

# Valor

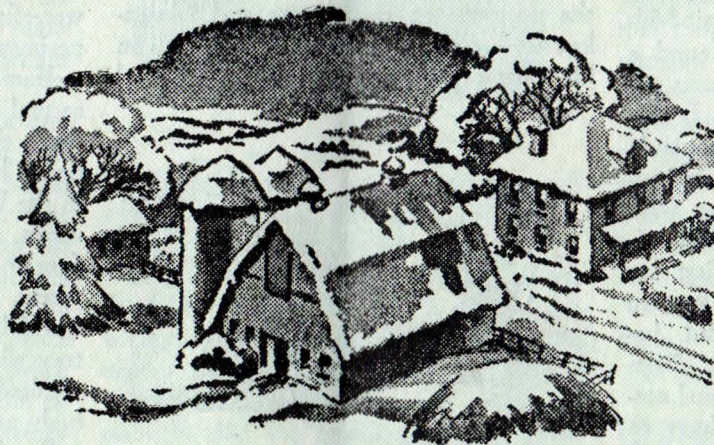
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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## FLIGHT FROM PARADISE

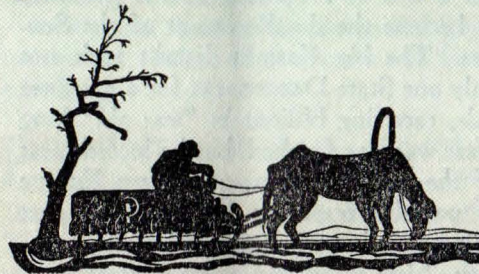
*With Crack-Up in Russia Approaching Fast, United Nations  
Is Last Hope and Coup of Professional Idealists . .*

**O**NLY a privileged handful of enlightened people in United States know the true status of conditions abroad.

They positively are *not* what the economic-military bloc intends to make the Man in the Street accept. And what is the economic-military bloc? It is the combination of Big Business and National Defense that works twenty-six hours a day to keep the nation in solvent condition through fabrication of titanic war orders. Assessing the country's populace,

already tax-burdened, \$164 millions for new tanks that will be obsolete by the time they come off the assembly line, is an instance of its panaceas for preserving a sick economy.

This bloc now confronts a new bogey—the well-nigh certain results of the Flight from Paradise. Meaning that the exodus of Russians and conquered peoples from the Soviet countries is approaching the point where the Kremlin finally can do little about it . . and that spells the end of Russia as a further global menace. The figures come from





a reasonably reliable source that 20,000 "Russians" fled Communism into West Germany with their families *last month alone*. And the numbers are mounting in other directions.

Russia since Stalin's death has truly gone from bad to worse until the Kremlin shows signs of psychopathic desperation. Collectivism as a system is disclosed as devastating failure. Actually the pay-off is at hand. When the Marxist Structure collapses unmistakably, what is the economic-military bloc to do?

Here is an angle of United Nations development that should give sober-minded citizens due pause . . .

UP to a recent date this Economic-Military bloc assumed it had found a sure strategy for getting federal sums appropriated in gargantuan volume. It was pushing forth an assiduous propaganda that the Russians were militarily invincible, and we were as weak as they were strong. The nation's press and radio uniformly backed this argument. First because it is Military Rule One never to underestimate your enemy. Second, because it was "good for business". Even the admirals have been Johnny-Come-Late-lies in shouting that soon we'll have to fear the Russian Navy. How Russia could develop any navy capable of challenging American sea-power, *lacking first of all the seaports and harbors to accommodate the ship-bottoms*, is one of those discrepancies superciliously ignored. They'll do it with nuclear-fission submarines, say the "experts" . . . yet in case of open hostilities, we can bottle up the whole Black Sea at the Dardenelles, leaving only ice-locked ports in the Arctic Circle or a few hundred miles of rocky seacoast opening on the Pacific.

Nothing about it makes sense.

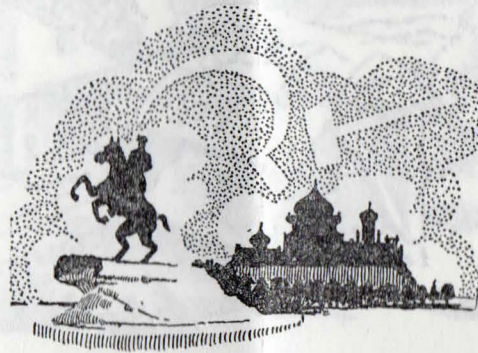
What does make sense, however, is the altered attitude toward Communism within Russia itself due to the complete collapse of the collective-farm resource for supplying workaday Russians with food!

BEFORE Stalin was gathered into the Vodka Valhalla, the Kremlin's propaganda mimeographs worked overtime telling the world that instead of being a semi-insane man, his health was excellent and he would unquestionably be around for another generation. Likewise, not only the Communist Party but the Rus-

sian masses were solidly behind him. Along with it they added glowing reports of Red Government statistics on food and industrial production.

Now come subrosa reports out of Europe that not only was Josef displaying all signs of a hopeless paranoia before his demise but that no one individual had ever been more venomously hated—with the sole exception of Hitler—both by the people of his domains and the masses of the earth. Also the Russian Government itself now admits that its statistics on food and industrial production were phoney and bore no relationship whatsoever to the facts.

The ironical certainty grows daily that the positions of Eisenhower and Malenkov were almost identical though each in his separate hemisphere. Ike was "handed



the economic bag" by the retiring Dealers, New and Fair—who had overspent the country well-nigh into bankruptcy—and Malenkov was handed a similar "bag" by Stalin . . . who had brought Russia to its position of world influence solely by looting. Eisenhower had to face a free Republic that had no other direction in which to go economically but Down, while Malenkov had to face a slave empire with no more countries to loot and few Fellow-Travelers left in federal power to keep the Lend-Lease coming that Russia might survive.

The real news from countries bordering the captive Russian states has it that Stalin's death left the Russians inheriting under a will of brigandry that is presently to become the death-warrant of the Soviets. The big Kremlin bandit took not only our State Department for a gangster ride, receiving billions in "war aid" long after war was finished, but he looted most of the occupied areas of eastern Europe of portable resources, keeping his racket going strictly on proceeds of stolen property. Now there's little left to steal.

From the Kremlin's economic and military angle, most of those countries are now prime liability. It remains to be seen whether the liaison with Red China wasn't the most titanic blunder the Marxists have yet committed . . .

AT ANY rate, the new committee of bandits running Russia under Malenkov are facing a cataclysmic food situation in city areas, due to bankruptcy of the whole collectivist food-producing system.

Never in human history have collectivist farms been successful, and that has gone for the western world quite as much as for the eastern. The Pilgrim Fathers were first on this continent to try the experiment of everybody working for the welfare of the whole—and gave it up the second year when they nearly starved to death despite a flamboyant exhibit of the first Thanksgiving feast. Religious groups in the United States, from Harmony, Indiana, onward, have encountered similar fate and had to change to a basically different Cooperativism. Nowhere in the world has there been a single case in history where adequate food production has resulted when the crop belonged to everybody and yet to no one in particular.

So the new Kremlin Crowd has been offering desperate concessions to the Russian public, particularly the farm bloc, in its effort to get enough viands to fill the Russian stomach. "Fill" is perhaps a generous term. Feeding the public stomach sufficiently to maintain mass health—and even life—would be more accurate. Along came Nature and added serious drought this past summer to pastoral indolence and indifference—other terms for lack of individual incentive. The crops of the Ukraine had practically to be written off. So Malenkov and his crowd are up against the worst food situation Russia ever experienced. Even when the drought set in, the Soviets had no reserves, the collectivist program proving an utter dud. There are practically no cattle whatsoever left in all of Russia, and even the chickens are dwindling. Hogs have disappeared and sheep are left only in the far Asiatic wastes. The Soviets constitute a territory of 200 million souls absolutely without butter fats.

And the situation in Red China is equally bad.

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# 1955—Critical Year

**I**T CANNOT be too widely proclaimed that the year 1955 may become one of the most significant in the life of this Republic, comparable to 1789 or 1861. It bears every indication of going down in history as the year in which the Internationalists and One-Worlders sought to out-legislate and abolish the American Constitution. They have plans made to achieve it through the overhaul of the charter of United Nations.

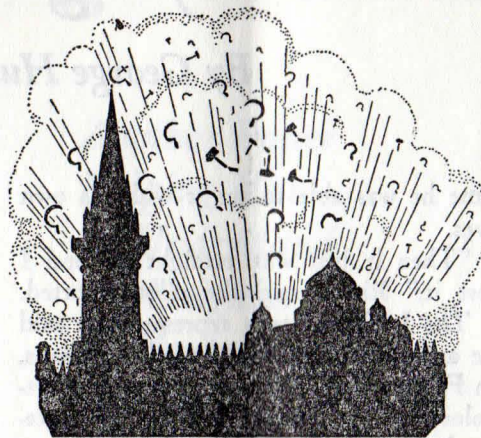
There is no need in the world for any overhaul of the charter of United Nations. What it truly requires is burning—in as hot a fire as can be lighted. But with the Proper Personages moving up into positions of high endorsement of this Alger-Hiss Effrontery, the idea is to so capitalize on humanity's hunger for peace—American humanity's hunger for peace—that it will offer no real opposition to a majority of senators approving a treaty that emasculates and annuls our federal Constitution.

Let there be a super-government and wars must cease . . . or assume the status of insurrection.

**B**UT in this super-government, Great America becomes a minority.

International control and supervision, the new Charter is to designate, comes under a voting council of supreme security where the prestige or influence is determined by populations. Countries with greatest populations are to pull heaviest weight in policy makings, graded down the line to the smallest. Figured on such basis, China becomes the top-ranking member, Russia follows second, India comes third, and Great Britain with overseas possessions comes fourth.

The United States—which pays most of the expenses for the whole nefarious outfit—falls fifth or sixth. Even the Moslem populations outrank U.S.A. China, Russia, India and the Moslem countries, supercede the United States Senate in determining our place and office in the world, and shaping our Foreign Policy



—which of course we surrender to all further purposes. Foreign policy ends. We shall have abdicated it.

But under its Human Rights clauses, the U-N Charter overhaul is to instigate what amounts to complete nullification of our Constitutional Bill of Rights.

Suppose you say or publish something publicly that the representative of some minority State does not fancy. He enters complaint against you for violation of the Human Rights clause. Officers come and get you, put you aboard a plane, and ship you to any country the Security Council designates—for trial, sentence, or imprisonment. You have no further constitutional rights and Due Process of Law in your defense—by U-N Treaty these have become obsolete. All you may have done criminally is "hurt somebody's feelings" . . . causing them "mental distress" is the phrasing used.

You are tried in a court where you may not even be able to speak the language. And it is all quite legal—according to the tenets of the Hiss-Monstrosity—because the American treaty with U-N has been ratified by the Senate.

It amounts to complete clamp and gag on the last vestiges of free press and free speech . . .

**P**REPOSTEROUS, you say? "The public would never stand for it?" Just what would the public do about it? The public never rises up in defense or championship of the rights of any indi-

vidual. Look at the typical Pelley Case. What would such an episode become under "Human Rights" as interpreted by legal representatives of China, Russia, India, Islam, and Great Britain and her possessions overseas? Besides, what newspaper editor, writer, or radio commentator would dare speak in defense of one indicted and arrested by United Nations secret police? He might be next to hear the fatal knock on his rear door, be whisked into a plane and borne into permanent vanishment.

Remember, the new arrangement contemplated is "swapping" of internal police and military forces. American troops would police Moscow and Peking, and Russians and Chinamen would police the cities and towns of U.S.A.

They actually propose to effect this thing.

It comes to issue in 1955 . . .

**R**EMEMBER, the President of the United States countenances and endorses such global super-government, which at this moment in 1954 is costing American taxpayers \$324 millions a year for upkeep.

Not being a sovereignty in its own right, in that it has neither populace nor territory, United Nations is technically illegal as signer of "treaties" . . . Treaties in all international jurisprudence must be contracts in honor between sovereigns or sovereign States. For a group of internationalists to get together and call themselves a sovereign government means nothing but supreme display of arrogance and fraud. But what can the individual Man in the Street do about it, when his national council of senators ignore the illegality and pronounce it quite proper?

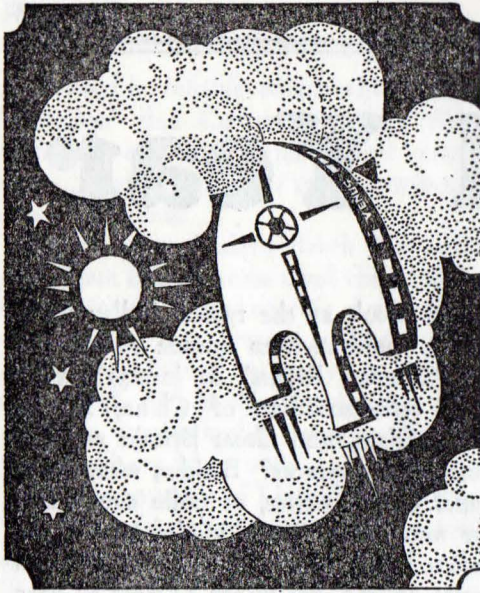
Anyhow, the whole issue of it comes to climax in this imminent year of 1955.

Once the thing goes over, it can't be rescinded, because those who essay to do the rescinding can be treated as leaders of insurrection and treason—to the Supreme World Government.

*Answerable to whom?*

You are given three guesses.





# Radar Clocks 1,000 m. p. h. Flying Saucers

By George Hunt Williamson

**F**LYING SAUCERS traveling at more than one thousand miles per hour have been tracked in flight over the Pacific coast by expert radar observers recently.

Similar Saucer sightings have been reported by USFA radar observers at Thule, farthest-north military outpost, and at Goose Bay, Labrador. One observer who witnessed the strange appearance at all three locations was Robert Ripley, a factory technical representative attached to Airborne Early Warning Squadron One at Barber's Point, Oahu, Hawaii.

Ripley, who regularly flies with Navy and Air Force radar observers in giant WV-2 Constellation airborne radar picket planes, on patrol flights lasting up to twenty-four hours, told of his experiences recently.

"I was at McChord AFB in Washington about a year ago when our radar observers picked up a Saucer track heading east, about halfway between Portland and Seattle," Ripley said.

"An F-94 interceptor was ordered up to try an intercept, and the radarman vectored the F-94 on what appeared would be an adequate intercept course. But the blip moved across the screen so fast . . . we estimated it at more than one thousand miles per hour . . . that the F-94 exceeded its design speed and went into supersonic flight in an effort to catch the object."

Ripley said the pilot later admitted he had picked up the mystery object on the interceptor's radar scope, and said at one

time he was able to see it with his own eyes.

"Then it just shot straight up and I lost it," Ripley said the pilot reported.

The Lockheed tech representative said he and more than a dozen other persons, in February, 1953, saw a strange, orange-colored object floating over the icy wastelands during a flight out of Thule.

"I know there isn't any human habitation out there in those ice fields, but we all saw that strange light and followed it for some time before it disappeared," he said. Ripley said radar observers at Goose Bay confirmed another sighting he made while flying over that Labrador Base.

Air Force officers are "well aware" of the unidentifiable objects being sighted frequently by radar and have compiled a bulky record of them, he said.

**T**WO school teachers and some sixty children in Marysville, Ohio, have reported that a cigar-shaped Flying Saucer which first hovered over the Jerome Elementary School then flashed off, leaving a three-mile trail of "angel's hair".

The teachers—Rodney Warrick and Mrs. George Dittmar—told a story similar to reports made in California, Indiana, France and New Guinea in the last two years.

Warrick and Mrs. Dittmar said webbed strands of the substance were strung over trees, bushes and lines along the road away from the school. Warrick said: "It looked like asbestos and felt like asbestos."

Both teachers reported they had pulled a strand into a long thread, "so tough" according to Warrick, "that it could hardly be broken." They said the material would disappear within a minute after being touched and that when one end of a strand was handled it would curl into a ball before disintegrating.

Mrs. Dittmar said her hands turned green after touching the substance, but the color was rinsed off with soap. Warrick said the green disappeared from his hands without rinsing in about a half hour.

Warrick added: "No one was frightened and the children considered it quite a lark."

It is possible that the color of the mystery substance gives away its nature and purpose. Green is the color of *chlorophyll*! This operation by space visitors may be connected with the *soil rejuvenation* program reported by VALOR several months ago.

Some of the mystery substance has been studied and examined at the laboratories of the Detroit Police Department recently. They do not know what it is . . . it is neither fiber, nor anything they are familiar with. Those examining the material were not told where it came from or its background in any way. It is now on its way to Wayne University for further study.

**L**AST week in Allentown, Pa., Assistant Fire Chief C. Boyce Roth and two brother firemen left off polishing the Liberty engine and stole a glance skyward.

Flying Saucers!

And several dozen other people who happened to be looking up at the night's overcast saw them, too . . . hovering over the PPL Building. Suddenly they darted southwest, about to the Vultee Airfield, and hovered again. There were two of them, sometimes three. Central Fire Alarm Station operator Warren Fegley did some checking with A-B-E Airport control tower.

No known planes aloft in the immediate area. Civil Defense people said the same thing. A cruiser car prowled along

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# What You Should Know About the Age of Chivalry



**E**VERY little while you encounter a person who bemoans the cheapness and shallowness of our present culture and sighs for the good old days of Chivalry, when men had more "respect" for womanhood, when women made a business of being ladies first and female mortal creatures second, when fine deeds were glorified and life moved in a simpler and blunter pattern. Of course nothing is said about lack of bathrooms and toilets back in those halcyon days, of drafts in the castle o' nights that made morning arising an icy ordeal, of household filth heaved generally into the public streets, of both black and white plagues, and all the rest of the social discomfitures that marked an elemental stage of society.

At present, Emily Post counsels all "gentlemen" when sauntering forth on the public streets with any reasonable specimen of the so-called Fair Sex, that the former should always give the lady the inside of the walk. People who do not know how this bit of manners originated, think that it must be a generous gesture for the man to take the side nearest the road in order to offer himself as first target for runaway horses or autos with broken steering-gears, and protect the Dainty Feminine from the dangers of road traffic.

All the best historians in these customs, however, declare that gentlemen started this sacrificial position when sauntering abroad with a feminine companion, to protect her, not from the menaces of the road but from the menaces of the air. In *Ye Goode Olde Days* before some benefactor of civilization invented the septic tank, the average medieval household had a pleasing little practice of opening the front chamber windows and heaving all slops into the street below.

Underneath all society's crudeness in such matters, however, we must admit

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

that a somewhat higher social code was practiced otherwise. Ideals operated closer to the surface of humanity's activities than they appear to do today.

Crude of mold though those distant forebears of ours were in cases, yet they preserved and sent down to posterity a candor of character that wins modern plaudits.

We are told that the world once knew an Age of Chivalry.

What precise thing is meant?

**T**HE AGE of Chivalry was an age of reasoning greater than today, strange as the assertion sounds in the light of modern learning. Men reasoned simply, it is true. But none the less they reasoned. And the reason that they reasoned is not hard to find.

Humankind today has largely discarded the practice of Reasoning in favor of Imitating. It gets its pleasures vicariously. It works in mass production—which is employing another man's reasoning who heads a great enterprise. If it wants entertainment, it does not bend muscle and sinew in physical contest. It watches a spectacle and gets pleasure—and what profit it can—in living the experiences of the participants in imagination only. It imitates the story of behavior in story-

book or dramatic characters in the mirrors of its own fancyings upon the screen.

It enters into nothing tacitly itself excepting its own worries.

Thousands of men roared in wildest approbation when Babe Ruth knocked home runs over yonder fences. They do not give the slightest thought to the fact that the reason they roar is because it indulges them in a secret complex left over from boyhood on the sandlot diamond to do exactly that thing themselves and be acclaimed by their companions.

The result of this piebald exuberation of activities is, that man in the main has become a circumscribed animal. He is taught not to think, for the trend of the age—mainly encouraged by the alien in control of agencies of publicity—is away from all thinking.

Thinking would stop men from being human machines in an age of mass production. Thinking would halt the pernicious practice in politics and government of permitting a megalomaniacal five percent of our population to secure an economic escendency over the other ninety-five percent.

And so thoughts are censored, or at least held to a minimum.

The student of cosmic behavior is aware that this produces a race of mental pigmies. Individuality is crushed. Man must be considered as a unit in the State, whether or no he enjoys it in his spirit.

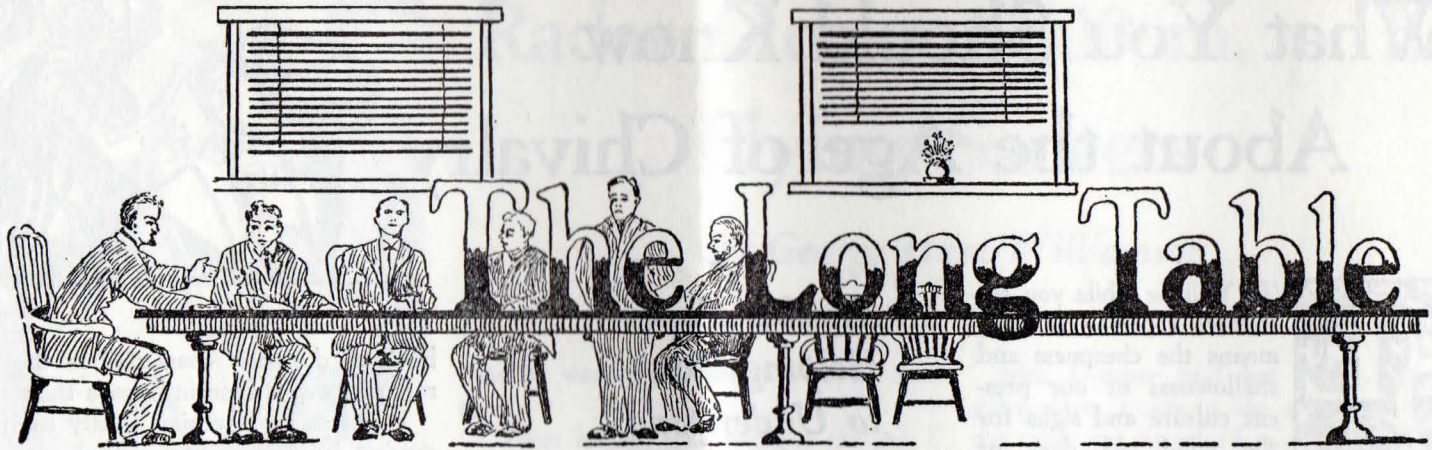
This being true, it follows that periodically the Godhood in him rebels.

He wants action—old-time action—the tilt of lance and clang of shield, the following into battle behind glittering banners, the joy of combat, the exercise of the physical self wedded to a conscious realization of why he so behaves in any campaign or contest.

The trend of the present day is not away from war, no matter how hysterical-

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PETERBOROUGH, N. H. "Could you refer me to any portion of the Soulcraft Scripts which might have a bearing on the underlying conditions which result in a person's being born into the body or brain of a "retarded" infant? There must be some simple explanation for it."

*Comment:* It's not in the Soulcraft Scripts. It's in the book *Getting Born*, Page 281 and onward. In nine out of ten cases, it's being found that if a person has had a bad physical malformation in an earlier life, the mental reflexes may stay in the eternal mind and be inextricably bound up in associations with physical organism. It will again react to such reflex on finding itself in flesh, causing the molecules of the developing embryo to perform after similar handicap in the succeeding life. On the other hand, we likewise find that the mental defective, when not organically impaired by venereal maladies, is extremely resentful of its need to return into a fleshly tenure and forthwith decides on a career of shirking forthcoming social responsibilities. The real soul, in other words, is shamming idiocy of a sort. This is proven from the fact that subconscious adjuration and therapeutic suggestion during slumber frequently effect a complete cure as the seriousness of its situation is brought home to the eternal mind.

#### EDDY ANECDOTE

SAN BERNADINO: "I am very much interested in what you have written of Mary Baker Eddy, having had an experience of this kind, which I would like to relate to you. About two years ago I attended a Christ Scientist meeting in

Skokie, Ill. While listening to the readings being given there—this took place in the High School auditorium—I suddenly saw the spirit form of a lady walk out onto the front part of the stage. Sending a mental communication to this spirit-being as to whom she was, I received distinctly the answer: "Mary Baker Eddy!" Twice this happened. The second time I saw her reach down and point to an engraved plaque that was placed on the front of the stage. After the meeting had ended, I made my way up to the front of the stage, curious to know what she might have been trying to tell me. There I found these words engraved on the plaque—

"Divine Love always has,  
And Divine Love Always will,  
Supply one's every need."

—Mary Baker Eddy

Thus I knew I had seen the spirit personally of the Scientist's leader.

*Comment:* None, excepting thanks for the anecdote.

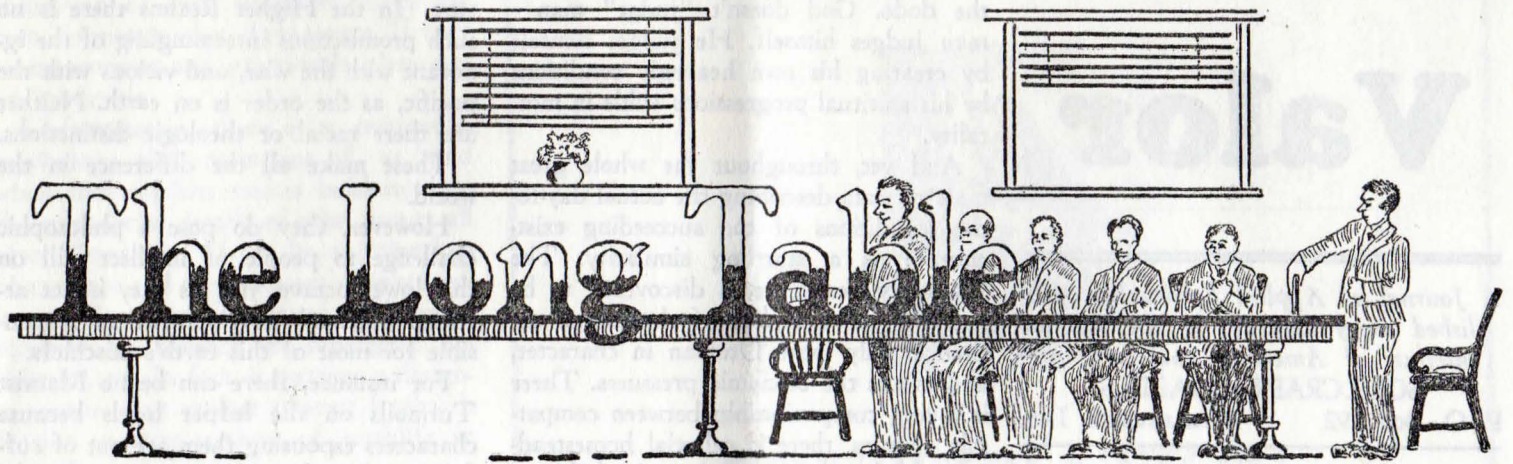
#### MARITAL KARMA

CENTERLINE, MICH: "What Karma, if any, is involved in any person's life when and if they meet and recognize their 'other half', and he or she is already unhappily married to another, but feels obligated to stay married because of the children involved and family pressures brought to bear? What can one do in these cases?"

*Comment:* Have you read the Soulcraft book on Romance and Matrimony, *Adam Awakes*? It was written particularly for persons confronting such quandaries. In the first place, be grateful for recognition of the Other Half but try to realize

what this odd situation is probably demonstrating: Due to bygone drama in earlier careers, either the children acquired karma to be worked out with the parents, or the parents with the children. The only way to get the matter straightened out once and for all on this plane was for the man and woman to marry although there may have been no cosmic romance between them. In nine cases out of ten we find that when such karma pertaining to progeny is settled, such "accommodation-marriages" dissolve. *Adam Awakes* recites the instance of a marriage that continued through the birth of a daughter to the birth of a son eight years later. The instant the son was born, the marriage fell apart by mutual agreement. Inquiry later of the Mentors developed the explanation that the daughter had owed cosmic obligations to the father and the son to the mother . . . the son, by the way, grew into a rather remarkable manhood without holding it against the father that the break had happened with the mother. On the other hand, the somewhat platonic marriage had originally occurred because the son and daughter both had karma to pay off to one another as brother and sister, and the four souls involved had obviously agreed to get the whole differences between themselves settled in this one life. The father had therefore really wedded the mother that the two children might settle their obligations to one another, a thing that couldn't have happened in any other relationship but brother and sister . . . Such adjustments are quite common. It shocks the prudish to be informed that the Biblical adjuration about there being neither marriage nor giving in marriage on the higher ce-





lestial levels is quite literal. Couples belonging together by being half-souls of the one psyche pair off forthwith and that's all there is to it. Its no one's business but their own. Either one may have had a half-dozen wives or husbands in mortality but the attachments with the others quickly and painlessly disintegrate. On the other hand, it can happen that one wishes to go back into earth-life to pay off his or her karma to another, and rather than live out the absence without the beloved, the half-soul will also go into life to be as near the beloved as possible, meantime gaining what spiritual increment it can from a fresh relationship with some other man or woman. Inasmuch as we find that the true cosmic coupling is for eternity, a few years more or less in such earthly tenure mean little excepting aggravation. Soulcraft would recommend "sticking it out" with the small fry because they are probably the real determinants in the situation. Don't stir up any fresh complications with them by striving to adjust a relationship that is doubtless working out according to Hoyle. Get Soulcraft's new book *Know Your Karma* when it comes out in December. Read it as companion-piece to *Getting Born*, or *Adam Awakes*. You'll find there's no real tragedy to the situations these books expound. When you grasp the strictly temporary nature of these separations you'll see that impatience more than all else is involved . . .

#### MORE MATRIMONIAL KARMA

**L**OS ANGELES: "Do tell me *why* it is that life being as tough as it is on some of us, we can't have our true partners and other-half-souls with us from the very beginning? Why *will* we blunder

so stupidly and get ourselves mixed up with other men—or women—with whom we seem to have little in common?" . . .

*Comment:* We simply *don't*, Los Angeles, . . . get ourselves mixed up with others with whom we have nothing in common. It only seems so during our period of mortal purblindness when we don't know for a surety what commission we desired to execute to ourselves by making the current trip into life. There are about as many reasons for individuals returning for a sojourn in mortal flesh as there are people, and maybe in the case of our current visitation the real complementing half wasn't free to accompany us, having commitments of his or her own to keep on the loftier octaves. On the other hand, he or she may be in life but not contacted as yet because the time element is faulty. One thing is certain, we rarely ever marry through mere chance. Before coming into mortality we prepare what the higher octaves know as a Map of Life, based on our most pressing spiritual needs and commitments. You can rest assured so important a matter as our marital relationships are by no means overlooked. Being married to a man or woman with whom we "have nothing in common" may be merely a caprice of our mood or temperament when we say that. The karma that brought us together may not be a romantic karma but may involve a third party not yet contacted. People who *truly* have nothing in common simply don't stay together, their relationships drop apart, often leaving them wondering why. You too should read *Adam Awakes*, *Getting Born*, and *Know Your Karma*. You'll get a new viewpoint.

#### PITY THE OLD MAN

**C**HICAGO: "My mother, in middle life being left a widow, married a man much older than herself, to give me—as she explained it—the surety of a home while I was growing up. Then mother died a couple of years ago, and her second husband now assumes prerogatives toward me of my legal father. He seems to feel particularly a responsibility toward me for getting me 'safely' married to some man whom he approves of. What would you say my karmic obligations are in such a relationship? Should I treat him as my regular father or a perfectly strange male with whom my mother had a belated 'affair'?"

*Comment:* There may be karma involved here and there may not. It's not easy to determine offhandedly. It's a safe wager that you must have known of your mother's coming second marriage before you took off from the Thought Planes, otherwise you could not have followed your perfected Map of Life. The chances are ten to one that by going ahead as the mortal daughter of your mother, you had obligations to discharge to her or vice versa. On the other hand, your stepfather may have been in the group picture earlier as well, and his concern for you may be involved in previous relationships. The best counsel Soulcraft can offer in such a situation is, that you in turn will marry—if it's in your life-plans—the specific man with whom you made prenatal arrangements to that end, and you'll probably discover that all the stepfathers in Christendom can't avert it. Just remember your self-integrity and

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# Valor

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## Contrasts

**I**T IS thought-arresting to note the estimate of a contemporary that since 1848, when the Spiritist rappings began in the Fox home in Hydesville, New York, something like 100,000 souls must have made bona fide and intelligent communication with people in flesh. That would figure out slightly less than one thousand per year. The figure is low. Undoubtedly five times that number succeed in making rapport—with ten times that number tinged with fraud in some aspect or not getting the results that satisfy either discarnate or communicant. However, figures have small import.

What truly seems to matter is the unchallenged record of practically all such communications reporting more or less similar conditions prevailing in the higher zones. And similarly total are the attestments that no one making the Passing confronts Biblical concepts of the Hereafter.

VALOR's editor is vitally interested in the testimony because of the book that is currently taking shape in the Soulcraft plant, *Know Your Karma*.

The major thing that brings up the hands of the orthodox layman in holy horror is the asserveration that the long-avowed Day of Judgment is strictly a man-made concept pertaining to the succeeding life. It is a theologic heritage of Hebraic ideology which has no part or parcel in actualities and as antiquated as

the dodo. God doesn't "judge" man—man judges himself. He judges himself by creating his own heavenly conditions by his spiritual progressions while in mortality.

And yet, throughout the whole great mass of data describing the actual day-to-day conditions of the succeeding existence, runs a startling similarity. The "heavenly" existence is discovered to be pretty much a replica of the mortal existence, only more Utopian in character, and minus the economic pressures. There is loving companionship between compatible couples, there is celestial homesteading and homemaking, there is daily occupation and academic education. True, there is no organic procreation of offspring but there are tens of millions of child-souls agrowing who have departed earth-life in infancy, who are sheltered and "raised" by the vicariously parental. Food and drink for sustenance is not required, yet some reports give necromantic accounts of invigorating juices of fruits, everywhere abundant, that have the effect of stimulants for etheric bodies.



**B**UT the more arresting detail pertains to "government" of the Higher Realms, not under political potentates but the directing counsel of older and wiser souls functioning as Mentors to groups as well as individuals.

Contrasting point by point between the mortal realm and the celestial realms, most of the malodorous origins of our mortal corruptions become readily apparent. Economic greed resulting in financial power and then abuse of that power, whether by individuals or racist blocs, is easily discernible at the root of nine-tenths of all worldly turmoils. Unfortunately, it is by no means apparent how such abuses can be corrected in the earth-scene without altering human na-

ture. In the Higher Realms there is no such promiscuous intermingling of the ignorant with the wise, and vicious with the pacific, as the order is on earth. Neither are there racial or theologic distinctions.

These make all the difference in the world.

However, they do pose a philosophic challenge to people of intellect still on this lower octave, just as they indict arrested spiritual development as responsible for most of this earth's mischiefs.

For instance, there can be no Marxist Turmoils on the loftier levels because characters espousing them are not of sufficient spiritual attainments to make the grade and exert influence with the Attained.

All in all, contrasted conditions are insolvable excepting one remote possibility. That is to give such wide publicity to attested conditions of the imminent spiritual life to people of mortality that the average layman discerns his earthly deficiencies and downright ignorance. But ironically enough, it is the professional theologian, affecting to be the court of last resort on such data, who steps in and obstructs the whole of it.

Verily is this earth-life the Negative Life . . . to disclose to progressing souls everything *not* to do to effect a true Utopia.

Perhaps, however, that does serve a constructive purpose in the Ultimate . . .

## Supernal Cues

**N**ONE THING is certain: There would seem to be few who can perform intelligently in aiding to clean out the Aegean Stable that is internationalism of the moment, lacking the comprehensive knowledge of how affairs are managed overhead. To entrust the job in scarcely any respect to any who are merely orthodox-religious is to entrust it to the blind. One might almost go so far as to say that the true statesman would be the practical politician possessed of a background of knowledge derived from thorough acquaintance with the literature of Spiritism.

Granting even there is no such locale, no such Utopian conditions as Spiritism espouses, there can be no denying the ethical erudition that comes from complete



absorption of such literature. Cues are cues, no matter what their source. If they be meritorious and practicable, they can be applicable.

Unfortunately, there is a retroactive psychology that maintains if, as, and when such student makes headway into the splendid details of what awaits all after Transition. It can be an utter loss of patience and tolerance with the stupidity and bigotry of this mortal plane, based squarely on absence of intelligent enlightenment. In fact, it requires a doughy stamina not to lose interest forthwith in the negative aspects of earthlife in general.

It isn't only a matter of combatting life's miscreants. It equally a matter of combatting dogmatic stupidity anciently wedded to arrogance. So long as orthodoxy implies that fullest investigation of succeeding conditions is the cardinal transgression, a permanent and vicious premium is placed upon ignorance. Theologic "authorities" capable of screeching, "Crucify Him!" by no means lived exclusively in the times of Jesus Christ.

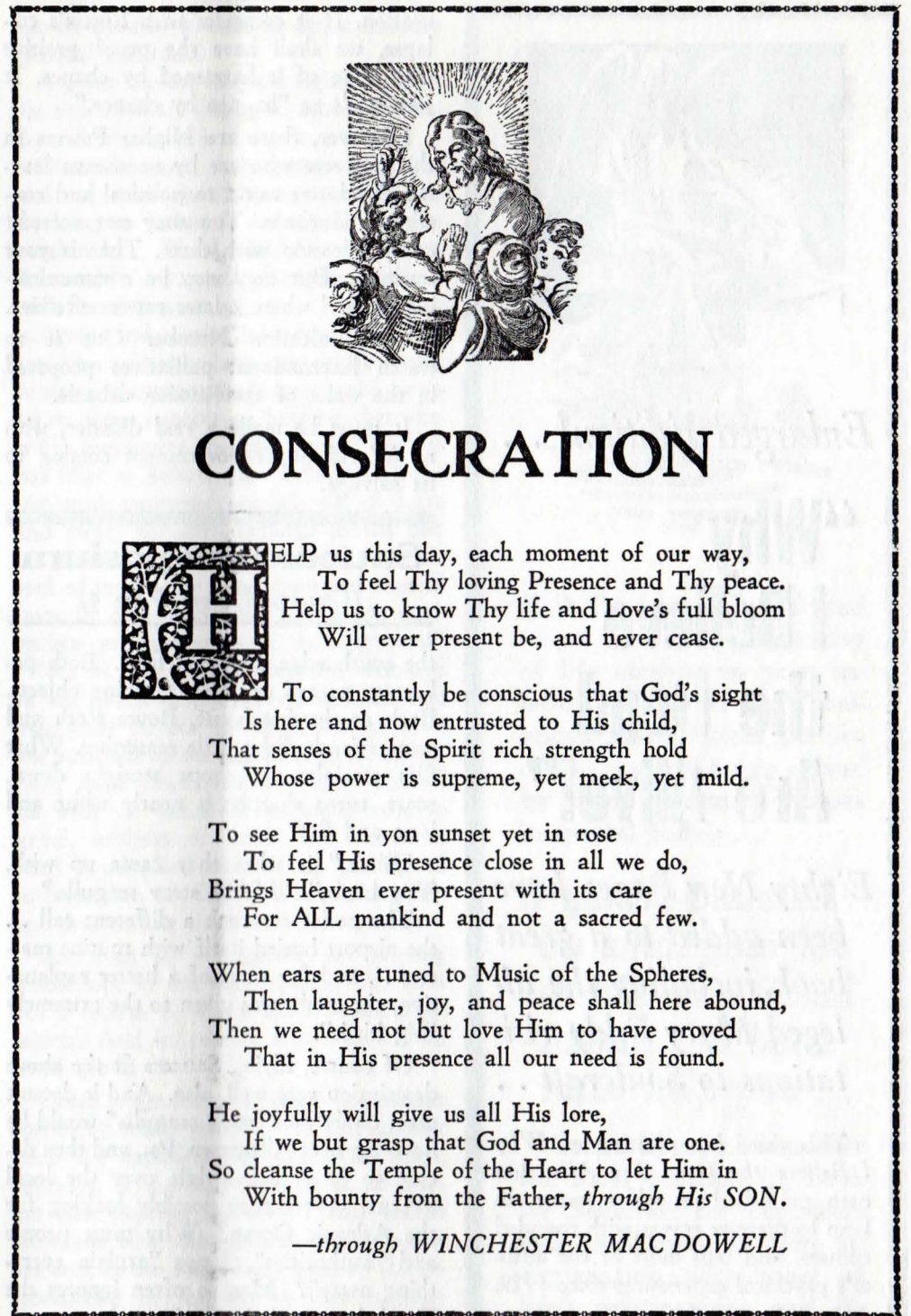
Still, the world does make progress of a sort.

How much faster it *might* progress if there could be First Amendment to men's religious constitution!

### Russian Crack-Up

**T**HE REASON the Russian Situation hasn't long since broken out into "hot" war rests solely on the circumstance that the Kremlin is in no position to wage hot war, and knows it, and has the diabolical sound sense to avoid it. But the Kremlin has plenty of diabolical sound sense to grasp implementation of its aggressions in the instrumentality of United Nations. Indeed, the crack up of Sovietism could supply precisely the situation for fixing the tenacles of One-Worldism on the earth's free nations, controlled Behind the Scenes of course by precisely the elements originally financing Marxist Experiment.

We can already hear the oratory of the One-Worldists, "We must make forever certain that no such monstrous thing as the Russian Drama is ever allowed to be played again up the course of civilization!"



## CONSECRATION



HELP us this day, each moment of our way,  
To feel Thy loving Presence and Thy peace.  
Help us to know Thy life and Love's full bloom  
Will ever present be, and never cease.

To constantly be conscious that God's sight  
Is here and now entrusted to His child,  
That senses of the Spirit rich strength hold  
Whose power is supreme, yet meek, yet mild.

To see Him in yon sunset yet in rose  
To feel His presence close in all we do,  
Brings Heaven ever present with its care  
For ALL mankind and not a sacred few.

When ears are tuned to Music of the Spheres,  
Then laughter, joy, and peace shall here abound,  
Then we need not but love Him to have proved  
That in His presence all our need is found.

He joyfully will give us all His lore,  
If we but grasp that God and Man are one.  
So cleanse the Temple of the Heart to let Him in  
With bounty from the Father, *through His SON.*

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

The perpetual antidote, naturally, is the surrender of America's constitutional sovereignty to Alger Hiss's Brain storm or its successor. Always it's on the rebound from great international tragedy that the turmoil-weary are most susceptible to relinquishment of freedoms in the illusory dream of the Greater Good.

The Luciferian wits behind the international concoction from the first craftily envisioned turning the diabolical defeat of

collectivism into diabolical triumph of prostituted idealism. They're not slated to succeed in it but they envision it.

There are personages in life at present whose Karma consists of the job of defeating it. However, the public must know something about what's afoot.

The remodeling and "strengthening" of the U-N Charter is a thing to be watched with all the artful surveillance exercised over King George's Stamp leg-





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islation. If it coincides with Russia's collapse, we shall have the proof positive that none of it happened by chance. It was *made* to "happen by chance."

However, there are Higher Powers in this universe who are by no means leaving this lower world to political and constitutional chaos. You may not accredit communication with them. That is your business. But they *may* be communicating counsel where it later proves effective.

Communication Number One is to watch international palliatives proposed in the wake of the Russian debacle.

It must be made a *real* disaster, with no World Super-Government coming to its salvage.

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### **Saucer Symposium**

*(Continued from Page 4)*

the south edge of the airfield. Both policemen peered up at the flashing objects. Back at the fire house, Boyce Roth and some friends did a little reasoning. What flies straight up, drops straight down, soars, turns sharply, is nearly white and long and flat?

"Birds," is what they came up with. "Big birds," "Mebbe stray seagulls."

The police car took a different call . . . the airport busied itself with routine matters . . . and for want of a better explanation, the credit was given to the extremely "big birds".

Of course, Flying Saucers fit the above description very well, also. And it doesn't seem likely that "stray seagulls" would be hovering over Allentown, Pa., and then decide to hover for awhile over the local airport! Were they possibly looking for the Atlantic Ocean? Why must people and "authorities" always "explain everything away"? Man so often ignores the Truth because it is a strict taskmaster . . . the obvious is not at all obvious to man.

**O**UR GOVERNMENT has not announced its complete findings in Saucers yet . . . and with good reason. The people are not yet ready, on the whole, to accept space visitors. Take the case in France recently where a man mistook a fellow grape worker for a "Martian" and attacked him so savagely with a club that one ear was torn off before the attacker realized his mistake. That would not be

the proper way to greet space friends in the first place. Too many people substitute *fear* for *reason*.

Air Force ROTC men were recently called in and given a thorough briefing in Flying Saucers. They were told that some Saucers were in the interplanetary category and that they should be on the lookout for all UFO's and make a complete report when they observe such objects.

The Mars Committee that studied the red planet this past summer knows definitely that the canals do exist and are artificial in nature. This group of scientists around the world will, someday in the future, announce that "life flourishes on Mars."

If man can accept the fact that he is not alone in the Universe, perhaps he can accept visiting Saucers, also.

---

### **The Long Table**

*(Continued from Page 7)*

that you have the specifications of your own life-chart to fulfill. Few cases are ever reported from the higher echelons where one paternal individual has the 'say' anent a child's prospective partner. Just give the old man such loving consideration as you can, and if you discern finally that it's naught but his own vanities involved, pity him and let it go at that:

#### CONCERNING AGE

**K**ALAMAZOO: "If souls when they go from the incarnate plane to the discarnate plan grow back to a norm of about middle age, the question is, why this soul who comes to the Chief as Ari always comes as an aged soul and never as a middle-aged soul? Maybe the Chief will say that Ari wills it that way. Three times he has given away a part of his beard."

*Comment:* The forthcoming book *Know Your Karma* is being written at present purposely to expound the literalities of conditions in etheric life. In the higher etheric life. Intellect clothes soul-spirit with whatsoever body or vehicle it desires to give individuality or express the Cosmic Personality. On this plane the body or vehicle is biologic and the soul-spirit must occupy it arbitrarily or

*(Continued on Page 15)*



## Age of Chivalry

(Continued from Page 5)

ly the Marxists urge it so as not to be obliged to go themselves.

The trend of the present day is away from the kind of war that kills a man by a bullet that arrives unseen, or a gascloud that permits him no opportunity to strike back.

**WE** OF the present think of the Age of Chivalry as a time of fair damsels rescued from distress by knights in heavy armor, of tiltings in lists, of following leaders who led in their persons, of the pledging of vows and the hurling of challenges, all the panoply of heraldry that gave color to existence. Existence was, perhaps, too colorful. It is painted in hues too extreme for acceptance, in case after case. The rhyme—

*The knights are dead,  
Their good swords rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we  
trust! . . .*

—is the picture of an age when mankind lived hard, fought straight and in the open, scorned chicane, loved vigorously, hated royally, and withal made a pretty picture of an order of society not without its merits.

It is because that we of today are creatures of habit and increasing government mendicancy, that we turn our eyes fondly toward the days of chivalry, not because life was any better then, or because there is not an equal demand for gallantry on earth at present.

From every angle of Cosmos comes this shouted assurance—

The one-time Age of Chivalry is coming back in a purer and better form than the world has ever known!

**I**T IS coming back at a speed exactly proportionate to man's awaking to his stupidities at letting himself be used as the dupe of racist exploitation and the tool of machine production.

These things move in cycles. Mankind thinks and acts in cycles. Ages of great industrial activity are always followed by times of spiritual distress and apathy.

Spiritual apathy in turn produces a metamorphosis of character that turns man back to his Lost Beginnings, sends him back for his social cues, and generally makes him to realize that it behooves

him to examine wherein he departed from spiritual rectitude.

A great teacher has said rightly that as the soul of man thinks, so moves the nation of which he is the unit.

Over the past three generations, the soul of man in America confined its thinking to industry and acquiring personal riches. The United States became the world's outstanding nation commercially in consequence.

Again and again, however, the Mentors who sit above humanity and contrive at times to communicate speech and counsel to those capable of hearing them literally, emphasize the following: "We tell you that a Rebirth of Chivalry is coming upon you!—not as fair tilt of Love and War, not even carnage in the better sense, but carnage perished and the soul of man allowed to grow and expand upon its own efficiencies, not at the instigations or corrections of its neighbors!"

We of the present day are exercised in our hearts at the general dullness and inaptitude of our so-called leaders. We are appalled by the dearth of great statesmen, social champions who truly counsel us with no racial or personal axes to grind, arbiters of moral destinies who keep us supplied with visions making us to expand in our lives and renew our perspectives on the times and their trends.

But even as we deplore our missing leadership, so are we preparing our lives for a rebirth of all of the chivalrous instincts! And its coming is not far off as some think.

Great programs of mystical instruction are being made plain to us. But greater than the exposition of any mere tenet, doctrine, or sublime elucidation, no matter how popular, no matter how sordid to those who cling blindly to orthodox notions, is the stupendous fact of the regeneration of the human race in temporary fires of social prerequisites.

People see themselves armed against the alien, who comes to them threatening them, compromising them with this or that financial or political strategy, upsetting their racial complacencies. Great social tumults are rife indeed. Those who sit on the Vantage-Points look upon a world hacked with strife into the doldrums, poisoned with many artifices as to the true intent of this or that people in national affairs. What's the answer?

(Continued Next Week)

## Behold Life!



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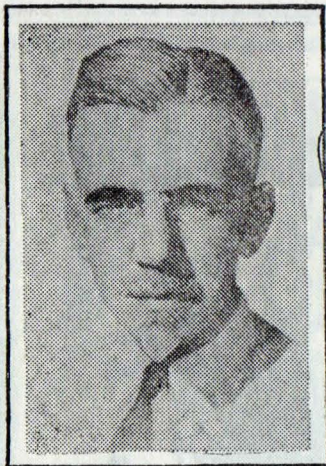
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# Cogitations

Pella

**L** REMARKED to the small fry in these pages last week that a time existed within the memories of living men when this nation had not an airplane—that could be depended upon to fly—not a radio, certainly not a television set, and scarcely an automobile that could be depended upon to run. In fact, I said that personally I could remember when it was even a novelty and a distinction to talk into a telephone. As for movies, either silent or talkative, they were such a spectacle that a personage by the name of Lyman Howe toured the nation with projection-machine and box of films, hired halls, put ads in the papers, and packed 'em in to see an express train come hurtling down a track towards the audience, or a Lipton Tea yacht bend before the breeze and tack straight into the camera with every indication of its prow puncturing the big bass drum in the orchestra accompaniment. Inventions, indeed! It seems incredible to recall that the most commonplace and universal of contraptions featuring today's civilization in this Republic have come in since the war between Spain and George Dewey. And that war was fought two years before the turn of the century. It has indeed been a momentous time to have lived . . . My smallest grandson, Eric, will be three this coming Christmas morning. Tonight he talked over the telephone between Melford's and Adelaide's bungalow up on 9th Street, and the printing plant. The wonderment in his voice as he made his responses recalled the first telephoned words that ever fell upon my own ears in 1897 . . . I relived his sensations but thank God he didn't relive mine . . .

**P**RESIDENT McKinley was passing through our town, his train halting at the local railroad "depot" for a matter of thirty minutes. Honoring this gala visitation, a parade had been projected by the local authorities for civic societies and school children. It was to start in Gardner Center, the swank residential district "on the Hill," move down through West Gardner Square headed by the Firemen's Band, and trombone its way to the South Gardner Station where McKinley would make a brief platform speech, the civic bodies would cheer, the children would wave a thousand small flags, and the Firemen aided by grunts and squeals from brass instruments would render *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*. The sizable school building where I had attained to magnificent scholarship of the Third Grade, was practically on the line of march, and when the parade started from the Cen-



ter, word was to be "flashed" by that ultra-modern device, the telephone, to West Gardner. Whereupon the school—the whole nine grades of it—would dismiss for the day, and its youthful citizens join in to welcome the author of the McKinley Tariff Bill. One of the oldest boys

in the school had been delegated to hie to the Center and call Dan Smith's Grocery on the wire, whereupon a second boy would get the message and relay it to Miss Pease, principal. The phone in Smith's Grocery was nearest the schoolhouse. I forget who the big boy was whose commission was to ring the grocery. But I can never forget who the small boy was, whose responsibility was to answer and do the reactive leg-work. It happened to be *myself* . . . Up to that moment, which was the second year of the Tariff Bill's administration, I had seen telephones utilized by others but never utilized one myself. However, a trifle dizzy with the honor and distinction of the morning, I was permitted to depart the schoolhouse and take my post around eleven o'clock at Smith's Grocery near the instrument. It was one of those primitive wall phones, with a ten-inch arm offering the transmitter for speaking purposes and a small writing desk, on the front of which were shiny twin bells. They still use them, I'm told, in country districts.

—o—

**D**AN SMITH was a burly merchant, given to a cap with a glistening visor over one ear, bulk encased in a soiled apron of white duck, and thick wrists distinguished by woven straw cuffs. He turned a jaundiced eye upon me when I broke the news to him about my civic commission because only a few weeks before I had ridden a "chainless" bicycle down the Graham Street grade toward his store, not being able to brake properly by reason of its being a man's bicycle and chainless. Thus I had generated such speed that upon reaching the opposite curbing I had, so to speak, joined the bird-gang. I had gone off into space, in

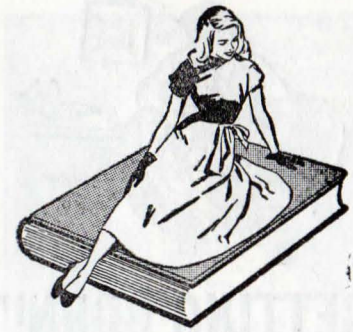


other words, negotiating Parker Street without touching blacktop pavement and shot directly through the front screen-doors of Dan's emporium trafficking in groceries and other staples. Among other staples had been several crates of fresh eggs openly tilted for display in front of a glass showcase holding assorted sweets. The chainless bicycle and I had entered the place at the one electric instant but found naught to receive us but two clerks, a dozen women who screamed, the opened crates of eggs, and the glass cabinet holding peppermint candies, bonbons, and chocolate-drops. The doors broke, the eggs broke, and the candy case broke, all in one concerted explosion of small boy and bicycle. And I was the *deus ex machina* of the mess, compounded of flyscreen, egg yolks and glass. I might say I did not feel like a *deus ex machina*. I felt like an accident that had gone somewhere to happen and been highly successful. Happily I had somehow entered Dan's place of business feet first instead of head first. I do not know which end of the bicycle came in first, I might say it accompanied me with both ends. Anyhow, when I was dragged forth covered with more eggs and candy outwardly than I had ever consumed inwardly to that moment, Dan was frantically cranking this selfsame wall instrument for my father to come across the Square and pay the bill if he could. The interior of Dan's establishment looked as though it required no less than one John D. Rockefeller to pay the bill—if he could as well. Now here was Mr. Smith, in odd cap, white apron and straw cuffs looking down on the aforesaid *deus ex machina* come back into his emporium with designs on his telephone. When ever I showed up in the Smith Grocery, it seemed, it cost somebody large sums before I withdrew—such was the impression Mr. Smith implied anent me. 'I dunno whether I'll let you answer that tellyphone or not,' he debated, 'seeing how you bust things up around this place.' Miss Pease, the school principal, had blundered as to personnel it seemed, designating me to announce the push-power of Gardner's civic effort in appreciation of the President. For an awful moment I saw the whole day a flopperoo for six hundred academic contemporaries, both sexes, and nine teachers—ten counting that purblind principal. I saw that I had

a Dale-Carnegie project on my hands, winning friends and influencing people in the instance of this burly merchant, and in the cause of the Republican Administration. "Please, Mr. Smith!" I implored Daniel. But I did not win and he did not influence so easily as that. "You ever answered a tellyphone in your life?" he demanded. I swallowed hard and in a manner of speaking strutted. "Oh, sure," I returned, implying I "called" Europe nightly and talked with Crowned Heads, or chatted with Guam weekends just to ask how the weather was exhibiting down there. "Humph!" grumped Daniel, "why couldn't Miss Pease send somebody to do her phonin' who could be trusted not to bust things up in this place?" . . . "But this is for the pee-rade and the Pres'dent, Mr. Smith." . . . Daniel humphed again. "Waal, you drag my desk-chair over under that phone and stay in it till it rings, pee-rade or no pee-rade." And he whammed his meat-cleaver into the cutting-block as though his major desire-wish fulfillment was to see my neck *between* such market equipments. I took this for permission and I headed for the chair beneath the telephone against the east wall . . .

o—o

IT WAS a roll-top desk containing hundreds of pigeonholes where doubtless Mr. Smith kept statements and invoices. And its chair was a straw-backed swivel. However, I would have dragged the Battleship *Maine* up from Havana Harbor and over under that phone, rather than fall down in my public brevet. What Dan Smith was thinking about, to suggest a small boy who had never answered a telephone should attempt to do it *standing up* in a swivel chair—which not only tilted backwards and forwards but around and around—was one of those lapses into mercantile paranoia that commanded a psychiatrist. However, we didn't have psychiatrists in those days. *They* also were inventions that came in after the turn of the century. But a fussy old lady who wanted ten cents worth of sausage and a pound of free liver took up his attention forthwith. I dragged the chair on its casters over under the wall phone and sat in it. Talk in that emporium was mainly about the pee-rade and McKinley's visit, anyhow. No one paid further attention to me for a full seventeen minutes . . . Whereupon I write that as the



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eighteenth moment of my sitting began and ran its course, the glistening twin bells in the front of the little wall-desk jingled portentously. True, it might only be an Osgood Street housewife ordering a can of baking powder and a bunch of celery. Then again, the Great Procession might have sparked and gotten in motion. I was seized with palsy. Which was it? And the bells jingled and jingled. I heard a masculine roar from the meat-block. "Well, answer it, you little fool! . . . that's what you wanted."

o—o

YES, Daniel Smith, grocer, was correct in his comment, however lacking in judgment as to my abilities to lift an unfamiliar receiver off a hook while standing to reach it in a chair on casters that not only tilted backwards and forwards but also enjoyed the capabilities of going around and around. I departed my sitting posture and succeeded to a standing posture, gripping the mouthpiece-arm for support. Without that mouthpiece support it would have been similar to standing atop the mainmast of a sailing bark with a heavy sea running. But with an ingenuity that might have been inherited or perhaps was a hangover from earlier lives as a flagpole sitter, I got that receiver off the left-hand hook, placed it against my ear as I had seen adults do, and lisped timorously, "Hello? . . . Hello?" . . . Instead of getting immediate information about the pee-rade starting, a surprisingly animated "Whoozit?" barked out of the receiver. I ventured, "What?" This brought a barrage of stuccato repetitions, "Whoozit? Whoozit? Whoozit?" . . . It was a puzzling manner of announcing a pee-rade. Or was it? Was *Whoozit* a brand of some grocery staple that distinguished D. Smith's merchandise? But it was a masculine voice, and men in those days rarely called grocery stores for staples of any nature. . . . Not a word about parades starting. just *Whoozit-Whoozit-Whoozit?* Had I been better oriented to telephonic practices I might have recognized the interrogation respecting identities of the party at the receiving end, but my ideology was keyed to pee-rades and *Whoozits* were as Greek . . . What I needed was an interpreter . . . To this day I aver that it was Daniel Smith, Groceries and Other Staples, who was responsible for what ensued. He strode around a fresh consignment of eggs, opened as to

crates and tilted against a long-since-mended showcase holding sweets, reached for that receiver and jerked it from my hand, "Yeah? . . . Whazza matter?" he bel-lowed professionally into the transmitter.

o—o

WHETHER it was news of the pee-rade's starting or not, I never heard. But Daniel asked that question of the wrong party. He should have asked it of *me*. Whether I could have described my difficulties might have been debatable, but I was having them a second time in D. Smith's Emporium. I let go the transmitter-arm to make way for the burly grocer, which left my diminutive person striving to balance itself standing in a swivel with casters that not only tilted backwards and forwards but went around and around. All these many oddities I aver I performed. *Then I took off!* . . . I took off directly into the crates of openly-displayed fresh eggs because there was nowhere else to take. Smith heard a second sickening crash, or series of crashes, showcase glass being in it as well as eggshells, but the small Pelley child again the *deus ex machina* of a disastrous grocery episode. I have a dim recollection of Daniel turned with the receiver lowered, not to mention his jaw. Words came from his mouth. "God in heaven!" he remarked anent my plight, "*twice!*" . . . Then he hung up on the masculine conversationalist who was querulously demanding "Whoozit?—Whoozit?—Whoozit?" He hung up to crank the newly invented contrivance furiously and give the number of my father's store. Father had bills to pay to one Daniel Smith for the second time in their odd industrial careers. He didn't know it yet but he was about to know it. . . . Yes, there was a time within the memory of living man when even speaking across a telephonic instrument was a mechanical necromancy. I too was a necromancy when father arrived and helped the Smith customers get me out of those eggs. Happily the band music of the pee-rade on starting, bore down to the schoolhouse and effected timely dismissal. Now we have telephones that move around on desktops, and just last evening I talked with Chicago at seven o'clock and Los Angeles at eight. But I wasn't standing in a swivel to do it. I was sitting in it. *How tempus and invention fugits,*

—THE INTERPRETER



## Flight from Paradise

(Continued from Page 2)

THE RUSSIAN press, sparked by the Kremlin, is striving to minimize the disaster, playing up a wild story about "opening up virgin areas in Siberia," despite the fact that even though such areas existed to be opened, the economic debacle of European collectivism would be repeated.

*Communism simply doesn't work, no matter how you look at it.* It doesn't work because it's against nature. The Big International Interests behind the Marxist "experiment" are belatedly finding this out. So with serious trouble looming over the Kremlin before Spring, they have only one last desperate technique to control the free nations of the world.

*That is United Nations!*

AMERICANS should face this alternative frankly.

As the exodus grows worse out of East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and even West Russia itself, and insurrection and revolt slash hole after hole in the "doughty" Iron Curtain, without question the "humanitarian" bloc will lie heavily on United Nations to salvage the results of Marxist "disaster". The "plight" of Red China will demand equal supplies and refinancing. Thus will the bandits of both suzerainties move into United Nations more or less openly—expecting the United States as the "richest" member to reach for the check.

One can almost see the design of the machinery being geared for the *coup*. The very characters most responsible for the Soviet economic debacle will whine loudest and most eloquently that they represent Russia and her satellites in policy-making decisions. Their Trojan Horse agents will strain to win every last sentimentalist in our own Republic to "share" American prosperity and know-how with "all less-favored peoples", making the standard of living uniform throughout the world. The real party of color in the woodpile will be economic jurisdiction over the assets of United States—naught else. And it must all be achieved through "the commendable peace-making potentials" of United Nations.

Timing the collapse of Russia with the redrafting of the U-N constitution will be the *fete accompli*. Indeed, there are

astute mentalities on this side of the Atlantic who are not so unconvinced that exactly such Plan has not been maturing from the first. It is the final utilization of Russia in the Great Racial Chess Game.

Certainly it's something for true nationalists to watch.

If the Flight from Paradise—the Kremlin Paradise—is an inevitable stampede for the U-N Paradise, the western-world Republic confronts a major headache. But the forward-looking among us should now begin envisioning what happens to this earth when the Iron Curtain drops.

Certainly the economic-military bloc is going to be out of luck for a first-class *causus belli* to secure ever-increasing congressional appropriations.

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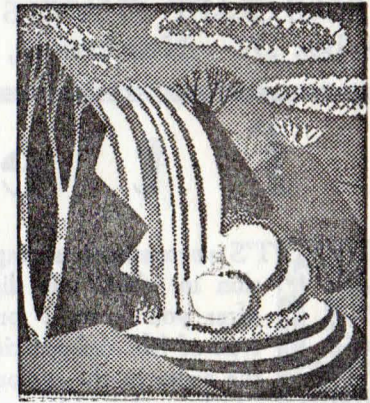
## The Long Table

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vacate. When Harriet said on a recent occasion that souls who die in mortal childhood grow forward, and souls who die in old age grow backward, both to a norm of 33, it was her manner of saying that the vehicle proceeds toward a norm of the adult faculties. This norm in the average case is about 33 solar years. Most souls on gaining to the next immediate planes "think of themselves" as they were in earth-life and therefore make appropriate vehicle presentations. But as spiritual development proceeds, in the higher and higher planes, the vehicle grows more and more ethereal, until it is well-nigh spirit and nothing else, literally. Ari is the continuing soul of an old Biblical character who has not reincarnated in the last 1900 years. He thinks of himself as an aged man with a beard because the character befits its role. He doubtless could, if he so wished, present himself as a vigorous young man but extreme wisdom coming from a vigorous young man would be out of character from the earthly viewpoint. Your other questions, Kalamazoo, the difference between the physical plane and the etheric plane cannot be expounded in a paragraph. The Karma book will clear it up for you.

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**WHEN you go to drown yourself, leave your clothes folded neatly on the bridge. They may fit your wife's second husband.**



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

**L**T'S surpassingly strange, the intellectual condition in which you discover yourself operating after you've really probed effectively into the type of life and consciousness that appears to be the order in the surrounding heaven-worlds into which earth-people graduate. I'm serious about this. Slowly the presentiment grows upon you that this earth-life is only the lower half of something. The upper floors require to be considered in visioning the whole House. Or, putting it the other way about, conscious existence itself is the whole Structure of Being but the stupendous building has many floors above the one on which most mortal people live and think. The latter, taking them by and large, truly are living, enduring and dying in the basement of a Mansion and stupidly assuming that's all there is. Floors overhead? Prove it! You try to argue that there couldn't be a basement unless there *were* floors overhead. But you get nowhere. Mortals in flesh feel the solid cement flooring beneath their feet. They observe they can move in any lateral direction and bump noses or elbows against immutable walls. They can look over their heads at the basement rafters but rarely climb up and try to touch them. Ask them what the strange seried contraption of steps over in a corner is and they'll murmur something about stairs going somewhere, but they'll tell you only fools try to use them. There's nothing to the rest of the mansion, absolutely nothing. It's all in the basement, and upper floors exist only in the heads of the slightly addled . . .

**B**UT use those corner stairs as I've used them, not once but many times, or take the receiver off the hook of the house-telephone over beyond the furnace and dare to talk audibly with the wonderful people living on the floors above, and the symposium of the Mansion as a structure takes shape in your mind. As for precisely Who may be living in the penthouse atop the whole, or what the cosmic view may be from the Roof, that's beyond basement imagination. But after a time you do begin to pity those poor benighted basement dwellers who spend their days bruising themselves against the walls or having to carry out ashes interminably from the furnace of theologies, utterly impervious to the upper floor life. Never mind how hard-headed they seek to convince you they are, the density of their skulls never seems hard enough to withstand the bruising from their basement walls. And should one of the cultured and kindly people, living above, essay to venture down into the basement, if for no other reason than

to show themselves neighborly, those benighted basement-dwellers either start shrieking they've beheld the supernatural or they're certain to be convinced they've gone off their rockers. I encounter so many of such skeptics . . . Still, I say, conscious life does take on an altered meaning for you as you envision the Mansion as a unit . . .

**F**OR one thing, it's truly miraculous how this unit view of the Mansion changes the import as well as importance of many things down in the basement that otherwise—seen only from the basement angle itself—stack up as being tragic. To nine-tenths of the basement denizens, leaving the basement itself and starting to reside on a higher floor is regarded as the *supreme* tragedy. That such denizens are residing in the basement for a highly instructive and necessary purpose—that of giving them fullest basic knowledge of the bastions and foundations of the House—is another “tragedy” to these benighted people. Denying their ability to use corner stairs or basement wall-phones to talk with Upstairs is still a third. To hear some of them go so far as to declare that only crazy people attempt either, leaves you wondering how stupid the so-called human race can show itself and live. Then there's the contingent that screeches that visiting or calling the next immediate floors is a profitless and impertinent curiosity and nothing counts but Faith's view from the roof. That life on each floor contributes more and more to total knowledge of the entire structure, occurs to but few of them. Still, the floors are there and the Mansion is a Mansion. Oh, well! . . . It takes all sorts of people to make a world, which is the trite way of saying that it takes all grades and conditions of intelligence to fill up the Mansion on all floors. But I still maintain it's queer ideology that begins to function in your head and spirit when life on the Upper Floors becomes quite as real to you as what's continually occurring in the cellars. You find people marveling at your poise and dispassion toward the scars and collisions of basement life, when it's truly that your main interest is centered on the daily and hourly exhibits of the celestial helicopters coming and going from the roof—

and making you wonder about their destinations. Actually your spirit is living in the *whole house*, not just one floor or room of it. Fact is, of course, the people of the basement aren't ready culturally as yet to mingle with the splendid array of residents overhead but you can't tell them that without hurting their feelings . . . Just call Soulcraft a personally conducted tour of the supernal premises and drop the whole subject! If we're able! . . .

**¶** *WE can live without friends, but not without neighbors, because it is against neighbors that we must reckon progress*