

Valor

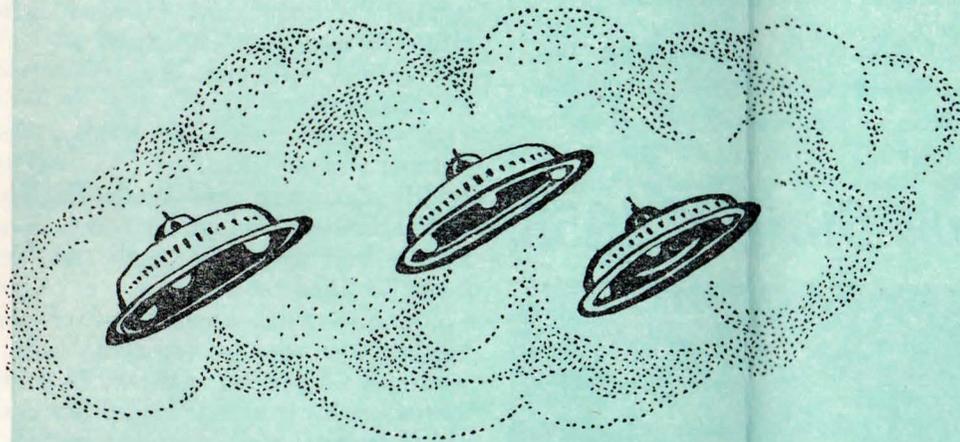
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 15



The Bethurum Story of the Space Ship . .



THE RECORD of the Coming of the Space Men would not be complete if it were lacking in the Truman Bethurum narrative, being widely circulated throughout the West.

Who and what was Truman Bethurum that he got himself so sensationally publicized in the Flying Saucer Saga of 1953? VALOR this week reprints from the Redondo Beach (Calif.) *Daily Breeze* for December 31, 1953—the newspaper of Bethurum's home town—the more or less official version of the truck-driver's description of his encounter with a crew of assumed Space Explorers under the supervision of a ravishing woman commandant, afar in Nevada desert.

Special newswriter John Moon, who obtained the full interview with Bethurum for the home folks, had his article headlined: *The Best Read Story of 1953*. The significant part of the story seems to be, that as a narrative it is most seriously accredited by most western investigators of Space Ship Phenomena and is "standing up" as to details. People apart



from Mr. Moon who have interviewed Bethurum declare that this is mainly due to the high regard which Redondo Beach citizens have for him as a fellow townsman, where his sincerity and integrity have been above reproach. Truman is not a drinking-man nor a temperament to court notoriety for personal enhancements. Soulcrafters of West Coast prominence who have visited the truckman and his wife, call at Indiana Headquarters and relay details of their interviews substantiating what Mr. Moon has written as dictated from Mr. Bethurum's own lips. "They are fine, substantial, God-fearing people," one such reported to VALOR's editor of a recent Sunday. "I believe Mr. Bethurum is of Norwegian or Scandinavian extraction, and appears to be around 55 years old. His wife is particularly intelligent and devoted to him, and they are the kind of people that you feel profited by knowing. There seems to be no disposition to capitalize on Truman's epochal experience."

Anyhow, here is Mr. Moon's narrative, which VALOR will keep running from week to week in imminent issues until it is fully told, along with such additional information about the contacts as Soulcraft derives it from other West Coast correspondents—

The Outstanding News Story of 1953:

THERE'S a man in Redondo Beach who says he has been aboard a flying saucer 11 times. What's more, he plans to take a flight in it to a distant planet next time he sees the lady captain and makes arrangements.

That trip, when arranged, will take Truman Bethurum, 55, of 519 North Gertruda Ave., Redondo Beach, to the planet Clarion.

Bethurum has been promised a space flight to the far-distant planet, by the captain, Aura Rhanes, with whom he became acquainted last year.

Mrs. Rhanes, who said she had two grandchildren back on the planet Clarion, told Bethurum the trip through space would take "about two nights"—in other words—about 48 hours.

Bethurum says he struck up the acquaintance with the lady captain of the flying saucer in June 1952 while he was working on a road-building job near Mormon Mesa. Mormon Mesa is located on Highway 91 in Nevada about 70 miles from Las Vegas.

But for full details of Bethurum's experience on the flying saucer we'll start from the beginning.

HERE, then, is Bethurum's story, as told to a Daily Breeze reporter. Before he began the story, however, Bethurum assured the reporter he was "not a



drinking man" and that he had "never been in a strait-jacket or confined in any institution."

In June of 1952 Bethurum began work for E. E. "Whitey" Edwards, an old friend, who was boss of a road job being done by the Wells Cargo Construction Co., near Glendale Junction, Nevada.

Work was pretty well caught up, recalled Bethurum, and he was transferred to a position as night mechanic on the water trucks.

One night, either on Saturday or Sunday of July 26 or 27, Bethurum had finished his work and decided to visit a nearby hilltop because he had heard the ocean once covered it and left deposits of sea shells.

It was about 3:30 a. m. when he parked his truck and used a flashlight to hunt for sea shells. He had no success during an hour or so of searching,

so he returned to the truck and slept awhile.

Suddenly he was awakened by a "mumbling around the truck." The mumbling was unintelligible.

Bethurum looked out the window and saw "eight to 10 small men, all about 4 feet 8 inches to 5 feet high." They were not dwarfs but fully developed men, said Bethurum.

THE STRANGE men made no effort to molest him. Bethurum said he was afraid to attempt a getaway. He sat still in the truck cab.

One man spoke to him in a foreign tongue. Bethurum shook his head, indicating he could not understand.

Then the small man said:

"You name it."

It was perfect English, recalled Bethurum, who answered:

"My God, you can speak English, too?"

"We have no trouble with any language," replied the man.

Bethurum then climbed out of the truck and stopped, awe-stricken.

He saw a flying saucer parked 75 yards away from his truck. It looked like burnished stainless steel.

Bethurum said his heart was thumping so hard "I thought I was going to die."

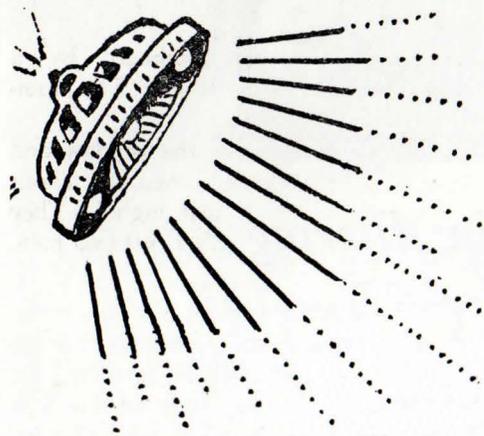
However, he shook hands with all the "friendly" men and asked if their captain was around. The spokesman for the group volunteered to escort Bethurum to the captain, and led him toward the parked space ship.

Meanwhile, Bethurum looked around and saw the short men were "Latin types," that is, with complexions "something like Italians." All were neatly dressed in uniforms similar to those "worn by Greyhound bus drivers."

All had coal-black hair and dark eyes. They had beautiful skin—skin which contained no wrinkles or blemishes.

The spokesman for the group took hold of Bethurum's right elbow. While holding his arm gently, said Bethurum, the man seemed to "have me in his power completely. He gave the impression of great strength."

Soon the group arrived at the space ship. Bethurum described it as being made of some type of metal. He learned that it measured 300 feet in diameter



and was "six yards deep in the center." A three-foot metal rim with beveled edge surrounded the saucer-like ship. The rim, said Bethurum, was about two feet thick. The ship had "no rudder or stacks."

They entered the ship through a large wide door that Bethurum estimated was 4½ feet wide and about 10 to 12 feet long. It was located atop the ship close to the metal rim around the edge.

Inside, he met the woman captain, Aura Rhanes. He described her as having a "slender, Latin-type face." She wore a "radiant red skirt, black velvet short-sleeved blouse, and a black beret with red trim."

He went into her lounge and talked.

The woman captain said she was from the planet Clarion, which could not be seen from earth even with "progressive magnification," which Bethurum interpreted as meaning by telescope.

She also said the planet was not known by people on earth by another name—such as Mars. About Mars: She said it was peopled and contained atmosphere, industry and homes. She said the people on Mars did not have any special breathing apparatus.

THE WOMAN captain, said Bethurum, explained it was only recently that "scows" could land on earth.

Scows were the names she used instead of flying saucers, said Bethurum.

The captain said there were many scows, each holding a 32-man crew and a woman captain. She said the scow he was visiting was the "Admiral scow."

Bethurum noted the woman's conversation "seemed to rhyme."

Yes, the captain knew of our atom bombs, said Bethurum.

When the first of the 11 visits to the space ship and interviews with the woman captain ended, Bethurum went back to the job.

There he met his boss, Edwards, who asked if that "was Joe's plane that landed."

When Edwards learned the object that landed was not a company plane, airliner, or private plane, he kept asking what it was. Finally, Bethurum told him.

Edwards, although he admitted seeing something land, said:

"Now I know you're crazy."

Bethurum recalled that his heart "beat so hard" for the next day or so that he thought he would die. He even left a note in his room stating that if he were found dead it would be from heart trouble due to extreme excitement.

The fellows on the job took the story, when Bethurum finally told them, with a mixture of disbelief, belief and shrugs of the shoulders.

HIS LETTER home to Redondo and to his wife, Mary, frightened her.

During his work at the Glendale (Nev.) site, Bethurum continued to make contact with the flying saucer. He also saw the ship in flight. He said the scow did not spin in flight. It took off in any direction and was noiseless. At night a "sort of fluorescence" could be seen along the rear of the ship as if from air disturbance.

The captain told him the space ship flew because the Clarionites had solved the problem of "magnetical force." Bethurum thought she meant gravitation.

Windows were in the space ship, according to the captain, but Bethurum said he did not see any.

The space ship, when parked, "seemed to tilt up on one edge" to make it easy for persons entering and leaving, said Bethurum.

Finally, Bethurum's story spread about the area in which he was working. People tried to bombard him with scientific fiction stories. He replied he had never read any and didn't "want to start now."

His boss, Edwards, signed a statement that he had seen the space people after an episode in a Glendale (Nev.) restaurant.

Bethurum and Edwards went into a restaurant for coffee and pie. Suddenly, Edwards jabbed Bethurum with his el-

bow, saying, "Aren't those the people you were talking about?"

Bethurum, who hadn't seen any customers enter the otherwise empty cafe, saw the woman captain and one of her men. Then the waitress approached and asked if the man and woman were from the space ship.

EDWARDS, who frankly admitted he was a little frightened, went outside the cafe and stood watch on the door when Bethurum said he was going to talk to the pair.

However, the man and woman, who ordered beef sandwiches and orange juice, were evasive. Bethurum's attempt at conversation was thwarted and he returned to his seat. Then the waitress approached and told him the man had a scar "penciled" on his face.

Bethurum continued eating and staring. The man and woman got up and walked around the slot machines in the cafe. Suddenly, they were gone. The waitress did not remember if they paid or not.

Bethurum sprang for the door and found Edwards waiting outside. Edwards reported no one left the restaurant. The two men then sprinted around the cafe in opposite directions to see if they could see a car departing. They saw none.

During a later visit to the flying saucer, Bethurum asked the woman captain about the strange appearance and disappearance and the evasiveness in the cafe.

She merely smiled.

The 11 visits to the space ship averaged about 30 minutes apiece, said Bethurum. No ill effects were suffered, he said, except his pocket watch soon stopped running.

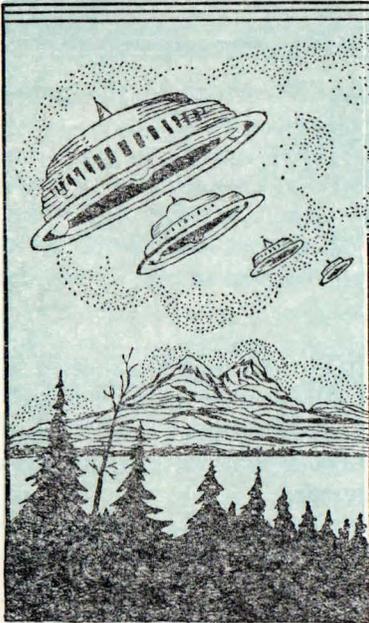
Bethurum was told the planet Clarion was similar to earth but that colors and textures were different. Clarion has animals just as does earth.

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson



Theories of Man's Origin Altering Rapidly

scale has been used to measure the distance of M-81, a great aggregation of stars, which resembles our own Milky Way galaxy.

Also scientists are discovering that it does not get colder the higher you go . . . on the contrary, it gets *hotter!* They also know that miles above our earth we encounter 100 percent hydrogen! All life, water-vapor, and oxygen, is found only close to our earth's surface! Could that likewise be true of other worlds that have hitherto been classified as "uninhabitable"? But the spectroscope is sadly lacking in accuracy. I think Charles Fort has proven that point. As an example, do you remember that until recently we were told that Jupiter's atmosphere was most assuredly a mixture of methane and ammonia gas? Now they discover that they have been perturbingly wrong!

Jupiter's atmosphere is hydrogen!

We are too prone to accept every scientific utterance from so-called "authority" as absolute fact or truth. If science has made flagrant mistakes before, it will do so again. If an "authority" tells us such and such is impossible or not so, we know immediately he is not a true scientist . . . for the true scientist admits he doesn't know all the answers and is ever searching; always a little ahead of "established fact", in order to penetrate the darker unknown.



Also remember, that as soon as we become "authorities", someone else has gone ahead of us as we stopped for the applause!

THE GRAND picture of man's evolution from a common ancestral line with the apes and monkeys is disturbingly shaken by the exposure of the Piltdown man hoax in England. This so-called Dawn man or Eoanthropus, now dethroned, was never considered anything more than a remote cousin of ours who left no descendants. "Scientists" tell us that continued anthropological discoveries in recent years, strengthen instead of weaken the fact of our rise along a line of ancestry common to other primate, although Homo Sapiens (man) *left his closest ancestors biologically a few millions of years ago!*

The information in STAR GUESTS certainly does not contradict scientific fact, but actually adds the missing information scientists have never figured out. Science admits that the line of man's rise from the beast is still dim in the ancient past. But, the Piltdown Hoax is significant in that it shows the present pattern of what's going on in the world . . . if he has been a blatant but clever forgery . . . could it not be possible that there are others?

As the vibratory-rate becomes more intense in Aquarius, we can expect to find the new influences searching out the frauds; and all falsity will be shown up for the lies they are in the light of Truth! This won't happen over night, but it has started already . . . and falsity will fade as TRUTH comes in!

MORE KNOWLEDGE about interplanetary life; the existence (or not) of underground races; the truth about Lemuria and Atlantis, will be gained in the future. I mentioned the hairy-men in VALOR before . . . who or what are these half-ape, half-human creatures who have suddenly appeared in Malaya on outlying rubber plantations? Workers in tapioca patches who got near the creatures said they smell atrociously but apparently
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EVEN ORTHODOX science concedes that new facts are rapidly changing former theories! Piltdown Man has been declared a hoax—"Hairy-men" are suddenly appearing in certain areas of the world. New astronomical data are causing drastic revision in former theories applicable to that field.

Speaking recently before the New York Academy of Science, Dr. Wilton Krogman, world-famous physical anthropologist, said that in 5,000,000 years the human race will have progressed to the stage where men will communicate with each other by thought-waves . . . much as short waves are now used for radio communication! He stated that this far distant civilization would be one where every individual would know the other's thoughts completely! One might agree with the good doctor on Thought transmission, but it's hardly five million years away! Thought transference is being practiced on earth right here in the present, and has been practiced for generations. As Aquarius becomes more and more of a reality, "mind readers" and "mind reading" will be as common as speech is at present! 5,000,000 years? Let's not be so conservative, Doctor!

THE STAR system, or spiral nebula, M-81, in the constellation of Ursa Major, the Great Bear, is about twice as far from the earth as astronomers recently had thought! Its actual distance is 42,000,000,000,000,000 miles! A new



Didn't Emerson Pace All of Us with His Transcendentalism?

*WHAT We Are All Groping For
Is a Faith of Rationalism that
Reconciles Psychics, Science*



In the first place, being a scholar, he began to be troubled about the authenticity of theological origins.

He could do his own researching into antiquity, and it showed him that the human race had existed upon this earth—and known its ups and downs, its periods of prosperity and periods of Depression, its sequences of Peace, War, and Piffle—over tens of thousands of years before Christ ever appeared in Galilee, or God confided to Moses that He had a chosen people, or men took to burning other men at the stake because of differences of opinion as to how many angels could dance on a needle-point.

For tens of thousands of years men believed in gods—instead of in the One God—and Nature continued to send babies unto their wives every nine months, and the harvests grew and were gathered in, and the stars held to their courses without heavenly holocausts.

The famous quarrel as between God and Man, which the Hebrews declared to have started back in the Garden of Eden and which ended—according to all the best theologians—when the Roman soldiers executed a challenger to the High Priest of Jerusalem on the Hill of Skulls in the year 29 A. D., seemed not to have affected the arrangements between Nature and all the rest of the race that had not heard about the squabble throughout those countless generations which had intervened.

Emerson observed that the so-called Infallible or Inspired Word of God had been rewritten as a book seven to nine

IN BOSTON, Massachusetts, on the 25th day of May, 1803, was born a boy baby to people by the name of Emerson.

Seven generations of this boy's ancestors had been clergymen. So after the so-called Christian names of Ralph and Waldo had been duly bestowed on him at a christening—at which he probably did his share of infant yowling, as any self-respecting baby should to have a douche of cold water impinged on its small pink pate to save it from damnation—it was apparent he had inherited a tradition of scholarship and heroic living that he was expected to sustain.

Little Ralph Waldo apparently knew few pleasures in his boyhood. Life in New England a hundred years ago was hard, hard. Besides, he was the son of a clergyman, and sons of clergymen are not permitted to throw rocks through the windows of Chinese laundrymen, tie tincans to dogs' tails, or put cows in bell-fries of country school houses on Halloween nights just to see how the selectmen will contrive to get them down.

Anyhow, little Ralph was quiet and studious, did not go about with the puckerstring of his blouse untied, never used the back of his wrist for a handkerchief, and always added "Sir!" and "Ma'am!" when addressing his elders.

He was not particularly brilliant in his school work but he did have the grit to do odd jobs and pay his way through Harvard. Those were the days when Harvard was an American institution. Most of the best minds of the time graduated there, and then went forth to have the world teach them how much they didn't know.

In 1829—when this lad was but twenty-seven—he was ordained as minister to the Second Church of Boston. He married and settled down, apparently, to the same sort of life that had distinguished his ancestors.

AFTER three years of it, however, Emerson resigned.

Something was working in him that was difficult to analyze. The forms and ceremonies of the church did not exactly bore him, rather they seemed sterile and superficial to the demands of his soul.

times—till pronounced official by the Council of Carthage in 638 A. D.

When called upon to baptize infants so that they wouldn't end in Tophet, Ralph Waldo apparently thought to himself with a sense of shock: "Even I, a mortal man, so choked full of Original Sin that I have within me the capacity for every crime, wouldn't consign this small fry to Averness—why, I wouldn't push a puppy in a furnace or toss a kitten on top of a hot stove even if somebody paid up the arrears in my salary! If I, being mortal, wouldn't do these things, then I must be a bit more moral and equitable in my spiritual stature than the God I'm supposed to worship and preach for. Something's wrong somewhere—yes, very, very wrong! Maybe in Europe I can find the answer."

So off to Europe went Ralph Waldo, where he showed himself far more interested in personalities than in the sort of sights usually looked for by tourists. There he met Carlyle—Tammias the Temeritous.

Tammias, in his inimitable Scotch way, having the proposition put up to him, said: "I dinna ken the sense of it, either, Ralph. Sense and the devil keep out of the kirk. Religion is something to be believed, and theology is something for the dominies to argue. Mon, if there be no theology, however would the dominies support all their bairn?"

And there the matter rested. But Carlyle's vigorous thinking, and wholesome Scotch skepticism, made a profound impression upon the mind of the young Boston minister.

When he came home, in 1835, he was responsible for bringing out Carlyle's books in America, where they had a greater sale than in England, and a life-long correspondence was carried on between the friends.

Emerson went to Concord and took up his residence in the Old Manse.

A karmic group of compatriots had come into life about that time and the Lodestone of Destiny drew them one by one to the Concord vicinity.

The Concord Group began to *think!*

FOR THE anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, Emerson composed the hymn that was read on April 19, 1836, beginning with the immortal lines: "By the rude bridge that arched the

flood; their flag to freedom's breeze unfurled; 'twas here the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard 'round the world!"

There were no Kremlinites in his audience to shout back "Seditionist!" and so Ralph became famous.

He started lecturing, became interested in gardening, bought several tracts of land, and studied Nature more than books. All of a sudden, something happened to him.

He went psychic on himself!



HE became clairaudient in those days when Clairaudience was not known for what it was. In other words, in the ex-minister's quiet study in that little village backwater outside of Boston, he discovered that Thoughts came into him brain without him having to go to the deliberately conscious trouble of thinking them. It seemed as though a brain—a personage—outside and above himself were dictating to him. He reached for paper and wrote down the thoughts.

Presently three books appeared over his mortal signature—one at a time—the first a slender volume entitled, *Nature*, then *Essays*, then *Self-Reliance*.

The Concord villagers bought copies, believing of course that local talent should be encouraged. They brought them home, untied the string and—being thrifty New Englanders—carefully folded away the paper. Each and severally they settled themselves in the depths of comfortable New England rockers to read what the local minister had written.

They had not read far when spectacles went askew, mouths fell open, feet came down on the floor, and growlings of protest were heard in sundry homesteads.

What was this young parson over in the Manse saying but that he refused to believe that man was a worm of the dust, but that the Soul was a Divine Fragment capable of attaining to all knowledge, that Nature was a gigantic shadow of God, able to unlock powers of energy as well as of wisdom, and that God—by such means—is capable of teaching the soul directly, today, as He did in the days of the patriarchs.

It was a perfectly scandalous thing for staid New Englanders to be told that each man builds his own world, casting aside external authority and all traditions.

Couldn't the selectman do something about it?

THE Selectmen couldn't do anything about it, but the local smear-artists did!

They gave it out that the minister was a crackpot.

"The poor man's mind has become turned, with so much application to his books," they lamented. "He gets up there alone in his study and says that Voices talk to him. He puts down what they say, and it contradicts the Trinity."

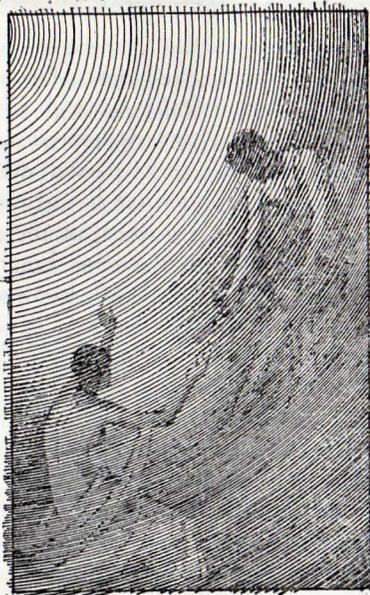
But they had hard work making anyone but themselves believe that Emerson had the festive bats in his personal church steeple when Harvard called upon him to make an address and he responded with his *American Scholar*.

In that address he put Nature as first of the influences on the scholar's development. He was referring to Natural Spiritual Powers, of course, but the savants of his day didn't grasp it.

The second influence, said he, was the Mind of the Past, able to inspire and to call forth latent powers, though not to dominate the active soul. St John said something to the same effect, only his language was less veiled. John put it: "Test ye the spirits to see that they be of God."

The third influence, said Emerson, should be Action, since the idea that scholarship means seclusion from the world is wrong. The scholar must guide men by showing them realities beneath appearances. He must be free and brave.

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What You Should Know about Astronomy and Space

¶ *A Second Paper on the Wonders of Cosmos to Aid in Understanding the Space-Ship Enigma*

THE AMAZING thing discovered as Man has recourse to greater and greater telescopes, is the apparent evidence of more and more sun-stars in the Omniverse the farther distance he explores. No one has ever found the "outermost star-sun" yet, and it seems debatable that one ever will. We behold only 3,500 to 5,000 visible stars when we walk out beneath the skies on a moonless summer's night, but when we turn our most powerful of telescopes on them—the 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar for instance—we have demonstrated that instead of being intrinsic heavenly bodies like our sun, they are whole Milky Ways or galactic systems in themselves, posed as seeming units afar in decimal Space. The great apparent "nebula" in Andromeda for instance.

It is not unlike a denizen of one of those far worlds turning a telescope back in our direction and seeing our whole Milky Way with its millions of suns as a unit. How far does such arrangement go? . . .

Our sun would be so microscopic as scarcely to be perceptible as a member of such Milky Way. As for its planets, they are too infinitesimal even to think about.

And when we come to consider a single Mastermind presiding over such infinitude, we are swamped and made speechless.

Yet there it is.

THE SECOND jolting disclosure delivered by the bigger-and-bigger telescopes revelation is, that most of the stars that we behold in "free heavens" are not single solar bodies like our own but "double stars" or two suns, either so close together or so placed in Pure Space that in looking at one we truly are looking at a pair of them.

These are called Binary (pronounced *By-nary*)—accent on the first syllable.

By-nary is synonym for "double-star" or the existence of star-suns in pairs. Such existence, linked by gravitation, is *the rule* rather than the exception in the omniversal system. Many of these doubles are separated by enormous distances, though the vaster distance that separates them from the earth may make them appear to naked-eye observation like single stars.

One test of the telescope is its capacity to separate doubles. The spectroscope reveals thousands of stars as binaries that are not separated even by the largest magnification. But tens of thousands of brilliant stars that we see overhead thus are resolved into twin stars, each contributing its brilliance in some sort of neighborhood or alignment. Sometimes they swing about one another in an orbit tens of thousands of light-years distant from each other, sometimes they happen to be in alignment—insofar as our earth as observation-point is concerned—so that we get the light from the star-sun in front, and the additional radiance from a star-sun "behind" by tens of millions of miles.

The item of interest is, that star-suns may be singles, or they may be doubles in juxtaposition to each other.

Whether our own Sol has such a "double" insofar as the observation of denizens of remote worlds is concerned, is something we shall probably never know . . .

Now a word about constellations.

THE IMAGINARY outlines that divide the sky into "constellations" are an unfortunate heritage from remotest antiquity—as modern man considers time. The Greeks got the idea for most of them from the Egyptians and perhaps remodded them more or less, substituting their own heroes and mythical figures for those more ancient. Originally the mythical figures were probably conceived to make the outstanding stars locatable readily. As the constellations' figures were molded to include the more conspicuous stars, they did serve a purpose—and the mythological associations no doubt added interest. But truth to tell, the modern astronomer finds them exceedingly inconvenient and has substituted expanded outlines to cover the whole sky. He fills in the interstices with "small constellations" wherever he can do it or it is necessary.

Of course, the ancients did not know the southern constellations that lay below the horizon, so new names and figures had to be given these when exploration made them known. It would be a great convenience if the old irregular lines could be swept away, and meridians and parallels established. But it unlikely that this will ever be done, owing to the great confusion that would result, when referring to old star catalogs.

That groups of stars, customarily designated by the constellation-names, may and do have exceptional cosmic-ray influences in our particular corner of the Milky Way, is something we cannot dispute. Get a given cluster of star-suns—no matter what the design they constitute

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VALOR . . .

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You Have Wings



FROM San Francisco, Mary Deering sends VALOR one of the most inspiring holiday greetings presaging the New Year. It is in form of a letter done with fancy inks in mimeograph, but what it says deserves the widest national audience. "FRIENDS OF 'YESTERDAY', it begins, "we are through another Christmas Season with the New Year following closely. These are seeming times of stress and strain. Nonetheless I find myself remembering a picture of a grassy plot in the heart of a great forest, that has hung in my Memory Gallery for years . . .

"In the center with wings out-stretched, hugging the ground, is a tiny bird. Eyes are bulging with terror. Facing the bird is a coiled snake with head raised to strike. No wonder the bird is terrified! Yet why should it fear? I find myself saying: 'FLY! FLY! You have two wings and the power to use them lies within you. Rise above this which would seemingly destroy you.'

"Remember the old Japanese proverb, 'To the eagle the snake has no terror.'

"Today I am saying: 'How are you and I facing the destructive forces which menace us on every side? Are we remembering our wings? For we, too, have wings, and we have the great Creative Power of God Within. One is the wing of *Understanding*. Perhaps you understand this Power and know that it can be used but faith in its ability to lift you

is lacking. So you limp along with one wing. You cannot rise. The other wing is *Faith*. If you have faith in that Power but no understanding of how to use it, you still limp along with one wing.'

"It takes *two wings* to lift one above Life's difficulties. Knowing this, let us, this coming year, use our wings of *Understanding* and *Faith* and LET this wonder working Creative Power of God Within, lift us to a place of safety.

"Our watchword shall be: 'I fear no evil for Thou art with me,' and rising in *consciousness* we face 1954 with joyous confidence."

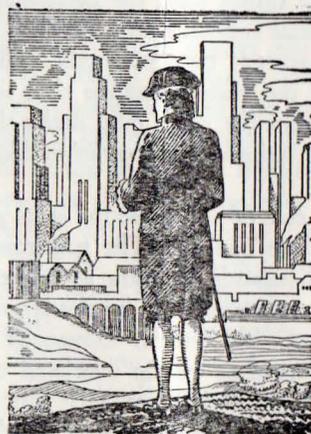
To which VALOR adds: "Amen!"

Transcendentalism



LET IT not be unkindly received if the contention is made that what the spiritual thinkings of humankind are proceeding toward as this Aquarian Era advances, is a superlative form of Concord Transcendentalism coming into its own. Theosophy is a form of Concord Transcendentalism. Spiritualism is a form of Concord Transcendentalism. Christian Science is a form of Concord Transcendentalism. And certainly Soulcraft follows suit on all three.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was merely born a hundred years in advance of his time.



The chief trouble with Transcendentalism, of course, is the unwieldy aspect of the label-word itself. It's too big a mouthful for everyday usage. Spiritualism suffers from the same nomenclature; it's a Latin technical word meaning "to breathe or to blow" from *spirare*. There is no color, no substance, no "picture-

image" for the mind to call up in using it excepting the picture-image of materializing phantoms. The day the whole Spiritualistic faith could change its name to something dominant and colorful, the entire destiny of Spiritualism will alter.

Theosophy and Christian Science suffer from nomenclature to the same degree. Soulcraft at least "pictures something" to the mind—the craft or skill of the soul, manipulating its progressive way up the worlds—but unfortunately Soulcraft suffers from a debatable numerical vibration, being a 7. Seven is the number of Spiritual Exploration, and Seven of old has ever held esoteric religious significance. The term "Liberation" under which Soulcraft started out, figured to a 6, the facile, good-luck number. Political restrictions, however, circumscribed the progenitor of Soulcraft in restoring the name Liberation to the later departure in spiritual thinking.

However, over beyond all of it looms the certainty that the ultimate theology of these expanding Aquarian times will be Rationalism. Not the Rationalism of science but the rationalism of unassailable logic.

Theosophy holds unassailable logic, so does Spiritualism, so does Science. The irony of the situation is, that deprecate, fulminate, or abuse Soulcraft—or any other doctrine—as one will for essaying to class itself with established Theosophy, Spiritualism, or Christian Science, suggesting a common ideal as any goal, no power exists on earth to prevent adherents of these faiths from reading Soulcraft and exclaiming "This is what I have been hunting for, all my life!" And making the shift.

But Emerson broke the philosophical ice for all of it with Transcendentalism. All honor to him.

Cult potentates may castigate the appearance of a faith like Soulcraft's, predicated on the matchless *Golden Scripts*—which cannot be argued around—as a hazard to their establishments and their vocations, but Time and Circumstance ever take care of such.

We are proceeding deeper and deeper into a Religion of Rationalities and finding comfort and inspiration in it. And Science, Psychical Research, and Psychosomatic Therapy, bolster with foundations of it with each new week's parapsychical discoveries.

So what?

So you can't battle Evolution with success endlessly—either in philosophy or biology—because Evolution is God's blueprint for divine cosmic progress.

All roads lead to the same destination whether we fancy the signboards along the way or not!

Cocktail



THE WEEK'S news reports have it that "negotiations" with Molotov and the Kretmlinites over the destiny of Germany go steadily haywire. Molotov will "negotiate" on any proposal that puts all of Germany under the supervision of Moscow, otherwise nothing doing. Does anybody contend this is news?

Sooner or later will become apparent to our statesmen what the populace already knows: the only way to deal with the Marxists is not to deal with them. Let them proceed on their own ways toward crackup.

What have we to worry about?

The desperation with which the Marxists pursue any ruse to get Red China recognized should indicate to any child seven years old how the Eastern situation is with them.

Seal Russia off and have nothing whatsoever to do with Red China. Then let nature take its course.

It will.

James in the News



CALIFORNIA political candidate whose first name is James seems to be in woman-trouble. First he got ill and married his nurse. Three offspring resulted to complicate the situation. Now the nurse wants out. She claims that James carried on disgracefully with other ladies and the law should do something about it. Of course she greatly desires that the law should compensate her in the item of community property. James cries blackmail and condoles with all suspected ladies as being done wrong.

"I was acutely conscious," James declares, "of the tremendous burdens which my father was then carrying . . . and the horror of adding another to those burdens seemed to me to be overwhelming."

Empty Vessel



DEAR LORD of Hosts, I come on reverent bended knee
 To bring the only thing I have to Thee—
 A vessel, emptied out of things of earth,
 That You may fill it with Your loving worth.

Oh, let me open wide the windows of my soul,
 That such dear love may enter in and make me whole;
 Fill me with wisdom, and make clear the way,
 Pour into me Your love, that I may greet each day

With song upon these lips which I now give to You,
 That I may do Your will and carry through
 This labor of Your love in service here Below;
 Fill this, Your vessel, full of Love's pink glow.

Fill it with patience when the way seems long,
 Likewise with gladness and with joyous song;
 For this, mine only life, is sanctioned by Your thought,
 I bring to You the vessel that Your grace has wrought.

This vessel, thus filled up, shall be mine own,
 Containing naught for which I must afresh atone;
 Let all its Good so fill and richly overflow
 That all Your world may share it . . . ere I go!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

Funny thing, VALOR isn't skeptical of it.

VALOR remembers a time when son James voluntarily betook himself out of the Washington family set-up, with the statement under his breath that he was of no mind to spend the balance of his days in Atlanta Penitentiary. He seemed to have had character and a mind of his own, and used both. He departed for points West and capitalized not on the relationships he had quitted.

These were the decisions of a Man.

Now he says the Nurse wants all she can get. These can be the attestments of a Man as well.

James must have had an odd karma, to incarnate under the conditions which he did, but to date he has seemed to work out of them without criticism.

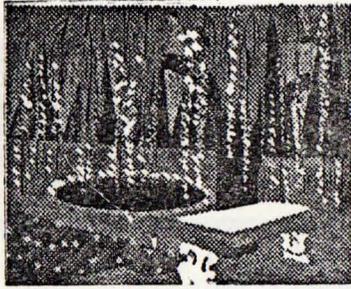
As a Man, he may yet redeem the family heritage.

He deserves the chance . . .

No Metals



THE NUMBER of direct communications from Space People being received about the nation is increasing. Because of the publicity given the Saucer topic in VALOR, this publication has many of the transcripts sent it, and can thus keep tab on the spread of the intelligence from our Higher Brethren. One of the most pertinent of these was received by George Van Tassel of Giant's Rock, California, on the 9th of January, which Van forwards this office for publication if de-



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a 3,000,000 circulation

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

sired. The instructions it contains are self-explanatory. VALOR does not vouch for the scientific basis for them, but what, after all, is Science? Here is the message, typical of many—

“In His Light and Glory, I come to you. I am Desca. I extend to you gathered here the Light and Love from the center of Pron-Bla-au, the Fourth Density of Matter which your solar system is now entering.

“I had a purpose in dispatching Mer on a little projection, but he will not be aware of this until you read it later. I am informed by Ashtar,”—the High Commandant of the entire Space Squadron for this sector,—“that a personal instruction was delivered and transmitted to you in August of your last year. Neither Mer nor any of you who knew of this instruction have complied with it.

“Sologonda, who commanded the ship that made contact with you there, said definitely and distinctly that you should discard all metal objects upon your persons. He informed you that you could not board their ships while you had metal in your pockets. None of you followed these instructions, including Mer. I wish to add further instructions here. This system has now entered the vibratory frequency of the 4th density. The necessity to abandon metal on your person is essential because of a change in the vibratory rate of this density. Metal objects that conduct electricity also serve as conductors for the lines of force. The increased vibratory frequency in this 4th density causes vortices around metallic conductors. This will result in various ailments in your physical bodies and will become increasingly detrimental if you do not discard metal on your persons. This is for your own benefit and good health. I further give you this added information. If you reside for any length of time within metal structures, be sure the metal is grounded to the Earth. Your means of transportation, inclosing you within metal, should carry a grounding chain upon the ground. You have very likely noticed a definite increase in many ways of your static electricity. This will continue to increase. Most internal diseases are brought about by metallic interruptions of the lines of force passing through your bodies. Those who continue in good health during the remainder of the time this system Salon is passing through this

arc, must comply with these instructions or become afflicted with illnesses that will be fatal. We are not trying to lengthen the physical life to add to your misery, but we do have those on the planet who are essential to our program. Please show your intentions and gratitude toward those of us advising you by complying with these instructions. My Everlasting Light, I am Desca.”

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

would be friendly. They have protruding fangs and wandered out of the north Malaya jungles on Christmas Day, 1953. Men and women fled in terror and one worker fainted.

There was speculation the two males and one female might be descendants of a race of hairy aborigines who, according to old legends, once roamed the forests of northern Malaya. One official said they could be “one of the biggest anthropological discoveries in years.” Chinese workers on the rubber estate where they appeared believed they were vampires, but Malayan workers believed they were phantoms which could make themselves invisible at will!

These creatures are not animals, for they wear crude breech-cloths and carry weapons! Experts in the government's department of aborigines at Kuala Lumpur are piecing together stories of various witnesses. The creatures spoke a language that clearly was neither Chinese nor Malayan, *and they ran when they saw rifles.*

Soulcrafters, we don't need a “crystal ball” to see the unusual today . . . read your daily newspapers . . . They're full of events that prove we're in transition, and show that the “old is passing away” . . . Shortly “all things will be made new!” There are bigger and better things ahead for *all of us!* There will be strange happenings in the next few months and years: *In the skies, in the oceans, and on the land!*

Accept them for what they have meant from antiquity.

The Bethurum Story

(Continued from Page 3)

However, the captain told him there were no such things as prisons, lawyers,

guards at banks, and child delinquency on Clarion. The Clarionites, he was told, do not use liquor or tobacco.

BETHURUM reported seeing no weapons on any of the Clarionites or on the space ship.

He was told that Clarionites are "very religious" and worship the "Supreme Entity, that sees all, knows all, and controls all."

When Bethurum returned home to Redondo Beach and to his wife, Mary, he was informed he should keep quiet about his adventure. His wife, who now believes her husband's story, was afraid of what their friends would think.

But, eventually, the story leaked out. Since then all sorts of literature and scientific data on the outer space have arrived unsolicited at the Bethurum home.

Also, scientists and all types of persons have visited the Bethurum home for talks. "It was visits from well-educated persons," said Mrs. Bethurum, "that caused me to start believing."

Said Mrs. Bethurum:

"Some of the aviation experts said that my husband knew too much about construction of space ships to have made up the story."

In August the Bethurums were taken up into the Mojave Desert by a group which has been attempting to make contact with a space ship.

Bethurum also has visited Prof. George Adamski of Palomar Gardens and compared notes with him. Bethurum, who said Adamski lives at the foot of the mountain that boasts of the world's most powerful telescope, adds that Adamski is supposed to have met and talked with people from flying saucers.

BETHURUM explains that many local persons believe his story, "although I never try to make anyone believe it. I don't care."

So, if persons reading this story have any questions, don't try to query *The Daily Breeze* or Bethurum, who probably will be "somewhere in the desert."

Just read the book that Bethurum plans to write with the aid of a friend who is adept with a typewriter. Bethurum did not disclose when the book would be published.

(This is the first installment of the Bethurum story. The second will appear in an early issue—Ed.)

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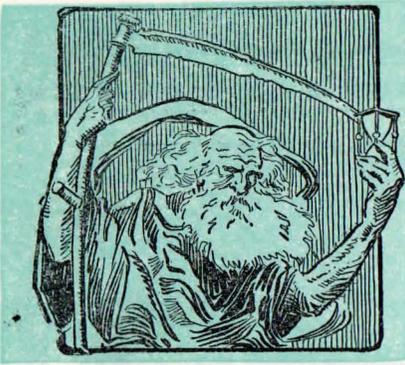
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Soulcraft Chapels



COGITATIONS

DO YOU notice that in almost three and a half years of these cogitative papers week upon week, there's one subject I've never treated with, nor said very much about. That's the Personality of our Elder Brother—in Soulcraft. I've had the wonder expressed to me by unthinking persons, that I don't "romp to town" in the literary way about it—considering what appears to be the contact that produced the *Golden Scripts*—meaning that they, in similar situation, would be thumping their chests and crying, "See what I great person I am, that I am singled out to have such writings dictated to me." To me, however, it's just one of those things that doesn't occur to me to boast about. That is, unless I get a couple of letters such as I chanced to receive this past week from opposite sides of the country, both intending to apprise me from independent sources that "the coming Messiah of the Golden Age is already here" and effecting to inform me of this arrival, on the premise that I can't possibly be aware of it or my attitude would be different. One of these letters was mailed from the State of Washington. Another was posted from Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. Both were written by completely honest correspondents, in that they mail me their findings in fullest integrity as to their intent in "setting me straight". The personage in the State of Washington asks me to accept in all sober finding that the "reborn Christ" has come into physical life in the State of Oregon within this present century and is only biding the passage of time to stand forth and declare Himself; the other assures me just as earnestly to beware of what claims I make about the original authorship of the *Golden Scripts* because "the Christ of the Aquarian Age is now a common work-

ingman in the State of Pennsylvania and will in course of event step forth and announce Himself." Both these correspondents are positive about identifications. And in anguish of soul they implore me not to add to the "confusion" by making any extraordinary claims about my own contacts with "Higher Personalities." . . . Oh me, oh my! . . .



I'M NOT at all interested in running down the origins of such convictions, strange as it may seem. I have my own reservations, based on my strictly personal experiences, contacts, and epiphanies, not to mention my own advices as to why and how such claims might be put forward in these closing days of "the times of the Gentiles." But it does intrigue me that two equally intelligent personages, on opposite sides of our nation, should show themselves thus exercised. How do people "get that way"? One—I won't say which one—confesses that he gets his adjurations through automatic writing. The other has no reservations about declaring that he is "a prophet appointed by God," and it gives him great heartburn if I seem to be skeptical. Just *how* is one "appointed by God" to be a prophet? Is it a matter of quiet Inner Conviction or does God stage a Big Epiphany in the backyard, rolling out in stentorian anthromorphic tones, "Joe Glutz, come hither, . . . I have a prophethip to bestow on you!" If it's a Quiet Inner Conviction, by what authen-

ticity is anyone persuaded that it does "come from God"? . . . I've been recording the most sacrosanct material for a mere matter of 25 years, and I haven't once "talked with God" yet, despite all the blither of my political or racial opponents to the contrary. If I ever did "talk with God" He'd go down in my estimation so quick and so far that we never would hold intercourse a second time, because the sheer thought of God coming down to *my* level would queer all bets. What I *have* done, in all sober sense, is make contact through proven ESP, with Master Intelligences on higher octaves of Time and Space and gotten their viewpoints on Eternal Verities which the Sokolskys, the Sheldons—alias Shapiros—and the Martin Dies' wouldn't happen to know about. Period. Where do we go from here? Oh yes, this matter of there being two or three Christs already come into flesh and abiding their time to Step Out and Take Over . . .

o—o

THE COMFORTING and rationalizing thing about my getting the transcripts of the *Golden Scripts* was, that I didn't ask to get them. I didn't even suspect what they were, when I commenced to indite them. I sat in an apartment in New York and observed sensorially that certain things were happening about me that had never happened similarly in all my experience. In fact, I didn't like it, to tell you the truth. Who was I, a New England newspaperman, a successful magazine author, and a supervisor of silent movies in Hollywood, to have Beings from higher dimensions of Time and Space start conversing with me? They say people who are crazy rarely suspect such possibility. If that be true, then I certainly was sane, because I asked myself a dozen times a day throughout 1929 and 1930 whether or not I'd better ask the authorities to provide me with a couple of white-coated attendants. The hyperdimensional things *happened*, that's all. And I had to like

them or not like them. And they proceeded to enlighten me to the end that Reincarnation or the process of Re-ensoulment accounted for what I was experiencing—and would experience to greater degree in future. It seemed—or so I was informed—that I had a great record of spiritual achievement behind me as other personages in prior careers. And so I had been elected to get the business in this current life—again take it or leave it. But I do have to confess that as time rocked along, I became properly sobered. Something certainly *was* at work that I'd better not be too facetious about, sense of humor or no sense of humor. As the grand and glorious texts of the *Golden Scripts* began to unroll, my own literary sense apprised me that I must be contacting something Out of This World. Okay if it came. Why should I set myself up as purblind criterion to stop it? Frankly, I began to be convinced that there might be much to Metempsychosis because of the loving and earnest addresses made to me to "try to remember" . . . One doesn't behave bombastically in the face of such requesting . . . All right, what about this matter of the competitive Messiahs? . . .

o—o

FRANKLY, after 25 years of recording this most intimate and sacrosanct material, and considering the circumstances in which and under which most of it was dictated, forgive me for being skeptical about accepting that it's factual or necessary for "the soul of the Messiahs" to be born of humble working parents in either Oregon or Pennsylvania and thus camouflage His identity "until the proper time comes" . . . I have things in my own category of experiences tending to make it debatable. First of all, there is entirely creditable, rational, and logical description of exactly how the true Messiah *is* coming—although up to the past one or two years I hadn't gotten the cue that the Flying Saucer phenomena held the allied significance they did. Still, that's not my real reason for having my reservations. It was not that no one could sit in an ordinary living room during the dictation of one of the *Golden Scripts* and not be convinced that a Being of supernal vibration had not made temporary entrance. Such vibrations didn't prove correct sacred identity. I base my claims on a still

more intimate and profound circumstance . . . I have the evidence of my senses, time and time again, over a score of occasions, when "the Dead have come back to life and communicated with those living in flesh"—and it's truthfully what these have imparted to me, in all earnestness and sincerity, that make me feel toward identifications of other Messiahs as I do. My own Daughter Harriet, for instance . . . I've now been in audible communication with her on the Higher Side for a matter of fourteen years. I've encountered the same identical girl up across that time, no matter who the materializing medium might be, with the same mannerisms, the same voice-pitch, even the same peculiarities of speech. *And she has imparted enough to me, of her own attestments, to supply me the truth of the matter*, granting I never had an illumination of my own in all my born days. Hundreds of those to whom VALOR comes weekly, have attended seances with various media, and beheld Harriet spelling for Soulcraft in the flesh, clad in her iridescent garments and making her own declarations. I don't have to labor with these to believe what I'm saying. They too have had the evidence of their own senses . . .

o—o

AS I get the detail from my own flesh-and-blood daughter, stationed on the Upper Side, not to mention corroborations from such former associates as George Fisher and others I might mention, the Bright Personage whom all venerated in His last ensoulment as Jesus of Nazareth, is a very Real Personage, and on the Higher Side at present, even as they are on the Higher Side. He is by no means a creation of a fabricating clergy. They can attest of their own observation that my reincarnational obligations toward Him are very real and admit of small hoaxing. Moreover, these also apprise me that the detailed text that I received about His imminent advent, back in 1929, was most authentic—as is *all* of the Soulcraft philosophy. They volunteer this, without any invitation on my part. And why should they lie to me or hoax me? What would that be to *me*? I have my own specific dictation as to *How* and *When* and *Why*. I have the confirmation of my own Loved Ones—who over a period of a quarter-century I have demonstrated I could



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Soulcraft Chapels

trust—and it all adds up. The earnest parties in Washington or Pennsylvania are not aware of such confirmations, which on this side of life we would accept as the staunchest evidences of fact. But they do crop up in my consciousness when I slit a fresh envelope in the morning's mail with its enclosure "imploing me to believe" I'm all sour in my public announcements from the Soulcraft Rostrium about the Elder Brother being a very real personage, *still on the Upper Side of Life* but due to transfer to the plane of mortality at no very distant date in earthly happening. I have to proceed on confirmations that make the staunchest sort of sense to my rationalities.

—o—

SO LET it go at that. I can, of course, be wrong in the whole it. Harriet and George Fisher—and others—may be handing me out the worst kind of fabrication and malarky, although anyone who has ever heard Harriet speak from her discarnate state knows that the girl's sincerity is beyond reproach. But even so, over and above all of it, comes the Quiet Inner Voice, "For what merits have you if there cometh one unto you of goodly visage and ye take him in? is it not meet that those of guile have the greater need of your hospitality? . . . The world hath lechery, the world hath a woe, the world hath a confusion that driveth it mad . . . I tell you that ye have a msision in this, that inasmuch as I came into world to sow a great seed, so came ye into the world to mow a great harvest, to reap a great increase. *I say ye shall reap it!*" . . . These are not masqueraders speaking thus. Can Satan's own house be divided against itself and stand? . . . Let's forget the controversies and be about Our Father's business. I'll stake all that I am—or become—that there's no true Christ incarnate as of this date in either Oregon or Pennsylvania. It it's correct that He is, *who's responsible for the ineffable passages in the Golden Scripts?* . . . Further, deponent asketh not . . . Suppose we go back to secular subjects!

—THE INTERPRETER

LOVE has been defined as an ocean of emotions, entirely surrounded by expenses . . . QUARRELS would not last long if the fault were only on one side.

Astronomy

(Continued from Page 7)

—in a peculiar location in the heavens as related to ourselves, and Old Sol and its planets are going to "feel" the result. That the earth and its centrosome have been traveling "around" such given sky-group for untold ages and feeling such effects, has undoubtedly provided what we know as "the zodiacal Signs". But it must likewise be borne in mind that our whole galactic system of itself is "moving" into new and uncharted regions in Pure Space, and these regions—sometimes remarked upon as "Densities"—deliver their own peculiar bombardments of cosmic rays. Nothing is truly established to remain established, in other words, and in an Omniverse where Creation is still going on just as graphically as anything described in Genesis, it behooves us to be respectful in the countenance of the whole of it.

Speaking of constellations, there are of course untold millions of stars that have no names, even at this late date, and would be referred to in terms of Right ascension and declension, without thought of the particular constellation or constellations in which they chanced to fall.

Remember that in all there are about 90 constellations. There are 28 in the northern hemisphere—or visible *in* or *from* the northern hemisphere—12 zodiacal or making a belt about the ecliptic—and about 50 in the southern, so the total number differs by three or four in the different lists. Undoubtedly our own sun helps constitute a figure of some sort in a constellation unknown, unless we could remove ourselves to some stellar orb afar and take in the whole design of it.

The great point of importance is, that Man here on his puny and inconsequential planet, Earth, is so distantly removed from any other stellar bodies in the vast acreage of Space that there is well-nigh no chance of his particular planet ever meeting or colliding with any other heavenly body. The fact that he does see the nearer star-suns and notes their brilliance, gives him a feeling of proximity and neighborliness, but that is only because Light, as such, has come such enormous distances to manifest on his eyesight.

This item of Light-Years therefore is of tremendous importance . . .

These are the common facts of our starry universe which we should be more familiar with than we are. We'll go along with it next week and learn more . . .

(This is the second paper in a series on popular Astronomy. The third will appear in an early issue—Editor.)

Transcendentalism

(Continued from Page 6)

So shall he hope to make a nation of men.

The *American Scholar* address had no sooner scored, than Dartmouth wanted him to come up to Hanover and shoot a few Cosmic Hypodermics into its moribund faculty.

At once Emerson undertook to supplement his ideas, especially the belief that the chief duty of the educated man is to project his own soul into the universe—the past, the realm of external nature, the realm of active life—and so realize his own divine personality.

Here was a new creed and it threatened ducks and drakes for the smug cosmology that denied the eternality of man's soul prior to that night on Calvary, and assumed that the spiritual history of man began with that first Eastern morning in the Garden of Joseph of Arimathea.

THE THEME of *Self-Reliance* showed the direct relation between man and divinity, cutting away dependence on party, creed, travel, books, and worldly ideas of success.

In the *Over-Soul* he gave an amplification of a paragraph in *Self-Reliance*—of which the kernel is to the effect that "we lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth."

"But what about being a worm of the dust?" shrieked the preachers. "Man ate of the apple tree in the Garden of Eden and got himself cursed—"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Emerson. "The Soul of the Whole comes to life in us, if we but accredit its existence, and performs in the wise silence and the universal beauty."

"There is no universal beauty," contradicted the preachers. "There is only Sin, Sin, Black Sin—Horrible Iniquity!—Unspeakable Depravity! We tell you

we shall have our Sin. Don't talk to us about the Wise Silence and the Universal Beauty. In three shakes of a goat's tail you will have us out of jobs."

But Emerson stuck to his well-magnetized study and let the Voice instruct him.

"Personality is the concentration of experience in moments of illumination," he recorded. "A law is but a memorandum. Not riches or territories but men form the highest end of government. There is danger in 'undertaking for another.' . . . Only Man and the World Spirit remain and their union is the sole value in life."

THESE ideas, and others related to them, were developed in a series of essays unique for their inspiring idealism.

Thus Transcendentalism was born.

When it was so named, the parsons breathed easier. No new religion with such a name could make much progress.

The joke of the matter is, that Transcendentalism is today coming into its own in the exact ratio that the old Fundamentalist doctrines based on a senseless theological quarrel between God and man are losing out, proving sterile, and losing devotees.

In their despairing bigotry that this is so, pastors are striving to make good the sterility by sponsoring the Communist doctrines of the Anti-Christ or going in for "social service"—whatever that may be—and gymnasiums in the basements of parish houses.

It would all be comic if it wasn't so tragic. Take away the famous Quarrel and give humanity Transcendentalism, and God and man would "get along fine".

Emerson's body died in 1882 and God called a Thinker to come back to where he was appreciated.

But a lot of people began to wonder if all the pother about God yapping with man about filching His fruit wasn't being a bit overdone.

Besides, what difference did it make?

Emerson had introduced a Basic Truth to American humanity in the Bostonese Manner and the yeast of discontent had been implanted in Yankee orthodoxy without the preachers noting it.

It was the beginning of the Aquarian Dispensation in matters spiritual, and Emerson blazed the trail that led into it.

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

FRANKLY, I'm beginning to get hold of a brow-furrowing Presumption. It's originated out of the correspondence I'm having this winter in result of Soulcraft contacting nearly 70,000 Americans in its current letter-promotion effort. I've already stated that there are more than a million-and-a-quarter people across this great Republic, represented in every walk of life, who seem to be procuring a sumptuous spiritual nourishment from Cosmography—or the science that treats of the constitution of the whole order of the Divine Ensemble—and making out far better in their esoteric conclusions than the converts to orthodoxy with their rituals and dogmas, based on the hypothesis of Eternal Punishment. These people are not anti-religious. I don't find them either critical or contentious in respect to Christian Doctrine. They merely express themselves as believing that there's something profounder and more ennobling than the conventional theologians of the early Church envisioned. And they write me along a consistent theme . . . "Christian Dogma doesn't satisfy something fundamental within me, that encompasses the profounder urges of my heart rationalized in liaison with twentieth-century findings of Science." These people are groping for something that eludes them, or at least *has* eluded them up to a recent moment. They say they find it in Soulcraft, in result of which Soulcraft is expanding overnight to such a degree that Headquarters is hard pressed to service them. But exactly what *is* it they find? . . .

CHRISTIANITY in the theological sense is the hypothesis that when a man or woman dies, his "spirit" is plunged into a legal dilemma. It becomes automatically a defendant before the Supreme Magistrate of the universe—Who proceeds to "judge" it. What has been its conduct in fifty to eighty years of worldly vicissitude? The supposition is, if its "good" deeds outweigh the "sinful", and it subscribe to the Apostle's Creed, it shall be admitted to "Heaven", to spend eternity in a rapturous idleness of adoring the Creator. What happens at about the ten thousandth year of residence in the theological Heaven, is never discussed—not even regarded. As I heard one Catholic dominie declare on one occasion, "Christianity isn't a thing to be reasoned; it's a thing to be accepted." The God-supplied attribute of Reason in the human mind, in other words, is openly deprecated. But again that's something to be taken up elsewhere. The thing that suddenly arises to plague me no end—just as it's arisen to plague thousands of conscientious people no end—is the fact that Psychical Research seems to give the expose to the Theological Hypothesis on the one hand, and Nuclear Fission discoveries give the expose to it on the other. The Soul-Spirit isn't what Christian religionists contend it is at all, and it doesn't go *anywhere* to be "judged" on physical demise; on the other hand, Matter isn't what Christian theolo-

gians have been preaching to multitudes for twenty centuries it is, and the time seems to be approaching for an overhauling of the whole of it on principle . . .

THERE are two cult-sects in the social scene whose researches raise the very hob with Paulist orthodoxy—the Theosophists and the Spiritualists. One espouses physical Re-ensoulment at periodic intervals and gives sound and rational reasons why it is the program. The other advances sensory proofs that the soul-spirit of a physically deceased individual lives onward in a higher velocity of Matter, and furnishes overwhelming proofs of such survival. And as though such psychical evidence were not enough, the Christian Scientist stands forth with still a third hypothesis for Cosmography—that all the sensory phenomena of earth are apportioned as between "Divine" mind and "Mortal" mind, with Divine mind responsible for psychosomatic miracles and Mortal mind persisting in behavior of a perverse and bad-tempered child, forever at loggerheads with the celestial parent and deserving to be spanked. Nevertheless, Christian Science *does* demonstrate enough of Truth to make its hypothesis creditable. On the other hand, Science ceases and desists where Spiritualism picks up. And Theosophy goes Spiritualism one better in giving a sensible program to the Soul's destiny. I'm beginning to grasp that *it's because Soulcraft rationalizes and reconciles all three departures in Thought that people are embracing it in unprecedented numbers* . . .

SOUNDS like a wildly hysterical notion at the present pass to make even the inkling of a suggestion that Theosophy, Spiritualism, and Science have any common meeting-ground—particularly in the light of Mrs. Eddy's chapter against Spiritualism in *Science & Health*. But viewed in the greater light of Cosmography, these three great establishments of ideology *do* encompass the only *real* religion that humankind possesses at the current moment. Calling the Vicarious-Atonement hypothesis a religion merely because of its traditional background does not make it so in Truth. There *is* demonstrable evidence for the metempsychological premise of Theosophy; there *is* demonstrable evidence for the Survival and Communication of Spiritualism; there *is* demonstrable evidence for the Psychosomatic miracles of Science. So these have a common bond of evidenciability as against the purely traditional hypothesis of Paulism. I review the Superb Pronouncements of Soulcraft's *Golden Scripts* and let the thought crease my brow—does all this activity point to Soulcraft's eventually becoming the catalytic for the phalanx of these three evidential faiths against the ranks of the traditionalists who have naught to offer but tradition? The thought creases my brow, I say. Wonder if I really recognize myself, what it is I'm being made the agent for uncorking? But . . . does it really matter? . . .