

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

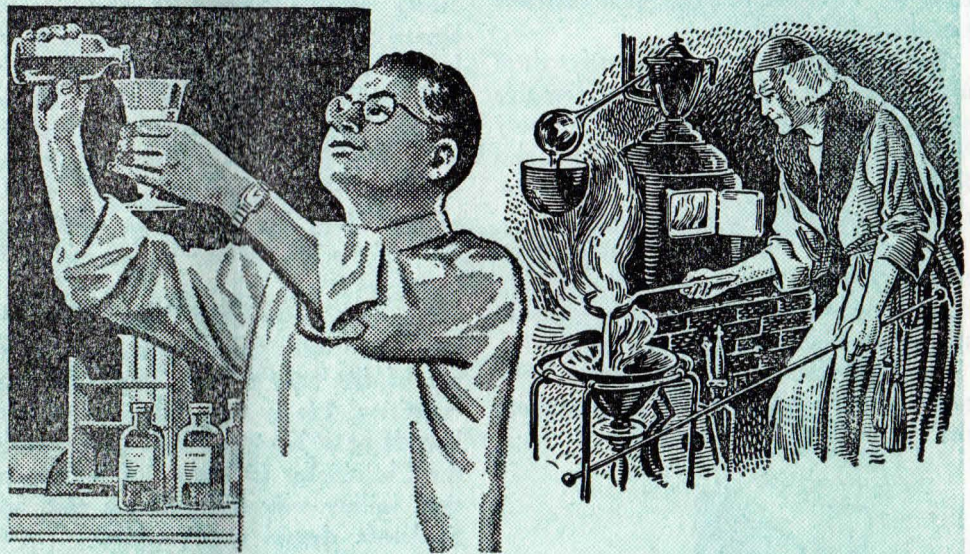
How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume VII

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Number 23

YOUR ACUMEN Indicates Your Cosmic Rating . .



*Merely Being Interested in Mystical Subjects Is Not
Enough; the Grading of your Knowledge Classifies You*



S OULCRAFT has twenty to thirty unsolicited visitors every week. Into its mailbox the U. S. Post Office drops two to three hundred letters from correspondents hitherto unknown. Boiled down, the objective of these callers and correspondents is expressed in the statement: "I too have a sensibility to metaphysical matters and would like you to know about it." The attitude of some goes further. They declare in substance, "I have read and mastered all esoteric matters and wish you to be aware of the extent of my erudition. In fact, after having some hyperdimensional contacts with individuals outside of mortality, please be aware that I have written a manuscript which I seek to get published. By reading my manuscript and perhaps accepting it for pub-

lication under the Soulcraft aegis, you will be adding appreciably to the lore of the omniverse. So supposing we team up."

Inquiry discloses the probability that they have dabbled—and "dabbled" is the word—in Theosophy, answered some advertising and bought some courses in the commercial Rosicrucian societies, read *Science & Health with a Key to the Scriptures* but repudiated Mary Eddy as being too arbitrary, beheld their deceased Aunt Jane pottering among the cellar applebarrels in November twilight, and attended four spiritist seances with Madam Spoofendyke, God's gift to mediumship throughout middle Iowa. How much have they read of Soulcraft? Well, they "know all about" the *Golden Scripts*, of course. They read "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" when a copy of *The American*

Magazine was loaned them by a friend, and they are more than "halfway through" *Behold Life*. When some ten to fifteen other book-titles in the Soulcraft library are mentioned, they are quickly dismissed with a note of irritation. "I am intuitive in my wisdom," they explain, "I've *known* these things ever since childhood."

It is difficult to refrain from a certain mild cynicism at the numbers of unclaimed pundits who have known these things intuitively ever since childhood. Half a dozen sagaciously phrased questions disclose to the truly profound savant that something quite different is operating behind the psychologies of these entirely worthwhile and commendable persons.

Soulcraft has come to classify them mainly as individuals having trouble with the performings of the Memory Veil, either respecting their Thought-Plane consciousness or earlier mortal careers.

It has never shut down completely on them. They are living, without knowing it, on two intellectual—and perchance sensory—planes at once! . . .

Esoteric erudition seems to have little to do with it else they would recognize this themselves.



IT WOULD seem that this "sensitivity to metaphysical matters" commands a clearer understanding than it commonly gets.

The truly advanced philosopher in the more tenuous values of existence has long-since come into the awareness that these various Planes of Enlightenment are not floors of a house, each one being the ceiling of the floor beneath, with discovery of each succeeding higher floor accomplished by suddenly shoving on some unsuspected trap door, reached by a ladder, and coming dramatically to realize there are stories above those inhabited by common humanity. Such "dis-

covery" itself establishes one's cosmic limitations.

The truly advanced philosopher has come to grasp at last that there is only one universe having many spherical perimeters. Actually *this* is Eternity, in which he is existing as one of those phases. Each phase of Consciousness concerns itself with a given rate or frequency of atomic vibration. Get a synchronization of these and the phenomenon identified as Reality results.

Reality is naught but correlating current consciousness with the octave of atomic frequency accommodating the current physical vehicle of expression. It seems to have actuality because the senses can measure it, or perform calculations which they describe as measuring.

There are planes on planes on planes, of course, where the measurable activity is just as circumstantial. But the novice becomes aware of this when the realities of one plane happen to demonstrate on the realities of another—either higher or lower.

At once he informs himself that he had performed the metaphysical discovery of his age, effecting such sensory transition. He is very much elated with himself or *at* himself. He is, undoubtedly, the Christopher Columbus of his generation, sailing west and arriving east, and Soulcraft should acclaim him.

Soulcraft happens to reason from its own knowledge of the rotundity of the cosmic omniverse. Where else would one arrive but East, exploring West on a cosmic globe of *completed* realities?

But deprecating the "discoveries" of the novice is no way to treat these individual Columbuses as they sail up out front, moor their barks, and come into the Council Room to lay West Indian spoils of choice manuscripts on the table in proof of their audacious seamanship. It only brings the castigation of "arrogance" on the one they confront and present with such treasures. "They're a lot of know-it-all highbrows, those Soulcrafters," will be the verdict. "One wonders how Mysticism ever staggered along to its present maturity up the ages without them?"

These people are more accurately saying. "My own personal discoveries were not sensational enough so that they exclaimed at me loudly enough!"

That they may have scratched merely

the surface of the mystical soil waiting to be upturned could only be appreciated by them when they have upturned it. There is no other way to come into a comprehensive knowledge of it but by experience . . .

AFTER one has been seated at the feet of Higher Instructors for twenty to thirty years and imbibed two to three million words of Wisdom, he becomes adept in identifying by his half-dozen inquiries just how much knowledge the stranger truly possesses. And the Key to it, more likely than not, turns out to be reaction to the reincarnational hypothesis.

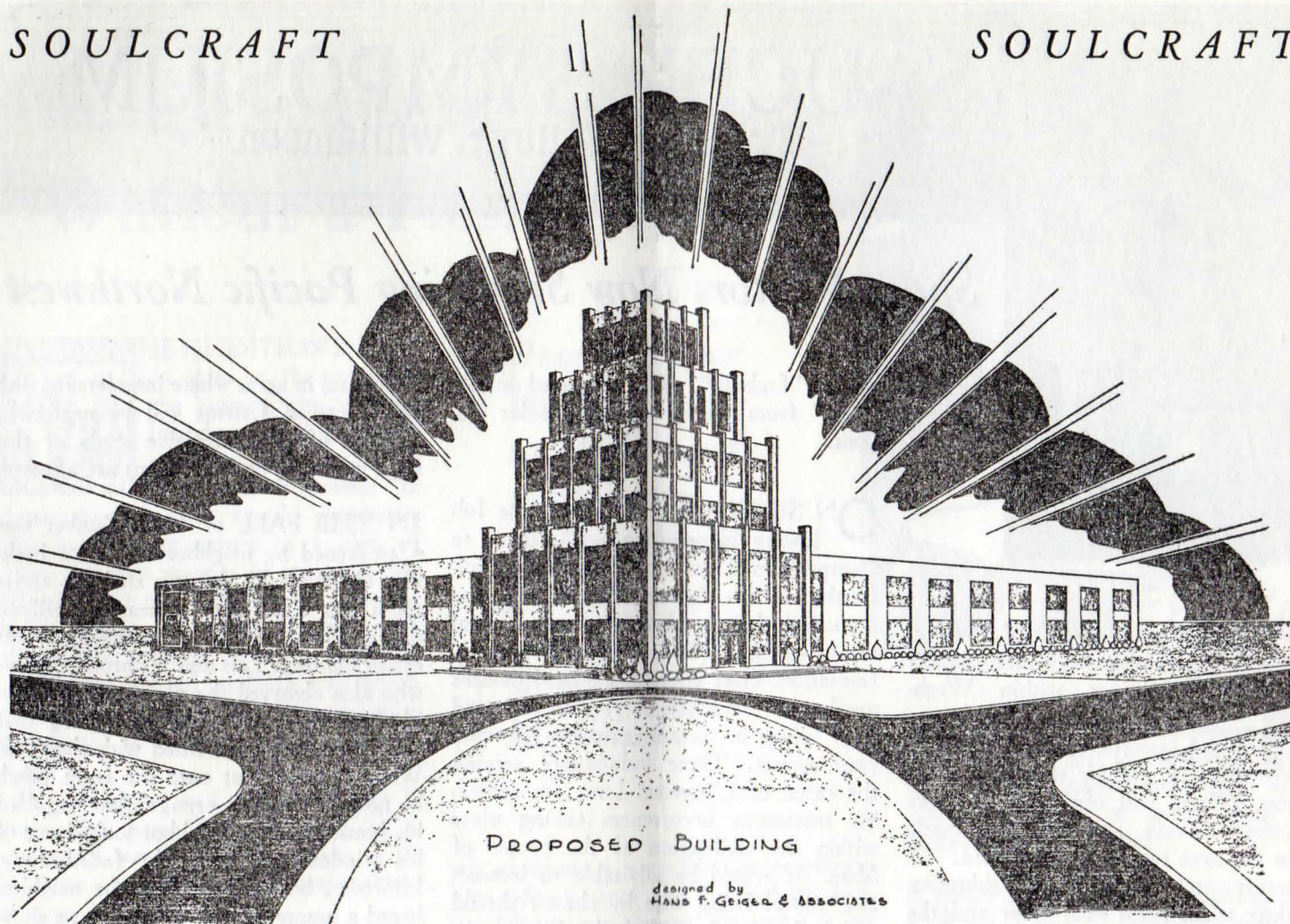


One lady declared recently, dismissing the subject with a wave of her hand, "It's too bad Soulcraft has that one flaw in it. My teachers inform me there is never such a thing as the soul-spirit returning back into physical life, and who am I to challenge the authority of my teachers?"

The utterly harmless interrogation, from just what plane of consciousness had her teachers descended to impart such wisdom to her, brought the astonishing reply, "It's not my prerogative to ask them that. They are my *teachers*, understand, and they have emphasized I must never question them!"

Never question one's teachers! Suppose any such imbecilic policy maintained on the mortal side? Where and when in all Cosmos was the adoration uttered with authority that the human pupil should discard what little mind he affected to possess, in favor of any fellow nitwit who affected equal authority because he was invisible and couldn't be checked upon? Yet the land is full of pseudo-teachers and tyro-teachers, mailing out their reams of mimeograph "wisdom" on no more reliable premise than that automatic pen-

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SOMETHING TO AIM AT

SOMEONE recently put the question to me bluntly: What do I see maturing *eventually* out of all this Soulcraft Enlightenment and general furore attendant on its permanence? My answer was based, not on conditions as they are throughout America and the world today but upon what the wealth of Great Data itself—received to date from Higher Echelons of Knowledge—merits as a course of Aquarian instruction.

I see the whole wisdom going eventually into the college form.

I can visualize no less than 48 Colleges of Soulcraft, one for each State of the Union, but all tied together into the one Mother College in Indiana.

I can see a general architectural design

running through these forty-eight structures, each serving around a thousand students from each State and sustained and supported by adherents drawn strictly from such State.

Based on the practical experience of a quarter-century in this work of spiritual enlightenment, I know that it would be necessary for each student who decides to make the spread of Soulcraft his life vocation, to give at least two years to proper tutelage and preparation—hearing, absorbing, discussing and understanding something like 384 lectures on every phase of the Higher Wisdom and particularly witnessing, participating in, and settling in his own mind and to his own satisfaction the inescapable facts of psychological Research, Personality Survival, and Earthly Reembodiment as facts of life

quite as substantial as anything taught scientifically in our secular institutions of the present . . .

IT IS not enough to buy one or two books on Soulcraft, tear off the wrappers and begin reading hit-or-miss, at once provoking controversies with relatives, friends and neighbors as to whether this, that, or other, may be true or false . . . the serious student must be utterly at home in all evidences of proof in his own right and of his own contact.

Each of these institutions may cost over a million dollars to construct, establish, and conduct.

The result of forty-eight regional institutions, backed by the erudition that Soulcraft already possesses to lay on the

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



Space Visitors Now Surveying Pacific Northwest

trolled "fireballs", and "projected intelligence" from highly advanced solar systems.

ually land in areas where interference with city electrical systems will be negligible. Because of their intensive study of this fault zone area, power systems are affected.

ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1952, the following information was relayed to George Van Tassel at Giant Rock, California. "I am Ashtar. Our Center has requested that I advance to you mortal beings of Shan (Earth) the following information. Over your past several months ventlas have discharged several thousand *light beings* in certain remote areas upon your planet. These individuals, serving the cause of Universal Law, are recording numerous occurrences taking place within the civilization of the people of Shan. It would be advisable to instruct any mortal being who by chance should approach any of our *light intelligences* to do so with a thought projection of peace, 'I am friendly'. Any approach in any other frame of thought will meet with instant defensive conditions. It is not our desire to injure anyone. Only under individual protective measures shall we do anything other than retreat. In the records obtained by these beings . . . we shall determine what action to take in the very near future . . . My love remains with you. I am Ashtar."

This communication to Van Tassel shows the nature and purpose of the Washington "lights". Surveys are made constantly in remote areas of the Pacific Northwest because of the unstable and dangerous condition of the fault lines there.

Many pilots from the Seattle-Tacoma Airport and pilots from McChord Air Force Base have reported strange UFO's. These objects have also appeared on radar in this area. The Derringer Power Plant in Sumner has had great difficulty with its power operation, and employees from the plant have observed strange flying lights while working there. Saucers us-

IN THE FALL of 1953, Bunker was awakened by neighborhood dogs barking. Once awake, he saw that his entire room was filled with a strange, brilliant orange glow . . . it covered everything. He called his sister Lois and his brother, Steve who also observed the phenomenon. David went downstairs and discovered that the entire house was filled with the glow. When he went out onto the front porch he noticed that this orange glow engulfed his house only. A neighbor looked out of his window and the light faded away. However, both David and the neighbor heard a humming sound similar to a sixty-cycle hum.

One night, March 28, 1954, David, Steve, Lois, David's fiancée, and Lois' girl friend, were in David's car. They drove to a lonely uninhabited area off the road by the Puget Sound power line. David turned out the car lights and immediately saw a white glowing ball with a clearly defined edge about a mile and a half ahead of the car. It glided down, wobbling as it dropped, and apparently fell into a group of trees. Then this light came from the tree area, travelled up through the valley, and approached the car. After several minutes, Steve said: "Who's that?" David and his fiancée saw a white globe in front of the car to the left. When David turned on the car lights the globe disappeared. Later, Steve asked: "Did you see the man standing in front of the car?" Steve had seen a tall, well-built, broad-shouldered man standing exactly in the spot where David and his fiancée saw the white globe.

Steve said the man had a glowing light all around him.

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LAST WEEK VALOR reported May-June Saucer sightings within Washington State. The Saucer operation at that time was a prelude to present happenings. There will obviously be more intensified surveys and sightings made within the next two to three months.

Sumner and Puyallup, Washington, are three miles from each other and the area is eight miles southeast of Tacoma. Tacoma is thirty miles south of Seattle, Washington. Sumner and Puyallup are located on the middle fault-line of three major fault-lines that converge at Seattle. Because of this, strange and unbelievable things have been going on in this area—and are still going on.

David D. Bunker of Sumner, his brother Allen, his fiancée, his younger brother Steve, fellow workers from Boeing Aircraft and other relatives and friends have observed orange, red and green blinking lights in this same general area. Many of these lights are known to have come toward the State of Washington from the Pacific Ocean area.

Some people have seen fast moving orange-red lights or "white globes", and others, such as Bunker, have observed white or red lights that move slower and seem to be surveying in a particular area close to the ground. These lights blink, stop, and then seem to flare up brightly at times. The May-June Washington sightings of this year were concerned with actual Saucers, but some of the phenomena are connected with telepathically-con-

The Meaning of Existence Without a Fleshly Body



THE QUESTION is bound to arise in the mind of the layman who is being introduced to these apparent fundamentals of Cosmos for the first time: "If Consciousness in the utterly discarnate state has the appearance of a blob of Light, and in a manner of speaking that blob of Light can 'think' or be aware of its own ability to perceive, of what possible use is it to itself or to the universe? Lacking any sort of mechanism by which to get effects on materials, is it not quite as badly off as though it had no wareness at all?"

An interesting and logical inquiry is propounded here. It harks back in a handful of words to what appear to be the very causations of the materialistic universe.

There is one school of thought, not so erudite in cosmic processes, that holds the earth to have been created for Man, for his profit and pleasurable development.

There is another school of thought, founded upon what appears to be the more logical discarnate testimony, that holds the earth to have been created for Life in the self-conscious sense, no matter what the form in which it manifests, and that Man as we know him in this stage of his unfoldment is but one highly-advanced exhibit of such life.

Certainly the latter hypothesis would seem to present the better confirmation of the findings of the geologists and anthropologists.

If nothing but algæ lived upon this planet for thirty million years, and then for another fifteen million years nothing lived upon it but jellyfish and invertebrates, it smacks of provincial bombast to maintain that such interminable periods showed such Life exhibits merely to prepare for the appearance of a creature called Man.

Such an argument might make a cer-

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

tain crude sense, were Man as we observe him today a final and finished product. But Man as we observe him today is not a final and finished product. True, he seems to be the most facile and astute display of Life that the earthly scene presents at present. That, however, is but a curiosity of development and not the end of development in itself.

Man as we observe him today is still continuing in biological and spiritual alterations and enlargements. Both as an individual and a species he is changing from moment to moment. The fact that the changes are so infinitesimal that they can only be discerned after the passing of decades or "ages," does not deny the fact of their occurrence.

In the National Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C., there are said to be instruments so fine that they can measure the outward "give" of two-foot brick wall when an ordinary 150-lb man rests his shoulder against its surface. Ninety-nine out of a hundred people would not suspect that a two-foot-thick wall moves at all by the leaning of any person against it. But the fact that they cannot perceive it, does not alter the fact that the instruments prove otherwise. And by the same token, the develop-



ments and growths of mortal existence, both biological and spiritual, are happenings without instruments being in existence by which to gauge them over definite periods of time.

MAN is not a final or completed product. He is a spiritually motivated exhibit of biological change in operation. And this being reasonably apparent, the earth as we know it must have been projected as an arena for such operation and not a product as at any time recognizable. Because there is no place at which the operations stops!

As stated previously, Man in his state of development or unfoldment a million years hence, may be a physical performance of Consciousness as far removed from the human creature of today as current Man is removed from the jellyfish of the Paleozoic Period.

Thirty million years from today, the Life Exhibit known as human may have become something not conceivable to our intellects in the present.

So the safer way to consider it is to allow that there is some connection between Consciousness and the time-space arena in which Consciousness operates to get effects upon itself.

This being conceded, it next follows that Consciousness must participate in all progressing forms composing such time-space arena, in order to make that arena understandable for what it is at all.

And as one interminable organism would be impractical in which the individual unit carries out the evolutionary or growth processes—due to accidents which result in injury or erasure of the one interminable organism—it follows that there must be a program of successive forms provided, and processes made available, by which Consciousness can participate in each and all of them as they manifest distinctively.

SO we have biological forms made and provided, and theories of evolutions charted, and we have spiritual essences periodically occupying those forms as they offer distinctive experiencings to the essences so housed.

Considering the layman's interrogation, therefore, as to what possible use to either itself or the universe utterly discarnate Consciousness may be, we can put down the premise of our answer in this manner—

"Use" does not enter into the proposition when considering Consciousness for what it is within its intrinsic self. As well demand of what use God is, to Himself! God *is!* He is, so to speak, a conditioning in—or of—Cosmos. So likewise is Consciousness a conditioning in, or of Cosmos, insofar as any one spiritual essence unit be involved.

Consciousness in its completely discarnate periods is the self-realizing sum-total of all its educative experiencings up to—or at—any given measuring-mark in Eternity. As such, it may in a sense be called an Accomplishment. And an accomplishment does not have to justify itself by standards of profit or loss, since of itself it is a standard.

UTTER discarnation might be accepted as the periodic interlude in progressing achievement when spirit-essence takes inventory of what have been its profits during incarnation, with a view to determining what additional experiencings looking toward further unfoldments, are to be.

It is not a static state, neither is it a wholly meditative state. It is merely a state divorced from all subservience to educating Form, wherein it can observe *itself* devoid of the slightest inhibitions or influences affecting it outside itself.

As such, of course, it not only would require no form, but Form would render

imperfect the state of such self-discernments.

THE ACCEPTED theory—or hypothesis—of most orthodox metaphysicians is, that the human spirit-essence "dies" out of more than one body before its discarnation is complete and it is in a condition where it can start the reincarnational cycle anew. The first "death" is spiritual evacuation of the common mor-



tal vehicle, which, after being so evacuated, is called a corpse or cadaver. But Consciousness in the human sense by no means finds itself in utter discarnation at once. If it did so, it would suffer a bewilderment that in time might injure or even destroy its appreciation of self-identity.

According to the most logical attestation we have upon the subject at this stage, Consciousness evacuates the fleshly vehicle in a much more tenuous—and physically imperceptible—mechanism known as the Pattern Body, or "cosmic architect" of the physical body, sometimes described as the Light Body. Our most advanced scientists and physicists have now recognized and identified this Electrical Design—and measured it—as a factual integrity unto itself.

In this more delicate vehicle, so extracted from the first gross material body, Consciousness resides for a second life-span, and, in the case of spirit-essences that "die" in mortal childhood, even bring such more tenuous body to a norm of maturity. This succeeding existence in the Light-Pattern body is what is commonly recognized as the orthodox Hereafter.

Even our Hebraic Bible, take note, refers constantly to a "second" death. And while this occurrence is steeped in superstition and allegory, it must have some sort of premise in tacit happening.

The metaphysical assumption is, that

"death" or evacuation by the spirit takes place out of this Pattern Body as well—which has maintained itself as a sort of sublimated replica of the body first shaped and used on earth.

As to what the series of bodies may resemble out of which the spirit-essence "dies" by evacuation, we have no reliable testimony at the present moment, or in our current unfoldment of Consciousness. Some of the eastern religions depict them as high as nine, and offer details concerning each.

For practical consideration, the number is immaterial. It is the "purpose" of the process in which we are interested.

Viewed from the angle of existence in any one of those life-bodies, Almighty Providence seems to have provided a means by them, that to all intents and designs offers easement of shock to self-aware spirit as it proceeds from acknowledgment of itself in the physical sense to realization of itself in the discarnate sense.

NINE out of ten people, when considering themselves at all, envision themselves as being what is reflected in their mirrors when they put themselves in front of those mirrors. To plunge them in total discarnation, or a state of Abstract Consciousness, at a stroke—or by a single operation—would leave them in utter panic, or a hapless state of not being able to identify themselves at all.

But by seried states of dying, and easing each time into a vehicle that more nearly approximates discarnation, they arrive at the essence of spiritual abstraction in their separate rights by assimilable degrees.

Finally, when the cycle and its conditionings of spirit have been fully comprehended, and they have become oriented to a Consciousness-condition that truly requires no vehicle-condition to function, they are ready to synchronize their abstract vibration with the biological vibration of the pregnant mother and the developing contents of her womb, take control of embryo or fetus, and go through the body-occupying program anew.

LIFE outside the fleshly vehicle, therefore, is obdurate in this: that it always runs its course distinctive of the situation or conditioning in which it is

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The Constructive Approach . .

IF THE matter were personal, I would like nothing better than five thousand Soulcrafters rioting all over the place the month around. I would like to see a bookstore, a museum of Soulcraft mementoes, a projection-room for continual Soulcraft movies, a seance-room where on specified dates the Movement's friends from afar could behold with their own eyes the truth of the materialization phenomena that now stacks up as merely a dramatic recital on a magazine page. In the big main Chapel of the place I would like to book the lead-in speakers on esoteric thought in America, not to mention our own Sabbath nights religious services, the memories of which would be something worth taking back home and telling the grandchildren about. And there should be an eating-house and snack-bar, not to mention quarters where Soulcrafters in good standing could park the family 'bus and bed down out of the Indiana rain overnight. A trip to Headquarters, in other words, ought to become an event in the life. Whether the visitors find their way up into my personal aerie and want their questions answered on what to do about the oldest girl's squid who screams in his sleep, should be immaterial. The proper reception committee should take visiting communicants in charge and see that they get value received for their lengthy motoring trips to central Indiana. And considering it all, that they acquired a few of the latest Soulcraft books to take home and digest, should by no means come amiss. As for the Museum of Soulcraft mementoes, not alone should the original manuscripts of the Soulcraft be viewable but there is the item of the Soulcraft dogs. The \$64 Problem is, should Soulcraft exhibit Buzzie in a glass case, *stuffed?* . . I have my moments when I think that viewing such exhibit should repay any family between Philadelphia and Salt Lake City . .

AS OF the present, I prefer to let Nature take her course and see what she develops out of the consensus of Gen-

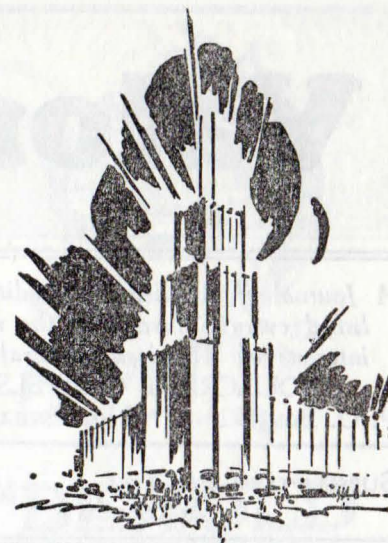
SOULCRAFT'S New Department Expounding the Nine Progressions of Human Knowledge . .

By the Recorder

eral Ideas that come to climax in the collective craniums of current Headquarters workers. They have entertained all comers to Noblesville since February of 1950 and know their strong points and their weaknesses. But one outstanding urge activates most visitors: They greatly desire to feel they are *part* of something—something substantial and eternal, something that has put its roots down to stay put down, something that is established to stay established from now till the Crack o' Doom. They have discovered the Soulcraft Tenets themselves to be that. Now they wish to see it emblazoned by stone and concrete. Soulcraft is not without its financial angels who might make it possible, but after all, it's Soulcraft in the Long Pull of persistent education of the masses that counts. To take a thousand students a year—the up-and-coming generation that wants to give its career to conveying the Soulcraft En-



lightenment to *hoi polloi*—and make them as erudite as the Mentors behind the Soulcraft Transcripts, that is a consummation greatly to be wished. Galahad College tried it in an amateurish way back in 1932. But Galahad did not have the background of Soulcraft in 1954—with the lucrative experiences of all the



years between. Besides, Galahad in 1932 had to take what students were able to attend. These were discovered to be elderly ladies of psychical ambitions who had nothing else to do, whereas the students I most wished to contact and instruct had wives, families, grocery bills and payments coming due on the family car that I could by no means include in the 1932 collegiate budget. Likewise, to add the relieving facetious note, there was no Buzzie—14-year-old cocker spaniel—to bark at all doors, desiring admittance, and finding himself ending up *stuffed*. As for Butch, Bench-legged Beagle, showcases would bore him. He would much rather be served up at the cortillion banquet on a platter with a sizable apple in his mouth. If he had to turn about and bite frantically at the area about his tail, the exudaton of the fancy apple might be forgiven him . .

SERIOUSLY, this permanent Headquarters Establishment merits serious thinking in the weeks and months ahead. One thing we do know, *the erudition has been received and captured*. I have steadfastly refused to let it be presented in religious form. As well make a religion out of our radio or television-sets. But the permanent School Pattern is something else again. Something like 125 offices and classrooms have been provided by the architect for the years and decades ahead. And the staff will be formidable when it is finally assembled. But after all, the Indiana plant should only be the master-type for similar institutions all over America. The only way to get this enlightenment out to the public is to carry it out.

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That Decision

REPRIMANDING Senator Joseph McCarthy for his brusque and noncompromising attitude in quizzing persons suspected of pro-Kremlin activities is more than another subterranean victory to chalk up to the Reds. It carries the savor to the politically erudite of making it appear that our whole Senate is surreptitiously indoctrinated with the virus of pro-Communist treacheries. McCarthy loses nothing by behavioristic condemnation; the Senate loses everything. Alibi and extemporize as one may, as between the Kremlin and one of the Senate's own members, the Senate throws moral support in the ethical camp of Moscow. Noncompromising Americans can place no other construction upon it.

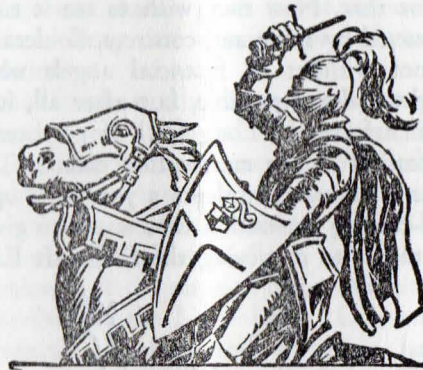
McCarthy started off, under his own power, to expose, discredit or weed out of official Washington the Kremlin subversives or military fellow-travelers. In the course of such purge, he treated witnesses rough. Buckets of tears to the "persecuted"! . . . no one kicked up the slightest row about rough treatments of witnesses when the anti-communists were under investigation by the New Dealers in the Thirties. And those witnesses didn't expect any row to be kicked up. They just took it on the chin, showed that they could do so, and liked it.

The Reds and their fellow-travelers can't take it, and never have been able to take it.

The real Americans—what's left of them—should pass their own judgment on the whole sordid and reprehensible business by nominating Joe McCarthy as Chief Executive of the United States in a reformed, expurgated and rejuvenated Republican Party. *And elect him!*

The nation could do worse.

This isn't a time for fawning and palavering with Kremlin Fifth-Columnists or Army Brass Untouchables. If a man be known by the enemies he makes, Senator Joseph McCarthy is being identified as America's Number One Citizen. It's not a time for temporizing, or name-calling, or Being Polite to ethical thugs. VALOR's opinion would be that considering some of the characters Senator Joe called up before him, he didn't treat them one-half as rough as he should have treated them. As for reprimanding him for soliciting "top secret" documents from the Executive Branch of the Government, did the Senate empower him to play cops-and-robbers with traitorous individuals simply because they had landed "safe" jobs in some sacrosanct department?



Let's not blink it. The Senate has repudiated its own man at doing a job it empowered him to do, because of the extent of the rottonness he uncovered.

Sympathy for the Senate in its predicament?

Not a kopeck's worth.

Senator Joe comes out of the embroilment thrice big a man as when he entered it. Let him keep his chin high and capitalize on the whole of it as he richly deserves to do. Congressman Richard Nixon went into the Vice President's chair in result of his work on the Un-American Committee exposing Alger Hiss. Senator Joseph McCarthy can go into the President's chair in result of his

work on the McCarthy Committee—and Treat-'Em-Rough Americans will applaud him.

Let's hope in another two years it happens.

Revelation?



OET MacDowell is still vacationing at Saranac Lake, N. Y. Under date of September 25th he writes VALOR—

"At midnight last night came a Voice commanding that I should arise and write down that which was to be transcribed through this, my hand . . . I am greatly troubled. I have been told by the People Upstairs to send this on to you. I have a feeling of vast humility. Forgive me if I do wrong in this. I cease to question, and serve only. May the Love and Protection of the Most High abide with us all . . ."

What Mac got when he obeyed The Voice was the following—

LISTEN, O Man, and receive the instructions of this, My Voice . . .

"Ye have heard it said, Ye shalt not kill. Know ye not what meaneth this, my command in Love? Verily it meaneth that thou not even attempt to destroy, that which breatheth my breath . . ."

"I have, in love, sent you my teachers. Ye have imprisoned them. I have sent unto you in life my holy ones. Ye do receive them with scorn, ye do cast them to the flames, ye do crucify them. Ye have scorned to listen to this, My Voice.

"Now have you divided mine earth-plane into two encampments, calling them East and West. Ye have harnessed the creative forces of the Atom. Ye do test them seeking destruction. Ye do desecrate Mine holy temple by this, your action. I, the Voice, say this shall not be.

"Listen with reverence to this, My decree! . . ."

"When the test which ye do plan is consummated in the camp of the East or West, then at that time shall all electric power cease. Ye, O man, shall learn the truth of this, spoken by his, My Voice.

"Marvel not, O man, if all transportation ceaseth therewith, that electrical devices halt their functioning. Ye shall have your burdens placed upon your

backs again; ye shall live again by the sweat of your brows. By your own actions shall this come upon you. This, when the Test shall be effected.

"I, the Voice, decree it.

"All thine engines and devices of destruction shall be rendered useless. I will not have My planet Earth destroyed by your ignorance. The time hath come when ye shall be forced to heed My Voice. Ye shall not use these, My laws, to destroy. I create in Love. When ye shalt do likewise, My decree shalt be lifted.

"Behold are your skies not flooded with My messengers who come unto you with love and helpfulness. They come unto you to avert your folly. Receive these, My space ships, with joy, if there be hope and joy left within your hearts.

"O man, take unto your hearts this truth and live. I have spoken. Heed thou the words of this, My Voice.

"Peace is My decree.

"I give it . . ."

VALOR reprints this "message" for what it may be worth.

Back in many places in the *Golden Scripts* the inference was plain that so-called Science resembled a man's kine . . . one should help him plow, the other should gore him.

That super-hydrogen bomb tests planned for the Pacific this fall and winter might unleash forces not only causing ruinous tidal waves on the shores of two continents but disrupting electrical communications throughout the earth, is a possibility to be regarded on its merits. The well-nigh imbecility of what is being done, perfecting atom bombs to such a point that no worldly force could possibly stand against them, may bring repercussions in radioactive ash that affect all countries of the globe and cause restraint to be exercised forthwith.

VALOR cannot officially subscribe to the certainty of the origin of Mac's communication, but it does reprint it as a possibility of what might happen without its true cause being known. The more practicable and formidable possibility of the super hydrogen bomb tests resulting in universal corrosion of steel throughout civilized countries, is more to be feared. Should steel, radioactivised, suddenly start losing its tensile strength, our Twentieth Century civilization goes

to pot in a week. No skyscrapers, no motorcars, no safety-razors . . . we should be returned to First Principles with a vengeance.

Yet our discarnate friends on the Higher Side do not envision it.

Somewhere in between must enter an ameliorating factor.

The true problem is how to control a government of cosmic barbarians in the Kremlin who are against the Christ and all His works.

Should the morals of the hyenas on life's plains be the concern of the lambs who fall their victims? VALOR could recommend a dozen expedients for crippling or eradicating the Kremlin without prostrating civilization by scientific repercussions . . .

Hail and Farewell



FRANCE has gone by the board, and we might as well make up our minds to it.

France is an instance of a nation and a people having totally exhausted themselves in war. True, that war which has devastated France and made her a blank in the current councils of nations, was brought to her doors and forced upon her. But that is small reason for the current generation should shirk all karmic responsibilities and expect to ride along indefinitely on America's bankroll. Matters are arriving at a pass today where losing a war is greatly to be desired. It is the victors who pay, and pay, and pay, the United States in particular.

France has obviously come into control now of the element who would use the exhausted countries to extend the perimeter of Russia. And this seems to be an artfully thought out system.

Seemingly the kindest thing the major powers could do would be to regard France along with the other minor Balkan countries and go ahead and make their plans without her. Who is *she*, to disrupt those plans, once they are perfected?

A man who is racially not a Frenchman has gotten into the driver's seat in Paris. Naturally his loyalties are going to be divided between the Quai D'orsey and the eastern Mediterranean. But the



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

France that our forefathers knew has run her race and shot her bolt.

We should make our international plans with this certainty in mind.

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

ON Saturday, July 3, 1954, at midnight, David and his fiancée were out driving when they saw a white light drop out of the sky and go into bushes next to the road. After the light entered the bushes it turned green and could be observed twinkling through the boughs and leaves.

David turned out his car lights, and shortly thereafter they saw a solid red ball of light come from the left and drop onto the ground about twenty feet in front of the car. David turned on his lights and a man was standing directly in front of the car, looking over his right shoulder. He was six feet tall, wore a tight-fitting white shirt and some sort of vest. He appeared to be about twenty-five to thirty years old. He looked *through* the car, not *at* it. When David turned on the car motor, he vanished. One moment he was there and the next moment he was gone. The green light in the brush had remained there, twinkling, as the red ball of light came down.

On Monday, July 19, 1954, David was in his car and saw a white light moving in the sky. It came closer, got bigger, then seemed to fade from sight. About five miles further down the road David noticed a nauseous odor that filled the air around him . . . it was suffocating. It smelled like metal burning in acid and hydrogen sulfide.

All of the foregoing is narrated to show there seems to be an intensive survey now being conducted in the State of Washington by the Confederation of Space Intelligences here in the name of the Infinite Father. And remember, Mount Rainier, where Kenneth Arnold saw the nine Saucers on Tuesday, June 24, 1947, is only a short distance from Sumner and Puyallup.

THERE have been sightings near Lancaster, New York, that are identical with the strange happenings in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Koblich own

a fine farm near Lancaster, where several months ago unusual phenomena began to take place. They both saw many "flying lights", "white globes", etc. Then, one night, as they were watching television in their living-room, a foggy-white beam of light shot through one of the windows. And looking in the window was the face of a man. He could not have been over four or four and a half feet tall, because nothing could be observed but his neck and head. The face seemed to be *in* or *with* the beam. When they started toward the window to get a better look, the face disappeared. Later, it appeared again. This happened many times, but they never saw footprints outside and no one was ever discovered on the farm although they searched everywhere.

This is another case of "projection" and since this area is close to two major fault lines, a survey apparently is being conducted there as well. Warren, Ohio is also in the area of two major faults and many unexplained things have been going on. Saucers have been observed by commercial and military pilots, and Saucer occupants have been observed outside of their landed craft.

Acumen

(Continued from Page 2)

manship has operated and the knowledge recorded surpasses their own.

Soulcraft holds that not until an entire agenda of enlightenment has been taken down, of sufficient volume to judge its total worth on its own merits from a retrospect, is the text received creditable. And the text has to stand on its own merits as a Total Enlightenment, whether dictated by the Archangel Gabriel or the deceased husband of Mrs. Ebenezer Doakes, who was an insurance-adjuster during his recently terminated lifetime.

Suddenly transcribing a monograph on this, that, or the other, in the solemn form of terminology by no means indicates that the Elder Brother is the progenitor of the intelligence. It is the *totality* of Soulcraft that gives it prestige in the estimates of the discerning . . .

There have been in excess of one million words published, encompassing the cosmic principles propounded in Soulcraft. Not once, in the whole exposition,

has there been a serious contradiction—that anyone has noted.

This, of itself, authenticates the nature of the material recorded, since mortal intelligence could by no means project a million words of Truth and never make one contradiction.

BUT THESE earnest and zealous folk, who come to Soulcraft Headquarters with 1,200-word discourses they have transcribed under extraordinary conditions, what shall be said of them and how should they be treated? They cannot realize, of course, that from the first word they utter they are disclosing from what plane of Intelligence they have recorded their material. It simply "comes down" from some Higher Source and they are edified. That they are aping the six-year-old child who comes home from the first day at school to exclaim, "Look, Papa, I've learnt to spell Cat," is frequently cruel way to convey to them. But there the Situation is . . .

The Soulcraft Recorder recently entertained a lady who had been "getting messages" for a soere of months, many of them excellent in quality. The question arose in course of an evening's conversation as to whether or not Divine Spirit in exceptional instances violated the laws it had decreed for the conduct of Its universe. "God can do *anything* He takes it into His mind to do," she declared. "If Holy Spirit has prescribed certain laws for the conduct of the universe, it can prescribe exceptional cases where they do not operate."

It was a laudable instance of blind faith in Divine Providence, but unfortunately the lady was disclosing that she did not comprehend what the identity of Divine Providence was, in Itself. She was thinking of God in the anthropomorphic sense. And the Soulcraft position was, and is, that *God is the sum-total of the fiats of the universe that cannot be disturbed without the universe ceasing to exist.* The lady visitant had not "gone that far" . . . God could do anything—like a supernal Hitler or Mussolini. That disclosed that lady's limitations in respect to her comprehension of the Great First Cause . . . and the Soulcraft Recorder promptly lost interest in the converse.

But she should not be blamed for it. She but classified herself in the Great

Agenda of Cosmoc Academics, according to her assimilations to the moment. And this is a classification and distinction that can never be concealed. Our own wisdom specifies the plane from which the wisdom has been derived. If it were otherwise, there would be no need of "planes" and all would be one plane and Reality but one Reality . . .

YOUR acumen in respect to Mysticism of all kinds therefore, indicates your cosmic rating. Merely being "interested" in Mysticism generally is not enough; it is the grading and expression of your knowledge that classifies you. "Being interested in Mysticism" means little more than that the minds retains fragments of consciousness of a previous period when one's world was built of the so-called "powers of thought", not independently of the humanized consciousness that had to be struggled with, and overcome. One was, in other words, subconsciously operating on a higher atomic frequency and more facile exhibits of expression than the physical form provides. That the Memory Veil does run in spots is something commonly understood by those who are familiar with the true cosmic processes. Conversely, people who "fight" the doctrine of mortal return are but advertising that the slightest "memory" of this earlier spiritualized condition would militate against their getting out of the current ensoulment what they are supposed to get—a distinct isolation between flesh and spirit for a given sequence of solar time.

By all means let them have it.

The kernel of it all is expressed in the one Great Adjuration, Get Wisdom for Its Own Sake, all there is to know. Nevermind what the neighbors—or your fellow psychics—may chance to think of you. Either you *know* or you don't.

If you don't know, you should be properly eager to learn. If you do know, intellectual swagger can't enhance you in the slightest.

And you don't require to parade it before your fellow mystics. They will "get" it in the first half-dozen sentences you utter . . . and if you lack it, all the dissembling you might command in a lifetime won't make you the genuine cosmic article.

Wisdom is one thing in which you can never masquerade.

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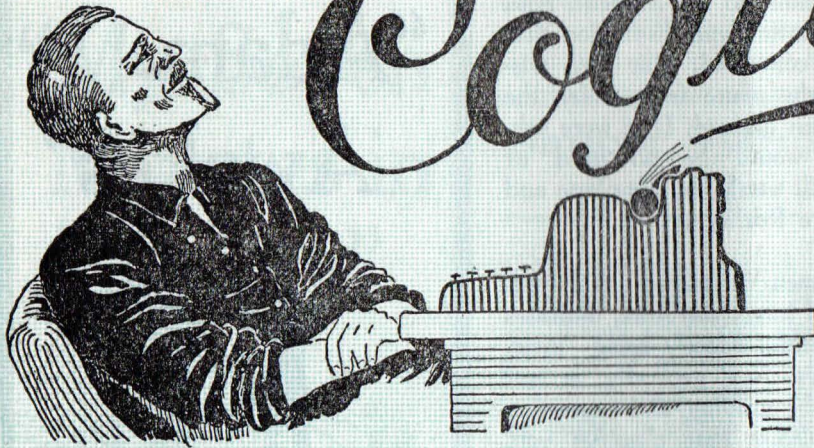
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Soulcraft Chapels

Cogitations



SOMEBODY presented me recently with a 480-page copy of *The Picture-History Portfolio* of *The New York Times Publishers*, year of 1923. That was 31 years bygone. And what a wealth of reminiscence its pages recalled to me. Starting with all the United States Presidents from Washington to Coolidge, it presented full-page portraits of the whole illustrious roster, thereat followed a hundred or so pages of views of the downtown districts of as many leading American cities. George V was King of Great Britain in those years, Lord Byng was Governor-General of Canada and General Smuts the Premier of South Africa. Albert I was King of the Belgians and Victor Emanuel II head potentate of Italy. Friedrich Ebert was President of Germany and Alphonse XIII King of Spain. Masaryk had just won the Czechoslovakian independence and Nicholas Horthy was Regent of Hungary. Pope Pius XI sat on the Throne of the Vatican. The portraits of these all distinguished the *Picture-History Portfolio* for 1923. Twenty-five pages of the leading cathedrals of the world then followed. And ten to twelve pages of intimate views of the interior of the White House. Thereat nationalism and isolationism were glorified in a series of reproductions of canvasses from the *Young Minuteman* of '75 going off to join Washington, to the *Dewey Celebration* in Manhattan, when the hero of *Manila Bay* came back to a triumphal parade and innocuous desecration. But on Page 439, after rotogravures of the

Dempsey-Gibbons fight for the world's fisticuffs championship, I sat up and paid attention. Followed twenty pages of "Prominent Actresses and Actors of the Silent Drama." Page after page of my intimate friends began to unroll to me! Mary Pickford headed the galaxy, of course. Then came Dorothy Dalton and Louise Huff. But when I met the countenances of Betty Compson, Anita Stewart, Gladys Walton and Priscilla Dean, my vision got misty. I was taken back thirty years to Hollywood in its heyday. I know the ladies of my present journal-



istic audience won't take it kindly if I ask whether they remember Anna Q. Nilsson, Dorothy MacKaill, Katherine MacDonald, Dorothy Gish or Jane Novak? Those were cinematographic queens of an era with Boadicea, Zenobia, and Cleopatra, but I've seen the time when they were just Betty, and Gladys and Dorothy to me. Nice gals. Some temperament. But good troupers, every one. I lived in the past for fifteen or twenty pages, thanks to whosoever presented me with the *New York Times Picture Portfolio* for 1923 . .

HOPE HAMPTON was the first screen royalty I ever confronted personally. To her 3rd-Avenue friends she had just been Babe Kennedy till a Broadway producer decided she was God's gift to the cinema and I should properly glorify her to the tune of some \$12,500 adding to my bank account. I met her in Manhattan and worked with her for three months of 1922 on *Light in the Dark*. The original Lon Chaney "stole" the picture away from Hope by dint of supernal acting, so she hid herself to the film laboratories on Long Island in the dark of a Sabbath morning with her affluent boyfriend and they went to work with scissors and film-cement on the negative. By the time they got Chaney eliminated, you couldn't tell whether the story concerned the Exodus of the original Hebrews from Egypt or the Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe. Nobody ever heard about it in consequence. Chaney said, to me, "Oh hake, Bill, . . come on out to Hollywood with me and we'll clean up." I did, and we did. I wrote *The Shock* for Universal Pictures, starring Chaney. It cost Universal \$28,000 to produce and Universal grossed \$395,000 on the investment. I was, in consequence, the fair-haired boy. What did Chaney and I wish to make next? "I've always entertained the ambition," Lon said, "to play the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*." Carl Lammle himself looked askance at us, but particularly did he look askance at Chaney. "You should play in a football pitcher!" he exclaimed. We enlightened the Israelite in the details of French classical literature. And you probably saw *The Hunchback* in 1924, after Lon and I got through with it . . At one time I had five different opuses being filmed in West Coast studios at once. I created 21 in all. And all made money . . Little Betty Compson's sweet face looks up at me from this faded rotogravure page. I made *Ladybird* with her in 1926 from

one of my *Cosmopolitan Magazine* stories. Walter Lang directed it. Walter's now going strong on the West Coast, directing talkies starring such current luminaries as Clifton Webb. I remember Walter when I had to loan him \$40 to pay his room-rent and keep him from sleeping on the New York sidewalks. Later in Hollywood, in order to get repayment of the loan, I had to take it away from him in a poker-kitty out at Grant Dolge's in Beverly Hills, with Wally Berry and Bill Boyd—Hopalong Cassidy to you—taking the name of God in vain as I did so . . . Ah, me! . . .

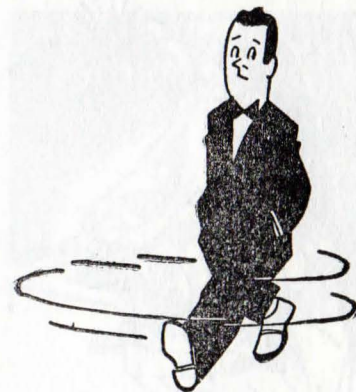
o—o

JUST to show you what kind of a trouper Betty was, . . . I had a New Orleans cafe scene in *Ladybird*, with her as my heroine being swung and yanked about in a so-called Apache Dance. This Apache Dance was supposed to end with the villain of the piece lifting and tossing her over a table. A mattress on the floor beyond, out of sight of the camera, was supposed to catch her and break her fall. But during noon recess, Charley Duke, one-eyed property-man, had tripped and gone headlong over that mattress, talked with God about it, thought it left there by a slipshod assistant, picked it up and returned it to the property-room himself. Not noticing its disappearance, we came back from lunch and resumed the "shooting" . . . Betty and her partner went into their dance. Fred swung the gal up over the table in the climax, she swished across its top and went over out of sight—on the mattress that wasn't there. Along seven feet of cold concrete floor she rolled, on delicate knees and elbows and other exposed areas. Walter sang out "Cut!"—the swan-song on the camera's turning. But Betty was groaning. She sat up on the aforesaid cold concrete. Somehow or other, believe it or not, she had fallen on her eye. Charley came across and apologized all over the place, while the wardrobe mistress applied cosmetics to Betty's shiner. *Half an hour later she was right back on the "set", ready for the next sequence in the opus.* Shortly after that she married big, tough Jimmy Cruz, director at Paramount and they went to live in a mansion on Flint-rdge. . . . But I turn the page of the New York Times Album and I meet Elaine Hammerstein, Betty Blythe, Bebe Dan-

iels, Marie Prevost, Alice Joyce and Irene Rich . . .

o—o

IRENE in the days of her team-up with Huntley Gordon in those Husband-Wife classics was my favorite Hollywood gal. She was as sweet and charming as she was pretty, and I ought to know because I acted as Public Relations counsel for Gordon, her partner, for nearly two years. Alice Joyce married Clarence Brown, my co-partner in the *Hampton Light in the Dark* floppus in 1922, and they became Hollywood moguls of the Splendorful Bankroll out to MGM. Clarence never introduced me to Alice. By that time he hated my living vitals too much, because of a prior romance-complication in which Lon's wife and Adelaide's mother had played leading roles with no cameras grinding, which Clarence charged up to me. Still there were more names in the Memory Book, as I turned the pages over here in Noblesville in 1954 . . . Eleanor Boardman and Helen Ferguson, Bessie Love and Alice Lake, Patsy Ruth Miller . . . will I ever forget what a headache my own scenario partner, Herb Van Loan, was to me when he suffered a crush on Patsy and tossed the Van Loan-Pelley scenario business to limbo while he went buzzing her sixteen nights a week? Ethel Clayton, Corinne Griffith, Norma Talmadge, Mae Busch, Mary Philbin . . . Can I forget, either, those days and nights when *Merry-Go-Round* was in the making out to Universal and Mary Philbin was the acknowledged queen of the American cinema? How her son, Buddy Tufts, is such a he-man he could throw the well-known bull over the moon—let alone a cow—and think nothing of it. But Mary was a demure young thing, who learned the rules of movieland the Hard Way . . . Dorothy Phillips, Virginia Valli, Madge Bellamy and Colleen Moore, not to pass by Blanche Sweet . . . I was Blanche's publicity counsel for a couple of years, while as for Colleen, her husband, John McCormack, had me out to First National at Burbank after every Colleen masterpiece to tell him what was wrong with it. And every time that I complied, I profited by a \$5,000 cheque in my bank account . . . Nita Naldi and Mary Eaton, Mary Astor—oh oh!—Mary Astor! . . . She was absolutely the most breath-takingly beautiful woman in Hollywood,



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Mary! Funny thing though, it didn't register on the screen. In other words, the camera didn't catch it. But viewed with the naked eye, Mary had everything in Hollywood lashed to the well-known beauty mast. She played the lead with Buster Collier in my *Sunset Derby* opus out to First National. And that calls up the men-celebrities with whom I worked for that glamorous eight to ten years—Huntley Gordon, Lewis Stone, Edmund Lowe, Hoot Gibson, Eugene O'Brien, Tom Mix, Dick Barthelmess, Tommie Meighan, Alec Francis . . .

o—o

WONDER how many of you oldsters recall Alec Francis, the kindly and twinkley-eyed character with whom I engaged in pinocle and other games of chance in the lobby of the Hollywood Hotel until the wee sma' hours? . . . Lew Cody, Milton Sills, House Peters, Jack Holt—whom I used to beat at billiards down in the Casa Del Mar in Santa Monica where we both were charter members—Conway Tearle, Bert Lytell—where are they all at this moment, I wonder? Bert played two *Saturday Evening Post* thrillers of mine. Charley Ray dissolved into tears in my office in the Guaranty Building one afternoon because I refused to buy the \$75,000 cut-glass bathtub he'd installed in his Beverly Hills house before Tom Ince's death, and he'd gone broke trying to make the *Romance of John Alden*. . . Well, I turned the page and got a rotogravure of the canvas depicting the Charge of the Greeks at Marathon. What a rude awakening, I wasn't interested in the Charge of the Greeks at Marathon. I was interested in what had become of the living, thinking, worrying, loving, aspiring souls that had tried to furnish the American public with its cinematograph entertainment back in the administration of Calvin Coolidge . . . Playing as they can in the majestic theatres of the higher ethereal worlds, I suppose. I'll never forget the night in Manhattan in 1930 when Rudy Valentino came through, materialized, in a mediumistic seance and spoke rather plaintively about doing a bit-part a few celestial evenings before with the great Madam Mojeska. I exclaimed, "Good heavens, Rudy, do you have theatres in the dimension to which you've gained?" He returned, "Do we! . . . You ought to see them! Ten to twenty thousand people can see the spectacle at

once and hear perfectly." Then he added, "But if you want to do me a favor, Bill, go out to Hollywood and punch John Gilbert in the eye for thinking he can steal my stuff!" . . . All, all gone, with the lights and shadows of their own celluloid illusions! . . . However, not quite. There was a time in Americana, a blessed time when this nation was American, that the names of these Dear Ones of Yesterday meant something besides a name on a playbill—at least to me . . . I placed the *New York Times* Picture-History Portfolio for 1923 in a special bookshelf with loving hands. Those were my friends, out in Screenland when I was young, joyous, ambitious, and carefree. A tinsel time, perhaps, but no less real on that account. Wouldn't I get a wallop out of being able to sing just one verse of *Sweet Adeline* with Henry Walthal of *The Klansman* on the top of Sunset Mountain with the California sun coming up, both of us trying to mitigate the aftermath of a moist Hollywood preview . . . What a life I have led, what a life! . . . And now I'm advising sundry persons how to get to heaven with minimum inconvenience, oh my soul! . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

College

(Continued from Page 3)

line, can utterly alter the spiritual concepts of a nation.

I do not figure it to be my job to bring this great new system of organized instruction into being actually. It takes a new and unwearied generation of thinkers and doers to perform that. But I most certainly *do* visualize it as being my job to perfect the course of the wisdom to be imparted by this entirely New Look in the examination of Comparative Religions and a getting at the Truth for the progeny of tomorrow . . .

IT HAS been purblindly my purpose up twenty-six years of writing and publishing in consequence, to crystallize and polish off what the New Enlightenment must embrace, supplying something like twenty-one text books for such two years of Different Education and calling the hand on Superstition, Error, Irreverence and what I term the Morality of Expedience, nationally and internationally in

man's thinking and relationships.

If, in other words, I can lay down the blueprints, complete in every detail, for such an educational structure, and be able to declare, "There it is, go to it!" I shall have made my contribution to the social architecture of our hectic and unprecedented times. And that is what has been happening, all unsuspected by *hoi polloi*, since 1931.

Starting from the premise of the *Golden Scripts*—844 pages of supernal Master teachings—and proceeding up through *Behold Life, Thinking Alive, Earth Comes, Star Guests, Getting Born, Know Your Karma, Undying Mind* and *Beyond Grandeur*, the student will have a background of reading that not only instructs him in *what* he knows but *why* he knows it.

And with *Nations-in-Law, Thresholds of Tomorrow, Something Better* and *Road into Sunrise* to point ways to practical achievement in bringing Man a new concept of his own divinity, the world-public may perchance awaken to what has been made available to it in the current hysterical generation.

And where do the 156 Soulscripts fit in?

The 156 Soulscripts hold the very essence of the Enlightenment that must be examined factually and trenchantly, Script by Script, in classroom application under competent supervisors . . .



No, not a fanciful dream, all this, merely a practical blueprint. I repeat, in the face of the whole of what's happening, my job is, and must continue to be, the production of the scholastic material itself. Producing and marketing books at present is merely the method for underwriting this great labor of preparation without playing the mendicant or becoming dependent on the largess of any individual, clique, or cult, while it is going forward.

Fleshly Body

(Continued from Page 6)

supposed to manifest without detracting in the slightest from an inherent capability to self-awareness, and having performed the rite unto itself on each occasion, it subjects itself to the next phase or conditioning of the cycle-process at hand or available for its performance.

You cannot have Life totally extinct as to consciousness in *some* form. But you can have life extinct as to consciousness in the sentient form—that is, the capability of profiting from experiencings through direct and swift processing from the senses.

We go and come in each conditioning as it is presented to us for immediate natural involvement; but no matter what our state or orientation, always we are witnessing miracles and wonders that leave impress on the maturing or expanding Character. Which in turn is the constant sum-total of ourselves in demonstrable aspect. All of which adds up to this—

We find the units-of-Consciousness that are our thinking or considering selves precipitated into arenas of Form that are mundane situations, or even physical predicaments, in order to arrive at still more enhanced considerations of our perpetually-discovered possibilities as we progress upward through all conditionings of Matter.

This being the accepted conclusion, it follows that Life without any fleshly vehicle must hold precisely as much "meaning" as Life occupied with, or operating in, any physical incasement, since both are renderings of Eternal Spirit for keeping all forms of so-called evolution perpetual.

The lesson is a deep one and should not be too lightly considered and then ignored. The very essence of our being on earth in the evolving spiritual manner, has its premise in this great law of possession and evacuation of that which educates via experiencings in Form.

What difference does it make "where" you are?

The thing that counts is "what" you are—in the light of what you have endured as a three-dimensional world has inexorably "shoved you around"—and the conclusions you have drawn from the control exercised by circumstance!



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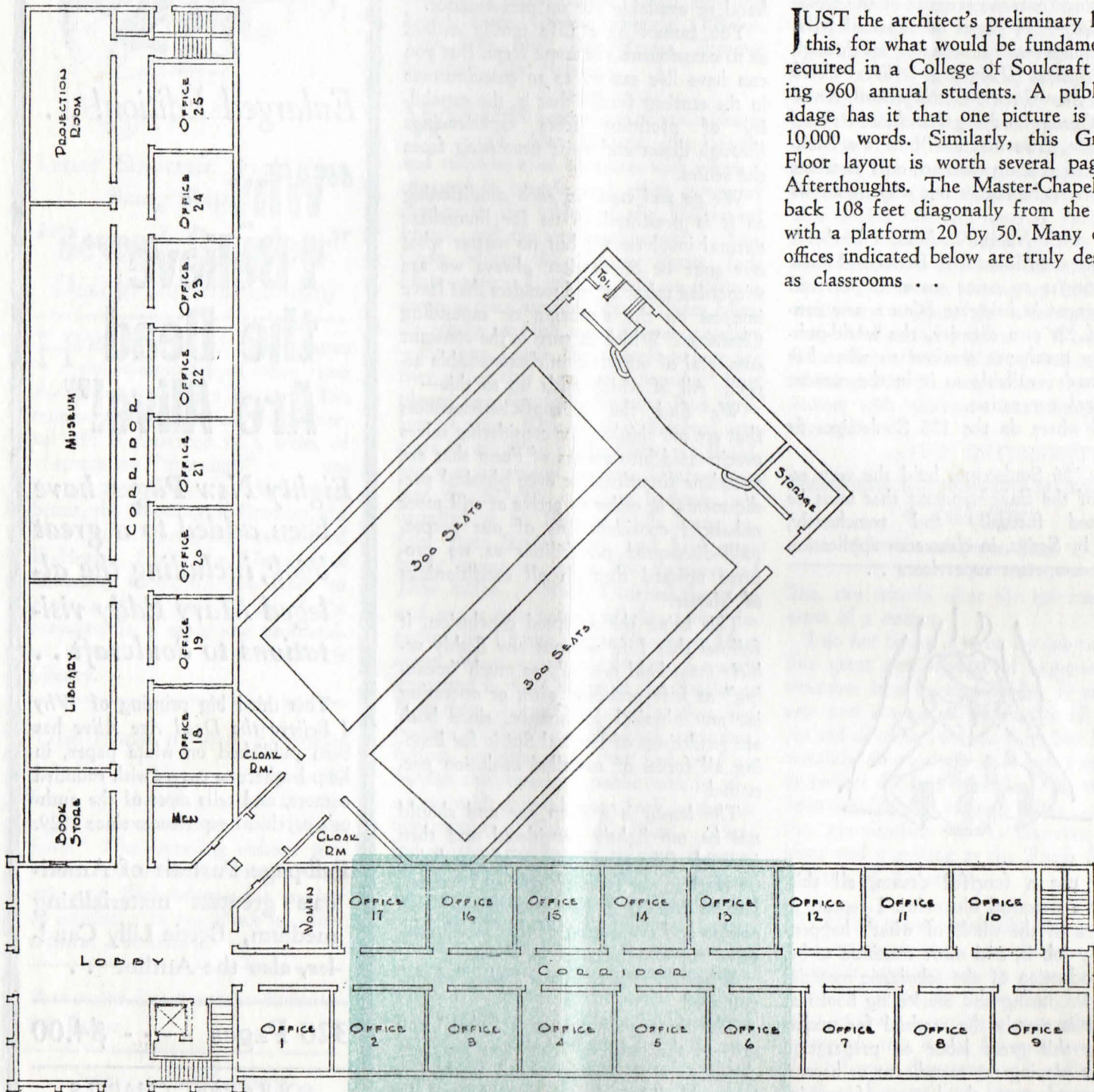
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A f t e r t h o u g h t

JUST the architect's preliminary layout, this, for what would be fundamentally required in a College of Soulcraft tutoring 960 annual students. A publishing adage has it that one picture is worth 10,000 words. Similarly, this Ground-Floor layout is worth several pages of Afterthoughts. The Master-Chapel runs back 108 feet diagonally from the wings with a platform 20 by 50. Many of the offices indicated below are truly designed as classrooms . .



FIRST FLOOR PLAN