

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume V

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, September 19, 1953

Number 21



## Autumn

### WE MUST PREPARE FOR HOT CLIMATE

**T**HE LAST thing in the world that the people of North America, and particularly the citizens of the United States, have been prepared to see occur, is a complete alteration in the climate of their country. That the United States of America should turn tropical—at least acquire a climate like that of Mexico—while the North Temperate Zone, that Americans have enjoyed since the times of Pilgrim Fathers, moves northward into Canada and approaches the polar regions, becomes one of those gigantic surprises which no man had reckoned.

Yet that is what seems to be happening, though the press and radio are handling it queasily.

It stands a show of revamping and remaking the whole course of life and culture, here in the Western Hemisphere. Not that this change is confined to this Western Hemisphere by any means. Asia is getting it in the West. Europe and Africa are getting it in the East. The great droughts



# The Droughts Are and May Cause a

that are afflicting Mexico, Central America and Brazil this year, have their counterparts in similar gargantuan droughts in many parts of North Africa, the Levant, the Ukraine, and China. Paradoxical as it appears, the equatorial country is getting colder, while the earth's poles and their vicinities both North and South, are climbing steadily upward in temperatures the year around.

This means that, carried to extremes, *the globe's polar ice caps may totally disappear within the observation of modern man.* But what is it due to mean, if, for some uncanny cosmic reason, the tropical equator around the center of our spinning earth becomes so chill that it commences to form ice?

The average person wants to know how such phenomenon could happen?

Geologists are not yet prepared to explain it, although the more astute of them, likewise familiar with astronomy, are hinting that the earth may be entering some peculiar zone in Space where cosmic rays form a field or vortex that drive heat from the globe's spinning circumference toward the poles, while interstellar zero is drawn into the vacuum. Others are calling attention to the very certain behavior of sunspots, that are cutting most peculiar capers in these Latter Days.

Sooner or later the scientists will crack it. But that does not alter the fact that a great industrial nation like United States, situated in the North Temperate Zone so ideal for working conditions, confronts major influences making for a more leisurely type of culture as the situation becomes acute.

**T**HE MAN who seems to have placed himself in the vanguard of these geologic and astronomical disclosures,

coming at this time, is William J. Baxter, founder and director of Baxter's International Economic Research Bureau at 68 William Street, New York City. He has just published an epochal book, *Today's Revolution in Weather*, copy of which has reached VALOR's desk and been most avidly examined and digested.

The author of *Today's Revolution in Weather*, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts in 1899. As a boy he obtained his first business experience by selling newspapers. At 17 he successfully built one of the largest wholesale and retail newspaper distributing businesses in the State, which enabled him to enter Clark University. It was there he received his first education in weather and its effects on business.

After graduating from the Harvard Graduate School of Business in 1922, he engaged in economic and business research in a wide variety of fields. As the author of several well-known economic books, he has successfully popularized economics in simple terms, so that nearly one million copies of his books have been sold in the postwar period.

As an organizer of several corporations and an active director of industrial and commercial enterprises in this country, his work has never been theoretical. As the head of a large economic bureau service, he has advised many thousands of investors and corporations. His independent thinking has enabled him to build a large following, not only in this country but throughout the world.

As a student of weather for many years and knowing its far-reaching effects, Mr. Baxter decided that the revolutionary changes now taking place should be known to the public. So he has put his whole analysis and conclusions into a 132-page book that sells for only \$1. *Soulcrafters all over the world are strongly counseled to send a dollar bill to Mr. Baxter at 68 William Street, Manhattan, and read what Mr. Baxter has to say, for themselves.* Baxter is one of the Soulcraft breed of folks, with a fine Yankee mind

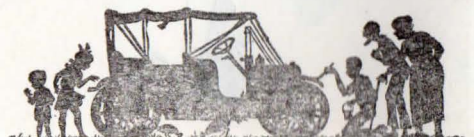
in a head that is tightly screwed upon his burly shoulders, and VALOR's publisher, as a co-subscriber to Baxter's matchless service over a considerable time entertains the highest respect for his findings and opinions. (Incidentally, tell Mr. Baxter where you learned about his book.)

Now what does he say about what is happening to the equinoxes?

**H**IS BOOK runs to eight chapters. He starts off by declaring that something new is being added to the weather. He scans the entire globe for the reports of drastic changes occurring in climates of all countries. Then he tells what is happening to the fish, animal, and bird population. That these indicate plainly enough something occurring behind Nature, he describes in his delightful colloquial style, not a ten-pound word in a carload. Chapter Three he titles, "Make Room for Trees, Grains, Vegetables and Bugs on the North Express" and describes what it is due to mean for our Republic when Canada tomorrow has the year-around temperature that United States had yesterday. Water, Water, Everywhere, but in the wrong places! But what's the cause for it all? This is the biggest dollar's worth of all-around information you will have expended this year, and VALOR recommends it strictly as a service to its subscribers.

Of course the average American, learning about it out of a book for the first time, attributes these fundamentals to the sudden turning loose of the atom bomb concussions. But that theory just doesn't hold up. Baxter quotes one of the top army generals on this subject as follows:

"First, I would say quite generally that the force of an atomic explosion—anything short of a super-bomb, such as the much talked of hydrogen bomb—would



# Far-Reaching in Consequences Population Shift Northward . .

not be powerful enough to change the weather. This includes short-time and purely local weather.

"This was well-proven at the time of the first atomic explosion in July, 1945, at Alamogordo, New Mexico, which was set off under what we deemed to be most unfavorable weather conditions. We had hoped for, and planned on, winds of a certain type, both as to velocity and direction, and a generally clear sky. Our selection of date had been influenced greatly by long-range weather predictions made by the best meteorologists we could find. Their predictions turned out to be completely wrong as to humidity, and we found ourselves faced with rainy, wet weather. Although there were many advocates of a 24-hour delay in the hope of better conditions, we did not wish to postpone the explosion because of all the difficulties such postponement would entail. The bomb was exploded a few hours later than had been intended but the weather was very cloudy and threatening.

"We had had the feeling that in line with old theories of cannon-fire bringing rain, the force of the explosion might do it, particularly if the conditions were ripe for rain. Rains would wash down radioactive particles before the dilution of such particles into the atmosphere, it was believed possible, and might cause dangerous conditions in various areas. *We were surprised by the fact that the rain-clouds promptly disappeared from the local areas,* possibly due to the heat of the explosion.

"Although I have not investigated the matter particularly, I have not heard any reports to indicate that unusual local rains have fallen as a result of the bomb explosions since that time.

"Now as to the long-range effects on weather, I would say that if there were any, they might result from the increase in the number of radioactive particles in the atmosphere. I have not made any personal study of the weather following the other tests and I have not heard of any that have been made along those lines.

This should not be difficult to do. While the number of explosions has been limited, there is no reason why trends should not be determinable."

**H**ERE is another contribution along a similar line from the head of a leading technical university and a member of the Atomic Energy Commission:

"Your question about the effect of atomic explosions on the weather came just after I heard the question answered over the radio by Dr. Lawrence R. Hafstad, Director of the Reactor Division of the AEC. He said his meteorological friends assured him that these explosions have no detectable effect on the weather. He also said that, though he was a physicist and not a professional meteorologist, his general knowledge of the phenomena involved, led him to occur in the meteorologist's judgment.

"I am in somewhat the same position as Dr. Hafstad. My belief is, that the amount of extraneous material which goes into the atmosphere from these explosions is so infinitesimal, in comparison to the amounts of precipitation nuclei which go into the atmosphere from salt water spray, or dust and similar materials, *that the net effect on the weather would be expected to be wholly negligible.*"

And from still another leading physicist that Mr. Baxter has contacted comes this—

"The amount of energy involved in an atomic explosion is very large when compared with usual man-made efforts, but it is trivially small compared with the energy involved in cyclones and anti-cyclones, or the the normal motion of air."

**T**HE MORE likely causes for this titanic veer in rainfall and behavior of clouds over the United States in general, is said to be something that few Americans have given much thought. That is the enormous amounts of carbon dioxide discharged into the atmosphere by the greatly augmented industrial ac-



tivity of this nation, particularly of late years when some of our heaviest activities have been shifted to the Southwest territory.

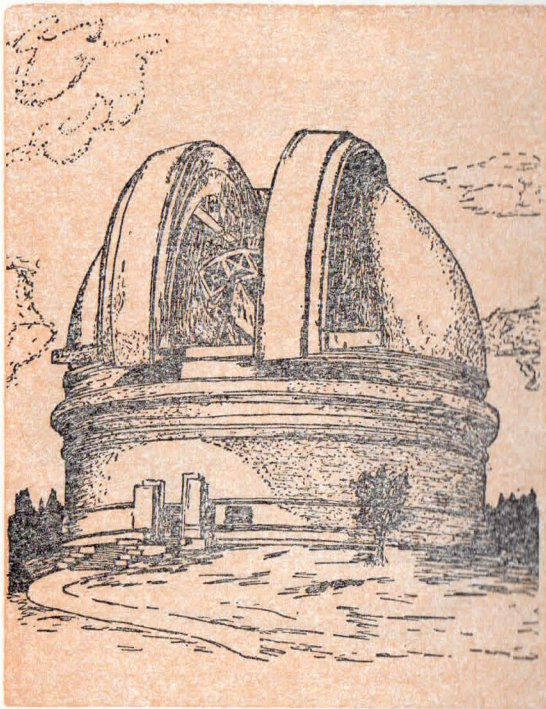
Dr. Gilbert Plass of Washington, D. C. has told the American Geophysical Union that—

"The large increase in industrial activity during the present century is discharging so much carbon dioxide into the atmosphere that the average temperature is rising at the rate of 1½ degrees per century.

"The carbon dioxide acts in the same manner as glass in a greenhouse. It prevents the escape of the long wave-length heat radiation from the ground."

This statement of Dr. Plass's is something to consider when we are told in another place that a total rise of 4 degrees in the whole temperature of the globe would melt every particle of polar ice, both North and South, and so add to the water content of the oceans that whole continental outlines would be altered. *Gradually* all the great coastal cities of the East would become inundated, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington. There seems to be little or no danger of this happening suddenly, however. In about three centuries, at steady rate, these American coastal cities would be deep under oceanic brine. And there would seem to be little the nation can do about it, as cofferdams to shut

(Continued on Page 14)



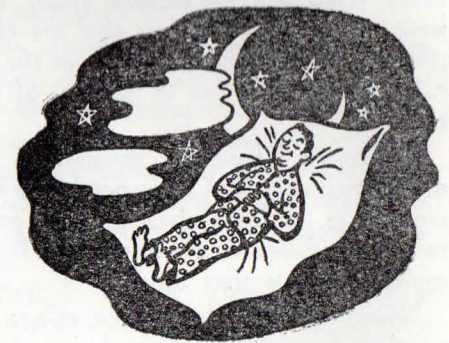
# That Fascinating 200-inch Telescope on Mt. Palomar

*What you should know about its construction and the marvels it's revealing . .*

The search ended on the top of Palomar Mountain.

Palomar Mountain is a block of granite 15 miles long and 5 miles wide. It has neither ledges nor hot desert sands near it to set up the convection currents that can ruin telescopic vision. It has an altitude of 6,100 feet; the observatory site is on a plateau below the peak, but still at 5,600 feet, a little over a mile. And, just as important a consideration as any of the foregoing, it is accessible. Unlike the two-foot-wide dirt trails that led up to Mount Wilson in its early days, a paved high-gear road built by San Diego County leads to the observatory on Palomar Mountain; and the 130-mile trip to the central shops, offices, libraries, and laboratories in Pasadena takes only about four hours by car.

Palomar Mountain having been selected, the next problem was the design of the mirror itself. It was not an easy problem to solve, either. A 200-inch mirror may have only twice the diameter of a 100-inch mirror, but it has five times the weight. The disk of glass from which the 200-inch mirror was to be ground would have to weigh about 20 tons.



The first choice of a material from which to make a mirror such as this would be fused quartz. Fused quartz responds less to temperature changes than any other usable substance. But a dis-

*(Continued on Page 11)*

**T**HE average Soulcrafter has heard, more or less intermittently, of a great 200-inch telescope being mounted in the Observatory at Mount Palomar in southern California. Whether it is "up yet", and what shocking disclosures about the universe it may have revealed if it is "up", are not so distinct in his thinking. VALOR herewith undertakes to bring its readers up to date on just what has been accomplished, and what the results are, to the moment.

First *the great 200-inch telescope is finished and mounted!* It is scanning the skies every evening. And here is its story—as fascinating an achievement as anything portrayed in the *Arabian Nights* . . .

The "Story of Palomar" is the story of the International Education Board pledging \$6,000,000 toward the construction of a newer and bigger telescope than existed anywhere on earth. That was in 1928.

This pledge, for which responsibility was later assumed by the General Educational Board, and which was supplemented by funds from Rockefeller Foundation, was made to the California Institute of Technology, of which George Ellery Hale—the man who first envisioned the creation of this telescopic Gargantua—

was a mere trustee. Then the Institute undertook the responsibility for building and operating the huge telescope and the observatory of which it was to be a part.

**T**HE FIRST problem to decide was, how big the new telescope should be. A telescope with a 300-inch mirror was briefly considered. It soon turned out, however, that cost, difficulties of transportation, and technical limitations prohibited anything of such size. So the projected telescope's mirror was dropped to a 200-inch diameter—still twice the size of the Mount Wilson colossus.

Size having been determined upon, the place to put the telescope was the next problem. Mount Wilson was out. The lights of Pasadena and nearby Los Angeles were already interfering with long-exposure work being done with the 100-inch. The next most logical place, Table Mountain, which is near Mount Wilson, was eliminated for the same reason—the lights of the San Gabriel Valley—and also because Table Mountain was on the edge of California's famous San Andreas fault, and therefore, in an earthquake zone too hazardous for a huge telescope.

There followed a survey of possible sites that ranged from Mono Lake in the Sierras on the north to the Mexican border on the south, and from the Pacific Ocean on the west to Arizona on the east.

# Does Life Hold Predicaments which We Never Ordered?



WO difficulties, not to say resentments, confront us when considering the hypothesis that each life may be charted. First, we feel that our rugged spiritual individualism is being infringed upon, and we react in pique to any suggestion that we cannot do as we please in life. Second, the size and intricacy of the patterns proposed are so stupendous that our minds—in present stages of spiritual unfoldment—revolt at considering them. Being mentally unable to comprehend planning of a nature so titanic, we dispose of the matter by calling it absurd.

But having a childish pique at possible spiritual circumscription, or saying that a thing cannot be so because our minds cannot grasp it, might, on the other hand, compose exactly the evidence we lack for establishing causes for the miracle of mortality at all.

The first might be set down as a matter of pure vanity. The second might be listed as in the class of pure defense mechanisms, arranged to salve our chagrins that we are not now as developed spiritually as we hope to some day become.

As students of the verities, however, suppose that we divest ourselves of bias and consider all phases of the theory abstractly.

Human life, we must admit, has appeared upon earth, and over the multiple centuries has traced a program of activity and growth.

Human society, so-called, has been composed of myriad individuals, who, when aligned into cultures—moral, economic, or political—have been the recipients of diversified experiences that from the spiritual standpoint have either profited or damaged them.

The assumption or acceptance of the average participant in life today is, that most of it has occurred by chance, or at least in reaction of features of terrain,

environment, and so-called natural selection.

Enforced obedience—or rather, acquiescence—to laws promulgated by Nature, say the orthodox evolutionists, has proposed effects which—taken collectively—we term the civilizations of today.

Within the circumscriptions of these natural laws, mortally encased spirits have liberty and license to do as they please.

Examining such assumptions or acceptances more trenchantly, however, do we find them logical?

---

---

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

---

---

WE SPEAK of the "circumscriptions of natural laws," inside of which sentient spirits have liberties and license. But are we not indulging ourselves in a paradox to start with? Is not the whole proposal a silly contradiction? The idea-image called up is one of life with a paddock fence around it. We concede ourselves to be a sort of human stock turned out to pasture for the sequence of the physical experience. But what have we gained—or proven—by such conceiving?

Are we not stating in effect that whereas we concede that the paddock fence of natural laws and circumscriptions exists, nevertheless because we can toss our manes, lie down on the sod and roll, chase one another down grassy slopes, or lift our heads in the sunshine and whinny, we are "free."

But are we free? Are such physical acts as tossing our manes, rolling in grass,



chasing each other in capricious exercise, making whinny-noises from our throats, liberties or licenses in any sense whatever?

An old adage has it, "Whatever you do not particularly want to be, or cannot leave at any time or in such manner as you choose, is prison!"

So long as there is a single limitation of any nature upon our volatile acts or choosings, is it not logical that in exactly that degree we are convict prisoners?

Whether the imprisonment annoys us, or is carried to such an extent that it infuriates us, is beside the point. Whether it be physical or mental is likewise of no moment.

Whenever there is the slightest barrier set up to compel us to do that which we would not do of our private volition, does it not imply that we are slaves and serfs by enforced acquiescence to its dictates?

Commonly we think of prisonment as dictated confinement of the physical body by the law-enforcing agencies maintained by society.

Most gentlemen residing at Sing Sing are there against their wills—let us hope that no one arises to waste time in challenging this statement.

But what shall be said for the small-town housewife with seven youngsters, who is compelled to "manage" on the fifteen dollars allotted her by her plumber-husband each Saturday noon? The windows of her tawdry little bungalow show no bars, but is there essential difference between the gong that calls the inmates

of Sing Sing to morning mess and the alarm-clock that bangs off at six-thirty every morning and proclaims that the housewife shall arise, prepare breakfast, and get her offspring off to school?

A thousand times a month the housewife undoubtedly would like to "chuck the whole business" and flee to a South Pacific island with the handsome young chap who delivers the groceries. Such are her natural inclinations. Still, she does not. Something restrains her. She has a lifetime sentence at hard labor to serve, with very real penalties if she "goes over the wall." That part of these penalties may be the harassments of conscience, does not alter acknowledgment of the basic circumscription.

We have all of us become prisoners to a greater or lesser degree, by submitting to the phenomenon of physical incarnation.

The Free Will that appears evident in the circumstance boils down to this: Will we or will we not, conform to the discipline set down for the conduct of our own particular penal situation?

But what Free Will is that, inasmuch as our penal situation immediately says, "Exercise such Free Will and bring chastisement upon yourself!"

The equation resulting from this would be—

"Your only free will is the will to invite punishment."

SO, VIEWED in this light, what we hoax ourselves into discerning as Free Will is merely the decision whether or not to conform to the rules of the particular little penal situation in which we must discern ourselves as principals. No matter what the degree of imprisonment, we are compelled to face the fact that the instant that Will is not one hundred percent free, it is not free at all. Free, remember, is an incomparable adjective. As well speak of being "little bit married" as to refer to freedom in terms of qualifications.

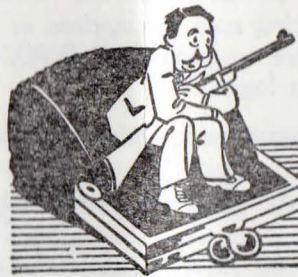
The minute that you are obstructed or restrained from doing anything and everything that you elect to do, in that moment—to be honest—you must admit you are not free.

And precisely as someone reared the walls of Sing Sing and propounded the rules for subsequent occupants, so the life incursion acknowledges the walls of natural and social laws, and qualifies the ex-

tent of the liberties that shall thenceforth maintain for those becoming victims of the prison situation.

The trouble with the whole of it—in applying the convict-situation to the prison of physicality—lies in the acknowledgment that instead of there being one set of rules for all the human beings committed to the Sing Sing of Mortality, there is evidence of a separate agendum of activities for every convict personally.

Because there are so many convicts committed to the Sing Sing of Mortality, however, the mind of the lone convict repudiates the notion that programming so much infinitesimal detail can be possible. Truly, what he is doing is confessing his own mental limitations or conceiving capabilities, but does not grasp it.



He is ready to admit that a playwright may easily enough lock himself in an attic—or a penthouse—and picture eight characters, each sharply defined as individuals, whom he will presently carry in imagination through the ramifications of a dramatic plot. His mind, like the mind of the playwright, can "handle" eight characters and consider it no miracle.

But for a playwright to write a play that similarly indicated interwoven action for eighty characters would bring a gasp of admiration from the convict in the Sing Sing of Mortality, while as for stepping up the business to handle the action of eight hundred characters, or eight million, the effect is to bring a tart denial that such a drama can be penned. In the case of some playwright who might have the mental ability—and physical capability—to handle a cast of eight trillion, and give each his role without slip or falter, the proposal becomes absurd and the convict in mortality deigns not to entertain it.

Yet in the process, has he not been progressively indicating the degrees of his own mental capabilities, and the limitations of his intellect?

The fact that wits exist that can "han-

dle" eight characters in a dramatic plot, postulates in logic that increasingly clever wits can handle numbers of characters increasing to infinity, in exact ratio to their cleverness.

SO WHAT the average man is truly repudiating in his skepticism anent the probabilities of the charted life, is first his acknowledgment that—voluntarily or otherwise—he has become the inmate of a prison, and second the acknowledgment that in his present unfoldment he has not achieved the intellect to think beyond units of simple eights. Moreover, he represents the possibility that there may be denizens of the universe elsewhere who can—or do!

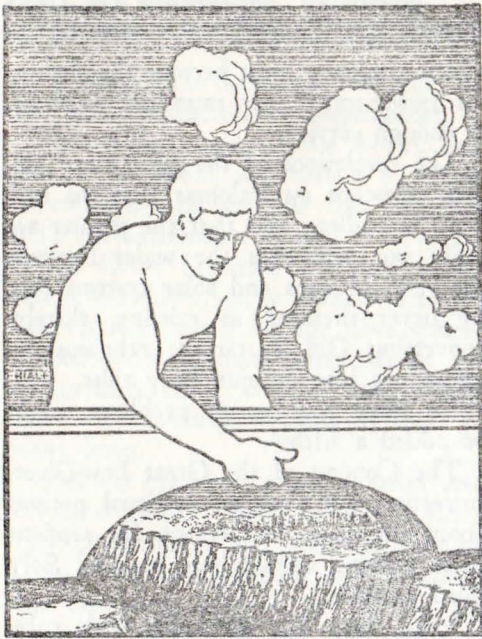
Subconsciously, or we might better say instinctively, the average performer in mortality betrays his limitations, both mentally and spiritually, with every word he utters and every reaction he shows toward mortality, thereby demonstrating that he is likewise aware, subconsciously or instinctively, that a better erudition must certainly be obtainable by being in mortality and suffering its proposals.

Increasingly as we give ourselves to such examinations, we have it impressed upon us that spirit, which is nameless and unidentified, seems to possess an unaccountable antipathy toward bestirring itself and ultimately arriving at identity through individuality. Yet on the other hand, we confront the contradiction that immediately it is forced to accept identity through individuality—all derived through educating sufferings in a universe-earth of form—it so zealously treasures and guards such attributes that it names their loss as the outstanding cosmic tragedy.

It seems to be a proposition of "having put so much work into the evolution of one's self that its wastage would be calamity," without much explanation forthcoming at this stage of intellect as to why even such wastage becomes interpretable in terms of chagrin.

THERE is this to be said, however, by those who have trodden the Pathway: Acceptance of the hypothesis of the Chartist Life, is literally and figuratively the beginning of wisdom. It is literally and figuratively the beginning of wisdom, because when it is accepted—and consummately explored—nine tenths of all

(Continued on Page 14)



HE world is so wracked with fear today that a great many people have lost their sense of balance. They are like a man standing on the brink of a precipice, rocking dizzily in terror of its depth, building images of stark tragedy for his quaking body if he were to plunge over.

There are many people who are so obsessed by the pull of imagined tragedy that they are like that man who sees only the depth below. They forget, like he forgets, that the plunge over the precipice is not the way down into the canyon or valley below. But, a little way to the side of him, there is a break in the cliff through which a road has been constructed that wends its way, in winding curves, down into the valley.

Men are forever torn with imaginings of the heart that spring from terror of what *may* happen. They seem oblivious to the fact that most of that which we imagine will happen does not happen. They likewise fail to understand that it is the little things of life that strike terror into our hearts. The big things—the vital realities of life, are ever our shield and our shibboleth.

THE Elder Brother gives us a most needed lesson for these terrors that wrack us, and many of us are so badly in need of it in these days. I'm referring to His adjurations in Chapters Thirty seven and Thirty Eight of the *Golden Scripts*. I suggest we read both of these chapters carefully, then re-read them calmly and in quiet meditation. I would

# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## The Need of Tranquillity

particularly urge that we dwell upon the 20th to the 33rd verses of the 37th chapter, and the 1st 2nd, 5th, 6th, 13th, 14th and 23rd verses of the 38th chapter.

In the 37th chapter, the Christ takes cognizance of the world's terrors in a time like the present. In the first verse He says, "The nations shall know tumult," and, "The cohorts of the earth shall bear witness that I live!" In the rest of the chapter, and particularly the 20th to 33rd verses, He gives the solution for tumult and terror, not only for the world in general, but for we who would be his cohorts and his followers.

"Behold", said Christ, "We have knowledge of great events to come—but harken in your hearts to the cries of the enhungered—Lo, such knowledge is never given for one soul only—Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.—Give unto others and ye shall open for yourselves. This is the law. I say unto you, this is the secret of all altruism."

A MAN finds true knowledge and wisdom only as he imparts them to others. He gains true balance as he seeks to steady others. That is the way of Universal Spirit and of Universal Law. For when a man forgets the needs of others, he inevitably withdraws within his own shell of selfishness, and that is the path to degradation and nonentity. Benjamin Franklin said it this way, "He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals." Jesus gave the positive approach when he taught, "He that loseth his life (for others) will find it."

In the 38th chapter, the Elder Brother teaches us a most beautiful lesson on tranquillity, we should get the total perspective of the two chapters upon which I base this article.

The way to true knowledge and understanding is arrived at through altruism as Christ tells us in the 37th chapter. The spirit of tranquillity springs out of true

altruism as He shows in the 38th chapter. "My beloved, be tranquil," He admonishes us. Why be tranquil? Because "I have come to you in beauty: I have made my light to shine—I have given you my presence."

In the 13th verse, He explains the use made of little terrors that come our way, that sometimes we make big ones. Then, particularly in the 5th, 6th, 14th and 23rd verses, He points out the beauty, power and peace of the tranquil spirit. "Tranquillity hath that power to say unto a man, Thou art princely in thine own right . . . Tranquillity giveth a man the essence of himself: it lifteth him up and beareth him along; it maketh him to see his soul as in a mirror . . . Tranquillity is balance, I say it is discernment that the universe hath measure . . . that no good thing accrueth unto man unless he hath first earned it."

TRULY, one finds a tremendous challenge when one gets this kind of view of life. The terrors of life—the worries, the knocks and bumps, the troubles and tragedies we constantly imagine—are as nothing compared with the eternal significance of what man is and what his destiny is. Over and over our Christ has told us that we are "gods in the making". We are eternal beings. What matters it that flesh may quake, that mind may waver and know turmoil, that man as a physical entity may live in dread of what he imagines? The thing that does matter is what estimate we put upon ourselves. That estimate is shown by the life we live—whether a life lived to itself, or life lived in fulness of service, good-will, altruism—the only way that leads to serenity and tranquillity and peace of mind.

That is not a mere preachment. It comes from the best Authority who ever lived, and Who practiced what He preached, the Christ of Galilee, our Elder Brother.

# 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.

Edited by William Dudley Pelley

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

VOL. V SEPTEMBER 19, 1953 No. 21

## Solution

**LET'S** not blink the fact that William J. Baxter is one of the truly big intellects distinguishing the American generation today. He has produced an epochal book in *Today's Revolution in Weather*. Unfortunately, the mass mentality of John Q. Public will not be up to assimilating its disclosures. Cosmically there seems to be a somewhat young and immature soul incarnated in world life at present. Its reaction to such revelations is one of infantile despair, that the earth is what it's proving to be. Seeing no "out" to what it confronts in the alterations of the natural world, it shifts to a "don't give a damn" attitude—always the mark of smallness. The attitude makes it prey to the most predatory influences now rampant in earth-life. So the true philosopher can only decide that such victim-plaint is another manifestation of educating earth-experience.

It is no time to be cynical of the mental limitations of Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Public. No one of sense is cynical of the limitations of children or adolescents.

But the times come in when the Reincarnational Hypothesis is the *only* hypothesis that fits what is happening. The man—or woman—who cries acrimoniously "I don't believe in it!" is doing nothing but sealing his or her mind against the one explanation that would make world developments rational.

Okay, let him seal it. What does it matter in world event whether he believes

this or that? The cosmic facts are the cosmic facts. A certain class of troglodyte may not "believe" that the sun shines in the sky, but does the sun care whether troglodytes believe in its activities or not?

Man must grow out of his mental littleness.

Nature is seeing to it that he does.

## Great Developments



WE ARE grappling with four great eventualities—or rather, disclosures—on our Aquarian agenda of world happenings. They are—

An altering world climate, with the whole planet growing hotter, the polar ice caps and glaciers melting too rapidly for comfort, and great areas of our planet becoming arid, due to the fact that surface water is being drained off our continents and flooding into oceans where it alters from fresh water on which organic life depends to brine water in which naught can live but certain breeds of fishes;

The advent into our skies of intelligent beings from other planetary systems, thousands of years in advance of us mentally and spiritually, who have conquered the secret of travel from planet to planet, and against whose activities we have almost no means of protecting ourselves if they choose to be hostile;



The discovery of the instrumentality of nuclear fission, first being applied in our inhibited spiritual state to extermination of our own species in masses, but

which gradually must become the elemental power-source for mundane universe, if enough survive;

The revelations of the great new 200-inch telescope on Palomar that the universe is endless, and that the greater we build our telescopes the wider becomes the vista of suns and solar systems that we never dreamed as existing, thereby converting Old Testament religious explanations into antique fairy tales.

To these four major problems might be added a fifth—

The Coming of the Great Law-Giver, correcting our purblind spiritual notions about the cause and reason for sentient Man pausing awhile here on Old Sol's third satellite.

View these five strictures with calm and reasonable aplomb, and it indicates your I-Q is high. But the I-Q of two-legged, three-meal-a-day Man is not high. It is, at the present time, not much removed above the intelligence of the canner animals.

All of a sudden the brevet or commission to aid the Great Avatar in educating the denizens of this planet in revised ideologies of Cosmos and Life begins to take shape.

Humanity's recourse to dealing with these stupendous revelations is to burn, slay, and exterminate the informants—they disturb the academic equanimities of the childlike masses. Solve it by removing them from life in their bodies. Or clap them away in prison cells for this reason or that, in order to keep their wisdom from becoming too public.

The altruism of the informants in continuing to function and essay the educational program laid down from the start, begins to be recognized for the celestial attribute it is. Clergymen in a thousand pulpits proclaim the "love of Christ" Sunday after Sunday, and their congregations scatter to live the week with the notion of a saccharine sentimentality of celestial good will toward those who "accept" Him. All the time, the real "love from Christ" takes the aspect of a divine concern for the childish or vicious stupidities of immature souls, determined to pronounce the universe as what they wish to believe it is, and being rancorous, ill-mannered, or brutal toward those who would apprise them of the Truth.

It takes a lot of love from a quite superior adult to enwrap the vicious, wayward, or moronistic child so that he alters



his conduct into becoming tractable, astute, and constructive in temperament.

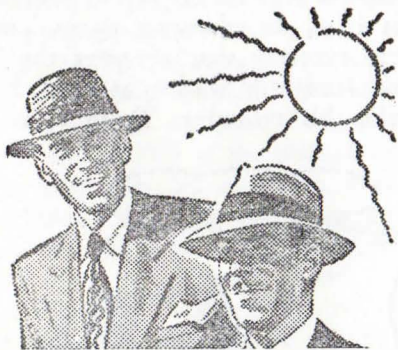
Nevertheless, here is the world, and Life in the world, and here is a Job to be consummated whether the recipients value the increments or not.

The Great Spiritual Mentors, incarnate or excarnate, apply themselves to the task quite as much for the development of their own spiritual potentials as for the product of a sweeter, finer, fairer earth for oncoming myriads of souls to profit from.

Anybody can love an appreciative and reciprocal person, young or old. It takes stalwart character and spiritual stamina to love the cantankerous and disagreeable individual who is only biding his chance to poke out his brother's eye. Multiply or compound this last by a couple of billion instances or individuals, and the "love from Christ" shapes up for what it is.

Man's first requirement toward himself is to shake himself out of his planetary provincialism, raising his sights to grasp that what he considers his mighty terrestrial globe may be little more nor less than a mote in the beams of more terrific suns. This, of course, means that Man must *think*, and thinking is a process that usually hurts. Which is why so few endure it.

Hurt is education.



The human race in its current elemental state screams and squalls and kicks its infantile heels for a universe of unruffled tranquillity and orderly assurance of security. And this isn't the plane where such conditions exercise.

In proof that it isn't, we enter the Aquarian Dispensation and confront a planetary change in temperature occurring throughout the whole earth, we confront denizens of other heavenly bodies bringing us testimony of the abysmal depths of our celestial ignorance, we face the educating rigors of the force in nu-



## Eyes which See



HE DID not carry packages of pills,  
Nor lug along a case with surgeon's knife;  
He spake the WORD to alter all their ills  
And left us this command, "Go heal the  
sick with life!"

For He was conscious only of God's perfect man,  
No mental image could His sight resign;  
And so, God's Perfect Man before Him stood,  
Said, "Be ye therefore perfect in the Father's  
sight and Mine!"

To have been present then, with Him in Galilee,  
Or stood with those who listened while He spoke  
To eager multitudes beside the silent sea,  
Or, to have tasted richly of the bread He broke . . .

With His dear hands; watched while the blind and lame,  
Or loathesome leper by His touch made whole,  
To shout with joy His power to proclaim,  
Sturdy of heart and limb and cleansed in Mind  
and Soul!

Yes, to have known this Man of Galilee  
What would we not have done; for Him we sigh,  
While every day *with eyes which do not see*  
*And ears that do not hear*, we pass Him by.

Unheeding, each, in his own earthbound street,  
The PRESENT Living Christ, whose love makes  
life complete!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

# "Adam Awakes"



## *The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!*

### THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

HERE at last is the Fourth Major Soulcraft Book that rationalizes the Adam and Eve fable of Woman's creation from a rib of Man. The views of the Great Cosmic Hierarchy on mortal Romance and Matrimony are assumed to have been communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, and are being published in a de luxe volume that is now proceeding through the Noblesville plant. There will be only 1,100 copies in the First Edition.

*A Book Every Married Couple Should Read!*

*Send Your Order in Now!*

*One Edition, Leatherette, \$5 Copy*

**Soulcraft Chapels**

clear fission, we learn of the aspects of hundreds of billions of other suns and planets besides our own, and we get the altruistic ministries of The Christ in their higher and saner significances.

We are coming out of the whole a decidedly wiser and cleverer species, make no mistake about that.

But meanwhile, who can be clapped in jail this morning or decree shall be burned at a stake? Little one-celled village beings. Thinking what we designate as "thoughts". Wouldn't it shock a lot of the pundits to discover that maybe God has scarcely heard of us as yet, or is aware that we are alive and caterwauling?

After all, what are we exhibiting as a species that really merits such Divine Attention?

Why not face it?

## People



WHEN you do your thinking from the angle of the Celestial Observation, you treat in eternal values.

One of the cosmic headaches too readily encountered is the item of populations. The most advanced genealogists and anthropologists—not to mention biologists—have it that before this country closes, our United States is due to have a census of 200 million human beings. Not only are the most prolific races of the earth being allowed to flock to our shores in unprecedented numbers but sanitation and medical skill in conquering disease are lengthening the individual life-span to the point where Nature cannot keep down the numbers of persons making demands on a country's natural resources for their sustenance.

While "free enterprise" in procreation is resulting in over-production similiar to all other lines of industrial activity where the laws of supply and demand are not permitted to operate, the amount of tillable area in the nation is contracting. The disappearance of fresh water from our continent—caused by the permanent melting of glaciers and over-irrigation of farmlands for strictly commercial profits as in Texas and the Southwest—means that the general levels of the Great Lakes and oceans are rising. This in turn means that vast areas in the South and Southwest will be reverting to desert while in the over-all picture, the mounting lakes

and oceans must encroach more and more on the exposed lands and diminish the size of the continental expanse. In either event, there will be more and more people on the census finding less and less land and water on which to subsist.

These are real problems, of which the wiseacres of yesterday in the biblical sense took no cognizance. If they were so celestially connected, one wonders why?

It is a scientific fact that if the general mean temperature of the whole earth mounted four degrees, it would proceed to result in every particle of natural ice disappearing from the earth's surface, and the oceans being raised to a point where only about one-half the present land expanses of the planet would be above water.

The ancients could visualize fire from heaven blasting the ungodly, but they were not astute enough in their geologic wisdom it seems to visualize that there is a limit to the amount of sentient life that the planet can sustain, and that when such limits are reached, one catastrophe that exterminates excess life is just as fatal as another.

The alternative to crises isn't to collapse in a despair at such prospects and say that life is weary, stale, flat and unprofitable—starting from nowhere and proceeding to other Nowheres fast. The alternative is to see the earthly tenure for what it is, an educating curriculum of repeat existence that advances the individual student in wisdom as he is able to develop his mentality. Truth to tell, it



gradually dawns on the inquiring student that none of us really belong on this earth. We have come here, ages in the past, from far more celestial planetary systems, and eventually we shall return to them. But right now, it is well-nigh a possibility to convince savages on an island in the sea that there is actually a city on the same planet where the skyscrapers are so lofty that airplanes have been known to collide with them and fall shattered a hundred stories. Their current

idea of celestial height is to lay six tall planks upright with tips fastened together securely, call it a spire with a belfry beneath it, and let the medicine-man convince them that the Creator of the magnificence disclosed through the new 200-inch Palomar telescope, lives in a box behind the altar under it.

Actually, the revelation of these scientific and astronomical wonders is a call and a challenge to come up out of savagery and dwell permanently atop Manhattan's Empire State Building, figuratively.

But anyhow, the population of the United States by 1999 is going to be 200 millions—with strong possibility that most of the terrain below Mason & Dixon's Line becomes either tropical or desert country.

Does it take valor to comprehend where the earth—and civilization—is going?

Maybe that's why they're going *where* they're going.

To fortify incarnating souls with valor. After all, there are literally billions of stars, suns, and satellites being revealed to us as co-existent with us in the heavens, and it takes equal valor to negotiate any one of them.

Now what did the stock market do this morning, and will Lucille Ball be proved a Communist? Likewise, has Truman gotten it fixed up so that he doesn't have to pay the taxes on his memoirs that the rest of his fellowmen have to pay when they make \$600,000 yearly revenue? What ails the man? Why didn't he take the \$92,000 of the \$600,000 that would have been his, otherwise, and remind himself he never had it so good? That's what he expects the rest of us to do.

No, it's plain "he can't take it."

So why can't the rest of us migrate forthwith to Sirius? Life on it, at least, might disclose a little sense.

## Palomar Telescope

(Continued from Page 4)

couraging series of experiments proved that a fused-quartz mirror would be difficult, if not impossible, to make in a 200-inch size; and that even if it were made successfully, it would be enormously expensive.

The next choice was Pyrex, the tough glass that goes into many glass coffee-

makers and much glass ovenware. It goes there because it can take large changes in temperature without much expansion or contraction, which would mean breakage; and of course its insensitivity to temperature change makes it also a logical candidate for telescopic mirrors.

What is now the 200-inch mirror took shape at a conference held in New York in 1932, a conference attended by the men responsible for building the telescope and by representatives of the Corning Glass Works, the makers of Pyrex. Of the ideas that came out of the conference, perhaps the most significant was the one that introduced an altogether new style in telescope mirrors: a style that calls not for a solid slab of glass, as in the past, but for a thin face supported on a ribbed back. This construction not only made the eventual mirror lighter and easier to transport, but also provided pockets for counterbalancing supports that would be able properly to hold the multi-ton piece of Pyrex in the telescope in which it was to be mounted.

Corning men began the ticklish job with a "practice" disk 26 inches in diameter. Then they worked up through larger and larger disks (which have since been put to use as auxiliary reflectors in the telescope) until they felt ready to try pouring the 200-inch itself.

In February, 1934, everything was ready for the pouring of the glass that was to make the 200-inch mirror. The 114 "cores" that were to make pockets between the ribs in the back of the disk were bolted in place. Furnaces above and below the mold were ready to maintain a temperature of 2400 degree Fahrenheit throughout the space that the 20 tons of molten glass would fill. The men began pouring the glass.

They had almost fifty per cent of the required glass poured when one of the cores suddenly appeared on top of the molten glass lake. The intense heat had burned through the retaining bolts, and the core had floated to the surface. Before they were through pouring, two more cores had broken loose. The "mirror," if not a complete failure, promised to raise too many difficulties in the grinding and polishing process, and was set aside.

By December of the same year, 1934, the mold was ready for a second try. This time the cores, held in place by bolt of chrome-nickel steel and cooled by an air-circulating system, stayed in place. So



## Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

*NO MATTER what your views may be on the After-Life, hold them in abeyance until you have read this challenging volume narrating most of the supernatural experiences undergone by the Recorder of the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS, practically all of them attested by witnesses, then deny or refute continuity of existence if you can*

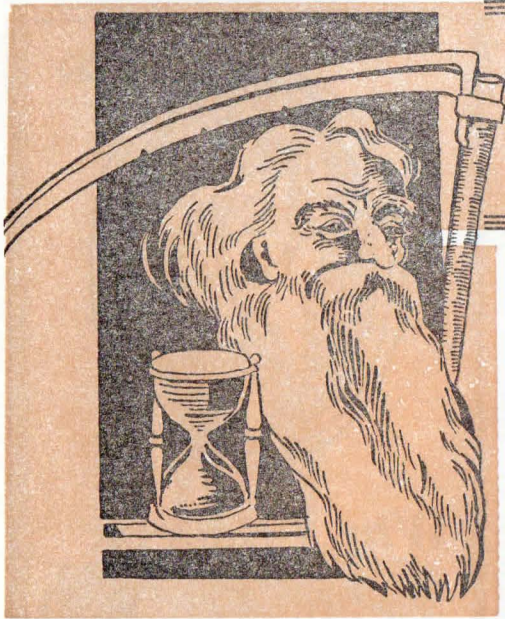
**\$3.00 the Copy**

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

far, at least, the mirror was a success.

The disk of glass was put in an "annealing" oven to "soak" for two months at high temperature, and then to cool off at a slow rate for eight months more. The next summer, with only three months of cooling left at the rate of one and one-half degrees a day, the nearby Chemung River flooded. The mirror in its oven was on the second floor of the laboratory; but the electrical equipment that controlled the oven was on the ground floor. For a day and a half Corning men worked at

(Continued on Page 15)



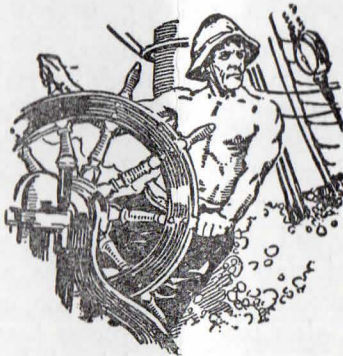
# COGITATIONS

**W**HAT Bill Baxter had to say in his epochal book about the climate of our United States turning Mexican, and Canada and Newfoundland acquiring the climate that I knew as a boy in New England, called to mind the ocean voyage I made to Newfoundland with my dad, the summer I turned sixteen. It was the first vacation trip that father had ever known in his life. Furthermore, for the first and last time he was going back to the scene of boyhood memories and taking his own son with him. We left Springfield for Boston by train, took vessel for Halifax, went northeastward across Cape Breton by train, crossed over from the Canadian mainland to Port-Aux-Basques on the famous steamship *Bruce*, then got aboard a three-coach narrow-gauge train for the 548-mile trip across the southern half of the island to St. John's. Two days we stayed in St. John's, then returned the whole way by train—when we'd made the short water-hop back from Port-Aux-Basques to Cape Breton. That meant we rode down the entire State of Maine, north and south. Few people go to Newfoundland. Recently it was made a part of Canada. I saw it in the days when it was a dreary waste of mountainous rock, sea gulls, and cod fishermen with whiskers . . .

o—o

**T**HE TRIP northward by boat was made memorable by two events, the Man Who Got Seasick, and the loss of

the ship's propeller in midocean. And one was almost as consequential as the other. We left Atlantic Avenue, Boston, around five o'clock of July afternoon, but we went aboard around three o'clock because I must explore the ship as a gesture in juvenile curiosity. The Man Who Got Seasick was sitting on the north side of the upper deck when I first beheld him, with a large wicker-basket amid his luggage—a basket with twin covers. A loving spouse had undoubtedly filled this sizable receptacle with viands to sustain him on the trip to Halifax, both to provide him with home cooking and to reduce expenses. He was an elderly and somewhat gaunt individual in a grey suit and derby hat of the period, who read a Boston newspaper on that upper deck until five o'clock, and the great booming blast of the steamer's siren announced we were leaving port. Out through the bay we sailed and past Boston Light. The salty twang of the outer ocean greeted us. And the elderly and somewhat gaunt individual decided he should sustain the inner man from the contents of his basket. He started in with a prodigious sand-



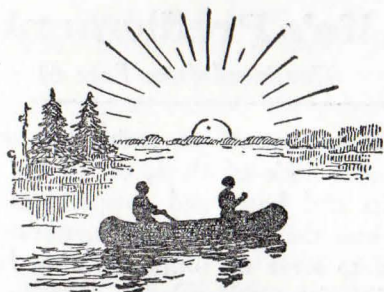
wich, concocted of bread, egg, and home-made sausage. This being devoured, he produced three very greasy doughnuts and conquered these as well. With the sausage and the doughnuts demolished, he brought out an exceeding large pie and cut himself a wedge. He imbedded his fork in its richness and lifted portion after portion to his mouth. Father had glanced at him only casually at first. But

when the sausage had been superceded by the doughnuts, and the doughnuts by the pie, and Old Derby Hat decided to complete his repast with two overly-ripe bananas, dad behaved as one startled. "What's wrong?" I asked father. He jerked his thumb across toward Derby Hat. "Nothing," he said, "yet!" Father had had more experience with the sea than I, and certainly more experience than Old Derby Hat. We sailed, smooth as a ferry boat, past Boston Light, I say, then presently the Atlantic billows took us. And I mean billows. The ship went down so far on the port side that Derby Hat was underneath us, then we were underneath Derby Hat. That, it seemed, was precisely what had worried dad. Derby Hat had finished the bananas and proceeded to light himself a very large and black cigar. He'd taken about six puffs of it when a blank expression commenced to assail his gills. Apparently he decided it wasn't an altogether good cigar and tossed it to the fishes. Continuing to look wilder and wilder in his facial expression, he suddenly lost interest in every earthly avocation but tossing himself to the fishes and calling it a trip. Old Derby Hat was so spectacularly ill that I've remembered it up half-a-century. I remember it because in one of his intestinal catapults he was so inconsiderate of the loving spouse that he reached for the basket and heaved it overboard. It was a perfectly good basket and probably cost three dollars. Two boat attendants had to lift him away from the north rail between them or he might have followed his basket just to make sure he never touched food again. Dropping our propeller was more subjective . . .

o—o

**W**E LOST our propeller by reason of the single driveshaft breaking. I was down in our four-by-seven cabin when it happened, earnestly striving not to think of food myself. With a blind roar and shudder, the engines started racing. Then a vigilant engineer shut off the

steam. Thereupon we were delivered to the mercies of the combers. You can't steer a ship unless she's moving. I remember that, as I lay in the lower berth, striving hard not to think of the single peanut I had banqueted upon before leaving Springfield, the shudderings and gyratings of the ship loosened the light bulb above the washbasin. Falling three feet and hitting hard porcelain, it broke into 704 glass slivers, most of them showering the pillow beneath my cheek. Father came down from watching a revenue-cutter arrive to aid us, and tow us into Halifax, to find his progeny a mess of gore and glass, mumbling something about sausage, doughnuts, squashy bananas and peanuts. All of which had little to do with Newfoundland as a Crown Colony of the Empire on which the sun never sets. We spent a day in Halifax and an evening traversing Cape Breton. Going aboard the *Bruce* just before eleven o'clock, I had the odd sensation of being on the top deck near the chart-house when the ship cast off and proceeded in-



to inky blackness, not a star nor beacon visible, navigating wholly by instruments. The skipper didn't seem the least bit worried. We rode all night across the lower end of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and at daylight put into Port-Aux-Basques. The combers weren't bad enough in the Gulf to cause more mal de mer, and our narrow-gauge train was waiting. Port-Aux-Basques was the western terminal for the only railroad Newfoundland owned at the period. As a port, it looked hung like a great mud-wasp's nest plastered against towering cliffs. There was barely flat land enough for the railway tracks that came down to the pier. We climbed aboard this dinky ensemble of cars and toy locomotive, and proceeded to puff east. Half an hour passed and the train stopped suddenly and began backing up. When it had backed up six to eight miles, it made people ask questions. Seems it had been discovered that the

conductor had been left behind. We met the man in the blue uniform after a couple of miles more backing . . . he'd started to walk the 548 miles to St. John's, hoping to meet his train returning for him by at least the fourth day . . .

o—o

**T**HERE was only one train, it seemed, on the whole railroad system. It made the trip from Port-Aux-Basques in the extreme southwestern corner of the island to St. John's in the extreme southeastern corner in two days and a night. The crew hung over a day in St. John's to cement domestic relations, then started to traverse the stunt all over again, the locomotive having been headed around, pilot foremost. And the day that the crew "hung over" a day in St. John's completed the full week of hanging over, because the other six days they were tooting and screeching around trellises built out from cliffs. You couldn't avoid hanging over even if your life depended on it—which it decidedly did. Think of tossing a peanut-shuck out of a coach window and watching it go down a thousand feet, where a gull swooped and got it. The sea gulls were everywhere. They flapped and volplaned almost against coach windows. Station stops were few and far between, with almost no hamlets. Cliffs and ledges and gulls and mist—that was Newfoundland seen by steam locomotion. Then toward sunset of the second day, we came down out of mist upon a broad flat stretch open to the sea both south and east, and in clearing heavens and a golden sunset we drove in an open carriage to our hotel. The city was Halifax all over again, moved north-eastward into the extreme tip of Atlantic-washed island, excepting that the Bay came in between two steep diminutive mountains and was called The Narrows. This was the end of our journey from Springfield . . .

o—o

**F**ATHER proudly took me to visit the waterfront house called Brass Castle, where he'd been personally ushered into the world some forty-odd years before. We walked out the Cove Road to Tommy Littlejohn's house that my grandfather had built in his days of prosperity before coming to the States, and where father had grown up. The Littlejohns, elderly Newfoundlanders, had us to dinner as well as supper. The country, with the rain lifted, looked like northeastern

## "STAR GUESTS"



*A Book that will give you something to think about so long as you are alive! . . .*

**M**ORE and more the evidence mounts, indicating that human life may not have originated on this planet but come here in spirit form from another heavenly system. Such is the disclosure of the Ageless Wisdom. And the manner of humanity's coming, and the reasons for it, explain a hundred enigmas in sacred Scripture.

Ate you subconsciously troubled by worry about Death? You will lose it upon reading **STAR GUESTS**. You can't understand the massive doctrine of **SOULCRAFT** without reading it.

**Clothbound: \$3.00**

**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS**  
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



## Behold Life

The Outstanding Book  
on  
**SOULCRAFT**

¶ You need one book in which the entire pattern of mortal life has been expounded, so that you understand whereof the Soulcraft doctrine treats of it. *Behold Life* is such a book. Now in its Second Large Printing, it gives you the true background for all mortal processes—331 pages of a new interpretation for all sentient existence . . .

**\$4 Leatherette \$4**

## "Thresholds of Tomorrow"

Don't worry  
that America  
isn't coming  
back in  
a big way!



¶ That the United States is seen clairvoyantly as emerging triumphant from this current bottleneck of politics and economics, is described in this valuable volume of 320 pages.

¶ You will discover *Thresholds of Tomorrow* to be a God-send to your peace of mind . . .

**\$5**

**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS**  
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

Massachusetts. Of course I saw only the southern strip of it. The country inland, they told me, was an American Norway. Herds of caribou still roamed her tundras. The primeval forests of spruce and hemlocks provided wood pulp for some of the greatest papermills on the western continent. One lake in the interior, Grand Lake, is fifty miles long and five miles wide. Unsurpassing natural beauty is afforded by the waterways and peaks, and auto roads, I understand, are now opening up the island's inland areas. But I happened to go there when I was sixteen, when it was poor scrub country. With this American climate climbing northward, someone sooner or later is bound to "discover" Newfoundland, and the poor sea-washed island that my ancestors put on the map some 200 years ago, is liable to be put on the market for \$600 an acre. Stranger things could happen. I just happened to recall my trip of 1906 by reading what Bill Baxter had to say about this forthcoming hijinks of the weather . . .

THE RECORDER

## Weather Change

(Continued from Page 3)

off the mighty sweep of the Atlantic would be almost prohibitive to construct.

This would, of course, alter our historic heritage.

THE GENERAL conclusions of the Baxter book are, that in some manner not yet determined, the sun controls major weather changes upon the earth. It is well known by astronomers that there is a positive recurring cycle in sun-spots every 11 years, and these reacting on animals and crops bring corresponding effects to all forms of industry and economics. But whatever is bringing about the change, it is a fact to be faced that as this cycle proceeds, the United States may yet be listed among the outstanding tropical countries of the earth. And this is going to mean a fundamental change in the working and industrial habits of the whole American population.

The snappy young business executive, who comes down to his office from his suburban estate, deporting himself as having the world by the tail and a downhill pull, may quickly disappear into exhibit from the past. Human nature finds

it impossible to keep up a pace of energetic, creative, executive energy when the general temperature arises above a mean of 60 to 65 degrees. Heat dissipates a person's vitality and tends to make him contemplative. In one place in his book Baxter says—

"There is a good reason why Buddhism—the religion of contemplation and quietism—developed in India. The weather was so hot that the wiseman there could do nothing except sit under a tree and contemplate. Buddha sat for weeks under a Buddhi tree before he saw his vision. If he had tried it in Norway or Iceland, he would have frozen to death before he got any wisdom."

Palm trees on Broadway! . . . At the present rate of the earth's warming up, there mayn't be any Broadway in another 200 years.

We are living in a changing world. If you care to learn how completely it is changing, buy and read Bill Baxter's book!

## Life's Predicments

(Continued from Page 6)

one's resentments at society, at moral codes or lack of them, of all the jealousies and hates and competitions that embitter the spirit, of the mysteries that seem to serve no purpose but to heckle or infuriate, miraculously dissolve and make room for worthier concepts.

Keeping up with the Joneses alters to the saner and more profitable occupation of keeping up with oneself—which is a reverse way of saying, keeping up with Cosmos.

The old pagan religions had it that life in the earth-world was a never-ceasing bagatelle between two master forces: the power of Good, symbolized by light; and the power of Evil, symbolized by darkness. Into the arena of pull-and-haul between these two, the volatile spirit was callously tossed.

If half the time and energy expended in fighting the seeming vicissitudes or predicaments of life were given instead to attempts to understand them—in the senses of analyzing why they have come about, and why we may have elected to partake of them—the result would be advancement that would make us mental giants.

## Palomar Telescope

(Continued from Page 11)

a protecting dyke to keep the flood waters away from the controls; but in the end the electric current failed. For three days the great disk bled its heat away. Finally the control equipment, moved to the second floor, took up its job, and the annealing continued for the scheduled three months. Through all this time, no one knew whether the flood had spoiled the disk or not.

When the oven was opened, however, the disk was found to be without flaw. The "mirror"—at this point a fairly rough 20-ton piece of glass, flat on one side and not unlike a waffle on the other—had been made. It arrived in Pasadena on Easter morning, in 1936.

In Pasadena, in the big, windowless "Optical Shop" already built for the purpose on the campus of the California Institute of Technology, grinding and polishing began. The disk was put on a turntable held high above the shop's floor by a heavy steel frame. Underneath were motors and linkages that could make the turntable revolve, thus turning the mirror beneath the grinding tools pressed down on its surface from above, and that could also tilt the disk to a vertical position for the optical tests necessary to guide the grinding.

The grinding and polishing tools ranged from 12 to 200 inches in diameter and were faced with Pyrex blocks for grinding or with a special pitch for polishing. All in all, the disk took 31 tons of grinding and polishing compounds, ranging from carborundum to a very fine grade of rouge.

Finally, on October 3, 1947, it was decided that the new-concave surface was adequate. After 11½ years in the Optical Shop, during which time 5¼ tons of glass had been ground off.

By this time, the dome and telescope mounting on Palomar Mountain were ready for the mirror, too. The mounting itself, holding a huge cement block as a temporary stand-in for the mirror, had gone through its paces. All the huge assembly needed to bring it to life as a telescope was the mirror.

So, at 3:30 a. m. on November 18, 1947, a big tractor-and-trailer unit rolled out of the Optical Shop in Pasadena and headed for the top of Palomar Mountain.

(Continued Next Week)

# "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" . .

A NEW \$1 EDITION

## The American Magazine Esoteric Classic

Has been reprinted in a small and beautiful book of 80 pages, with *Aftermath* rewritten and brought up to date, offering the unabridged and corrected manuscript of the narrative as The Author regards it 24 years later . . .

Two new half-tone photos of The Author  
this past month

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville

Indiana

# "FIGURE YOURSELF OUT!" . .



## The New Liberation Handbook on . . NUMEROLOGY . .

If you want all the Numerological significances to hand for quick reference, acquire a copy of *Figure Yourself Out*, a reprint of the Numerological articles published in VALOR. Bound in red leatherette like *Elucidata*, 74 pages—

\$1

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

Published Every Saturday by  
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
P. O. Box 192 Noblesville, Ind.

# Valor

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

ONE YEAR: \$5.00  
SIX MONTHS: \$3.00

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



HERE is a type of mind that gets morbid gratification out of calling the human race either stupid or venal. It doesn't refer to The Public; always it's The Dumb Public. Men aren't human spirits working out a problem in moral evolution; always they're Scoundrels and Liars, and the truth is not in them. Just as the misogynist berates Womanhood because he's had unpleasant experiences with one woman in particular, so the immaturity of the species, considered generally, comes in for censure because four out of five men see life as through a glass darkly and the fifth was born haplessly myopic. Anyhow, the average man is looking out for himself in a very predatory world, and the fact that he must, brings censure on his head.

IT MIGHT bring astonishment to some people to know that fairly reliable figures are available about human intelligence and spiritual maturities. Take a Great Study like Liberation-Soulcraft. Somebody discovers the *Golden Scripts* and takes rich intellectual viands out of them for his spiritual nourishment and consequent growth. His immediate impulse is to inform the family or the neighbors. He goes to six people, twelve, eighteen, and communicates his findings. The first six say Ha-Ha-Pooh!—before they know what it's all about. The second six say, there's a fish-hook in it somewhere and besides, I'm a good Presbyterian. The third six say, might be something to it but if I have to read a book to get it, that lets me out; I haven't the time or energy to read a book. And the whole eighteen hasten to get the day's work over so they can snick on television. The new enthusiast about the *Golden Scripts* fails to recognize that he himself constitutes a definite percentage in the body politic that must be combed before he comes on another like himself. Twenty-five years of combing the body politic brings to light the reliability of certain averages. For instance, it's known—irrespective of inherited theologic faith—just how many persons in the whole 160 million making up America's census have ever put money in the mails and ordered a book on psychological or mystical subjects. People who've never done so, not once in their entire lives, can be definitely counted out as prospects for any such revelations as are offered in Liberation-Soulcraft. People who have done so, have not only revealed they're searching for something of greater spiritual nourishment than they find in current ecclesiasticism but they possess the I-Q to read a book without considering they've performed some sort of mental miracle. It's about the most reliable classification that modern life provides. But before you go examining the numbers belonging in such classification, you're forced to recognize that neither children nor adolescents divert candy-money or movie-money into printed volumes. Only adults. Furthermore they're adults who've tasted enough of life to discover it can be extremely bitter upon

occasion. Well, what's the percentage of the mentally experienced or mature amid the whole census?

It's two out of five.

THERE ARE three children or adolescents, in other words, out of every five persons in the public domain. This means in turn that out of a national population of 160 million—people of every race and degree of education, culture, and intelligence—there are but 64 million adults. That eliminates 96 million fledglings. Okay, there are 64 million adults. And what's the percentage of those 64 million adults who have ever bought a book on how to win friends or influence people? . . . It's 1,200,000.

That's about 2 per cent, on the barrelhead.

Two per cent means only two persons—adults—out of every hundred. Which means that the *Golden-Script* enthusiast must comb exactly 100 persons to find another of his own spiritual possibilities either to understand or appreciate the Elder Brother's ethical pronouncements.

Matter of fact, twenty-five years of figures and tallying in Liberation-Soulcraft work discloses that it's *three*. Three people out of a hundred, taken as they come, are amenable to esoteric truth in the Soulcraft aspect. Proof of it has been checked by noting the figures, that no matter what the printed item coming off the Soulcraft presses, sales can be brought to pass to the number of three out of every hundred persons solicited. Ninety-seven out of every hundred enjoy Joe Whoozis' interpretations better, or must go somewhere to see a man about a dog. But three per cent can be relied upon. So what? So you figure definitely your costs of promotion and sales on that three per cent. And you pay your bills and people declare your Movement is flourishing.

SOULCRAFT chaplains who bemoan the public indifference to the colossal explanations in Soulcraft, should be apprised of these percentages. You live in a Midwest city of 43,564 persons. Very good, only 17,400 of them are adults. You divide 43,564 by five and double the result. That gives you the male and female parents as separate from the small fry. Then you figure 3 per cent of the 17,400. That gives you 522 with either the spiritual interest or the I-Q to appreciate what you're trying to introduce to them. And such percentages you can't beat, no matter how hard you strive. They hold for Manhattan as well as for Podunk. Five hundred and twenty-two adults are the limit of your potential audience in a city of forty-three thousand. Meaning that 43,042 are not on the mental level to handle it. This is what I'm looking at, every Monday morning of my life. And I don't wonder you may find it bore-some to help me look . . .

*Pella*