

# Valor

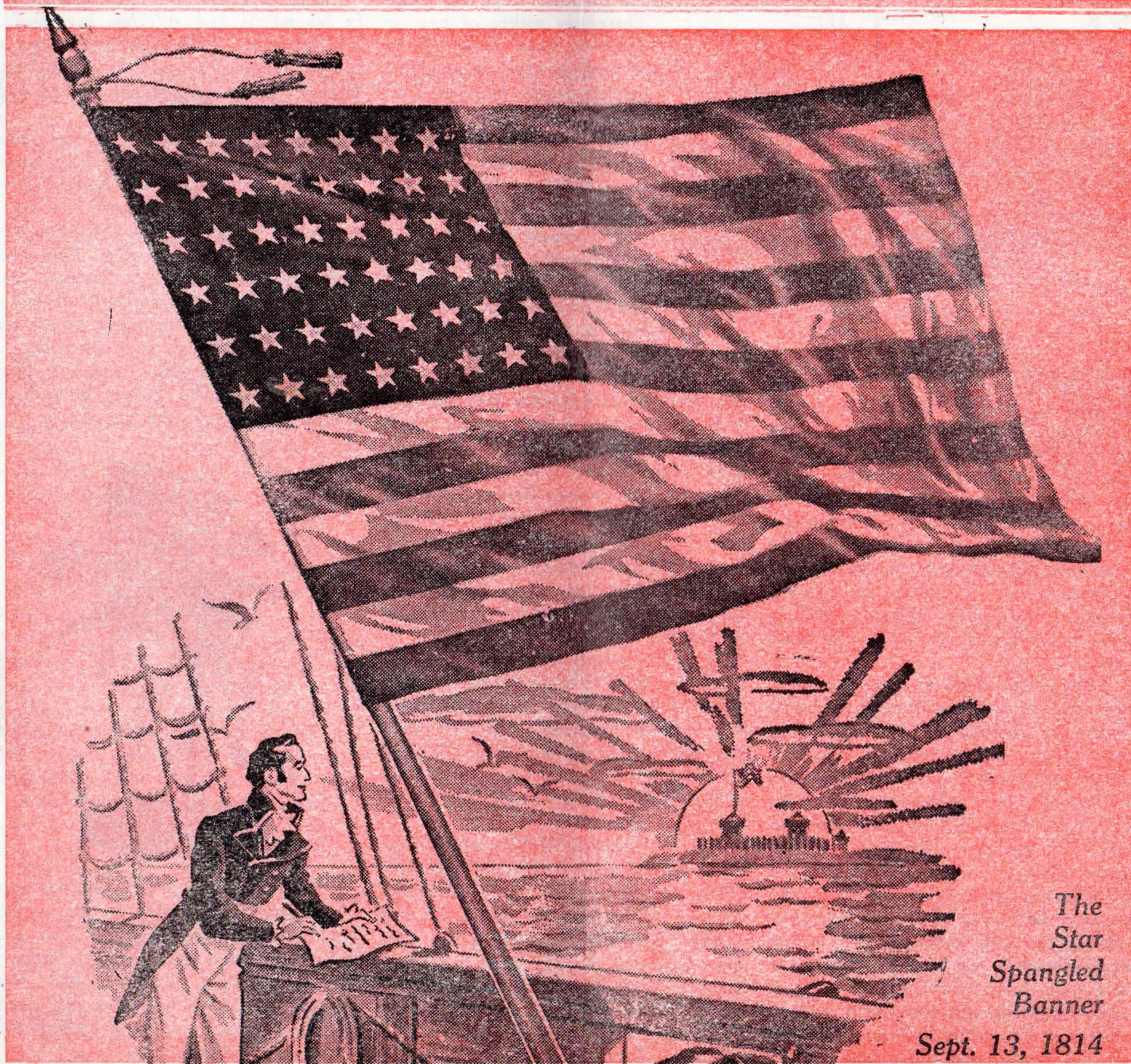
*The Golden Times Weekly . . .*

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

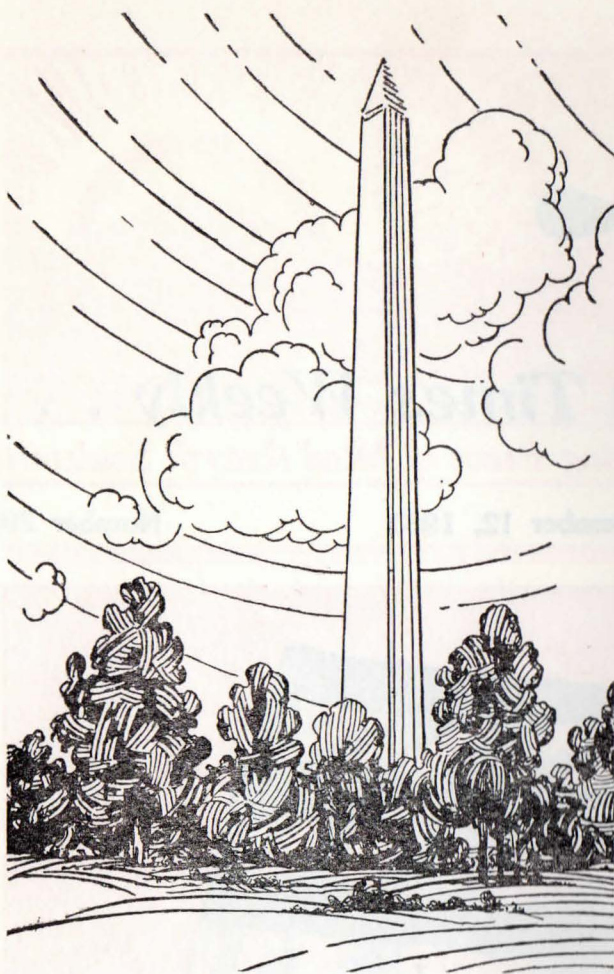
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Number 20



The  
Star  
Spangled  
Banner  
Sept. 13, 1814



# Our National Anthem Cost Us Our Capital *Will Britain Please Remit*

country. This never could have taken place had our own government done its duty. There was plenty of time in which to make ready for it, as warning after warning had been received. And the British were as culpable, for what they perpetrated, as anything they had ever done, or have done since, in their colonial possessions.

When you are thoroughly familiar with a country's past policies—policies rooted in national temperament, you know how to deal sagaciously with her—or it—in the present.

destination and he arrived within sight of it on August 24th, 1814.

General Winder had little confidence in his militia and still less in himself. The approach to Bladensburg was over a bridge, defended by artillery taken from Barney's flotilla and served by him and his sailors.

They fought with great courage, driving back the British mercenaries again and again. But finally the American militia fled, and at last Barney, the commander of the brave band, and a Captain Miller, were wounded. The fight had lasted an hour, and the six hundred marines had slain and wounded an equal number of the enemy before they were flanked, overpowered, and compelled to surrender. Incidentally, General Ross immediately paroled Barney because of the splendid bravery he had shown.

**STRANGE** that in this day, when we're paying over billions to Britain to help her "recover" from two continental wars that she knowingly began, almost no attention is paid in this country to the War of 1812. It was the War of 1812 that gave us our national anthem, even if it cost us our national Capital. Incidentally, this present Sunday, September 13, is the 139th anniversary of it.

There is one school of thought in Christendom that holds we should forget all these past conflicts as soon as possible, sink all our differences in a saccharine "love" and stand to profit nothing from history or a bitterly begotten knowledge of human nature. Unfortunately, character is not welded by that tack. A stern and resolute sagacity, with the resources of history to guide it, should come from keeping the lessons of past international relationships ever before us, and acting magnanimously only when definite spiritual gains accrue from it.

The crowning disgrace of the War of 1812 was the capture and burning of the city of Washington, the capital of our

**A SQUADRON** under Sir Alexander Cochrane, with an army on board, sailed up the Chesapeake in August, 1814. Apparently he was seeking the American Commodore Barney, who had taken shelter with his ships in the Patuxent. Without pursuing him, Ross had landed his 5,000 veterans and marched toward Washington, forty miles away. By this time our government was belatedly alarmed.

Brigadier-General William T. Winder had been placed in command a few weeks before, when he had five hundred regulars and two thousand undisciplined militiamen to obey his orders. Winder had hard work in deciding what to do, but at last he determined to make a show of resistance.

He took a strong position at Bladensburg and awaited Ross and Cochrane. Meantime, the British were advancing without opposition. By the time they reached Marlborough, Commodore Barney—following the orders of the Secretary of War—burned his fleet and hastened toward Washington. The British commander cared nothing for the hidden American flotilla. The capital was his



**THE RETREATING** Americans were ordered to assemble on the heights near Washington. That was done and they were joined by a body of Virginia militia. Winder, however, had seen enough of his men to believe they could not be depended upon, and he fled with them west to Georgetown.

The President, the heads of departments, and most of the citizens, got out of the city while opportunity offered. The Capital was entered at eight o'clock in the evening by General Ross, with an advance guard of eight hundred men.

He offered to spare the city for a large sum of money. Unfortunately, there was no one within reach who was authorized to conclude such an infamous bargain. He claimed that his flag of truce had been fired on. In retaliation, he ordered the city to be burned. It was unlikely that any flag of truce was molested, but whether it was or not, the burning of Washington was a disgrace and a crime, for which no excuse can be advanced. What would English feelings be toward us in history, if Americans had contrived to burn the great city of London when a money indemnity was not forthcoming?

**I**N THE vast conflagration that followed, the White House, the offices of the several government departments, scores of private residences and hundreds of dwellings, with libraries and public archives, the works of early art contained in the public buildings, the navy yard and its contents, a frigate on the stocks and several smaller vessels were turned to ashes. The fire was visible at Baltimore, forty miles away. The only private property escaping the flames was the patent office and jail.

The British stayed near the city until the evening of August 24, when they withdrew, embarking in the 30th at St. Benedict.

General Ross boasted he would make Baltimore his winter quarters. He had lost, from desertion, fatigue and battle, nearly a thousand men. But he was reinforced, and proceeded against the city. He landed on the 12th of September, with about 8,000 troops, at North Point, fourteen miles from Baltimore, while a portion of his fleet went up the Patapsco to bombard the American Fort McHenry.

The Americans made what preparation they could to resist the attack. At the head of a small reconnoitering party, Ross pushed toward Baltimore, but was scarcely under way before he was mortally wounded by an American sharpshooter, dying a few minutes later in the arms of an aide. Was divine retribution of a sort for the crime he had been guilty of,

so short a time before. Had he stayed away from Washington, he'd have lived.

At any rate, a Colonel Brooke succeeded to his command and drove the Americans back upon the main body defending Baltimore. Next day the British resumed their march.

Forts McHenry and Covington were crude affairs, manned by only a handful of militiamen each, defending the narrow passage from the Patapsco into Baltimore Harbor. They began suffering a bombardment from a British squadron of sixteen ships, drawn up in line of battle a little over two miles out in the bay.

**D**URING this night of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Francis Scott Key, a lawyer who had been District Attorney of the District of Columbia, had gone aboard one of the British ships to arrange an exchange of prisoners. Thus he was an anxious spectator of the historic bombardment. *By the dawn's early light* as he peered in the direction of the Fort, he caught sight of Old Glory still flying proudly, defiantly, audaciously, above the smoke of incessant battle. With sixteen ships pouring shells and bombs and rockets at the breastworks, behind which less than a hundred men held doggedly on, Key was inspired to pen the immortal document that brings staunch Americans to their feet, with heads uncovered, tears in their eyes, whenever and wherever it is played to music—

Oh, say, can you see  
By the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed  
At the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars  
Through the perilous fight  
O'er the ramparts we watched  
Were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets red glare,  
The bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night  
That our flag was still there . . .  
Oh, say, does that star Spangled  
Banner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave?

Fifteen hundred shells were reported to have been exchanged in that famous bombardment, that became admittedly so hot that the British withdrew their ships.

They couldn't take it.

Key moved to Baltimore after the end of the war came, entered practice in that city, and died there in 1843.

The words of the piece, at his suggestion, were sung to the tune of *Anacreon in Heaven*, which is supposed to have been composed by John Stafford Smith about 1773. The anthem, as soon as it became known, attained great popularity and its first public singing is said to have taken place in a tavern near the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, the singer being Ferdinand Durang.

Key never wrote anything else of consequence. Why was it necessary?

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## Meet the Typical American



**T**HIS GEM from the *Harlan Enterprise*, Kentucky newspaper, should go all over America and be reprinted wherever Christians of character yearn for the days when integrity of living came first in the nation's culture. It has already gone the round of many daily newspapers in the East—

"The fellow we're thinking about," says the *Enterprise*, "has a gas station just down the street a few blocks. He's worth taking a close look at, so let's move in . . ."

"You don't have to watch this fellow very long before you realize there's some-

thing special about him. Soon enough it hits you: he's a throwback to an earlier day, an earlier America.

"Why? Because he has old-fashioned pride in doing a good job, in giving his customers superb service, in putting out a full day's work and more.

"Though it's harsh to hear, it's true—nowadays too many of us play little games called Getting Through the Day or Just Getting By. The old pride of achievement is hard to find. A common slogan seems to be More Money for Less Work.

"But there's more to this gas station fellow than we've told. He doesn't do

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# Can the Quality of One's Intelligence Be Raised by Taking Thought?

**W**HEN we refer to the quality of a person's intelligence, what is it that we have in mind specifically? We are not required to be psychologists or scientists to recognize that some men are "brighter" than others, that some have the "brains" to fill positions of responsibility that others do not, and that human life is one grand exhibit of keener wits winning out over those known as stupid.

Neither do we need a schoolbook to tell that human society is what we find it because all classes and gradations of intelligence are cast into one vast hodgepodge, to make what shift of such predicament they will.

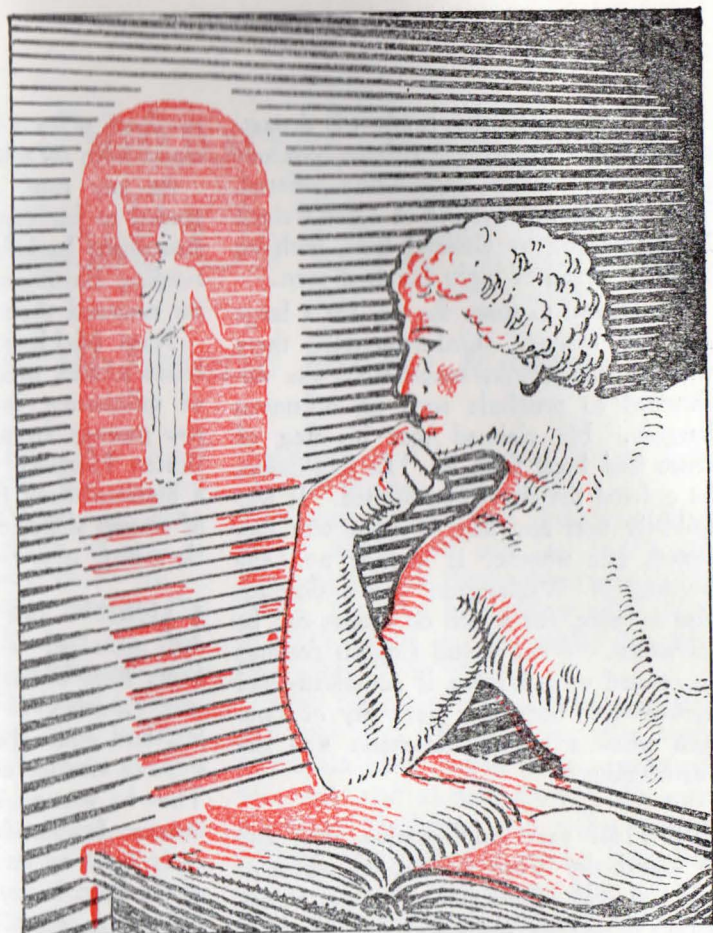
What we are interested in examining are the "brains" of Mr. Average Man, and what may be done by him deliberately to make himself more intelligent than the moment may find him. To do that satisfactorily, we must discern what intelligence is of itself.

If we want to break the word down into component parts, we perceive readily enough that being intelligent is the state of in-telling, or the capacity to render discernible objective facts, subjective.

It is the state, or capacity, of "telling to one's self," to a degree that such receiving of knowledge is as instinctive as it is adroit. Yet strictly speaking, it is more—

Intelligence is truly the quality of being able to judge values, compare one value with another value, and use that which is of greatest worth at the moment to the proposal in hand!

Contrary to general acceptance, Intelligence is not academic knowledge, neither is it altogether the mere ability to perceive.



A man's head may be stuffed with all sorts of book-lore, yet he may not be recognized as an intelligent man. He can be labeled "an educated fool," and the description will not be unduly harsh.

A savage can stand on a mountain-peak and view a spread of terrain, seeing details which the metropolitan person misses entirely. Yet the savage may not be able to count up to twenty, while the metropolitan person may be able to run an industry employing a thousand men.

We cannot say either that Intelligence is coordination of the faculties, either mental or physical—since the North American Indian may be able to do that to superlative degree yet never make a gesture to rise above his barbarism.

**T**O BE intelligent is to have that quality of consciousness wherein the incorrect discernment of values is utilized by the imagination to produce the best results or product under all prevalent conditions.

A man, let's say, is put on the job of running some sort of machine—maybe nothing of more consequence than an automobile on the public highways. He is

told not to run it through traffic at more than twenty miles per hour. He has an animalistic love of physical motion, and a crowded intersection means nothing to him in the way of imagined mishaps. He thinks the city fathers have put up the speed sign in pique—because they harbor a constitutional resentment against his love of motion. So he comes zooming into an intersection at fifty-five miles per hour, sees a truck turn out ahead of him, starts to argue with himself as to whether or not he should go around it, or ram it and teach the truck a lesson for obstructing him. He decides on the latter and keeps straight forward. There is a crash that sounds like the shredded wheat factory going over Niagara Falls, the neighborhood is treated to a spectacle that resembles a bomb dropped into a plateglass works, the dumb-bell decides to try flagpole sitting, and the dumb-bell's rear bumper is suddenly doing service for his radiator—the radiator having been folded up into something which in the hands of an Italian troubadour should give sweet music, but doesn't. Forty-seven ambulance sirens all start whining at once, two thousand office win-

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# Why Tomorrow's Religion Must Tend toward Psychics



IT TAKES more than the stability of tradition to refute the conclusion that the religion of Christendom is confronting a change. Confronting, in fact, is scarcely the word. Such change itself has long since set in.

There are more church members and less Christianity, more Baptists and less baptism, more theological scholars and less theology, prevalent throughout the earth today than at any other period since The Master was crucified.

Christ's ministry and message changed the moral aspect of the centuries which followed Him, but Church-ianity, not Christianity, has been its form in practice.

As a matter of fact, any good Biblical scholar will concede that, strictly speaking, no fundamentalist is a follower of The Christ. He is a follower of St. Paul, the invalid tentmaker. It was the Tarsus organizer-prosecutor, one Saul, who crystallized and organized what the world considers is Christianity today. Maybe he was slated to do it, as his celestial mission before being born. Maybe he left the earth a whole lot better off for having done it.

The fact remains that the Paulist Theology is not a religion but a spiritual hypothesis.

Saul—or Paul—with typical racial tendency to borrow what some other race originates, and put it forth with his personal stamp of interpretation on it, was steeped in the notions that his forebears had brought from Egypt. All souls after death went into Sheol. There they existed in a clammy and half-aware coma 'till the event which the Egyptians called the Day of Judgment. Metamorphosed and applied to Christianity, it became The Resurrection.

The Great Teacher had been murdered by the fundamentalists of His period to get Him out of the way and shut His mouth. The fact that an assumed Divine Man could be physically killed—and by a lot of Roman barbarians at that

## *The Aquarian Age of Air Means that Theology Is Forced to Pattern Itself after the Zodiacal Sign of Air and Intellect . .*

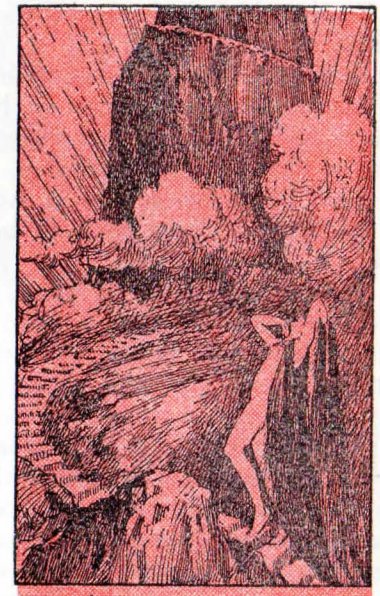
—called for some explaining. So Jesus had died that He might prove the Resurrection of the Body. This physical resurrection—strictly along lines laid down by the Egyptian priests in the Book of the Dead—was to result in bodies that thenceforth were incorruptible. Meantime—again messing up Egyptology with the Galilean Message of earthly revisitation Episode—souls of common mankind dying before such Day of Judgment were “asleep in Jesus.”

GO to any plumber's funeral in the present day and listen to the affirmations of it. Dear John Jointwiper is “asleep in Jesus”! Ask the officiating clergyman later that night in his study exactly what he meant by “asleep in Jesus” and he will mouth a lot of sterile and meaningless banalities.

Truth to tell, the dear man doesn't know.

One moment, he gives you to understand that John's soul is alive and well in The Better State. The next moment it is not alive and well in The Better State. It is taking a long and senseless nap to be finally aroused when some angel sounds a horn.

All of it came from Paul, the mixed-up aristocrat who wanted to do something noble to repudiate his past—and all honor to him for that. Paul had it all nicely figured out, or his similarly mixed-up mentors had it figured out for him and put into his mouth and pen-point, that



Jesus the Sinless Man was murdered—not to satisfy the jealous hates of a lot of Palestinian plutocrats but to square some sort of ancient quarrel between God and man. Adam's wife trespassed into a famous apple orchard and stole and ate fruit, and God was petulantly sore about it right up to the moment that the Roman soldier ran the spear in the Crucified One's heart.

Then God said: “Fine! Now everything is squared!”

Paul, being a Levantine, had to get that squaring of hate and vengeance across, even in the sacred allegory of the demise of The Avatar.

And a vast ecclesiasticism grew up, to refine it and perfect it.

What had all of it to do with The Wise Teacher who said: “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Light. If any man would truly develop his inherent Godhood, let him take up his cross and pattern on My precedent?”

YES, Paul gave us Churchianity, and the Doctrine of The Trinity, all worked out in a finesse of detail that made church decalog a Christian Talmud. So-called savants thereupon proceeded to argue points of “doctrine”—becoming so absurd as to carry on long discussions as to how many angels could dance on a pin-point.

And the divines are still doing it, though the dancers are not angels and the places are not pin-points. (over)

As though anybody cared—least of all God!

For twenty centuries religion has been a cut-and-dried proposition: an hypothesis to be believed, not to be investigated in the light of rational findings.

That hypothesis is: As in Adam all sinned, so in Christ shall all be made alive!

All men did not sin in Adam, and all men have been alive, in or out of Christ, since Holy Spirit began projecting planets.

**T**AKE the most zealous fundamentalist, induct him into a cataleptic sleep, tell him to search his prenatal memory for facts about his previous existences in order to narrate them carefully when he has been awakened, and he will uniformly check off his various lives and careers for you with the positiveness of a phonograph record.

Strange indeed it is, that people in the deep subconscious state, entirely divorced from all physical sense-stimuli, never bother around with literalities of hell nor the ecstasies of the heaven they hear about on Sundays.

If we are at all "sinners in Adam," the sin lies in this, that in the blindness of Adam's physical confinement we seize upon the most outlandish notions to account for our being here and living mortal lives at all.

Truth to tell, that was probably the original meaning of the cant. Being "alive in Christ" means being alive in the sense of knowing the things about the towering octaves of Consciousness with which Christ became familiar by his psychical awakening—as to who and what He was.

None of it discounts Christ. What it does do is to sublimate and give proper authentication to the true facts of Life and lift us all up to the status of Christs ourselves.

Christ, in the first place, never heard himself called Christ.

Christ is our English rendering of the Greek word, *Chrystos*, or Anointed Teacher.

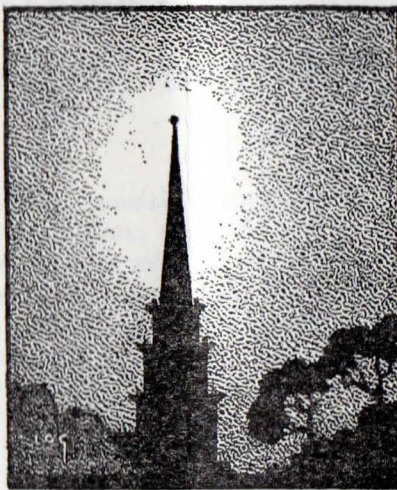
Christ founded no church and made no effort to found a church. He knew the perils in socio-political organization. To ritualize Truth is ever to sterilize it.

Half the Christians in life today wouldn't recognize Christ if they suddenly saw him walking up Main Street—just as Christ Himself wouldn't recog-

nize His own Christianity if He wandered into the nearest church and composed Himself to listen to the clergyman's sermon.

Christ said: Feed My sheep! The average clergyman seems to be more concerned in keeping his weather-eye on the parish goats. Either the goats, or the people who can be made goats—according to the castigations of Paul's theology!

And down in Duke University a man named Beach is giving academic confirmation to the fundamentals of the same mysticism that psychical researchers have accepted as the A-B-C of their examinations for almost fifty years.



Beach has written a book called *Frontiers of the Mind*, which all the best Sunday supplements are seizing upon with zest. He has come to the conclusion that the mind has supersenses, that it can tell what is written on cards by looking at blank backs of them, that it can project itself to distances unmindful of the physical handicaps involved, that it can discern aspects of life in higher octaves of creation.

Beach says it out of Duke University and worldly men give pause. A thousand capable mystics say it out of the depths of their profundities, and to worldly men they are mainly crackpots.

When our endowed universities start tracking down familiar spirits, things are due to happen.

More will suddenly stand revealed as broken in the church than the noses of its savants.

**A**S WE progress deeper and deeper under the influences of the zodiacal sign of Aquarius, it is going to be

easier and easier for students on both sides of the Death Line to demonstrate the facts of their respective conditions, each unto the other. Those in the higher octaves are going to cry out to the monopolistic clerics: "You describe us as dead, and gone to heaven or hell. Well, you admit that we are not among you physically. If there is a hell, then why aren't we in it?"

The Church of Paul's quarrel with an anthropomorphic God will find itself in a hell of its own making.

When good Catholics "dead," start giving good Catholics "alive," the sneer about Purgatory, what happens to the Pope in the loss of his revenues?

When good Protestants "alive" discover they have made a fearful mistake about the Resurrection, and that the Day of Judgment is every day, how then can they fight with Catholics about the absurdities of Roman doctrine?

Psychical Research comes along and says—as Duke University professors are starting to say—"You'd better get ready to revamp your religion, because I'm going to demonstrate for you presently that the poor despised Spiritualists had more truth to their 'religion' than all the rest of you lumped together. People don't get either rewarded or punished when they 'die'; they go right along being pretty much the same ornery and cantankerous human beings who only gain cosmic wisdom as they have it pounded into them by the serried results of social experiencings. If you cut capers with your neighbor's wife in this life, you might as well take it for granted that she's going to cut capers with you as a husband in the next visitation the two of you make into physical flesh. If you rob a bank today, or fleece widows and orphans, you're going to be the banker who's robbed in your next incarnation, or the orphan who was fleeced. After a sufficient number of lives, getting repaid each time in exactly your own coin, you'll begin to get it through your thick skull that you'd better let the women alone, or keep your hands off money that doesn't belong to you. If God can educate you over a sufficient length of time, by such turned tables on life's affairs, why shouldn't it be a better way to deal with you than tossing you into the depths of a smoking Hades and instructing the nearest demon: "See that he's toasted good!"

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"These are the times that try men's souls"



**I**N HIS "The American Crisis" Thomas Paine uttered these very significant words during those hard years of the pre-Revolutionary struggles of the Colonies.

Those were trying times. Events were impending that were fraught with tremendous portents. Not only was the fate of the Colonies at stake, but forces were being set in motion that were destined to alter the entire course of history.

How many of us realize that we are living in a still more portentous time than the American Crisis? It is not my intention to sound the pessimistic note. It is my desire to call attention to the mighty challenge that is inherent in the conditions of this hour—conditions that call for great moral courage and stamina if we are to weather the impending events and lead the way into a new day.

This is a time that calls for men of **GREAT FAITH**. Nothing can put stamina and real courage into a man's soul like believing deeply in something—in a great cause, a great person, or something that will inspire and impel him strongly to achieve a great objective.

**I**M not talking of pious, platitudinous acquiescence in nice thoughts, or a smoothly surfaced road that leads us easily to a beautiful dell of green pastures and crystal streams. I'm talking of believing in something so deeply that a man is able and willing to take the rough road—to climb the rugged mountain, up onto tablelands of true achievement that comes only through struggle and perseverance.

# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the **REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN**

## "God, Give Us Men!"

Times like these call for virile thinking that is unafraid of new truths. They call for indomitable courage that dares to take a stand in face of opposition—courage that dares stand alone, if need be, in upholding that in which we verily believe—courage and stamina just to be our own best selves without sham or affectation.

These are times that call for real honesty and integrity in every walk of life, in spite of those who say, "Everybody else is doing it, why shouldn't I?" This is an hour when every man needs his soul laid bare to the realities of his own thoughts and actions—the hour when he is willing to stand stripped of his own hypocrisy, his littleness, his acrimonious stubbornness, and face, over against his complacent selfishness, the realities of the mighty truths and causes that call for veracity, moral stamina, and positive action.

**N**O time in history has ever demanded more insistently that men recognize and uphold that which they know to be right and just. No time in the thinking of men has it been more imperative to remember the significance of Josiah Strong's words in which he said, "As long as truth is truth, it does make some difference what men believe."

There are those in leadership, socially, politically, and even in religion, who decry the value of absolute sincerity and integrity. Others there are, in every avenue of life, who smile naively at what they call the "futility" of dynamic faith, of sincerity of life and purpose, of earnest endeavor to make life better. There are all too many, in these days, who acquiesce to everything, but stand squarely for nothing; all too many who have no opinions of their own, but gullibly swallow doctrines of tradition or mass thinking of the crowd.

This hour calls for men of purpose, of conviction and honor, of unaffected and

genuine sympathy and compassion who dare to stand apart and above the rabble of the crowd and hold steadily aloft the eternal principles of righteousness, justice and mercy—men who can't be bought for a paltry shekel, or whose heads or hearts cannot be turned by every whim of caprice. These times, of yours and mine, call for response on our part to stand against wrong, injustice, unbrotherliness, and to strongly uphold right and truth as we see them.

**Y**ES, these are times of confusion and perplexity. They are times, again, "that try men's souls". But they are tremendous times. This is a mighty day, challenging the best that is within us. It is *not* an hour to pause, to hesitate. It is one in which every nerve and sinew, every purpose and conviction, every thought and action, must be geared to the imperativeness of that which is right and just in the cause for which the Almighty gives us life and breath, namely, the making possible the ever increasing awareness of every man's eternal worth, and the ever upward swing of spiritual unfoldment toward our ultimate godhood.

Josiah Gilbert Holland says it well in his poem, "God, Give Us Men!"—

God, give us men! A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands—;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And damn his treacherous flatteries  
without winking!

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above  
the fog

In public duty and in private thinking;  
(Continued on Page 11)

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## Let Down



AS IT occurred to you to notice that very suddenly and oddly, affairs throughout the whole earth seem to be quieting down?

Nowhere in the whole world is any serious crisis observably on the make. Pick up the morning paper and the eight-column banner line is not international, nor even national, but State; an Indiana Trooper telescoped his car chasing a holdup artist and his funeral will be Friday. A year ago this same newspaper emblazoned an immediate war in the Mediterranean, an immediate war in Indo-China, and immediate war in the Balkans, an immediate war in Timbuctoo. Stalin was about to set fire to the universe and take over everything from here to the Pleiades. You remember Stalin? He ran the great Russian Hoax and died in his bed. The point is, he's dead.

It occurs to the reflective that a mystical sort of calm is infiltrating across the earth. In Korea the noise of cannon has stilled and the Reds are grooming to win the whole stramash at the peace table away from the usual diplomatic amateurs. In Persia the Shah staged a comic-opera vanishing act, and went away in order to come back. In Egypt, the Nationalists are hectically trying to declare war on the British Empire, but it isn't jelling. West Germany has just polished off an election in which the pro-American contingent has won by a walk-away. At home the American farmer is beginning to harvest one of the heaviest crops of any season in this generation. The usual

number of apparent unfortunates were killed in the Labor Day motor tourings. But the world, as a world, undergoes a queer emotional exhaustion.

Is it that?

Or is it the beginning of an era of Constructive Tranquillity that the world needs sadly?

Speaking for Indiana at least, day of perfect weather has followed day of perfect weather, until the pastoral scene has appeared so beautiful that it hurts. August 20th, the long-heralded Great Pyramid climax, came and went and not a thing of major importance occurred to mark it anywhere on the globe. The only truly great issue we face is economic readjustment.

"It's the calm before the storm!" croak the prophetic calamity-howlers.



But they fail to tell us where the storm is coming from. All they know is, "Man just gotta have woe!"

Maybe not.

Maybe when the late war rumples have been spread smoother, and the economic situation has hit bottom and started up again, we shall find that the *Golden Scripts* hold more wisdom than all the forecasts of the pundits.

"The mighty have *already* fallen," declare the *Golden Scripts*, "and the glory cometh in!"

Are we so shattered in nerves and expletives that we can't credit it? Anyhow, we do know that a Let-Down period is with us.

## Deep in the Woodwork



ONE OF the lessons that humanity never *will* learn is, that the forces of vigilant patriotism are forever spasmodic and cyclic, whereas the termites of dissension and destruction are lodged in the national woodwork three hundred

and sixty-five days and nights throughout the year and three hundred and sixty-six in leap years. The slogan in the ads for the constipation tablets we remember from youth, *They Work While You Sleep*, was never more potent than in the assiduity of the work of the alien Fifth Columnists. What the defensive forces of patriotic Christianity forget is, that such activities aren't born of altruistic enthusiasms but jobs supplying food, clothes, and checking accounts at banks under pseudonyms. The agents for dissension and alarms must remain on the job the year around to earn their beans. Now and then an investigatory blow-off comes. Congressional committees buzz. Reds are tried and convicted and sent to our best-equipped federal hostelryes—which they accept as part of their jobs. Then everything quiets down for a spell. The patrioteers assume that all is forgiven and forgotten, the crises met. And all go back to the slumber of private concerns.

Meantime, this sort of thing goes on, as mentioned by Lee Mortimer who's been winchelling for walter this summer:

"Today's bright young molders of public opinion come fresh from the ivy to junior management of news weeklies, networks, book publishing houses and 'respectable' journals, by-passing the copy-boy stage, street beats and police and city hall runs that once nurtured newspapermen. This new standardized type of fuzzy intellectual, raised by two generations of Communist indoctrinated 'progressive' educators, is immature, unrealistic, and 'literal', which means that he despises anti-Reds more than he does Reds. As these mass-produced prodigies take over, it becomes more difficult for conservatives to get a hearing. The thought control of the new intellectual oligarchy dominates every field of expression. A great majority of the owners certainly are not Communist, not even left-wing; but many are well-intentioned and naive and have allowed their property to be taken away through the machinations of scheming advisers, who themselves have been captured by, or are of, the hard underground core of professional Communists.

"Less than a year ago a former Communist functionary testified to the following shocker—under oath—before a Senate committee: 'In New York City there are approximately 500 dues-paying



Communists in the newspaper industry. The *New York Times* has well over 100 dues-paying members. *Time, Inc.*, has 76 Communist Party members, working in editorial and research.' . . the foregoing is a verbatim transcript of the printed official record—page 162 of the Oct. 8, 1952 hearings before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee of the 82nd Congress, and a Democratic one, too. It is that way all over the country. Wake up, pals, . . time and tide's awastin' . . ."

The human species runs out of nerve stamina to be eternally watching and spraying the international and national woodwork that keeps down these pests. It's one of the oddities of mortal life.

But there it is.

Something to keep in the back of the thinking.

### 1,200,000 Prospects



**C**HANCING to glance through *World Almanac* 1953, hunting for other information, the preface remarks to *Census of Religious Bodies in the United States* caught your editor's eye. Says *World Almanac*: "In January, 1953, in Continental United States, there were about 230 religious bodies with an estimated 325,856 churches, and an inclusive membership of 81,355,494 . . . Those of the Baha'is religion have no professional clergy and no churches, but build communities of which there are 165 organized in the United States, 56 of which are legally incorporated. There are 11 organized Baha'is communities. Jehovah's Witnesses do not keep a membership roll, but there are 1,103 'companies'—congregations—in the United States with 132,797 missionary ministers and a world total of 456,265. In addition to the congregational assemblies in regular meeting halls, 91,842 weekly Bible study groups assemble regularly in private homes."

Interesting. More interesting still is the membership data that puts the total Romanist tally at 29,407,520, and the Protestant body membership at 48,853,367. Way down the list the numbers of Spiritualists are totaled at only 128,597. Theosophists, Rosicrucianists, and Metaphysicians are not given at all.

VALOR happens to know, however, from private sources, that the number of



## Hero Worship



**H**AVE a friend, dear loved friend,  
Who has great faith in me,  
He questions not whate'er I do,  
My faults he fails to see . . .

He does not ask how much I owe,  
Nor criticize my ways,  
He always just looks up to me  
And loud he is, in praise.

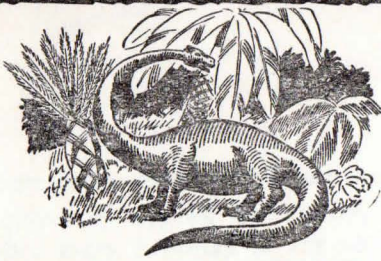
He does not know I don't stand high  
In church, or lodge, or creed,  
He trusts my wits in everything,  
Knows I'll supply all need.

He does not know I don't stand high  
With all my fellowmen,  
He credits not my past mistakes  
Or when I'll fail again.

This makes it hard for me to be  
All that he thinks I am,  
I never could let this friend down,  
Who thinks I'm Superman.

He loves me like I love my God,  
This happy, trusting lad,  
You see, he's just a little life,  
He's five, and I'm his dad.

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



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NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

highly intelligent Americans deriving their religious consolations from Mysticism in its many organized aspects is 1,200,000. That is 25,000 to a State.

The figures, however, are revealing. There is now supposed to be about 160,000,000 human beings, of all races and religions, composing the total population of the United States. Of these, 81,355,494 are "in the Church," generally speaking.

That leaves about 49 per cent connected with, or associated with, no religious body of any nature—about 78,644,506 human souls, apparently without, or indifferent to, religious consolation of any type.

Something worth cogitating over, and considering in the light of the revelations of Soulcraft . . .

### Going Up



THE MESSRS. Dilling are on the job in the publisher's Appeal Case. Albert and his partner-son, Kirkpatrick, spent September 9th in Noblesville from Chicago, conferring with Attorney George A. Henry of Indianapolis on what points of Judge William E. Steckler's adverse verdict of last week, they should "go up" on, to the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago. Appeal briefs will be filed on or before October 1st.

The situation has changed radically the past ten years, and the dogged ignoring of any merit in the Pelley exoneration is now arousing the interest of several United States Senators in the issue. Why Judge Steckler should have implied that because an American citizen chances to be on parole there is anything questionable in his seeking vindication and clearing his name, is responsible for interest with one element, and why he should have elected to ignore the statutes' stipulation that a case once admitted to court must be accompanied by an oral hearing, is getting interest in another. That the whole treatment of Pelley from the beginning may reach the Senate floor itself after Congress opens January 2nd, is not outside the range of possibilities. The less merit the authorities prefer to see in the case, the worse they make it, or rather, the better they make it for movant. Meanwhile, sympathies and condol-

ences are pouring into Soulcraft Headquarters from all parts of the United States.

The editor is saying all he wishes to say in letters of personal reply—along with his gratitude for the unswerving friendship and loyalty displayed.

That Democratic partisans may get their fingers burned badly on the Pelley Case before it terminates, is being freely expressed by the legal fraternity.

### Raising Intelligence

(Continued from Page 4)

dows are filled with human heads, and the driver of the truck says to his helper: "I think we'd oughta stop, Mike. Sumpin' musta happened against our behind!"

COMMONLY we say that such a motorcar driver is possessed of no intelligence. First, he has no ability to analyze values and "in-tell" himself what can easily result if he drives at fifty-five miles through an intersection and a truck takes a notion to obstruct him.

The truly intelligent man discerns without any caustic remarks from a traffic cop that speeds for motorcars in given districts are arrived at by scientifically measuring the length of time that it takes a vehicle to halt in the space available for the stopping to transpire.

An auto at rest measures fifteen to eighteen feet from front to rear bumper—and not an inch more. But the moment its power is applied, it length increases. It may travel at five miles per hour or seventy-five, and its width will remain constant. But the faster it moves forward, the more elongated it becomes. A car moving fifty miles per hour requires fifty feet to come to a standstill—with reasonably good brakes. So at fifty miles an hour, a moving auto is actually fifty feet in length.

As for calling a driver intelligent who tries to chastise a truck with a crate that is but a moving tin roof at the most, we might as well close the dictionary and rely solely on the views of the intersection traffic cop, or better still, the driver of the truck, when either surveys what a mess Stupidity has wrought.

Such a driver hasn't even analyzed the weights of the respective vehicles, or imagined what happens when a very stoppable flivver meets a very immovable

truck. After six weeks in the hospital, losing his driving license, paying for the hydrant that exploded in the scrimmage, and buying a new car so to put his experience to account, the "stupid" driver may show himself as slightly more "intelligent" when he drives out afresh and approaches corners where trucks may materialize.

**T**HERE are but two ways to raise the quality of the consciousness—or in other words, heighten the degree of the "telling within." One is to close the eyes and ears and let Experience be the teacher. The other is to cultivate the faculty of analysis.

Suppose that two men, one intelligent and the other stupid, consider a proposal to go into the restaurant business—or perhaps buy a restaurant already established.

The intelligent man begins to analyze the proposition. Is the location of the stand such that it is of quick and inviting access to the hungry public? If so, how many people pass the door in those few hours when feeding the human face is the universal daily eccentricity? How many competitive stands are at hand? What is both the maximum and minimum capacity of the place offered for purchase? Do the people of the locality commonly eat out? What kinds of foods are they likely to call for most, and are they foods that can be supplied at a profit?

By the time the intelligent man has analyzed the proposition and assayed his findings, he has been proprietor of the stand—in imagination—for six months and visualized the place doing a stated amount of business. So he proceeds to buy the place or pass it up.

**T**HE STUPID man only grasps the fact that the human animal takes nourishment aboard three times a day, and such being the case, why shouldn't it do so in the stand offered for his purchase as well as any other? He parts with his cash, walks into the place, polishes up the tin "silverware," and—waits! He sells nine doughnuts and three cups of coffee at "breakfast," seven ham sandwiches at noon, and after four o'clock the locality doesn't show more human signs of human life than lower Manhattan on Yom Kippur.

In a month, he goes broke!

If he had used analytical intelligence in the beginning, he would have arrived at an estimate of the nine doughnuts, the three cups of coffee, and the seven ham sandwiches in advance. He would have decided the place was a bust before he ever went so far as to make himself responsible for its bills. Yet thousands of businesses are acquired thus blindly every day in the year, and when they go broke, the dunderhead buyer gripes! Stupid people are those who "don't use their heads," we say. But the esoteric facts are, that such persons have not been sufficiently disciplined by hurt, or the tragic results from trial-and-error experimenting, to make them recall what happens when they fail to examine a prospect, and judge its values correctly, before entering into it.

The "brainy" man actually has become so by remembering instinctively a thousand experiences which he has gone through, most of them antedating his present career, which have left marks of shock upon his character. Now he has reached the place where examining and judging values in advance, has become a sort of reflex with him. Truly he is enjoying his rewards from whole generations and cycles of painful living "when he was stupid," and driving motorcars through intersections at fifty-five miles an hour, or bouncing dynamite-sticks off the asphalt, was attended by results of a disintegrating character. The final increment from all phases of life is becoming adept in recognizing values, selecting that which is useful with an ease that is instinctive, and gaining to a result with smoothness and facility.

Fortunately the average person doesn't always have to spend time in hospitals, go broke in shabby restaurants, or jump into a sewer to discover whether or not it emits an odor, if he wishes to perfect the quality of his intelligence.

He can school himself deliberately in examining any predicament which he faces, determining what its basic factors are, and putting together his experience equations with care and forethought.

If, all of a sudden, his prospects begin looking up, he need thank not a soul in Cosmos but himself!

Summing it up, of course the quality of the consciousness can be lifted deliberately, and the intelligence as well. But first must appear the desire to perfect the personal expression.



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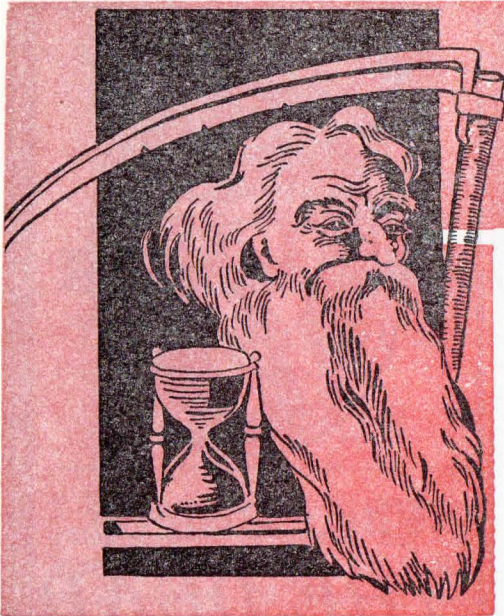
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**Soulcraft Rostrum**

*(Continued from Page 7)*

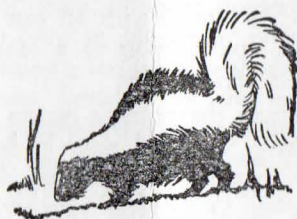
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

# COGITATIONS



**I**F YOU found it mandatory to lose one of your five senses, which one would you surrender? You needn't answer. I've long since surrendered it. Nine out of ten people would specify their sense of smell, and that's what happened to me back in 1921, when I went swimming in a befouled river and came down with nine weeks of typhoid. When I recovered from the illness, I discovered that I was impervious to odors of illuminating gas, deceased fish that had lain out in the sun for an indefinite period, vagrants that hadn't bathed since they were fourteen years old, and *Mephitis mephitica*—skunk to you—that comes 'round hencoops on rainy nights and proceeds to get squirtingly excited when the family dog announces that something is rotten in Denmark as well as other districts nearer to hand. The world, in short, held no more smells after that session in the St. Johnsbury Hospital in the heat of summer, and I have contrived to live life reasonably composed after a fashion up across the thirty years since. Think of thirty years without a single smell for so much as half a minute in any one of them! What a lot I've missed but what a greater lot I've been saved from. An august New York medico charged me six dollars on one occasion to tell me that the fever had burned out the scent-buds in my nostrils. But sometimes I wonder if it *was* the fever. I recalled that I wasn't long out of the Orient and Russia, when I came down with that

stretch of typhoid. In the Orient, and in Russian-Siberia in particular, I had sniffed every variety of plain and assorted stink that the collusion of man or animals with Nature can concoct—not to ignore whole battlefields of decomposing human bodies. On one occasion, having ridden out to photograph the battlefield of Alexieffs, the odors were so nauseating that my Czech orderly had to hold me literally on my horse. Then I had to come home and *lose* my sense of smell. Yes, I was born with a one hundred per cent scent equipment, hound for punishment that I am, and I can still recall how the flowers smelled in the springtime trala, and the odor of lilacs on a moist night, and the perfume on milady's glove. But I likewise know from experience that there are more bad smells in this earth than fragrances, and balancing scent against smell, I'll take vanilla. And yet there is a peculiarity about the sense of smell that doesn't break the press in articles on the olfactory perceptions. That is the part played by smell in creating atmospheres of environments, if you get what I mean . . .



**T**HE NEAREST I can come to describing it is, that whereas prior to 1921 the atmosphere of a place was determined by one's scent reactions to it, in all the years since, places have "seemed all alike"—no distinction caused by odor. I remember the dry, sweetish, dusty smell of the inside of my father's various country churches, and the same went for schoolrooms where the scent of chalk predominated. I remember the smell of horsebarns, barnyards in general, sheep pastures heavily imbued with the scent of late summer huckleberries, moist glens

and woodlands, most of all printshops. I recall the odor of a printshop was an odd but not unpleasant mixture of varnish in the inks, gasoline used in washing forms after lye went out, the scents of various paperstocks. Now I couldn't tell from the smell whether I were in a hot-house or a mortuary, if my eyes were shut. All environments for the past thirty years have been weary, stale, flat and odorously unprofitable. Strange to say, no one relishes a rich Havana cigar more than I do, and yet I can't smell either tobacco nor smoke. I "taste" the smoke, I suppose, instead of smelling it. Have I lost or gained? One thing I do know, in the entire past thirty years I haven't had a headache. Headaches, I've come to believe, are closer allied to the olfactory nerves than any other organic ailment. On the other hand, I might remain in a room filled with leaking illuminating gas till the room blew up and I blew up with it, and it never would occur to me that anything unusual was afoot till somebody over in the next neighborhood mistook me for a Flying Saucer, well illuminated. All of which has been called up by lady in Oregon sending me an anecdote about an attorney and a skunk . . .

—o—

**O**F ALL smells in the human scene, next to the aroma of decomposing human beings, that of the Geranium Kitty is supposed to be the last word in items we don't talk about. I believe I've alluded to the creature once before in these Intimate Papers, but as there certainly is more than one Geranium Feline in the universe, it is logically permissible to write more than one Intimate Paper concerning them. The very last and final Mighty Smell which I smelled thirty years ago, before my nostrils blew all gaskets, was the effluvia from one of the Mephisticas that emphatically did not make friends although it did influence people . . . and the very next day I took that swim and landed in Brightlook where I spent the next eighty days watch-

ing red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on, even skunks forgotten. Jack Burtrand rode me down to my Vermont home from the business section of a rainy night, and as we drew near the Pelley domicile both of us remarked "Phew!" to one another, that gradually grew to a couple of "Heavensakes!" as we came along my great lawn, for it was a somewhat snazzy place as Vermont places went up there in Passumpsic in the Twenties. As we turned into my driveway I knew exactly how the stratospheric jet-pilots were going to feel thirty or forty years in future bucking the supersonic wall, only this wall was Stink! Without a doubt a Geranium Kitty had not only taken over the premises but brought all its relations to sit out the Duration. The cause of all the trouble, I learned, had been Troub, our Shepherd dog. He'd engaged in a bad argument with one of the Mephisticas under the side porch and the results of the battle were worse than mustard gas hanging over Verdun. I located one of the household ladies, well along in years, and when she could convey language through her improvised apron-gas mask she advised me to "look in the shed" that opened off the kitchen. I looked in the shed. Troub was out there, in its furthest corner behind the woodpile, weeping as though all the people who'd lost their lives in World War I by reason of mustard had been canines and he related to all of them. It took him three weeks to get over the saturation, and every rainy night we had it all over. It was the first time I'd known that a dog could practically become blinded by being on the receiving-end of a skunk's contributions to the eccentricities of society. Not only had Trouble lost his vision temporarily but his self respect was shattered. He was a darned good dog otherwise. So to the Oregon lady's clipping . . .

o—o

SAID the Oregonian, "A friend was telling Lawyer Dellmore that skunks can't spray when they're babies, and even when they get so they can, they must have their front feet on the ground. The other day he was driving on the Boone's Ferry Road when he came upon a mother skunk that had been killed. Her baby was running around the roadside. 'Get me that baby skunk,' said Mrs. Dellmore, 'I've always wanted one for a pet.' Del, remembering the friend's conversa-

tion, got out and picked up the baby skunk by the tail. As he held it out to show it to his wife, the skunk let go. Things were not as they should have been among the Dellmore menage directly thereupon. Dellmore's Spitz dog was in the car but as Del got in, the dog got out and did not come back. The sprayed suit still remains on the Dellmore's clothesline. Dellmore is said to have phoned the friend for advice about them. 'Bury them!' is all the man said." . . . I took the clipping out to Dave Gaskell, Maintenance Man at Soulcraft. Dave comes from Vermont, Maine, and other New England States where skunks are plentiful, although I have heard it said that the vicinity of Hyde Park, N. Y. has run New England a close second. Such comment, however, is attributed usually to low-down Republicans who never can let a first-class smell stay buried. Point I'm making is, that Dave once related in great detail the exact means by which geranium-kitties Down East contrive to tell the world they're in it. "What's this business," says I to Dave, "about a skunk only being able to influence people and make enemies when it's got its feet on terra firma? Portland Oregonian stakes its prestige on the circumstance that prominent barrister of Portland picked up one by the tail, which hoisted all four feet off ground—at least that's what happens in Indiana and other places. There's something about one explanation or the other that certainly smells, and it has nothing to do with malodorous mephistica." So Dave left off laying a cement floor to pontificate, eating grapes as he did so. "I've heard it said so," he assured me, "but personally, whether their feet are on or off ground, I want to be a long ways off when Smellibus Pussicus atomizes. Remember once when I was a boy on the old home place in Vermont, our house was a quarter-mile from our nearest neighbors. One quiet summer night I was falling asleep when I heard shouts o' distress comin' across the east field. Someone was bellowing, "Arthur! Arthur!"—meaning my older brother—as though he'd caught himself upside down in a cornshucker. Arthur and I dressed in one piece and got to Fred's place, and there was Fred, standing in the center of his yard in his nightshirt, holding a fair-sized skunk at arm's length, he'd somehow picked off his lawn by the tail. You heard about

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**Soulcraft Chapels**

the feller caught the bear by the flag and wanted help to detach? That's was Fred's fix only it was skunk. He knew if he let go, he warn't gonna sleep comfortable and dry in his bed, not only that night but many nights after. Even if he heaved it, it would prob'ly come back and have the last word about it, personally. So Fred had bellowed and we boys had come. What Fred wanted was for Arthur to go into the house and fetch out the loaded shotgun over the mantel and blow out that varmint's brains while he held it. Fred got the gun and while it was rotten sportsmanship, we discouraged that skunk right then and there from ever having any more ventures in vaporization." Dave ate a grape and popped out a seed. "What I can't understand," I said, knowing all about the constellations, and life after death, and politics in Washington, but not much about pussy-cats with long white stripes down their persons, "is what the creature's feet have got to do with its whooshing its tail over its head to relieve its feelings." Thereat I learned something—which just goes to show that Maintenance Men can lay ignorance as well as cement floors. "Whatta you mean, tail-over-its-head?" Dave snorted. I said, "My understanding is that the Geranium Kitty has its sac atop its spine at junction of its tail. Heaving the tail over the nozzle-action, depresses the sac and the neighbors shut all windows in a hurry." Dave said "Phooie!" or words to that effect, but not at memories of why neighbors shut windows. "Guess I've skun enough of 'em to know how Nature's made 'em. You never saw a Feline Stinkibus shoot at sitting ducks, or dodging humans that it wasn't rear-end foremost. A skunk will come for you head-on, sure. But when it gets ready to unlimber the catibus artillery, it reverses its person. What you get comes in bursts of poison gas, like from its exhaust pipe. On a cold, clear night, coon-huntin', I've seen a skunk and a dawg mix it, and the stuff comes from it like bluish fog." I sat appalled. "From its rear!" I cried, stunned. "And how!" said Dave. He ate three grapes quickly.

o—o

WELL, the things you do learn in life if you live long enough, and contrive to make parole. Here I've been through sixty-three years of solar time firmly committed to the theory that

skunks shot forwards—over their own heads—like firemen trying to earn a prize at a muster by aiming the nozzle at an old bustle and rolling it along the fairgrounds like a barrel. And all the time, they turn about and do it *backward*. Nature certainly is wonderful—almost as wonderful as David. How could he be Maintenance Man at this place, otherwise?

THE RECORDER

## Meet an American

(Continued from Page 3)

any of these things in a showy way. His place isn't plastered with boastful placards dwelling on the high-quality service. The man himself simply trots about, quiet but friendly and smiling, doing a dozen extra little chores for you without comment.

Sometimes you don't discover till you are back in your garage that he's tightened this or that, or removed that old stain from your fender.

"By talking around with others, you may learn that this busy boy got a Silver Star from the Army in World War II for jumping onto a flaming truck and tossing off some precious material. But you'll never get the story from him.

"After a while you sense that all these traits are woven into a tight fabric of character. You realize that here, above all, is a man to be trusted, to count upon.

"He doesn't cheat you, he doesn't overcharge you, he doesn't try to sell you something you don't need, he doesn't press for that dollar. He won't let you pay until a job's all finished. And when he tells you that you do need something done to your car, you can believe him.

"He's got a family, his wife expects another baby, he's got a car, and they're just about to move into a new house. In his political thinking, he seems to shade toward the conservative side. Pretty average in all these respects.

"But there's nothing average about him as a total human being. We get a lot of high-flown talk from public figures who have appointed themselves supreme judges of what makes a real American. Mostly they're looking in the mirror.

"Forget them. Get in the car and drive down the street looking for this gas station fellow.

## Gerald Heard's Article on Flying Saucers

Concluded from Last Week's "Fortnight"



THESE TWO cases—one from East Germany and the other from West Virginia—have stood up under careful investigation.

It is therefore inaccurate to say that there is no evidence that any kind of "creature" has ever been seen outside a disk. We cannot then dismiss offhand such reports as the Brush Creek miners' story from Northern California which made the news columns on June 25 of this year. John Black and John Van Allen, two miners, told the sheriff's captain Fred Preston that not only had a disk alit on a sandbar at the junction of Jordan and Marble Creeks near which they work but that a dwarf had got out and collected some water. This happened first on May 20th and next on June 20th. As they hoped the visitor would return on July 20th—which he did not—they asked permission to shoot next time. They were told they must not shoot but should try to make a live capture. They said they found the marks of the object's three-legged landing gear on the sand which was retracted when the disk (only seven feet across and four thick) took off. Mayor Linke also saw a landing base retracted when the disk he viewed made off.

What are we then to say about our present state of information in answer to the question "What if anything is inside a saucer?" We have to follow the most difficult of mental disciplines, we have to keep an open mind. We have to take all the evidence and test its probability. In this particular question it certainly is not yet strong enough for anyone to make up his mind. Disks do exist. There the probability is high enough. The weight of evidence is heavy enough to tip the scales in favor of that conviction. But as to who or what guides and maybe cruises in them all we can say is it is not true to say there is no evidence that no one is inside and no one has ever been seen outside. Then such scraps of evidence may be added to until there is enough to make the next step in disk detection fairly certain. Meanwhile we must continue to collect and sift every case we can. Now that we know that bees talk, and so do ants and termites, now that we know space travel is a possibility, the possibility of coming in touch with another form of life that is intelligent, and, we may hope, also already ahead of us in its knowledge and behavior, is far too promising a proposition for us to lose any chance of gaining more insight into so fascinating a mystery.

## Religion or Psychics

(Continued from Page 6)

In the exact ratio that the findings of psychical research prove the specific experiences of the soul after clawing its way out of flesh, the idea that the Church is a building with a spire on it, or a parish of people served by a paid parson, must wobble its way into the same oblivion that now holds the tenet that the earth was the center of all life—and the sun, moon, and stars revolved around it.

Some people call such altered notions Progress. But there truly is no such thing as Progress. There is merely unfoldment. Man doesn't move in a line—to be the better person today than he was yesterday—but grows as a sphere in all directions.

There is a pseudo-growth, of course, that resembles this pattern. And when

fallacious people follow it, we say with bluntness that they swell up—and sometimes burst.

THAT earthly religions, peculiarly enough, follow the pattern generally of the Zodiacal Sign under which the solar system is progressing through the heavens, has been expounded previously in these Soulcraft writings. A glance at world history shows the overwhelming evidence of it.

Back under the constellation Taurus, men worshiped the bull as the sign of pastoral fertility, and the Nature religions of Ceres and Druidism prevailed throughout the civilized world. As the solar systems left Taurus and entered the Fire Sign of Aries, religion changed to sun worship, the adulation of Fire, with burnt offerings—animal and human—as chief propitiations to the Deity. Two thousand years ago or thereabout, the so-

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lar system continued on its way under the Water Sign of Pisces, and the Christian religion distinguishing it had baptism for its consecrating rite, a Messiah that talked from a boat, walked on the water, chose his disciples from among fishermen, and had the symbol of the fish as the pass-sign between Christians during the periods of early persecution. Throughout this Christian dispensation, the era of global maritime discovery developed, with steam for motive power and hydraulics for lifting.

Around 1844, however, humanity began leaving the Water Sign of Pisces and entering the Air Sign of Aquarius. Presto, came the first easing of dogmatic tension in ecclesiasticism, and the development of electricity for power, telephones, radio and television for conveying information, and aviation instead of ships for intercontinental travel.

It is appropriate that Saucer Men should arrive from other planets while earthly humanity runs this Sign. Through the next 2,157 years, humanity will remain under Aquarius, with all forms of metaphysics intruding on the prerogatives of the antiquating Piscean "water" religion—tenets of the Mind and Air .

(Continued Next Week)

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



**L**WISH every one of my Soulcrafters could hear the tenth discourse I've just completed in the Portals of Light series, *Husbandmen*. It washes up the Cross of St. Ignatius story. Inability to get wire spools for the electronic machines has cast a sad turmoil into the Sunday-night Soulcraft discourses—that, and the fact that chaplains are retaining so many. Since we started the Discourses in September of 1950, I've financed or bought between 2,000 and 3,000 spools or tapes. Where are they? A certain number have been paid for, or blank spools substituted, a certain number spoiled through faulty rewinding, but every week over a hundred fresh reels are demanded. It's solely because chaplains cannot bring themselves to give them up that schedules have finally become so annoyingly disrupted. But as reels do come in, *Husbandmen* will be recorded and sent out. When you get it, you'll understand its significance. I've tied a letter from George Hunt Williamson into the aftermath of the Luther Robbins' case, in that discourse. Williamson, you'll recall, was George Adamski's companion when contacting the Man from Venus in the Blythe, California desert last November 20th. And the fresh letter that he mailed me this past week, after the publicity I put in VALOR about him two or three issues back, brought a rash of goose-pimples up my forearms as I read it. Because, without knowing what I've got in my books of transcript dating back 20 to 25 years, he told me things he says the Saucer Men have told him that square one hundred per cent with what I've hesitated to believe in my own records and therefore not published much about . . .

**W**HAT is the nature of the information? Well, for one thing, that the times are at hand when mankind must revamp its notions entirely about this earth and its inhabitants. Not only are tens of thousands of other planets throughout the stellar systems inhabited, but the greater percentage of them are so far ahead of us in civilization, cultural and spiritual progress as to make this beautiful solar satellite little more than the trash-can of the universe. For instance, this is the only planet anywhere in the galaxies where the sentient beings residing on it are so backward and stupid as to resort to fratricidal wars to settle their disputes. This is the only planet, anywhere within our known district of the universe, where crime and greed and chicane is the order of economic—not to mention political—life. Instead of discovering that Man as we know him is the most magnificent handiwork of God, we are apparently to find him to be a not very bright creature that hypnotically worships tradition and becomes enmeshed in a reincarnational cycle chiefly because it's the only way for him to acquire the experience that makes for knowledge that stays with him. Astronomical science, epitomized by the 200-inch telescope mounted at Palomar, for instance, is drastically dethroning our planet as the "center" of any universe.

It isn't even the center of our own solar system. What a terrific deflation this is going to administer, not only to conventional theology but to great racist cartels!

**I**N CASTING back over my transcripts of 1930 that I got in the wake of the Luther Robbins contact, I recently came on some papers that I read with the attestments of the Saucer Men as shocking confirmation. I didn't publish them at the time, nor have I published many of them since, fearing to sponsor inferiority complexes of spirit. Besides, until the reputed Saucer Men came into the current picture, I couldn't clearly comprehend them, myself. However, people in general do want to be told that they're the most marvelous creatures alive, and I have my own misgivings about some of the effects of such information on bigoted current temperaments. Talk about Isolationism! Think of the Isolationism of which the whole human race has been guilty, fancying itself the only living exhibit in Cosmos and this world the highest and mightiest Holy Spirit has created. Actually, it threatens to be exposed as a little solar island in a titanic universe, peopled by cantankerous provincials who have to poke somebody else in the eye in order to get their way, and if they can't have it with an eye or two poked out, get up a war and exterminate everybody in the opposition, or the opposition's family or tribe or species. I'm saying quite seriously, I'm doing a lot of thinking, since reading over my own transcripts in the light of what the Williamson colleagues declare they are obtaining by coded messages.

**W**ILLIAMSON, so I understand, has a new book coming out shortly, called *The Saucers Speak*, in which he tells the whole revelation of his audible and intelligent converse with the Space Men. It leaves me feeling queasy to compare some of his statements with certain passages in my own unpublished *Golden Scripts*, particularly where the Master says over and over that "a great host rusheth through the skies to greet you" . . . that sort of statement. For one thing, it stacks up as a clarified commission to try to do something specific to redeem this freakish earth and lift it out of its well-nigh barbaric phlegmatism in respect to things Spiritual. Maybe humility and chagrin, over discovering the real truth of its benighted plight, will tend to jolt its snarling, quarreling, clawing millions into better semblance of equity and tranquillity. But if the creatures upon it simply don't possess the grey matter, where does it leave those of us who grasp the situation at a glance? The problem is, should I begin to put these post-Robbins scripts on paper and send them out? And will mass humanity grasp their import any more than they've grasped what I've released to the moment? And I have to worry about buying reels! . . . Oh, well!

*Pellegrini*