

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VI

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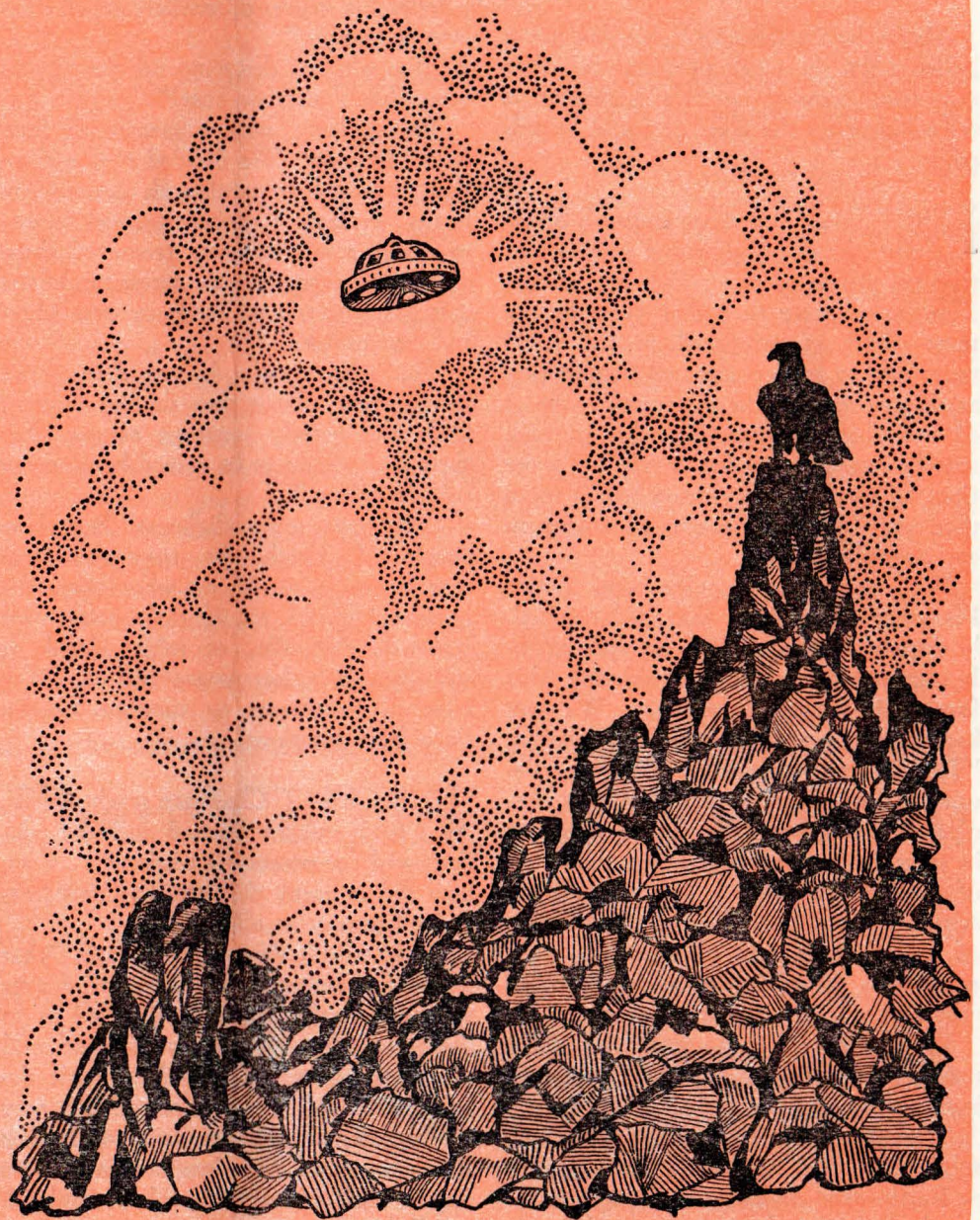
Number 13

IS INTELLECT THIS PLANET'S PRIME LACK? . .

*Something to
Think about*

SUPPOSE we concede—for the sake of the argument—that the underground story about the two Saucer men who applied for jobs on that Los Angeles newspaper be true. Suppose, again for the sake of the argument, they meant what they said, that they wanted to mingle with earth people to learn by participation in our daily affairs, how we thought and performed as a species peculiar to this planet. Suppose they did their adjudging with intellects distinctive of conscious beings 75,000 to 100,000 years further along in civilization than mankind has yet evolved.

What would be the report they might carry back to the inhabitants of the planet from which they had voyaged? (Continued on Page 2)





Let's See Ourselves Objectively

Maybe by considering it, we can get a better light on what problems we face ourselves, striving to lift humanity a trifle higher on the scale of social knowledge. . .

FIRST, would it not impress such Space Men ahead of all other impressions that the people of this planet live a short life-span of sixty to eighty years at the most—short as compared to the 1,500 years said to be prevalent on neighboring satellites—without the slightest awareness of how they got into life, what purpose may be served by coming into it, but more than all else that they come into it more than once? We're speaking now of general earth-humanity.

Well might we imagine some major Planetary Committee, that had originally dispatched Saucer Men on their earthly exploration project, considering this fact with pitying incredulity. We can hear the Great Chairman exclaiming, "Then what you must be telling us, Venuto, is little more or less than that peoples of Earth have not yet risen higher in their spiritual understanding than that of common animals? . . . for animals admittedly have no clear understanding of how they go into physical life, what purpose is served by their doing so, or that they go into it more than once."

We can hear Venuto qualifying, "Remember, your Highness, that I'm reporting on what we discerned about the mass."

"Are there then," the Great Chairman might inquire, "persons on Saras-Shan—or Earth—who *do* know how they got into physical life, what purpose such incur-

sion serves, and that the ensoulment is a multiple experience?"

"True, your Highness," Venuto might affirm. "But they are widely and thinly scattered among the populace, and generally speaking are by no means esteemed."

"Not *esteemed!*" the Chairman might frown. "When they know so much more than their brethren around them?"

"That was the strangest part of what we observed among peoples of Saras-Shan, your Highness. Taken by and large, the general populace resents with insensate fury most persons or persons who possess a noticeable degree of intellect above common humanity."

"But why in the name of the Omniverse should they do that?"

"It perplexed us too greatly at first, your Highness. We decided it was more than personal envy of such accomplishments. Average humanity seemed to carry about a subconscious terror of those of more wisdom, that the latter might use it to the former's undoing—or even physical destruction."

"But wise people do not destroy—at least on our planet they do not destroy. Only the grossly ignorant assume that there is anything to be gained by working ruin on others."

"Very true, your Highness. But these people of Earth—the masses—assume that the wise would do what they, the ignorant, would do, if their roles were reversed. Actually, we might decide it was themselves they were afraid of. They base all judgments on common conclusions from emotions."

THE GREAT Chairman might query, "And *are* the learned and the wise destroyed for possessing wisdom? . . . if so, how did it occur that any specimens remained to note at all?"

"It is true," Venuto would say, "that the very Greatest and Wisest who ever appeared among them, they nailed as to hands and feet on a cross of wood and left hanging in air until His spirit departed Him. But the more common way of disposing of the annoyance of having the astute and sagacious around, is to curtail their influence by abuse and odium."

"Odium? What do you mean, Venuto?"

"The colloquial word for it on Saras-Shan—at least in that country where we obtained temporary employment on one of their journals—was *smear*. It meant keeping deprecatory or abusive statements in constant circulation, which no one could take time or trouble to disprove, making the more perspicacious out as something they were not. This was particularly true, we found, of persons who appear to excel in the parapsychical accomplishments."

"And what do they make out such parapsychical authorities as being?"

"Principally, your Highness, mentally unbalanced. So low is the general octave of intelligence that communication by Thought, without vocal speech, is held to be fantastic or absurd. Forming contact with those not at the moment occupying fleshly organism is considered but deplorable charlatanry and meetings where it may be attempted are often broken up as being of the Evil One. And if the Wise should at any time employ their super-powers to interfere in any process of political or economic government, they are promptly imprisoned in barred buildings as enemies of society."

"How unbelievably primitive! How do they ever expect to make any progress in the Eternal Verities, administering such treatments?"

"I don't believe they do, Sir. Few of them are interested in the Eternal Verities at all—such was our conclusion."

"But exploring the Eternal Verities is the only positive method by which intellect expands! Do they wish to remain naught but human all their omniversal days?"

"They appear quite content with such prospects, Sir. In fact, their chief fear seems to be that they be not allowed by natural forces to remain exactly as they are, forever."

"What an Avernus must life on such a planet become. And what else did you observe as featuring the existence of such creatures?"

VENUTO would probably be answering by declaring, "All their remaining deficiencies, your Highness, seem to

Ignoring the Obvious

stem out of their mass hysteria at preserving the status quo. We were impressed by the psychology of the average mind, that any disturbance of existing conditions must inevitably prove for the worse."

"Worse!" the Great Chairman would exclaim. "How could there possibly be any worse among beings so benighted?"

"Going it so blindly as they do, Sir, in respect to the Eternal Verities, they have little or no perspicacity. All they perceive is the effect of alteration on the passing circumstance. The passing circumstance distresses them enough, so change must only agitate it and make it worse. This they dread, no matter how spiritually educational it prove to be. And always there is that enshrouding terror of physical demise."

"But why have terror at physical demise?"

"They assume it means the end of all consciousness, your Highness."

"When they can prove it otherwise?"

"They won't own to such proofs, Sir. Any evidence to such end is fabrication, fraud, or witchery. Some of their states even pass laws forbidding it."

"I declare, there's no sense to it!"

"So it looked to us, your Highness. But their idea of sense is exactly opposite to ours. The truly 'sensible' man, to occupants of Earth, is he who refuses to expose himself to proofs that cosmic facts might be otherwise. He accepts nothing that he cannot see, hear, touch, taste, or smell—in other words, phenomena of material substances exclusively."

"What an introvert existence!"

"We found, your Highness, that what they term the Intelligence Quotient of the average adult is comparable to one of our children of 176 years. On their planet, figured in terms of *their* longevity, this would be an adolescent of eleven or twelve. It isn't that they're backward. They're simply *not developed*."

"Yet how can they become developed when they crucify or smear all those who bring them wisdom?"

We can watch Venuto shrug. "I'm telling you what we found, your Highness. It is an extremely dangerous planet even to land upon, much less to explore. The instantaneous reflex of this animal-men-



tality is to kill or destroy what it doesn't comprehend."

"What do they imagine such killing accomplishes?"

"It removes any physical menace as an agent of counter-destruction of themselves."

"But Consciousness or Personality cannot be destroyed. All they can succeed in demolishing is the vehicle."

"True, but they deny the survival of Consciousness—or place it, at least, in the realm of conjecture. With their aversion to any aspects of cosmic realities, and their hysteria to preserve their benighted status quo, they are in an intellectual vacuum. Intelligence, in fact, we found to be the greatest deficiency among these people. The intellectual man is so rare as to be a curiosity."

"Then how can we possibly maintain any liaison?"

"That, sir, is what my crew debated as we left Shan behind us. Several of their very primitive aircraft, I might add, driven by explosive propulsions or in cases jet combustions, ventured as close as they dared and were destroyed by our resonating magnetism. There was no way to prevent it. But by such experiences they may learn, though it will take many lives."

"A very, very great many lives, I'm afraid," reflected the Chairman, "so long as they adulate their animalisms and deprecate their intellectuals."

"Well, Sir, that's the planet Saras-Shan or Earth. Actually, we flew back 50,000 to 100,000 years of our own evolutionary culture to make our first landings in one of their deserts. It was an epochal experience, Sir."

"The landing?"

"No, Sir. Meeting with beings who be-think to grow through ignorance!"

There's a Fine Reason for It

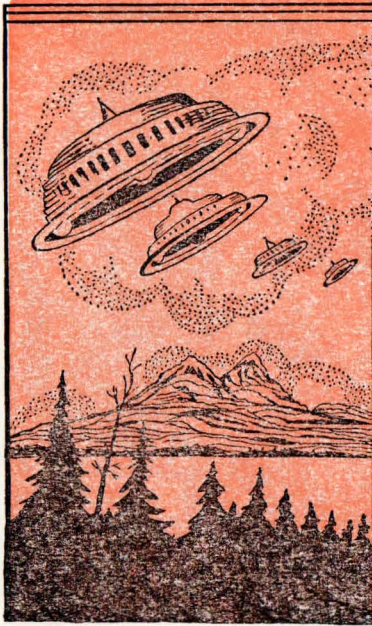


NOTICE that month to month and year by year, Soulcraft moves inexorably ahead, does a greater volume of business than ever before, adds more and more readers and communicants to its lists. Crisis upon crisis arises to threaten or demolish it. At the last moment something happens to preserve and strengthen it. Barriers hurdled have long since ceased to be coincidences.

Scores of Astrological charts respecting Soulcraft or its progenitor have been cast and forwarded for 1954. All agree—almost to specific dates. The year 1954 is one of the greatest of all years yet for Soulcraft. Its floor-space doubles in size. Its clerical business mounts to unprecedented proportions. Its progenitor is vindicated of all earlier motives stigmatized as subversive. Its tenets begin coming nationally to public attention. The greatest
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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

...By George Hunt Williamson...



Present Events Prove We Are in Transition

some new experiments at the University of Chicago. By using two photographic plates sliding slowly past each other, cosmic radiation scientists are, *for the first time*, able to pin down the time at which the particle left its track.

With this new method, Dr. Schein and his associates have found that the variation between the numbers of tracks of heavy charged particles during the day and at night is not very great. This, he said, argues for a cosmic ray source *outside of our own solar system!*

COSMIC RAY research is becoming very important these days. Dr. Armin J. Deutsch of Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories suggests that the cosmic rays coming to earth may be material thrown off from *rotating stars with strong magnetic fields*. Dr. Deutsch's findings tend to prove the theory that *all* of these rays are extra-solar—our own sun—in origin.

All of this is most interesting when we remember what the men of other worlds have told us . . . "your planet is now moving rapidly into a new area of the Universe . . . you are now being bombarded with rays that will change the vibrational rate of your world, and thereby influence greatly *everything* on earth."

Remember, last week I told you that Dr. Sitte's research has shown him that "unknown particles or processes are involved that cannot be accounted for by present theories."



If we are truly entering a New Age then we should certainly see the effects of it in physical plane. No one can deny the fact that "strange" things are going on! Just look at your newspaper, turn on

your radio, or go outside and look at the weather, or even listen to the unusual movement of "creeping" things.

I imagine the lowly worms know more about what's happening than the crowning achievement on this earth . . . *man!*

PROFESSOR Albert Einstein's new unified field theory entered the picture at just the right moment. In brief it tells us that gravity, electricity and magnetism are all one and the same thing! As the Nineteenth Century drew to a close, scientists felt that they had built a perfect picture of the universe on the basis of Sir Isaac Newton's law of gravitation. This was a mechanistic universe, set in a framework of *absolute* space and *absolute* time, in which the law of cause and effect operated without exception.

Our scientific view is widening at an alarming rate! If you carefully scan your newspapers—after reading the sports and comics—you will notice a great deal of talk going on about *magnetics, electronic experiments, new sources of power*—such as the harnessing of sun's rays—and so on, *ad infinitum*. Steam as a source of power is fast being replaced. All the great discoveries of the Water Age are being supplanted by new Aquarian or Air Age discoveries. In that older age, Columbus crossed the Atlantic and our livelihood centered on things of the watery seas. Now man has his eyes (and heart) on the stars out in space!

University of California and Australian astronomers now believe the Universe is *double* the formerly accepted size. They also discovered recently that Jupiter is *not* the world of methane and ammonia they thought it was.

So we see that those who say our own planetary neighbors are not suitable for human life, are on shaky scientific ground indeed. An astronomer friend of mine—director of a large western observatory—told me that the new discoveries in as-

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AS I told you last week, scientists now know that too many electrons are showering down upon us. Present theories will *not* account for such strange phenomena. Our space friends have told us to "look to all nature for signs of the New Age presently to come to your world." When we "look to nature" we see proof on every hand, and we know that we are truly in a transitional phase between the old Piscean Age and the incoming Aquarian Age!

From space craft intelligences we understand that the new influential vibrations, now being felt on earth, are coming from outside of our own solar system. Many times, science later confirms with actual discovery, the statements made by these intelligences months earlier!

Dr. Marcel Schein of the University of Chicago, reporting at the American Astronomical Society's meeting in Boulder, Colorado, stated that part, if not all, of the cosmic radiation continuously bombarding the earth comes from *outside of the solar system*. His conclusion is based on the extremely high energy of the on-rushing particles as they have been caught in photographic emulsions sent many miles above the earth's surface.

It would be most unlikely, Dr. Schein stated, that the sun's magnetic field could accelerate the charged particles to such very high energies, greater than 10,000,000,000,000 electron volts. The theory of extra-solar origin is also supported by

HOW Much Brain-Power Have You to Encompass a Blueprinted Universe?

*Can We Explain Nostradamus or the
Proverbial Sparrow's Fall Unless
all Events Are Forearranged?*



PROBABLY more confusion exists in the minds of esoteric novices as to what does—or does not—create or involve Karma, than any other subject which the Eternal Verities comprise. Further, little of it is cleared by introducing the suggestion that the entire program of earthly event may be charted centuries, or even aeons, in advance, thus designating whatever event occurs as a matter of Cosmic Fatalism.

Adroit examination is necessary here to penetrate successfully the great premises inferred by such terms as Charted Universe and Cosmic Fatalism. As for common Karma, nine out of ten metaphysical students are quite certain they understand it.

A charted universe is one in which all reactions from causations can be, and probably are, calculated in advance. In a given area of Free Space there is contained a definite amount of cosmic energy which according to laws of integration, will, over certain periods of time, bring a planet into being. The planet resulting from this concreting of Free Energy must be of known dimensions, volume and contents. Nothing can exercise upon it, about it, or within it, without results being estimable.

Igneous matter cools and condenses, crust forms, materials contract, mountains rise, water canopies fall, motion lessens, seas become great ponds of water reposing in the bog holes, plants grow as conditions are propitious and constant sentient life is projected when conditions

sustain it. Every step in this process should be a matter of exact calculation, given the strength of the forces operating to effect the results.

Producing a livable planet should be of no more consequence than producing a mud-ball in the back yard, provided the intellect behind the former be proportionate in ability for calculation of materials and essences.

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

BUT now enters an ingredient that should tend to upset all equations in cosmic physics.

At length upon the crust of such positively calculated planet appears self-deciding spiritual essence that finds transient residence in a mobile sack of water—millions of sacks of water.

Man moves about the earth's outer surface and, according to the attestments of his cleverest scholars, dictates in the self-assertive manner what his personal comings and goings are to be.

Man, say most so-called religions, possesses the god-power to declare whether

he shall climb a tree or squat at its roots. The antithesis of his masculine attributes may eat an apple or not eat an apple, prepare him a breakfast omelet or rule that what his postprandial stomach requires is steak—or a slab of integrated tissue sliced from the carcass of a lately defunct bull-ock. They may have offspring that grow into tribes, clans, nations.

One clan may not like the method by which another clan scours pelts and starts indiscriminate slaughtering, each one, of the other.

Greed and covetousness may enter in. One race may live in a land holding iron, and thus gain ascendancy over nationals subsisting on a stretch of lava rock, making the latter their vassals and servants.

With this element of free-deciding spirit entering in, how can a universe be chartable?

Who may calculate the temper of a man with a thorn in his heel, or estimate the rancor of a female whose boy-friend "done her wrong"?

In other words, the tensile strength of the rockpiles called mountains may be measured, but how can a micrometer be put upon the decision of a man to withdraw from society and pen a poem?

LET us not jump into negatives, merely because that which is proposed for calculation has been altered as to essence. What is man, who thus appears upon a planet's crust, finding three-dimensional expression by tentacles protruding from his sack of water? Is there any difference between his galvanic energy that permits him to swim a torrent successfully, and

the first barbed shoot of electrodynamics which, colliding with a second barbed shoot of electrodynamics, made the initial proposals for a trillion-ton planet?

In that both have energy, are not both alive?

Given a First Man and a First Woman, each of calculated temperament, why should not the Cosmic Psychologist be able to pass judgment on the characteristics and attainments of the Last Man and the Last Woman who pause on the brink of disintegrating continents and watch with horror the return of Chaos?

Given the type of body and features of environment in each and every instance, why should not the product be a matter of spiritual mathematics?

After all, the millions of earth alive in any age are not so much. You can pack every man and every woman—not forgetting all children—now existing in their water-sacks anywhere on this planet, in a packing case a half-mile in each of its three measurements, drop it into the middle of the deepest ocean, and human life on this earth will be as absent as on the moon.

All the people on all the continents can be stood on Martha's Vineyard, an island of eighteen square miles in Massachusetts Bay, and if their combined weight should sink it, what would that be to Mount Everest or a swarm of locusts winging through Kansas?

Texas would hold every person mundanely alive at this moment, and give him room enough to build a twenty-foot shanty.

Quantities of numbers do not baffle cosmic mathematicians. Christ Himself is responsible for the awesome thought that even the hairs of our heads are numbered.

STILL, admitting that the swing of the savage's arm that slays the wilderness tiger is a calculable essence, traceable from the First Man's taking materialized aspect twenty-eight million years ago come Michaelmas, on what ledger page can it possibly be recorded that my neighbor's hen shall find the hole in my back fence, come into my garden and scratch up my radish roots thereby bringing a quarrel with my neighbor that makes me crack his skull and lay myself open to damages in kind when both of us are Zeppelin-using Eskimos some three hundred years from Labor Day?

Well, is a hole in a fence, and a hungry fowl on the wrong side of it, of less motivating moment to Cosmos than the Alpine avalanche that, warming to a known degree, will rush down a mountainside and annihilate the cohorts of a monarch?

Is it not because our water-sacks are tiny that we have become such worshippers of bulk?

God's accountants may be quite as annoyed by my broken attic window as in running out of leaf-stuff for a fire-struck Oregon forest.



IF ALL is not calculable, indeed if all is not calculated—even the karmic action and reaction of galvanic spirit—then are not billions of beetles running about unknown to Cosmos? Have monarchs stolen into life unnoticed by divine storekeepers whose job was to check them out of the astral by the necessary providing of them with bodies? And would not that be chaos, in that it happened without the license that everywhere rules materiality?

We must be as consistent in the matter of the wild violet growing upon the inaccessible mountain-peak as we try to hold ourselves in the items of Gog and Magog, summoning their cohorts for the tilt of Armageddon.

Spirit, we concede, causes things to happen. So Spirit must be aware of all vehicles in which the happenings are of process.

And "all" cannot overlook one bedlouse tormenting a Polish bricklayer on a hot night behind the stockyards of Chicago.

ADMITTING the universality of Matter we must admit the universality of Intellect which accounts for all matter by providing it. Size is mere illusion. So too is destiny. If I be seventeen miles tall, undoubtedly I can kick

Pike's Peak into a flowerbed. If I be a quarter-inch in height and weigh a half-ounce, one summer raindrop undoubtedly will drown me. Is spirit concerned in my tonnage as compared to the weight of the violin-string of the cicada?

We are bombastic creatures, measuring the universe by the length of our own shoelaces. Considered from a promontory on any one of the Pleiades, even the sun of our planetary system cannot be found.

The astronomers of the Pleiades doubtless ignore our existence; but does that alter the reality of the vesper note of the robin singing this sunset in my pasture maple?

TRULY, there is not the slightest contest between the universe known in its subtlest aspects to Spirit, and karma which says that even the score as between Nellie O'Grady and the Colonel's lady must find eventual equilibrium.

Nellie and her peeve at the Colonel's madam are provided for in the chart. What the Colonel's lady said to the Colonel about Nellie may be quite as motivating a factor in populating or depopulating a continent as what Mrs. Noah said to her connubial skipper, on thrusting her head from the Ark's single window, following the celebrated wet spell.

In our wicked smallness, we measure cataclysms by the strength it requires to kick the neighbor's cat off the side veranda. In our pious bigness, we fish an antediluvian hoopskirt from ten fathoms off the Azores, and yet argue that Atlantis never existed.

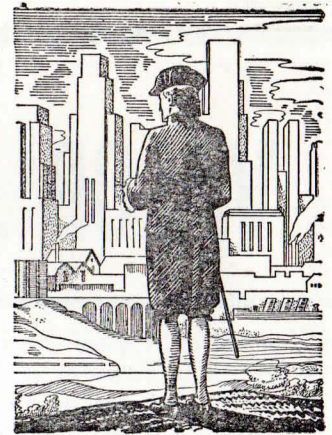
Given an event big enough, and it must have happened, we suspect, without Intellect directing it. So we imply when matters pertain to essences that man could by no means manipulate, himself.

What are the oscillations of Karma but the cosmic gyroscope in action, that the Charted Universe may not become a crossword puzzle the moment that every goosegirl beholds her boy friend with a competitive shepherdess?

Karma would seem to attest that for every action there is a reaction, that the two are one unit, and that the totality of such units are the digits by which the Eternal Mathematicians keep their cosmic books at all.

If such be Cosmic Fatalism, it is only because our intellects have difficulty in
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IS It Sensible to Expect to Live on Two Mental Planes at Once?



THERE are 64 million adults in the United States in this year of 1954—of every race, creed, and status of economic servitude. They are fairly divided, 32 million men and 32 million women. They *are* this nation. To look at the figures, if you were going to establish and conduct any sort of organization for any purpose whatsoever in the American scene, your outside membership could never exceed 64 million. Granting that such a one-hundred percent body would be phenomenal and unprecedented, it does give you the only ultimate membership-goal you have to shoot at.

Nobody in his senses considers for a moment that he could put together and sustain any such organization, no matter what its purpose. The most that any organization for any purpose can hope to enroll is such quota of the 64 million as may be interested in the special purposes acclaimed—that is a platitude. So the more universal the interest, meaning the more universal the purpose, the heavier the quota of the 64 million that gives such organization support.

If, hypothetically, an organization could be set up whose individual members received a \$100 remittance from some source every week merely from the fact of membership, nothing required to be done in return beyond receipting for it, the chances in logic are that it would come the nearest to a 64-billion adult membership of any body formally instigated. This because getting something for nothing has universal appeal.

The next nearest appeal to universality, human nature being what it is, would be the securing of infallible counsel for the conduct of the individual's affairs that always resulted in the success of the projects the individual held of importance. In certain aspects this might be looked upon as "getting something for nothing" in different guise. But if it were demonstrated as working, and no bad reactions, rare indeed would be the human being that didn't go strongly for it.

Should the Earth-Grubber Solicit Aid from the Higher Octaves, Granting It Is Possible? . .

This, by elimination, brings us to consideration of that "rare human being" and what his motives might be for disdaining such benefits. Granting he be a person of high Intelligence Quotient, there's an unsuspected revelation in why he mightn't succumb to the mass acceptances of his fellows.

We can safely conjecture he'd be saying, "I'm not at all attracted by any proposal that has my thinking and deciding done for me. I owe it to my own integrity to exercise my own judgment and profit or lose by the effects of experience. I contend that's the only way Character is developed. Ask any second party for counsel of any sort, and he's bound to comply as he sees the problem through the eyes of his own experience. No two people's experiences have been alike, therefore no two person's judgments can exercise alike. Being responsible for the development of my own character, I can't rely on anyone else for the factors entering into it."

This "rare human being" would be right in all but one phase or aspect. That would be counsel or answers that shape personal policy, derived from those who have had prior experience in some field that the "rare human being" has not, and by the nature of all circumstances could not have in this life. If that field involved the "rare human being", how could anything but gain result from harkening to the reports of one who'd deployed in it ahead of him?

TO BE specific, take this question of the Survival of human personality after the organic heart has totally ceased to beat. Death is a certainty involving one hundred percent of persons. Every last one of the 32 million men or 32 million women in earth-life at this moment has to face the possibilities in whether he is due to survive or not survive. Any metamorphosis attendant on Death may be postponed through health and physical caution—or so humanity assumes—but it cannot be averted or avoided. Furthermore, if attested evidence exists that there is certainty of Survival, there should be equally attested evidence of conditions under which it maintains, how it operates, and what its advantages or opportunity may be above the conditions maintaining for flesh.

Here is one of those suggested fields where the "rare human being", no matter how commendably characterful, is more or less compelled to rely on the graduated soul's counsel. He might wish to wait and learn of such conditions of Survival by his own experience, but such field would not be open to him until he had reached a status where increments would do him no good on the earth-side.

So our "rare human being" would be attempting to build character by self-decision, upon experiences that his mortal life cannot contain. It would, in effect, be building Character upon Ignorance.

Thus circumstance alter cases—even the phenomenon of Character Development . .

IT IS because Religion as such, affects to afford such counsel in the post-mortem field, that about 95 percent of living human beings subscribe to some aspect of theological "belief". Comparatively few
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The President

DWIGHT David Eisenhower has now completed his first year in office. The adulations, the assailments, and the yammers have come on schedule.

The dispassionately equitable individual sees him as pretty much the President that the Republic deserves at this juncture, and is inclined to commend him for his conduct, considering the legacy of diplomatic and economic turmoil which he inherited. A crusading fanatic would have been more acceptable to the drastic regenerative elements, but the question is posed, is it not preferable at this juncture to have a fairly well-balanced middle-of-the-roader as Chairman of the Board of the national corporation? People's minds and emotions want healing—after the be-devilments of the past three decades—and a man who tackles the job from the ideology of being President of *all* the people and as impartial as he can be toward *all* the isms, cannot be unwelcome. This is, of course, passing up any discussion of the factors and forces "behind" Mr. Eisenhower and strictly considering the man himself.

Dwight D. Eisenhower was born October 14, 1890 at Denison, Texas. His grandfather Eisenhower, descended from German Mennonites who left Germany for Pennsylvania in the 1730s, moved to Kansas in 1878. His father, David J., met his mother—whose name was Ida Elizabeth Stover—at Lane University, a United Brethren College at Lecompton,

Kansas. No reliable data has yet been produced genealogically that the Eisenhowers or Stovers have been otherwise than Christians in their religious beliefs for nearly 200 years. But that is not the point, altogether. VALOR happens to be looking at Dwight Eisenhower from the zodiacal and numerological inferences in his birth and name chart. Centuries-old practice has demonstrated that these are more accurate cues to a man's character and motivations than any other source of enlightenment pertaining to his personality.



The President is an 11-personality, born on a 6-life-path. His Inner Expression is a 4, his Outer is a 7. Considering his lifepath as indicated by his birthdate, he is not only cast under a 6-vibration but he is a Libra in temperament.

Reduced to easy working Numerology, this means that Mr. Eisenhower privately and in his inner character of mind and temperament is the Engineer, the Mentalist, the explorer and pioneer on the Intellectual Cycle as distinguished from the Physical or Spiritual. Thus does he acquire his military strategic expressions. But outwardly he is a 7, which is the pioneering number or the exploring and discovery number in the spiritualities. The Engineer is come up to the brink and cusp of a sequence of Spiritual venturings, where his errand to himself is discovering the real overlordship of Spirit in the affairs of the Omniverse.

The total of these two Expressions makes him an overall 11—and that is the Genius Number or Designation. Whatever falls to the hand of the Eleven to accomplish, he does with surpassing ease

and readiness. Thereupon his birthpath in the present life takes over and indicates how he must express it.

The President is on a 6-lifepath, and six is the "good-fortune number" in Numerology. Uniformly it suggests that whatever the mission proposed for the current life, it will be—or should be—successful.

But Mr. Eisenhower is a Libra among the zodiacal signs, and Libras are most distinctive people. The ruling factor in their mentalities is Balance, or perhaps it might be called Precision Mechanism.

ACCORDING to a Libra's temperament—an Air Sign, remember, in trine with Aquarius and Gemini—no project should be attempted or conducted with any hope of success unless it be systematized and regulated from the opening gesture. Responsibilities for all principals should be rigidly fixed and adhered to; if any principal cross over the line of another, or pinch-hit in emergency, it is proof that the system itself is defective in that it is necessary. Equilibrium at all times is what Libras are striving for, even making a stubborn fetish of it upon occasion. They are almost the exact antithesis of the Piscean, the Cancerian or the Scorpion in this, the driving force of the Water Sign people being the realization of things attempted and the means being secondary. Water-Sign people make a fetish of accomplishment in itself, and adulate initiative in consequence, to the minimizing of a method.

In Mr. Eisenhower's case, his being a Libra would mean that he would thoroughly enjoy the mechanisms of his office and the balancings in his well-coordinated executive staff, whether it were military or political. There could be very little that was poisonous about the man's disposition, and he would tend to abhor fanaticisms of any sort because they would throw the life-processes out of balance.

Libras are highly necessary and invaluable in this world, to offset the erratic enthusiasms of the Pisceans, the Leos, and the Sagittarians. They find their strongest colleagues in the Virgos, however, who make an unconscious fetish of *pace*, which ties into precision mechanism. Virgos are usually "lost" in emergencies which are the delight of the Pisceans, the Cancerians and the Scorpions, inasmuch as they must accelerate their mental and physical

processes and such enhanced speeds distress them to utter discouragements and disgusts.

The practical man thinks all such criteria are old housewives' tales and mystical folklore. But the mystic is actually the more practical of the two, because he can forecast in advance exactly how a given individual will function in a role without hazarding the expense of experiment. And he is rarely wrong.

Mr. Eisenhower will never turn into any radical because his Libra lifepath won't let him. He will be generally considered a "safe" man.

Watch it work out in the three years remaining to him.

Evolution



YOU can safely decide about where a person may be upon the Ladder of Spiritual Unfoldment by recognizing the factors which he uses to compile his metaphysical equations.

Does he tell you that Esoterics is a cloud of stardust? He is still discovering the Universe. He has not yet discovered God. Does he tell you that he is a persevering Christian and that God is watching over him? He has left his discovery of the Universe and entered upon the stage where he acknowledges Divine Intelligence.

Does he tell you that he is convinced of the existence of Mentors? Watch him, because presently he will report that Voices have addressed him, which will be but a step from assuring you that he has made contact with the highest of the Christ Forces, who never make mistakes nor counsel him wrongly.

Does he finally say that he knows nothing, that he is becoming convinced that Subconscious Mind is at the bottom of most phenomena, that the more he studies the less he is sure of? He is standing on the brink of the Chasm of Wisdom, and as he moves down the slope and across the vista, be certain that you walk with him, for somewhere in the awesome swing of it you will both meet with Yourselves, radiant with Ageless Ennoblement, thinking no less of the Universe because it was your cradle of understanding.

It is a stupendous moment, when both of you meet Yourselves. The Universe,



His Presence



BEHIND me lies my buried self,
I softly close the door;
Before me lies the Road Ahead
I have not known before.
I know My Lord will share that Road,
And, knowing He's along,
I walk ahead from Old to New
And voice a joyous song.

My skies will wear the same bright blue
Wherever I may be,
The hills will be my future home
With Him along with me.
Though doors may close and new ones loom
With thresholds yet untried,
I would not wish it otherwise
When He is by my side.

For God's dear love is far too great
To let me cease to grow,
I have much, Lord, to learn in life,
Vast distances to go.
Yes, miles to go, with heights to climb,
New visions from each height;
I gladly look Life in the face
To see with Your clear sight.

* * * * *

Now I can see Life whole and good,
Thus from Your point of view,
To graduate and be at last
A little more like You!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

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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.

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Soulcraft Chapels

and God, will be glorified in that instant, for you will have come to understand that your toilsome Growth was but a Coming Back into the Supernal Consciousness that gave you both identity that you might prove Omnipotence!

Belaboring Piety



IT IS a pretty ceremony in many wholesome households to say Grace before meals.

The board is spread, the partakers gather. There is a awkward moment ere the viands are assailed.

Professor Whoozis, will you kindly ask the Blessing?" the host requests the guest. And good Professor Whoozis is taken with panic. His tummy turns over. He hasn't talked with God for a twelve-month. But there is no way out of it. "Mum-mum-mum-mum-mum, Amen!" he gallops beneath his breath. Then all those present yank their chairs forward and begin talking about Flying Saucers. They do it with an avidity that indicates that the blessing should be forgotten. And Professor Whoozis vows he will not thus earn a meal in that household again, though he solicit his bacon from The Salvation Army.

What, we conjecture, is the observance of a Blessing unless it sweetly blesses? Why Return Thanks unless true thanks are felt? Not that anyone would dispense with a custom so gracious. But the prayer that is obligatory is an earache unto Deity. The forefathers said no Grace, until afterward. To reduce true gratitude to muttered formula is to destroy the essence of the piece and reduce one's thanks to wax-works.

Let the prayer be true that comes to the lips or let it stay unspoken. Better still, put it upon a phonograph record touched off by the cuckoo-clock and let one's guest eat their meals in tranquillity.

Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 4)

tronomical science are completely shattering the old theories. He claims it discourages him to continue to teach using the old text books. "They should all be thrown out", he says, "for there's very

little accurate information left in them, in the light of our new knowledge!"

Another man claims he has developed a process to beam electricity *without* wires! More about this in our next get-together.

BUT I must mention the "hairy men", as I promised you last week. First of all, have you heard about the "abominable snowmen" that have been seen in the mountainous areas of Canada, Chile, and on Mr. Everest by the men who last year finally conquered the mountain.

The new year was only three days old when the astounding news came out of Singapore that strange, half-ape, half-human creatures had been observed by workers in tapioca patches. *Anthropologists confirmed the report along with officials and were much excited over the find.*

Who are what are these strange creatures?

The Chippewas, and other Indians, have old legends that speak of the "hairy men" or the "hairy race" that lives underground! Do underground races really exist, perhaps, as countless legends of every people tell us they do? Are cosmic disturbances bringing these races to the surface?

I'm sure I don't know, but we can speculate. I keep remembering that these "hairy men" just observed in Malaya have very light skin which may indicate they have lived for years in the darkened and overgrown Malayan jungles where sunlight rarely penetrates. Or could it be that they are really the members of some kind of troglodyte race?

These are intriguing questions and may soon be answered.

Soulcraft Expansion

(Continued from Page 3)

advances in the year partake of liaison with the Space Visitors in their wholly altruistic programs for earth's regeneration.

In short, Soulcraft moves out of any possible cult stage into the Foundation status, with its roots down deep in the great spiritual thinking of the future. Some idea of the volume of its book business is contained in the reprint orders of 25,000 copies each of *Soulscripts* in ten

volumes, also "Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive" (revised to include later data), "Thinking Alive," and a great third edition of *The Golden Scripts* which this time may well run to 110,000 copies of 844 pages each.

Materialized personages from the ethereal realms—as three-dimensional man understands them—have declared unqualifiedly that "Soulcraft sweeps the nations", bringing solace and inspiration to millions.

Yet all of it is doing nothing more nor less than restoring the original doctrine that Christ preached in Galilee, that ecclesiastics have altered at their expedient caprice to gain fancied converts. Eventually it may dawn upon the nation with an aspect of shock that Soulcraft has not now, and never has had, any competitors. It is Enlightenment transcribed from a higher octave of consciousness, naught else. And too many thousands of its volumes are now on the shelves of private libraries for its suppression ever to become successful, granted there was pronouncement to such effect. In Noblesville itself, an ideal American town in central Indiana, its mailings have already altered the status of the post office from second to first class.

Present preparations call for one million mailings between this week and December 31st, 1954.

Watch it happen and be happy that you're a part of it.

Brain Power

(Continued from Page 6)

conceiving at present that even a wrongful decision on the part of the least of us, is, with its alter ego of rectification, an integral part of the consummate design.

Putting it in another fashion, what is wrong with the proposal that stealing my neighbor's quart of milk and having him steal my delivery of chops to bring the equation true, were slated to happen in the minutiae of events that were to arise from Eve's becoming pregnant, or the Ark's floating safely into dock on Mount Ararat?

We say, "Absurd, because so inconsequential!" But we are measuring the misdemeanor and its counterbalance by our own bewilderment at the task of attempt-

ing to trace reaction back to action with such infallible finesse that the cosmic designer of all motivation could have stated forty million years ago the name of the glass blower who shaped the milk bottle, or the age of the child of the butcher who wrapped tonight's chops.

Who shall say that any action is inconsequential, or at what point importance leaves off and inconsequence begins? Is there essential difference in process between Sirius's colliding with Betelgeuse and a grasshopper known to his relatives as Amos, becoming a blob against my hurtling windshield??

Is it not true that we derive these relationships from the acknowledged deficiencies of our own one-cell intellects?

Creating Spirit could scarcely say, "I will shape the mountains and leave the foothills to mold themselves." Whatever has form, must have sufficient cosmic worth to command the materials that make the form possible. Even the silliest of us must concede that it has required more expertness and labor on the part of Someone to produce the intestines of a mosquito than to dig the Grand Canyon. Cosmic Fatalism is not an adept resignation to the angles of the Design, but an intelligent and eager acknowledgment that the Design must exist or no two forest acorns would display the same shape.

It is our caprice traceable to the bombast of our progressing Evolution, to interpret all Consequence in terms of self-utility.

The Ultimate Over-soul reminds us: "Does it not occur to you that the midge and the trout that snaps it afar in wilderness waters, may be of similar utility to Me?"

Weak wits cannot get this. They insist on the self-independence of the angle-worm, snarled with a hundred kindred in the fisherman's bait can. But in time it will come to them.

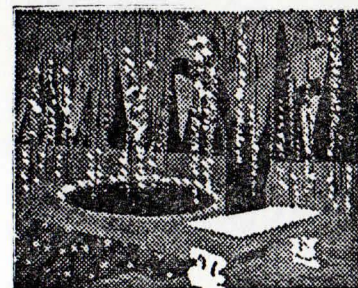
No, there is no quarrel between Karma and Cosmic Fatalism!

Cosmic Fatalism is the over-soul of Karma, and even the ending of my page has been as adroitly accounted for, as the final flash of Pleiades!

It is all a matter of having big enough intellect to do the calculating and make the discriminations.

The South Sea Island savage cannot count above ten. People who deal in

(Continued on Page 15)



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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
ESOTERIC CLASSIC

First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .

The Story that has had
a 3,000,000 circulation

YOU should begin your study of the whole Soulcraft philosophy with the reading of this epic and understand what happened that began the recording of the monumental Scripts. Nearly three million people have read this narrative since it was first published in 1929. It marked the beginning of an era in new Spiritual Acceptances . . .

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



COGITATIONS

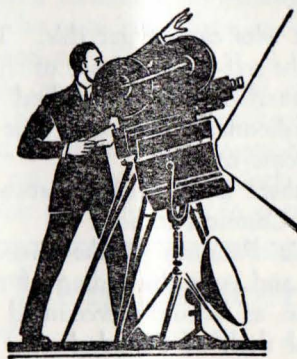


THE REV. Ollie Jadwin—and by the way that's his christened name, not any contraction of Oliver—leaves for Los Angeles this week, to spend a couple of months at bringing Soulcraft to Southern California. He may be personally contacted through Dorothy and Franklin Thomas' New Age Bookstore at 1542 Glendale Boulevard. Soulcraft has gotten so many students in the Southland lately, that someone must spend time out there and effectively integrate them. I'll have more to say about his plans and designs when he gets himself oriented, but that's not the thing I'm wanting to write about. What I'm wanting to write about is the caprice of wishing he could see Los Angeles and the Southland with the glamour it held for me back in 1922—thirty two years in reverse on the Time-Track. Ollie won't see it as I saw it, because he couldn't. Particularly Hollywood. I fell to dreaming of Hollywood tonight, after making last-minute plans with him. I knew it in its truly romantic heyday—before the talkies took over. It's not the same California it was then, not to mention screenland. I know because I saw the changes that had come upon it even as late as 1942, when I was last through the place . . .

o—o

I'D SEEN it first on my way to Russia, during World War I. But I'd observed it sketchily through the eyes of the tourist. I came home from Russia in 1919, straightened out my badly mismanaged Vermont newspaper, sold it, had a nine-week siege with typhoid, whipped it, and done a serial for Karl Harriman, editor of the old *Red Book Magazine*, named "White Faith." It was all about the finding of the Holy Grail under a modern Glastonbury Abbey in England, where it was supposed to have been buried by Joseph of Arimathea, credited with

having brought Christianity to Britain. A New York bon vivant was supposed to have found it and carried it home. Placed on his Fifth Avenue mantel as an ornament, its identity not at first suspected, it was stolen by a house-breaker who fenced it on New York's East Side. Recovered by the police it exhibited miraculous properties, not only glowing radioactively in the dark but performing miracles of healing. Its identity eventually suspected by a little salesgirl—the erstwhile burglar's sweetie—she told him the story of Lord Tennyson's *Mort d'Arthur* as she lay convalescent in her flat. So much for that. Karl read the denouement and sent the story back. "Can't use it, Bill," he commented, "it would offend too many religiously squeamish people, to employ the celebrated Cup of the Last Supper in fiction. But you've got a 'natural' for a tremendous moving picture. Offer it to a film company and see what happens." . . . Well, I did. And something like six thousand five hundred dollars happened, which galvanized me upright off that fever bed. Clarence Brown, now famous director for MGM, succeeded in acquiring it and proposed to make it in Fort Lee, N. J. I traveled down to New York while still weak in my legs. "I'm going to bring on Lon



Chaney of 'The Miracle Man' to play the role of the burglar," Brown said to me in the Fort Lee Studio office, "and for the Holy Grail sequence in the middle, I'm going to fade into the salesgirl

telling the Tennyson story from her bed and introduce the Knights of the Round Table in Technicolor, with props from the Metropolitan Opera House that they keep in stock for Parsifal." I not only had originated the story but I now did the Shooting-Script. It seems I had a bent for that sort of thing. Anyhow, I was in the Fort Lee Studio office a few days later when of ten in the forenoon the street door opened with a whoop and a Personality strode in. Greeting everybody with a roar, there was no mistaking the celebrated character actor who two years later was to win first place in screenland with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

o—o

LON and I struck it off from the start. He was burly, round-shouldered—walking perpetually with a stoop—and hid his famous visage under an East Side toughie's cap. But he was the tenderest and sweetest temperament I had met in a man throughout my 32 years. He'd brought his little Italian wife, Hazel, with him on this Eastern sojourn, and we promptly had both of them up to our apartment. It was in the kitchen of this Claremont Avenue flat, by the way, a couple of months later and after Lon had excelled as cook of a spaghetti dinner, that we hatched up the famous gutta-percha corset for Quasimodo, that featured him in the "Hunchback." Well, we swung into production on "White Faith"—that as a film story was to be titled "The Light in the Dark." We took three months to shoot it. On the last camera take, we almost lost Chaney fatally—in making a getaway from film police he was supposed to swing off the top of a Manhattan bus where the Elevated crossed Lincoln Square at 66th Street, pull himself up through the steelwork to the platform and escape aboard an Elevated train. The rotten woodwork on the El platform parted and almost dropped Chaney thirty feet to the asphalt. But he managed to hold on till we ran an-

other bus under him and rescued him. The film itself, sad to say, was a flopperoo. It was a flopperoo because Chaney "stole the picture" by superior acting, from hero and heroine, and in attempting to cut Lon from the negative and thus minimize his part, the story was wrecked totally. No tears over that. I was learning the business of movies. Thus long before it was despoiled, I had another opus coming up, based on the San Francisco fire of 1906. I'd laid it out almost shot by shot with Lon, and meant to feature him in it no matter who made it. Lon took the script to the Coast when he went back. Two weeks later came his wire—CARL LAEMMLE OFFERS TWO THOUSAND FOR SHOCK. WIRE ME, NO REGARDS. LON . . . "The Shock" was the working title we'd put on the Quake story . . .

o—o

WHAT in the world had I said or done that Lon specifically rebuked my Regards in a telegram. I telegraphed him to close for the two thousand and I was coming to Hollywood as agreed when we'd parted. Pursuant to his rebuff I omitted the tenth word indicating felicitations. Ten days later he met me with his Cadillac at Santa Fe Station. "You danged fool," he bellowed as he tooled through L-A traffic, "you euchered yourself out of three grand on 'The Shock.' Didn't I specifically say to wire me *No!* . . . or didn't you grasp I wanted to use your refusal to jack the price higher for you?" . . . The telegraph operator had transmitted the message with the punctuation after the word ME instead of NO! . . . However, I was too glamourised with what I presently experienced to sue the Western Union . . . We made "The Shock" on the Universal lot for \$28,000. When it hit the theatres it grossed \$400,000. This was back in the days when Money was Money. Mr. Laemmle was so pleased he called us to his office. "You boys are great," he beamed, "you can make for Universal anything you want. What's maybe to be next?" It was Chaney's big chance. "Mr. Laemmle," he announced, "I want to make 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame.'" The producer's face sobered. Incredulously he cried, "You should make a football pitcher, big character like you!" We tactfully explained to Mr. Laemmle the celebrated works of Victor Hugo . . . Within a couple of weeks the massive

cathedral set was under construction, Lambert Hillyer directing . . .

o—o

DID I see Hollywood in its really romantic period! . . . I wrote, supervised, or co-directed 21 full-length movie films before I pulled out and bought the Altadena bungalow of Seven Minutes. Outside of the role I'd played in the siring of "The Hunchback"—which the oldsters will remember—I never had a Class-A hit, but I made plenty Money. The nearest I ever came to a hit was "Ladies to Board," starring Tom Mix. It grossed more money for Fox than any other Mix picture Fox ever produced. My pictures mightn't have been spectacular but they did enrich exhibitors. While "The Hunchback" was filming, I dashed over to the old Metropolitan and helped with my third movie story, "Her Fatal Millions," starring Viola Dana. I made "The Fog" with Cullen Landis. I made "Ladybird" with Betty Compson. The yarn about Hoot Gibson and "Sawdust Trail" I've already told in these pages. I made "Sunset Derby" out to First National in Burbank . . . on and off I worked at some time or other on every lot in Hollywood but Paramount, which then was at Vine and Sunset. In between the famous Chaney pictures after he went with MGM, I set up a Public Relations office in the Guaranty Building, my clients including old Katie Price of "The Cohens and the Kelleys", Henry Walthal of "Birth of a Nation", Blanche Sweet, Gladys Brockwell—of "Seventh Heaven"—Huntley Gordon of the Irene Rich tandem, Dustin Farnum, and Chester Conklin of Keystone Cops and Mack Swain of "The Gold Rush". I knew everyone in the business and everyone knew me—my advertising saw to that. My motto was "I Write 'Em, You Wreck 'Em!" I made \$300,000 in Hollywood over the entire period of my ramifications in the place, and don't I wish I'd conserved it so to have it now for Soulcraft! . . .

o—o

SO OLLIE'S headed for the West Coast, but he won't see Hollywood as I saw Hollywood. I can remember when the Guaranty and Security Bank buildings and the Alexandria Hotel were the only structures above three stories on Hollywood Boulevard. Paramount was at Sunset and Vine as I said, First National was down on Melrose where Para-



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

mount moved later. MGM at Culver City hadn't been built, and Louis Mayer was making quickies at a little stucco studio over on Mission Road. Metropolitan was on Romaine, Warner Brothers on Sunset, Fox at Sunset and Western. The Big Screen Names were Tommy Meighan, Bill Hart, Henry Walthal, Pola Negri, Jack Holt, Lou Cody, Edward Everett Horton, Julia Swayne Gordon, Theda Bara, Louis Wilson, Agnes Ayes, Dorothy Phillips, Betty Blythe, Dusty Farnum, Bebe Daniels, Charles Ray, Patsy Ruth Miller, Bessie Love, and a host of others. How many of these do you remember? I knew most of these people and saw them without their makeup. I've done a scuffle on the greensward with Joan Crawford, and was once implored by Greta Garbo to have her picture taken with me so she could break the roto-gravure section of the *Times*. Today, for sheer acting ability, Joan beats the crowd.

o—o

LET an old man have his memories. They are grandiose memories perhaps, but still they're mine. They were teaching me—as the people of Vermont's small towns had earlier taught me—to "know human nature in all its branches." It was through my agency that Lon finally landed his 5-year contract with MGM at \$5,000 a week—and lived to make but one talkie thereafter. I happened to be in Manhattan when he passed. Adelaide tells me she remembers when he sat on the floor with her in the Claremont Avenue flat and helped her dress her dolls. This screen bad man was like that. They weren't the brash, licentious, hoydenish crowd that the church element thought them—one or two bad actors gave Hollywood those breaks—they were decent, earnest, hard-working Thespians and richly deserved whatever came to them. After all, isn't it so in any walk of life? Where are they all tonight, I wonder? What parts are they playing? I recall Rudy Valentino coming through to me at a seance in Manhattan in 1929 and grousing a bit because "they're forgetting me already on the earthside." So what, Rudy? Is it so important to be remembered on this stage that the Space Men are telling us is the trash-can of the constellations? There are Bigger Stages and Brighter Lights a Little Higher Up. The Hollywood to which Soulcraft comes

through Ollie Jadwin, is after all, . . . just a *place* . . . But I knew it "when"!

Two Worlds at Once

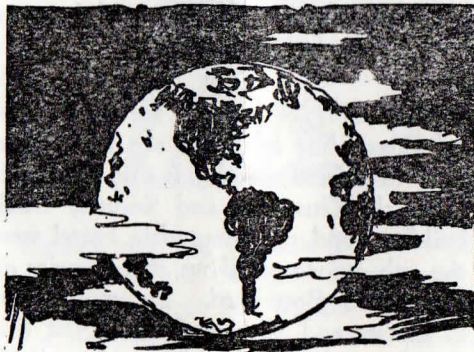
(Continued from Page 7)

essay to build character through atheism. What these last truly build is eccentricity.

The only complaint involved in it is, that Religion as propounded to the aforesaid 64 million adults in America today, merely anticipates. It does not prove. Such anticipation is commonly called Faith. If Religion *proved*, specifically in the realm of Survival of Personality, every church would be a vitally effective Psychical Research organization.

Religion anticipates that Personality Survival is a certainty, resting its expectations on what sacred personages have uttered in confirmation of it. But Psychical Research—in all religious faiths excepting Spiritualism—indicates that such religious personages have uttered incorrectly, or ambiguously, or without working knowledge of the facts.

Religion, based on the utterings of the sacred personages, anticipates that your beloved mother, having died, has ascended into a paradisaical realm called Heaven, where she has residence with God and the angels. Psychical research offers the materializing seance, with the competent and irreproachable medium, at which your beloved mother proves she has done nothing of the sort, but is still right here on this planet in a more tenuous vehicle, which when lowered in vibration to organic materials, presents her in every aspect by which you knew her most intimately—facial and bodily appearance, voice, and memory of earth-events of which only you and she have knowledge. In one celebrated case often quoted in these columns, such a "discarnate" per-



son offered his materialized hand for the taking of his fingerprints of the deceased as left behind on his toilet articles when in the body.

What more do we wish for "proof"?

SO THEN, we confront the fraught and fecund circumstance of receiving counsel or not receiving counsel in respect to survival, from those who *have* survived—or adhering to a policy of deliberately remaining in benighted ignorance until we can each become discarnate ourselves.

Is it not truly a proposal of living in one world at once or living in two worlds at once—insofar as understandings of the great Program of Eternality is concerned?

If living in two worlds at once enhances the success of our living in the one world—this mortal sphere—what merit is contained in a policy of purposely staying ignorant?

Carrying it one step further, if the counsel we seek applies to activities where one must be discarnate to know the answers, how does living in two worlds at once—insofar as education is concerned—provide anything but increment?

Or looking at it still more purposefully, if some of the only reliable answers to the one-world dilemmas lie in the consciousness-experience of the two worlds which the inquirer has not entered yet and cannot enter without commonly losing his body, should it not be considered a provision of Divine Providence that such counsel was intended, else it would not be available?

WHAT this earth-world and its inhabitants would seem to require above all other boons to real spiritual advancement, would be the establishment of some systematic institution that made two-worlds knowledge—call it counsel or call it mass enlightenment—generally available to one-world mentalities. The only dissenters then would be those who clung to the earth-world as being the only form of Reality because it was within their karma to forego any psychologies or ideologies deriving from Higher World information.

The Space Men, if reports of their comment be correct, are deploring that the inhabitants of Earth-Shan are so "dumb." What they mean to say is, the inhabitants of Earth-Shan have their thinkings geared to one world at a time,

whereas the mental activities of the people of other planets is alleged to comprise the ideologies from all planes of life. Acknowledging and employing the wisdom of the higher spiritual octaves is so common a practice that it only excites comment among them when they encounter races of beings, like these on earth, who do not. And yet the lamentable fact seems to be that without the higher ideologies to guide them, one-world-at-a-time people are due to suffer precisely the distresses they *are* suffering. Life on earth is what it appears to be, in that its erudition is "single-plane" erudition . . . and for conscious beings, continually re-ensouling, that is not enough. The complementing and correlating higher knowledge is a "must". This is proven right here on this plane, by the obvious fact that persons who do break into the two-world knowledge and utilize it, do not suffer one-tenth the distresses of those who disdain it, or are afraid of it, or let themselves be convinced it is of the devil.

Mortal life needs an *institution* that deals in the higher-life ideology, not permit it to be left to the volunteer mystics who put their own hybrid definitions and interpretations on it and end by confusing everybody—t h e m s e l v e s included. When a science or a culture is *institutionalized*, it is taken from the realm of the conjectural and given the respectability that comes from mass credence.

Give some thought to living in two worlds at once, yourself—in event you're not doing it.

You might be surprised how it alters your panorama of the future.

Brain Power

(Continued from Page 11)

twenties, fifties, ten thousands, are demigods in his philosophy. Behold we have the American congressman who finally arrives at the mentality to consider millions as small-change. Why not grant, then, that Cosmos holds accountants and psychologists who deal in millions of trillions and bethink them mere dozens?

We disclose our own littleness when we call such mathematics miracles. Mayhap the time will come when we too shall have custody of ten trillion worlds in our own Milky Way. We shall need to be good at figures.

Give it thought!

"FIGURE YOURSELF OUT!" . .



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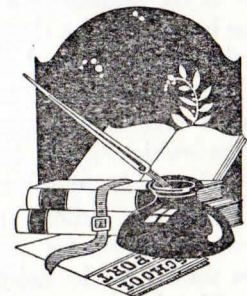
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Soulcraft Chapels

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

IT SEEMS I stirred something up when I wrote on this page a few issues back that Soulcraft cannot look to Youth for support because of Youth's instability or lack of resource. Youth, in the persons of intellectuals of immature years, rebels at being stigmatized and takes its pen in hand. "All right, we're so damp behind the ears." says one, "that we don't know a cat on a broomstick from an acre of backyard, but instead of snooting us intellectually, answer this: The radicals of the nation don't discount us as you do. They make a big point of getting over their propaganda on our impressionable minds, and you let them do it and offer nothing in its place. Did you never hear the Biblical admonition, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it'? As I get your angle, you say, 'Never mind bothering with training him at all. Just leave him to life. When he reaches seventy and is tripping on his beard, he'll seek out Soulcraft in evolution. And he'll send you two dollars for a book on How to Die Gracefully. What would become of the educational institutions of earth if you had your way? You say Youth believes tenets only after it sees the teacher able to materialize a three-headed cat. But that's not quite right. Youth wants you to give more than verbal evidence that you know what you're talking about. You deprecate materializing a three-headed cat, so Youth—and I think pardonably—embraces the conclusion you're only covering up your lack of capacity for demonstration in general. All right, we're blunderers in Experience. But still I say, to see or hear the three-headed cat would help."

SO MUCH for that. It's the way Youth sounds off. I recall feeling pretty much the same before I learned the facts of life the hard way. The catch in the whole of it is, that Youth in its protestations above bespeaks merit. Unless the path to knowledge be clearly and energetically pointed out, the first subversionist behind the nearest gooseberry bush will cast out a lariat and drag Youth down as captive. But the con- striction I face isn't playing counselling parent to a nation of teenagers—which would be futile anyhow. The thing I face is not being able to offer Youth the enticement befitting its years which the radical or subversionist can. I'm unable, in other words, to vie for Youth's attention and allegiance from motives similar to the radical subversionist. He can—and does—offer Youth what, in Youth's lack of discrimination, meta- physical lore cannot. He can offer Youth what appears to be material advancement and tangible increment. He says to Youth through politico-economic argument, "Follow us and be rich and powerful. Espouse the collectivist principle, for instance, and assure yourself of your fat share of this world's goods, not to mention rising high in the councils of the policy- makers." What he offers, taken by and large, is strictly of this

earth, earthy. Paraphysics deploys in abstract realms of spirit. Seeing my youthful critic quoted Scripture, let me quote an equally celebrated line, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's". The sub- versionist, bidding for Youth's ear and ballot, treats strictly with Caesar's properties. The Parapsychic, criticized for not cultivating Youth's ear and dollar, treats with the Divine. And Youth has just entered life to have experience of Caesar's goods, not God's. When Youth reaches the beard-tripping stage, it is ready for God's goods. Three-headed cats are a compromise—in Youth's eyes—between the material and the spiritual . .

HOWEVER, let's be honest. I *can't* materialize a three- headed cat. I wouldn't know what to do with the dratted beast if I could. Buzzie, Emma, Fritz or Butch mightn't be so handicapped for metaphysical alibis if I picked a feline with a trine of noggins out of the air and tossed it on four feet in the center of the mailing-room. Butch in particular would have the three heads roosting up in the roof-trusses in four seconds flat, the cat to whom they belonged being under them. Still, what would that prove? It might prove that Butch as a cat- chaser was in a dog-class by himself, but he can do that now with a one-headed cat, and odds to all comers. Maybe I am chagrined that my parapsychical capabilities do not include violation of organic patterns in respect to felines for exhibition before Impressionable Youth that needs to be trained in the way it should go. Still, that's how it is, and I've got to make the most of it. I *can* materialize a book of 300 pages, whose contents Youth might think differently about if Youth were lying under a blanket on a roadside pavement waiting for the ambulance to arrive after a collision that has hung an auto ra- diator on a phone-pole. But there again I'd only be presenting bearded-Age credentials through the Pearly Gates to Youth ahead of time and in a tragic guise and circumstance. Youth as Youth has just come *out* from the Pearly Gates, as a gen- eral proposition, I say, and is operating on the octave where the three-headed tabbies are the only miracles creditable. I can't materialize 'em and so I'm a dud.

AND YET, believe it or not, I do recognize my responsi- bility to make the Soulcraft tenets as intelligible to im- maturity as I can. The irony of *that* is, I can talk to my small granddaughter by the hour on these principles and she grasps them clearer and quicker than the oldsters, because she's not been so long absent from the regions where they're the accepted ethics. But by the time she's prey for the radical propagandist, she'll have forgotten enough to want Grandpop to turn to three- headed cat production purely to hold his own. Either way, I can't win. . . What's Butch barking about? Don't tell me he's got a three-headed cat in the trusses! . .