this is the comparative 'peaceful' form of the H-Bomb. This is what is called the 'nonrigged' bomb. A bomb constructed in the 'rigged' form would liberate a huge cloud equal to five million pounds of radium. Such radio-

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Enlightening Society about Loftier Planes of Cosmic Realities



IT'S a profitable thing once in a while to stand off and regard life upon this planet dispassionately. What is its distinguishing characteristic? How does it differ from existence on loftier planes of spirit? What product has God Almighty been striving to obtain by fashioning the earth-world as average mortals find it? The psychologist says one thing. The sociologist says another. The theologian assumes he has *all* the answers and every one of them unchallengeable. We open the communication cables to regions of Higher Light, however, and receive replies that jolt some of us badly.

"The distinguishing feature of your earth-plane," declare these last, "is supervision and discipline of spirit by insensate materials. Next to that, Heterogeneity."

Heterogeneity means that state or quality of differing in kind, having unlike characteristics, dissimilar. But supervision and discipline of spirit by insensate materials—what is meant by that?

It means that this is the one plane in Cosmos where free spirit is first imprisoned in bodily vehicle, then bodily vehicle makes what difficult way it can against the opposition of planetary gravity, atmospheric conditions, the immutable nature of substances in various forms, patterns, and solidities. Instead of being master, as it seems to be on loftier planes of consciousness, spirit ensouled in physical flesh is slave and vassal to natural forces moving where and as they please, without let or hindrance, and material objects of sufficient hardness to inflict injury on whatever softer or tenderer forms come into collision with them. Matter, to all intents and purposes, is God. Its dictates come first or suffering follows.

As if this were not unbearable enough, thrust into the one social scene of earth are the ignorant and the learned, the bru-

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

tal and the considerate, the poor and the wealthy, the callous and the sensitive. Every caste and condition of temperament representing planes above earth becomes represented here on this free-for-all level of material mortality, pitched into a common stew together, and left to make their ways out as best they can.

Against these superior forces—of obdurate substance and varied human nature—the fledgling soul-man endures with what luck he can for an average of three score years and ten.

KNOWING what we do now about the loftier and more harmonious planes of life, we can only marvel that an astute Creator plunges His cosmic infants into the rawest and toughest embroilment of the entire Seven Planes right at the start, accepting there are valuable increments to be annexed by taking abrasions and buffetings while in a condition where they seem least able to receive them. You might think that all-wise Providence

would ease these tender young souls into this drastic sub-plane of insensate actualities by more considerate degrees. As they become toughened, the pressures might be applied. But no! . . .

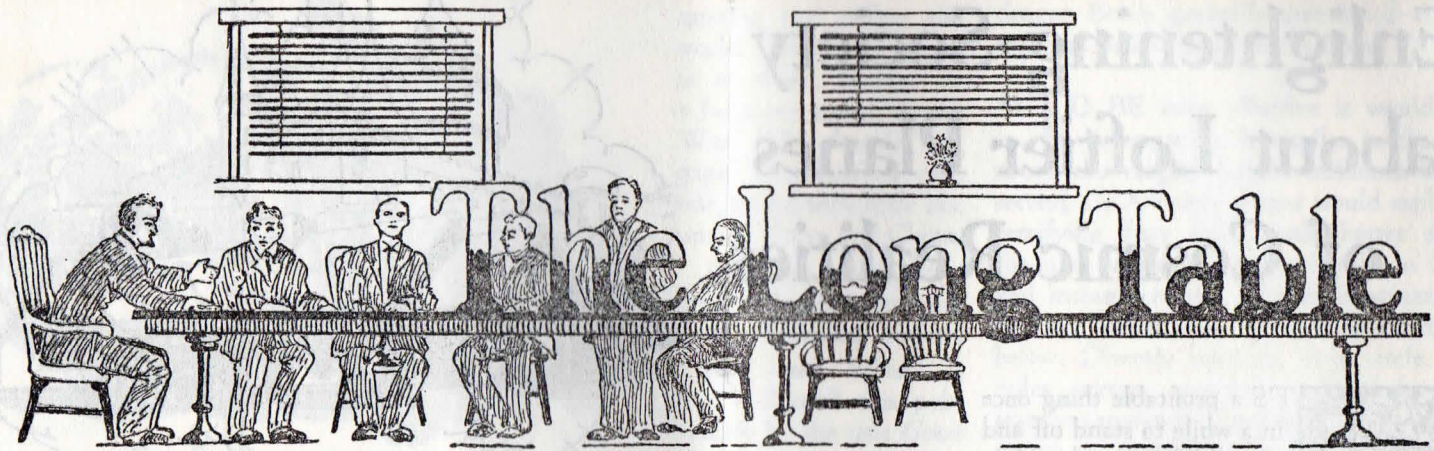
The fledgling soul "gets the business" and gets it roughly, starting from this bedlam of multiform discord and issuing up from the boil of it into such condition as it can manage. This is the roughest, toughest, nastiest, ugliest, cruelest, stupidest, and all-around ornery stratum of creature existence in the whole grand ensemble. On all higher planes this variegated assortment of human nature starts to sort itself out. On *this* basic plane every type and classification of spirit exhibit is turned into the common bullpen of circumstance to sink or swim, survive or perish. If it wants to fight, let it fight. If it wants to murder or be murdered, let the gory slaughter happen. Anything goes and no holds are barred. You get the worst, first. And how you *do* get it. You show whether you can take it or not take it. If you can, and do, you're eligible for something easier. But you can't escape the primary rigors of it.

It's Spirit's way of knocking sense and discrimination into heads that otherwise would serve no other purpose than accommodating hats.

WE TALK about "bringing enlightenment" into this plane's bedlam. What do we mean—*enlightenment*?

We break the information to 160 million hysterical American lunatics that "it's better further up." And the chiefest reason why it's better further up is, heterogeneity is less pronounced.

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PURPOSE OF PRAYER

CALIFORNIA: "I have a very good friend here who has been reading much of my Soulcraft literature and many of my books. She has been as intensely interested in learning how to pray as I have. We both feel that the proper words to be used in prayer are very important, but there is something much more important than the use of the right words. Perhaps it is a proper mental attitude. If so, we should like to know just what that attitude should be and how to reach it . . ."

Comment: The subject of proper prayer is a big one, and yet common sense applies to proper prayer as to anything else going to make life what it is. Too many people make prayer a constant appeal to the Almighty for things they don't possess. Nine-tenths of the prayers offered are what VALOR might term "Gimme" prayers. Pardon the reference to the colored gentleman who was asked about the qualifications of the new preacher. "Man," said the one queried, "you just ought to hear this parson pray. Why, he asks God for things the other preacher didn't know the Lord had." That's precisely what the average person does, continually asks God for things he was ignorant that the Lord possessed to give him. All things considered, this is the archaic and even paganistic way of addressing divine Providence. Put it in this fashion: if you were offered the chance to meet the President of the United States, would you be framing a lot of personal requests that you'd like to have him comply with? Soulcraft looks upon it that resorting to prayer is meeting a much greater Dignitary than the Chief

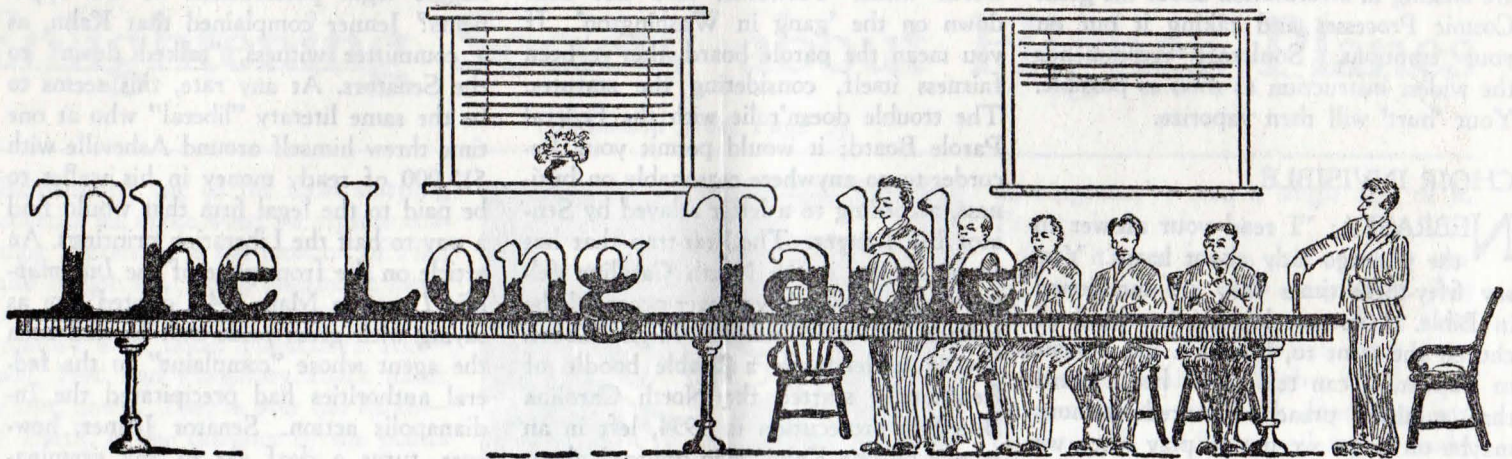
Executive of the American nation. The cables are open directly to Him, let's put it. What shall be sent across them in such stupendous opportunity to converse with Him? Might it come so much amiss to express one's heartfelt appreciation for all the benefits and privileges bestowed, from the fact of being a citizen in good standing? Words or 'attitude' are beside the point. The chief essence in the converse is acknowledgment of the *relationship*. When you meet a highly beloved relative on this plane, you don't, in your greeting, make your first remark contain an appeal to him to loan you twenty dollars to meet a grocery bill. If you know your cosmic fundamentals as you should, you concede that certain situations confronted in this life are actually of your own choosing for your spiritual growth or development. Why take the attitude that God should alter them? Merely ask for strength to stand up to what you've assumed. The entire subject of prayer can be summed up in this: You have the ear of the most beloved relative and benefactor in all creation. He knows your every need better than you know it yourself. Make your uttered words indicative of your dependence on Him for the strength you require to go through with your pact with yourself. 'May I be supplied with the stamina, Lord, to remain true to my own highest ideals' comes as near being the perfect prayer as earthly man can conceive. But by no means consider that prayer is periodically imperative. Address yourself to Divine Providence when you can't address yourself adequately to any other incarnate intelligence. Don't forget that God must like to hear Happy prayers as well as the gimme kind. See how far you can go in mak-

ing *all* your prayers happy. It indicates a properly developed soul-spirit in yourself.

FAULTY MEMORIES

OHIO: "Will you kindly explain in Long Table or elsewhere, why it is that relatives purport to come to me in result of psychical seances who don't—or can't—remember the names of the most intimate members of their families? Am I supposed to accept that I am in direct face-to-face touch again with a soul I've known intimately in earth-life when they can't even remember that our mutual grandmother's first name was Jacqueline? This vagueness in the matter of specific memories shakes my faith in the bona fide nature of all the seances which I attend . . ."

Comment: Please don't be too hasty in declaring that the materialized person was spurious in character merely because he or she may not have taken along onto a higher octave with them all that remains in your own mind so clearly. Try to remember that the earthly brain-mind of the departed one has been laid in a casket and buried in a cemetery. What has gone along with the etheric intellect has been those life experiences that have left some permanent traces on the soul itself. By no means may the grandmother's first name have been one of them. What you have been doing is considering the survived one to be the exact duplicate of the personality he was in mortality, whereas a thousand influences may have come in to alter him. Even at the moment of his seance address to you, he may be operating under conditions of which you lack the slightest knowledge. Many an elderly person in this mortal



life finds himself unable on call to repeat names of this person or that person. What you seem to be doing is visualizing your departed relative as living in a form of existence that is merely a continuation of his fleshly life, and it may not be so at all. Adopt a patient and interested attitude and wait for things to happen, proving identity beyond shadow of a doubt. Something you happen to stipulate may by no means be the clincher confirmation. On the other hand, something you hadn't expected to have occur may prove what you're after so overwhelmingly that no comment is possible. You may, on the other hand, be uncomfortably embarrassing some entirely bona fide soul by insisting on direct memories of this or that being recalled. They haven't time or opportunity to explain to you why they don't remember. Suppose persons on This Side of life called you a fraud and a humbug because you could not instantly recall something that had earlier made a deep impression on their minds? Take it easy and try to make certain what it may be that they DO recall. You may be utterly confounded by what comes to light.

PRAYER AGAIN

PENNSYLVANIA: "I have become discouraged praying long and earnestly that God do something about my brother's wild habits, carousing 'round and getting into all sorts of scrapes. No appeal to Him seems to have one whit of effect on John, who even laughs heartlessly at me for praying anyway. Is it wrong to pray that someone you love begin behaving themselves? . . ."

Comment: Not wrong but futile, Penn-

sylvania. Just for illustration's sake, put yourself in the Lord's place. A loving sister comes along with a petition that you do something about her brother's behavior. What could you possibly do about it, seeing he's a free soul with the right to live what sort of life he chooses? You might stage an epiphany, if you were so inclined, frightening him into living a more circumspect life, but real character is instilled by sedately taking thought. Try to comprehend that John is living the sort of life that results from his age-long character-development to the moment. There are reasons, in his own subconsciousness, for pursuing the line of conduct which you so deplore. You wish him to conform to your ideas of rectitude, yet you yourself might feel highly indignant if some third party came along, didn't fancy your style of life and wished you to conform to his or her ideas. Remember that if God were able to make people perform decently in every case, then the responsibility for the conduct of mass humankind would be up to Him, and who shall say such a thing would be reasonable? You are concerned for John because you love him and wish the best to accrue to him. But John may be following a line of conduct premised on something that will make him participate in an earthly happening he would otherwise miss. He has such lesson coming to him. Your sisterly solicitation might prevent him from getting it. What God mostly requires of us is that we conduct our own life and careers so that they stand as monumental examples of rectitude. When we've done that, our responsibility to others ceases. Remember, God doesn't judge man till the end of

his days—if He does it at all. You would seem to judge your brother every hour of every day. But John's life is his own to live. Let him follow through on his destiny . . .

CRUSHED

OHIO: "I am utterly crushed by the death of our baby child. Frankly I cannot see any sense or equity to this universe, in that any just God would permit such a hideous loss to be inflicted on us, when we—my wife and I—have been such conscientious Christians for so long. Almost, I might put it, this tragedy looks like some special penalty for being good. What light can you presume to throw upon it?"

Comment: Light upon it? God doesn't take life, under any circumstances. He gives it. The fact that you charge up to Him something quite as natural as the beloved baby's birth, evidences your handicapping limitations. Something has happened that has deprived you of an endearment, and you're helplessly frantic, and call it Grief. Why not show yourself as 'big' enough to continue straight along working out your own life pattern, doing the thing you came into life to do, instead of riding an emotional roller-coaster and charging the sharp dips up to Deity? To continue kindly and sagaciously, but saying to yourself, "If the baby's soul chose not to grow up under our sponsorship, that's quite all right with us," would perhaps have made it think twice about continuing along with you. Because it would have identified you as a superior parent. Remember, Poise and Knowledge are usually synonymous. You

are lacking in information about the great Cosmic Processes and taking it out on your emotions. Soulcraft recommends the widest instruction as soon as possible. Your 'hurt' will then vaporize.

CHOIR INVISIBLE

NEBRASKA: "I read your answer to the Chicago lady about harps. You say fifty-three times they are mentioned in Bible. I do not know what kind of church she went to, but as a kid I went to Baptist. I can tell you I bet I heard that minister preach hundred sermons maybe on harps we got to play when we reach heaven and are saved by grace. Me, I am no harp player, being honest Swede farmer, but before I start reading your stuff I certainly thought I got to play on harps forever and it make me sick. Don't you let no Chicago woman get you down. I am for you all the way through. You saving me from harp-playing is big relief. I should think she have more sense than to bother you with this stuff. Whole question is, how we get out of this dam earth life with plenty troubles and then find something better. You are to be congratulation you have more sense and see whole picture of heaven. I want my kids to see same also. I send you ten dollar by check in this letter. Tell me some more that I don't have to play no harps . . ."

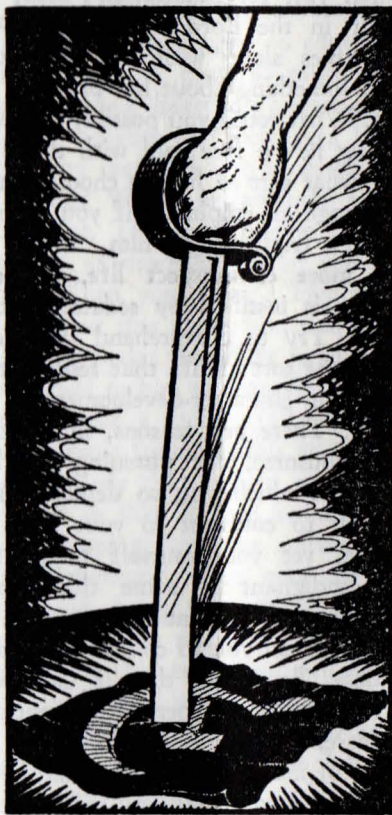
Comment: Not a word, excepting thank you, Olaf . . .

IN STRIDE

UTAH: "We hope to get back there (to Noblesville) one of these days but that hope has been hanging fire now for several years . . . and I have been praying that WDP can make a trip this direction one of these days and we can meet him in person. It's a damnable shame that the gang in Washington still pull the strings the way they do, but thank God we're able to participate in the fruits of his writings . . . I marvel at the ever increasing quality and broad expansion in his down-to-earth and easy presentation, then to top it off, the magnificent way the material is set up on the printed page. It is truly a work of art with no equal. What a grand privilege it is for such to be available and get one's portion of it . . ."

Comment: You don't realize, Rollin, that you're the type of appreciative reader that makes the whole Soulcraft gesture

worth while. However, let's not bear down on the 'gang in Washington'. If you mean the parole board, they've been fairness itself, considering the statutes. The trouble doesn't lie with the Federal Parole Board; it would permit your Recorder to go anywhere reasonably on business, according to a letter relayed by Senator Bill Langer. The bear-trap that has to be sprung is the North Carolina fellow-travelers who have never accepted the rulings of the Indiana High Court. VALOR understands a sizable boodle of Red money started the North Carolina Blue-Sky prosecution in 1934, left in an escrow by one Kahn, who bragged about it in an Indiana news interview in 1942.



This would appear to be the same Kahn who has lately been under exam by the Jenner Committee in the Senate. He also boasted he was complainant in the '42 federal case. Apparently Matusow's publisher used two constitutional courts, the State court of North Carolina and the Federal Court for the Southern District of Indiana, to halt your Recorder's anti-Red assailments. Matusow goes to jail in Texas for perjury but Kahn continues right along exploiting ideas which he has every right under the Constitution to exploit. But does he have the right to fa-

naggle legal persecutions of his opponents? Jenner complained that Kahn, as a committee witness, "talked down" to the Senators. At any rate, this seems to be the same literary "liberal" who at one time threw himself around Asheville with \$15,000 of ready money in his wallet to be paid to the legal firm that would find a way to halt the Liberation printings. An article on the front page of the *Indianapolis Times* in May, 1942, quoted him as saying with great pride that he had been the agent whose "complaint" to the federal authorities had precipitated the Indianapolis action. Senator Jenner, however, turns a deaf ear to any examination of the 1942 New-Deal persecution. All of which is merely information for the national circle of VALOR readers who bemoan the injustices done by the Indiana federal court in that year, and discloses their true motivation. "The gang in Washington" is by no means Republican, although Republicans are by no means disposed to go back and "dig up so much that's ancient history." That the wrongs still continue to exercise against an individual who has reason to be proud of his military record in World War I, is just that individual's hard luck. Call it all data for the record. Merely wanted you to know . . .

INEVITABLE BLONDE

PENNSYLVANIA: "You seem so versatile answering Long Table quandaries, suppose you get your teeth on this one: I am a happily married man, the dad of three children. I love my wife as most long-married men do, for what she's meant to me as pal up across the years. But there is a yallow-headed female in my office who has acquired the odd obsession that I am God's gift to blondes and she is going to fanaggle till she succeeds to my wife's place. What in the world is operating in such a woman's mind? I don't love her and never have misbehaved toward her. But she is a potential menace to my entire married life. Are you dishing out counsel to the love-lorn these days? I would be pleased to hear what you have got to say about escaping the clutches of Designing Women . . ."

Comment: Of course the first thought that comes to mind, Pennsylvania, is the possible karma that may be behind this

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Enlightening Society about Higher Planes

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Incidentally, one of the most startling discoveries we make when we explore continuing existences, is the location of Hell—and Purgatory. Some paganistic medicine-man started the rumor that Hell and Purgatory were under humanity's feet—*down!* Hell and Purgatory aren't under our feet, down. They're over our heads—*up!* Earth, in the category of the planes is truly the sub-hell state. You have to ascend to reach it. Trouble is, the dominies have conditioned us to think of hell as a place of fire and brimstone, with devils and demons making life as severe on occupants as possible, with never an *out* from it. The fire, brimstone and imps actually were "stage stuff". The idea for it came from its being a stratum of spiritual *darkness*.

Hades and Purgatory are the next zones over our heads, through which we ride agreeably when released from our bodies—unless we have some specific reason for tarrying—to find ourselves on the Third Plane, the Plane of Largess. And what is meant by *Largess*?

It means that once we get released from this primary condition of sub-hell life, Thought takes supervision of materials, instead of materials taking supervision over spirit. And with Thought taking supervision over materials, we find ourselves ushered upon an octave where Thought can have anything its little heart desires, merely by *thinking* it.

You may ask how all such could be possible, with airplanes zooming through the stratosphere and atom bombs raising havoc above New Mexico and Nevada. But there's a logical and scientific explanation. Every plane above us is known and has been charted, but how many of the two billion lunatics on this primary sub-hell plane are in any frame of mind to consider their features?

Enlightenment indeed!

IT'S about time we came to realize that being poked and prodded by the furnace-implements of theologic demons the clock around would eventually become monotonous and lose its effectivity. Real hell consists in loving—and losing—in



feeling reliably secure from labor honestly performed and having everything wrenched away through causes beyond control. To get up onto the Third Plane of Largess, where all is abundance instead of scarcity, and think we've truly won to heaven at last, only to discover there are four additional planes to live and know, each one finer and more distinctive in its features on Consciousness, that's to receive real cosmic information.

To get up onto planes anyhow where people who annoy and aggravate us—and spike and enrage us by their megalomaniacal ideas and unpleasant manners—are automatically weeded out by their inability to rise to our particular planes of attainment, is to get a foretaste of heaven we never thought possible.

We continue to rise by a sort of spiritual gravity to those planes where we're eligible and spiritually equipped to function. Ten thousand interplane communications received from South Africa to Seattle all attest to such conditions, with never a dissenting communication mentioning the slightest detail about any divine Judgment of the theologians or in-

dicating they've seen a single sign of it. Funny, isn't it?

Only it's not funny. It's a deadly serious circumstance. It's so serious that whole regiments of mentors, long since graduated out of earth-ism, have foregone their rewards of higher and lovelier progressions to turn back down here into this sub-hell condition and try to make the lunatics understand what awaits them on ahead. But how many of them will listen?

Three out of one hundred—that's the percentage at present.

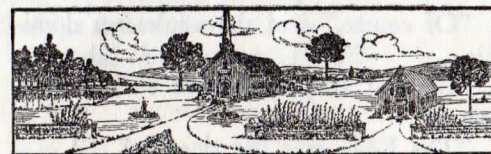
Ninety-seven out of a hundred prefer to continue right along, and kick and claw and scratch and screech, to cling to their sub-hell condition in an hypnosis of pious frenzy, to brand as emissary of Satan whomsoever affects to tell them that they determine their own afterlife locations automatically. They must have a supernal and Holy Victim crucified for them, thereby winning to the highest heaven at a bound . . . where they may no more be qualified to exist than a Fascist in the Kremlin.

What some patriarch who lived nearly 4,000 years ago *thought* about it is their maniacal obsession. And be sure the one who dares declare differently is killed thoroughly and completely dead—preferably in as gory a manner as possible, and his corpse stomped to pulp.

Enlightenment! What a word to conjure with! How emancipate a race of human beings who prefer to be slaves?

Nevertheless, don't gallop off with the idea that such mentors don't reap their own spiritual dividends by essaying to free them finally. When such intellectual serfs have actually gotten enough of their sub-hell, the door of the place is ever open for them to leave. That's the real goodness of God.

Escape is strictly up to the victim-in-mates.



Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. VIII MARCH 19, 1955 No. 21

Frank Talk

AN interesting and disconcerting question arose at Soulcraft on a recent evening. An earnest young pastor questioned the propriety of discounting esoterically the Vicarious Atonement. "Suppose," he propounded, "the Vicarious Atonement were true, what a plight the leaders of Soulcraft would be in! Would not God then ride into them with a vengeance!"

The exclamation propounded an interesting psychological challenge.

Here was a devoted youngster, ready and expectant to dedicating his life and career to the ministry. But what ministry?

Take the Vicarious Atonement out of the religion he was preparing for a lifetime and what had he left? The young man made a perturbing statement.

"If Christ didn't die for the sins of the world," said he, "then His life—most certainly His death—was utterly meaningless. Then logically He wasn't Christ. Then Christianity is only a kindly philosophy and nothing more."

The Recorder remarked, "But a God who demanded such a price for rectification of the sins of the world would be a vindictive and wrathful God."

"Of course," said the adolescent dominie.

"Do you actually believe such a God exists?"

"The Bible says He does."

"You're not being asked what the Bible contends. Do you believe it?"

"Yes, I do."

"Do you condone vindictiveness and wrath in the ordinary human being?"

"No, of course not."

"Yet you venerate a God thus faulty in His temperament?"

"God is God, He's not a human being."

"Then its quite all right for God to have venial and unhallowed traits, but the human being mustn't have them?"

"I only know that Sin angers God and requires conciliation."

"Conciliation with what?"

"God!"

"But God ought to love and approve of people who are temperamentally like Himself . . . as you conceive of Him."

With an expression which said plainly, "I'd like to punch you in the nose, even if you are twice my age," the young dominie went sullen. But the next morning he came 'round. "You know," he said dully, "it dawned on me after I'd left you last night that you may have something. But I'm appalled."



"What are you appalled about?"

"If I dropped a wrathful God and a sacrificial Son out of my theology, what would I have left to preach about?"

"That's right, what would you?"

"So I'm preparing myself to preach a lifetime of contradiction."

"It's one way to look at it."

"But humanity needs the prospect of a wrathful God, else it won't pay Him two cents worth of attention."

Soulcraft asked him, "Did Christ ever attempt to frighten anybody into being good?"

"But people won't pay any attention to religion unless you give 'em their souls to worry about."

"Are you speaking from experience? Soulcraft doesn't find it so."

"But you've got cosmic ideas to feed people. Theology hasn't."

"Then what excuse has Theology for going on?"

"Hang it all, to save people as it can from their sins."

"Aren't you a little bit sin-conscious?"

"Of course I am!"

"Why?"

"Because only God can forgive—" He stopped. Divine wrath was coming up again. He was all at sea. "But, man, what you've got is a new religion!"

"No, what Soulcraft has got is Truth."

"But how can it save souls?"

"Souls don't need to be saved. They need to be enlightened."

He wandered out, got in his car and drove away. He'd said he didn't believe it. What he meant was, that he personally possessed nothing with which to refute it.

Actually he'd made a major spiritual step upward. But he'll require to find himself on a higher plane to realize it . . .

What Price Progress?

WITHOUT rancor, purely as a challenge in activated psychology, the limitations of the Founding Fathers in writing the Bill of Rights are now notable—in fact the entire First Amendment. The Fathers were intent on providing legal immunities for those exercising free opinion in matters religious, political, and ethical. The First Amendment was therefore made to read—

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or providing the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for redress of grievances."

Take note that what was set forth merely prescribed government policy, theoretically. It established no guarantees, certainly it implemented none, that infringements or inhibitions on the exercise of religious, political, or ethical expressions should be pronounced illegal and recourses to relief made positive.

The practical crusader for any religious, political or ethical innovation recognizes well enough what expedients

can be taken against him nullifying the First Amendment's stipulations—

Congress can pass any laws it pleases restraining such in the face of what is pleaded as "clear and present danger";

Guarantees under the First Amendment may be abrogated by federal judiciaries electing to pay no attention to appeals for equities under it;

Mechanical devices for executing freedom of expression in the fields of religion, politics, or ethics, can be curtailed or denied at the source—such as the implementings in retail book or periodical sales, or use of radio and television.

The question is proper: What good is accomplished under the rights and prerogatives of the First Amendment, in expressing uncircumscribed opinion, when the instruments of uncircumscribed opinion are curtailed or denied, or only energetic minority blocs have opportunities to do so and others not?

Freedom of the press, for instance, requires an uncensored and nonqualified field for the production and distribution of printed matter. The possibility never seems to have crossed the minds of the Founding Fathers that a condition could ever occur where their constitutional assurances were countered by supplying paper, type, or printing inks to one faction and not to an opposing faction; or where literature publicizing only one set of principles was allowed to be sold and the literature publicizing an opposing set curtailed or boycotted; or where the expression of public opinion shifted in its major consequence from reproduction by letterpress to such wholesale national machineries as radio or television—these last being controlled by political licensings expressing one school of thought and opposing another.

Why have any First Amendment written into the Constitution at all when ten thousand practical expedients are to hand for getting around it?

The dispassionate student of law admits privately that the so-called Sedition Laws of 1917, 1920, and 1940 were—and are—in direct violation and defiance of the First Amendment. The First Amendment directs that "Congress shall pass NO law"—at any time or under any circumstances—respecting curtailment of religious, political, or ethical opinion. A negative is a negative and admits of no qualification. But comes Congress under



QUESTION

By *Winchester MacDowell*



BENEATH the stars at night when all was clear,
 We sat and talked and fell awondering when
 The Truth first spake within the hearts of men?
 What was it set them thinking, dreaming, here?
 Or led them, hoping, struggling, year by year
 To turn their backs upon the caveman's fen,
 See order born, with beauty's charm, and then
 Discover God when all seemed bleak and drear?

"They must have felt within themselves," one said,
 The Dream Eternal and that spark divine,
 On nights like these, with every star ashine
 They could have heard God whispering overhead."
 Then all agreed that man commenced to rise
 When first he caught the vision of High Space,
 The majesty of suns that ran their race
 Confounding mental glories of the wise.

Who then can look into the Milky Way
 And wonder not when starshine all began?
 Or listen close and hear it sing to man
 Of secrets far beyond his earthy day?
 To watch the concourse of such lights afar
 That thus in early man his reverence birthed,
 From sepulchres of Mind his sight unearthed
 Are we his Dream no sordid thought would mar?

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the same Constitution a hundred and twenty-eight years afterward and declares, "Congress shall have the right to pass one or two teeny-weeny laws respecting criticism of governmental procedures in time of hostilities, the survival of the whole country and its governmental system being taken for granted." What the politicians composing such Congress really meant to say was: "Congress shall have the right to pass one or two laws respecting criticism of governmental procedures by persons whom its members do not fancy because they cannot take his criticisms."

In other words, it truly isn't country or government whose existence is really challenged; it is the official longevity of an officacious political heirarchy such as the New Deal showed itself at its worst, that must be "protected" by nullification of the First Amendment.

Today Communism is meeting with unqualified disapprobation on all fronts throughout the nation. But write a truly effective book against it, naming names of unsuspected Fifth Columnists, and see what happens when you try to market it. A worried expression appears across the retail dealer's face and he glances apprehensively at his expensive plateglass windows. If ten-pound cobblestones come through them, in result of his "anti" activities, will the First Amendment hurry to his rescue or reimburse him?

A particularly effective crusader on the West Coast wrote a scathing book against Kremlin Fifth Columnists in the fields of movie-making, stage drama, and television. Instances presently came of comment where copies of it dropped into the United States mails, properly stamped, in large manila envelopes, were delivered to addressees with contents altered enroute. A similar sized book on "The Influence of Jazz in Modern Music" was delivered instead.

American Mercury for February, 1955, is reported as containing data implicating more than fifty percent of the members of the United States Senate in various Kremlin hook-ups. VALOR wouldn't know about it. "Mysteriously" enough copies of the *Mercury* for February were nonprocurable on newsstands throughout the Middlewest. Newsdealers reported woefully faced, "No *Mercuries*? . . our supply must have been early sold out."

As for getting upon radio or TV with

individualized expression of opinion, try to manage it. "Spots" are all "taken." Besides, have you a million-dollar sponsor?

These enter into "abridging freedom of speech or the press," in a Twentieth-Century Republic at least. But why work up temperatures about it? If the prescriptions for the Republic of 1789 simply don't apply to 1955, whose fault is that?

A constitutional republic would seem to be the easiest form of civic structure to ravish, everybody's business being nobody's business. Gradually it comes under the total domination of the most savage minority blocs. It is a fact to be faced.

And no rancors.

Rancors are "un-American" . .

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 5)

complication. God knows how you may have 'carried on with the yellow-headed female' in lives before the present one. No reason, apparently, why your current lady need suffer from it. Just try sitting-out the situation, no pun intended. If it's karma, your yellow-head will hang on beyond death. If it isn't she'll get tired and transfer to the handsome young salesman in the Oklahoma territory. In any event, make your wife your full confidante in what's going on, and ask her help. You would be surprised what talent the ladies have for treating with one another if your statements are on the up-and-up. If they are not, you need more than the Long Table to acquaint you with how to get across to a woman that she ranks with carbolic acid. Why not try planting a copy of *Adam Awakes* in front of your inarmorita? If you can get her to read it, the true nature of this 'infatuation' might be forthcoming. Right now you seem to be groping in a certain darkness.

IMMIGRANTS AND IMMIGRANTS

NEW YORK: "It is strange that a person so highly evolved as you undoubtedly are, can in VALOR for January 29th call the immigration which came here in later years 'ignorant and beastly and the ruination of America.' To the Indians who originally owned this land we must

all appear 'ignorant and beastly'; we gave them firewater and pushed them back into territories where their small herds die for want of grass to feed on. Do you not recall the plunders (the ghost towns) from earlier immigrants whose children we are?" . . .

Comment: You're so right, Yonkers. Specifically, however, it wasn't the legitimate and honest immigrant who came to America to better his fortunes and worked hard and earnestly to get a stake for his progeny, that VALOR meant in its January 29th issue. It was that breed of racist Fifth Columnist from overseas that lately arrived here to escape Old World rigors but regarded America as a land peopled by easy marks to be despoiled. You and the rest of us know that the East is now overrun with them. You sign your letter with a good Aryan Christian name. VALOR cannot imagine you being of that breed that would now crowd Americans off their own sidewalks. So don't take that reference as personal. As for the Indians, Soulcraft now has friends in practically every Indian tribe in North America, and upon one occasion your Recorder made a fight for the rights of the Cherokees whose results in equity were most gratifying. By the way, VALOR will take up the legacies of the American Indians in an article in an early issue. Watch for it . . .

Hydrogen Bomb

(Continued from Page 2)

active cloud would be carried thousands of miles, destroying all life in its diabolical path. This is what Prof. Einstein referred to when he said that it is now possible to annihilate life from off this planet.

"But will it happen?"

"We have now reached that stage of human 'progress,'" *Good News* asserts, "when, if God does not intervene, man would finally wipe mankind out of existence.

"But God WILL intervene!"

GOOD NEWS bases its contention on the utterings of an Israelitish book some 3,300 years old. All this gloom, doom, and boom was common knowledge to a sect of bearded patriarchs, most of whom apparently suffered from gastric ulcers which flavored their clairvoyant

talents—although the Armstrong publication makes no such statement. It merely contents itself with relying on prophetic Biblical writings, acknowledging "the great Soviet Menace", depicting the universal fraud and distrust with which the nations of Europe regard us, and ending with a sizzling insinuation that Adolf Hitler, still alive, will appear out of the Argentine at an imminent date and play his possible role as "the Evil Man" of Revelations. Adolf overthrows Communism in a resuscitated program of Neo-Naziism, unites Europe under a mock confession of his earlier Sins, uses German H-Bombs to conquer the world under a dynasty of Church-and-State, and ships America's 160,000,000 citizens as slaves to all points of the compass.

There is just enough plausibility in the whole Armstrong portrayal to make it a document worth reading twice, the trouble with it being that Ambassador College's staff does not seem to be in touch with any intellects on loftier levels of Time and Space who know what IS due to happen. Everything harks back to prophetic utterances 3,300 years bygone. And you must come to Jesus quickly and acknowledge the Lord God or the atomic goblins are due to get you, whether you watch out or not.

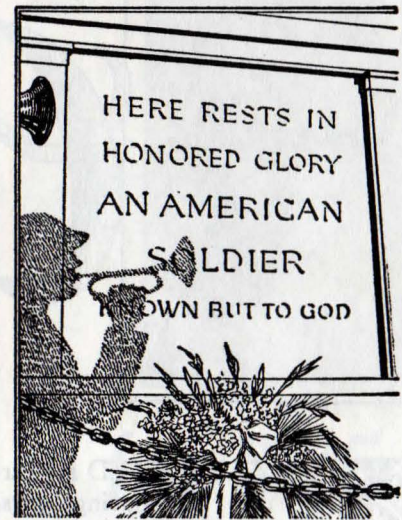
It leaves Soulcraft oddly cold!

SCARING the living daylights out of a confused, distraught and badly addled human race has been a favorite pursuit of orthodoxy ever since the Dark Ages. Utilizing the colossal destruction potential in the atom bombs to continue this terror-breeding program is merely putting a modern face on the whole of it.

In the first place, advanced intellects capable of absorbing the facts in the new book *Soul Eternal* aren't afraid ten cents' worth of detonations rocking the globe that "annihilate" all mortality from terra firma. They know that life would continue on the Third and Fourth Planes of consciousness—or they should—so what happens to this mischievous hard-core centrosphere is relatively unimportant. Might be an excellent idea to detonate it from its bothersome existence. Some of its denizens would seem to be incorrigible.

The blind appear to be leading the blind. The blind appear to be leading the blind again. Making scientific con-

(Continued on Page 14)



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Cogitations

Pella

LCELEBRATED my birthday by having myself driven into town and spending an hour in a barber's chair. My favorite barber, at the snazziest hostelry in Indianapolis is a man of an age with myself and we fell to chatting about this and that, connected with barbering fifty years bygone. He's not a loquacious sort, contrary to barbering traditions, but I always enjoy his reminiscences. It being a natal occasion I treated myself to a haircut and shave, shampoo and facial. I looked at the assortment of bottles on his shelf. "Funny thing," I said, "you've got everything there but bay rum. What's become of the old fashioned bay rum?" He shrugged. "I know, . . . when I started in the business, back at the turn of the century, you couldn't run a barbering shop without using it. But this modern generation scarcely knows what it is." From nearly sixty years of patronizing barbering shops I knew that it was a fragrant cosmetic and medicinal fluid distilled from the leaves of the West Indian barberry, now chiefly prepared from essential oils, alcohol and water. I recalled as a youth that to arise from a barber's chair without the cranium liberally glistening with the stuff meant that the tonsorial artist had euchred the customer. Those were the years of the outline haircut and the shaved neck. I remember how reluctantly I confronted the ordeal of the monthly haircut. The barber's comb, scissors or clippers tickled me so badly that not even the generous reeking of bay rum assuaged. Those were the years when being shaved at the barber's was the sign of extravagance, even though shaves were only ten cents. Today they're a dollar. A man

climbed into the chair next to me and announced, "You should cut my hair for half-price. I guess you can see I'm nearly bald." I said to my own man, "How many times in the last fifty years have you heard that wheeze?" He said, "Count the days, lacking Sundays, in fifty years, brother, and you'll have the answer. Then there's a bird who wants to know what we do with all the hair we cut, and the other who says 'Gimme the same haircut you gave me last year.' There's the one who thinks he's saying something



smart when I ask him how he'll have his hair cut and he wisecracks, 'If it's all the same to you, *in silence.*' Customers are a funny lot. You keep silent while doing a man's head and he calls you a glum cuss and goes elsewhere. You try to carry on conversation with him and he wants to know if the writers for all the barbershop gags patronize this place? One customer jolted me once though, in

a little shop upstate. When I sat him upright he called for a glass of water. I thought it might be his heart or something. I had the shoeshine boy rush him in a glass and he drank it and felt of his front with relief. I said, 'Get a hair in your mouth or something?' What he said to me was . . . 'No, I just wanted to see if its my throat that leaks.' . . .

o—o

I SAID, "I've patronized barbershops all the way from Boston to Vladivostok and I've never seen a customer seriously cut by a barber yet." My old friend smiled. "I remember an elderly colored fellow we had in a shop I once worked in. Whenever he happened to cut a man's face, he found it was an approximate remedy to stop the flow of blood by pressing a bit of lather-tissue over the mishap. By the time the customer left, it was easy to moisten off the tissue and hide the cut with talc. We had a tourist come through one day with a hard-boiled beard and Old Mose nicked him in two or three places. But to Mose's astonishment when the man came to leave he handed over a two-bit tip. Mose managed to stammer out his thanks, for two-bit tips were uncommon in those days. 'That's all right,' the stranger assured him, 'it's not often I can get shaved by a man who combines three trades in one.' That puzzled Mose still more. 'Three trades!' he exclaimed. 'Yeah,' came the sarcastic reply, 'barber, butcher and paperhanger.' Always after that, when Mose cut a man's face, he just let him bleed to death." . . . I said, "Well, one thing's certain, down here in a big city hotel shop I don't suppose you have to handle many small fry." . . . "Oh the small fry aren't so bad," my man said, "only when you hurt 'em they contrive to let you know it. And on

certain occasions they can be frank. I remember asking a kid once, 'Well, my little man, how would you like *your* hair cut?' He answered, 'Just like daddy's. And if you can do it, I wish you'd be sure and get the little round hole at the top where the head comes through.' I asked, 'Ever have a customer whose wife stood over you and directed you how she wanted her hubby's hair fixed?' . . . 'No, nothing quite so raw,' he answered. 'But I did a spell once at a seaside resort where they were trying out the novelty of a lady barber.' . . . 'Popular?' I wanted to know. 'Yeah, she got all kinds of business . . . until one day while she was shaving an old fellow, a mouse ran across the floor. He was a college professor and claimed what resulted was 'barbarism'. But speaking of kids again, I remember hearing one kid say to another from the bench while their old man was being fixed up, 'I know why they have so many detective and mystery magazines in these places for the customers before it's time to fix 'em . . . it makes their hair stand straight up, and so it's easier to cut! . . .'

o—o

I CONTRIBUTED, "I had an odd experience out in Oklahoma once while driving through. I got into the chair for a haircut and told the barber how I wanted the job done. As soon as he went to work I realized he meant to do everything just the opposite. He was bent on giving me a 'crew' haircut and I didn't want a crew haircut. I remonstrated with him. 'See here,' he backed off in anger, 'who's doing this job? If you don't like the way I'm doing it, go somewhere else.'" . . . "And did you?" my barber asked. I said, "I most certainly did. I pulled the cloth off myself, got my hat and coat and stalked out—my hair sheared close on one side and shaggy on the other. You should have seen the eyes bulge on the next barber I found. He took a look at my scalp and wanted to know confidentially and not a little fear-somely, 'Mister, would you mind telling me what sort of an accident you been in, to lose half your hair like this and not a sign of blood?' . . . "You might be surprised, just the same, what odd notions some customers do have," my barber went on. "I had a screwball come panting in one time and cry, 'Gimme a haircut and make it snappy.' I said to him, 'Sure thing, sit down in the chair.' But

he shook his head. 'Come, come,' I said, 'why won't you sit down?' . . . 'I'm sorry,' he answered, 'I'm in too much of a hurry.' And he slammed the door and disappeared down the sidewalk. Then there's the portly middle-aged man who takes five minutes explaining to you precisely how he wants you to do the job. And he doesn't have enough strands on his glistening dome to even find 'em. But the prize was a situation I got into in a shop up in Kokomo. We had a Shave-and-Haircut Club at so much a week. I'd only worked in the place a couple of days when a man who said his name was MacTarvish came in and I fixed him up. That was on a Saturday. Tuesday he was in again. He wanted another shave and a second haircut. How the blazes he'd ever grown so much hair in three days was a wonder. I wasn't barbering a man, I was barbering something out of this world. Then I noticed that always this freak came in when I'd been left alone in the place. Saturday night, when I'd had my third haircut to do on this MacTarvish, I went to my boss and said I was throwing up the job. 'I've given this bird three haircuts in ten days,' I told the boss, "how he does it I don't know, but one thing's certain, the shop is losing money on him as a member of the club.' The boss snapped his fingers with a funny habit he had and cried, 'Oh, I meant to tell you about this MacTarvish trio. They're the only three adults in the State of Indiana who are identical triplets.'

o—o

I'D BEEN gone over with scissors, clippers, a razor, ten hot towels and an electric vibrator, but it was a birthday stamash and I had the money to pay for it. Then in a hat that showed a disconcerting propensity for coming down over my eyes, I drove home to a family birthday party and a candled birthday cake baked especially by Adelaide. Eric insisted on helping me open my presents from all over America. In the birthday mail were several letters recounting March 12th parties that were being held in different cities and towns across the country in anniversary of the circumstance that I'd come into the earth-plane and started writing my first Soulscript some sixty-five years before. Gives a man a queer feeling when people are commencing to celebrate his birthday before he's decently dead and buried. My prize pres-



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ent was a floodlight for taking indoor movies. My ten-year-old granddaughter, Pamela, presented Gramp with a pair of Khaki shorts for wear while mowing next summer's lawn. Wonder what would have happened to me back in Lynn five or six decades ago if I've made my grandfather a present of a pair of drawers in which to mow the lawn? Just goes to show how things besides barbers and lawn mowing have changed. I was presented with a padded trench-coat "so I wouldn't catch cold if I went up to fix the roof after an atomic tornado," and a new pair of editorial shears, several boxes of Havanas, books, encyclopedias, and a new indoor sweater-coat. Eric, who has succeeded to Winkie's place as a social noisemaker, slid the folding doors to the Council Room continually because he discovered they whacked with such an exquisite thump, tipped over a chair and stepped on two dogs. Somebody said they caught an ectoplasmic glimpse of Harriet in the background, getting in on it as she could, for you never know what you're going to see at Soulcraft. Four times during festivities I was called to long-distance phones to take congratulations from Nebraska, New Jersey, Chicago, and Florida. And all I'd done to deserve such natal pandemonium was merely live a long time and draw breath. One Detroit lady with numerological tendencies had dispatched me a horoscope indicating that all my troubles henceforth were little ones and with the opening of my 66th year I was starting a new cycle of vim, vigor and prosperity. We passed around a couple of hundred Birthday Greeting cards, cut and ate the cake, and were served each and several by Eric distributing the dishes of eye-keem." At eight-thirty I had gone back to being the same cantankerous old runt I am on other nights of the year and my annual Ides of March had both come and gone. But all of it does remind you of the thoughtfulness of folks whom you're too often inclined to assume take everything you try to do for 'em for granted. I've found "it ain't so." Banknotes of \$5, \$10 and even \$20 denomination had specific instructions attached, "You spend this on *yourself*," underscored—as if I had any reason for doing so. Ho-hum! I started off talking about barbers and have ended talking birthday parties and gifts. Which reminds me of Eric's gift. What do you suppose he as-

sailed a local drugstore and bought Gramp for his birthday? . . . It was a half-pound jar of Molle *shaving cream!* . . . Page my aforesaid barber . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Hydrogen Bomb

(Continued from Page 11)

tact with intellects beyond and outside the mortal dilemma would obviously be a sort of Satanism to persons with these demonstrated orthodox inhibitions. Yet precious little of it designates who, or what, international agencies are due to police this Planet of Sorrows in the last analysis. Armstrong would demonstrate that he lacks realistic comprehension of who or what *God* is, . . . not to bear down too hard upon an honest and well-intentioned man. And yet, some human—or cosmic—character evidently does thrust forth as self-appointed dictator of the universe . . . the Man of Evil portrayed in the *Golden Scripts*.

Don't get VALOR wrong, however. It is by no means contemptuous of Brother Armstrong and his Pasadena College's pentecostal learnings. It merely prefers to rely on the speakings and acclaimings of personages in higher dimensions of Space and Time who declare it's *America's* destiny to assume leadership over the remainder of a badly befuddled world and pilot it out from under the doldrums afflicting it so grievously.

Why need we go back to the utterings or thunderings of patriarchs of 3,300 years bygone when scores of them may be back in mortality as of the present, conferring with cosmic wits who see the future unrolled as a scroll?

THE H-Bomb is a fearsome and realistic thing, and he who discounts its potentials for remodeling the globe's immediate culture should go back and take his place in the primary school of ethics and acquire a little sense. But the complications of the world do NOT depend on scaring 80 percent of its earnest and conscientious inhabitants out of their wits. We want cool heads and manly spines to stand up to this miasma of international morale and see the fundamentals for what they are. Certain small minority blocs are raising up all this fury from Greenland's icy mountain to India's

coral strand, and why the entire populace of the planet should be penalized with celestial doom for its megalomaniacal antics is the \$64 question that VALOR would ask of the raucously prophetic.

We have no problem whatsoever on this earth-ball that could not be solved by properly enlightened men, given their chance to direct the destinies of nations.

There is no real "menace" from the Soviets excepting that propounded in global propaganda. The Almighty is too distantly concerned with conducting the galaxies to bother much what happens on this third-rate wart of a planet called Earth. We have a complication here to solve that involves purposeful and scheming microbes of minorities. What we don't want to let "get" us is any fixation that our particular planet is of extraordinary importance, and that the schemes of such microbe minorities pack the slightest weight with true Omnipotence.

All the universal human race needs anyhow is the total disclosure of correct information and the elimination of predatory world elements that now pass for inherent human cussedness—one being synonymous with the other.

NO, the atom-bomb vaporings of prophetic "interpreters" leave VALOR and Soulcraft cold. If "God" intervenes in the affairs of this planet He will do it through enlightened intellects and representatives who proceed to throw themselves around and bring its breeders of mischief to bar.

What present residents of the planet essentially require is a little more backbone where they ordinarily wear their wishbones, and the enlightenment that most of earth's troubles stem from a common minority source.

But the presidents of colleges in Pasadena wouldn't know about that.

Twenty-seven years bygone, the Soulcraft Recorder took a lengthy psychical transcript that delineated the major happenings in the world up to 1959-60, starting with the Stock Market Crash that was to come the last week in October. Just as that Crash occurred on schedule, so has every other incident and episode of consequence in the years intervening. Why, in the last four years remaining should such agenda of prophecies start going haywire?



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No universal cataclysm, ending life on the earth from bombs or any other cause, was predicted on that chart. What *was* indicated was the total demise of the Soviet Frankenstein through and because of its support of China, the expose of the true identities of trouble-breeding minorities all over the globe, and the emergence of United States as the dominating bloc in the whole worldly setup—after United Nations had gone the way of all flesh. 1954 to 1960 was nominated

as the Great Accounting Period when the organized forces of evil and depredation would be brought to book.

Of course the world was to know troubles, gargantuan troubles, but nothing with which its Christ Men couldn't cope. The policing of the planet ultimately was to be done by forces addicted to the American Way of Life.

And after all, *what's wrong with it?* Biblical prophecy is only as dependable as modern wits interpret it.

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

I'VE authored five new books in eight months, bringing the total volumes in the official Soulcraft library up to eleven. With the exception of *The Elder Brother*, which I hope to bring out in summer, I've said practically all that I've wanted to say about Soulcraft. Try producing five 320-page books in eight months and see if it's easy. The reason I did it was because some affluent Soulcrafters made the resource available for me to publish them as I had them written. And two to five thousand book-buying Soulcrafters around the country reap the benefit. Of course I don't expect they'll appreciate it. But I want to talk about this latest book, *Soul Eternal*, for a moment . . .

NINE out of ten persons really do a moral quake in their footgear at the close-up prospect of dying. Don't tell me. They really quake because they're ignorant of what happens . . . or theology has purposely scared them to death. I just read a three-page article in a periodical published by Ambassador College, Pasadena, detailing the frightfulness of the hydrogen bomb. This group solves every woe by giving it out that when the bomb explosions get unbearable enough, Christ will ride in and take charge of everything, throwing the bombs in the trashcan and all be sweetness and light from then on out. Of course I don't credit anything of the sort. But then, it happens I know a trifle too much about the earthy origin of our global woes, and the sugar frosting of the Second Coming doesn't make palatable the atrocious pastries responsible for our dilemmas of the moment. But take the average person who reads such gloom, doom, and boom . . . he scurries to the nearest church altar and goes down on his knees. If his instruction had more sagacity he'd scurry to Washington, D. C. and make his congressman get down on his legislative knees. The point I'd make is, if all these victims of propagandist terror, prophetic or otherwise, would realize what an inconsequential explosion the blowing up of our planet might make in Cosmos, they'd take it more in stride. You get the whole picture before your mind's eye of what an inconsequential woodwork of introvert termites this First Plane is, and suddenly you discover you don't frighten so easily. There are planes, planes, planes—higher and more substantial than this physical-material, on which life will maintain. It's because the average earthly denizen has only heard about this one alone that articles about atom bombs give him such jitters. And it's the complete canvas of alternatives that I've wrapped up in *Soul Eternal*. In my own consciousness I know that

it's really the biggest book I've ever done, but only those may grasp it who are up on a qualifying plane of objectivity.

FUNNY thing, ninety-nine out of every hundred people who come to make the Passing—there'll be 65,000 more of them do it right here in our United States before tomorrow night—have no more concept of what they're going to confront, or enter upon, than Butch, my beagle, knows about the historical precincts of Buckingham Palace. Not that Butch stands any more chance of ever sniffing the more odiferous corners of that famous edifice than I stand of becoming Chief of Police of modern Jerusalem. Still, they've got to go through with it. Not a mother's son of 'em will ever get out of this life alive. You'd think they'd want to know either where the snack bars are located up the grade to the Pearly Gates, or at least where the fire extinguishers might be hung on the counter descent down. I made up my mind it was up to me to produce a blueprint, with dangerous intersections plainly marked, then show them wherein "ha-ha-ha—pooh!" was appropriate comment. Do I seem to treat demise with a certain flippancy? No, it's not demise that I treat with flippancy, it's the major error of being frightened at prospect of it. Would a thousand men in our federal penitentiaries be "frightened" by the doors of those institutions swinging open and offering them freedom? Do you know, or has anybody ever described for you, the actual planes or states of Consciousness up through which one hundred percent of people are heading when they've done with earthly bodies? . . . I decided to do a more or less specific book on the entire matter, but when I'd finished it I realized it might better serve as the opening book on Soulcraft instead of the closing. When you can visualize the strata and levels ahead of you, and what each represents and how it serves you, expanding your self-awareness, the whole Soulcraft agenda of spiritual solutions begins to make major sense to you. This business of leaving life suddenly, and, because you're no longer about in the flesh, assuming that "heaven" is one heterogeneous melee, is one of the causes for the sterilities of orthodoxy. Much that you've wanted to know too about the

technicalities of many forms of psychological phenomena, you'll find as well in its later chapters. Yes, it's a capstone book . . . and I'm tired. So, if you want to learn details about the Plane of Largess, the Plane of Color, the Plane of Flame, the Plane of Solar People, and the area of Space and Timelessness, read *Soul Eternal*. Everything in it came by direct communication from the people who've experienced most of what they report upon. The question is, can you take it? . . .

¶ DEATH seems to provide men with greater fund of innocent amusement than any other single subject . . .