

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VI

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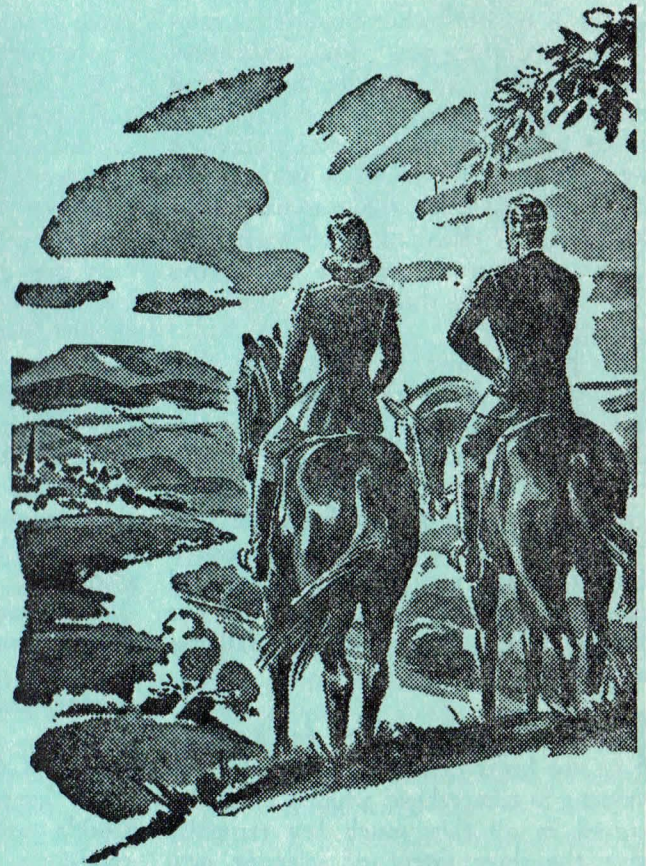
Number 23

WHAT WOULD BEINGS FROM FAR PLANETS WANT WITH EARTH? . .

THE FIRST natural reflex of a primitive people spiritually when a phenomenon like the current Flying Saucer drama opens, is to take for granted that direct conquest threatens. Beings from other planets could only find motive for coming to earth in either plunder or our enslavement. From the scientific fiction of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells up to last night's lurid movie in the corner theater, the assumption is unquestioned that visitors from other planets could only hazard the space trip in pursuit of rulership. Rulership in turn postulates the acknowledgment that there is something on this planet worth conquering and ruling.

It is the mental reaction of a people who know the price of everything and the value of nothing.

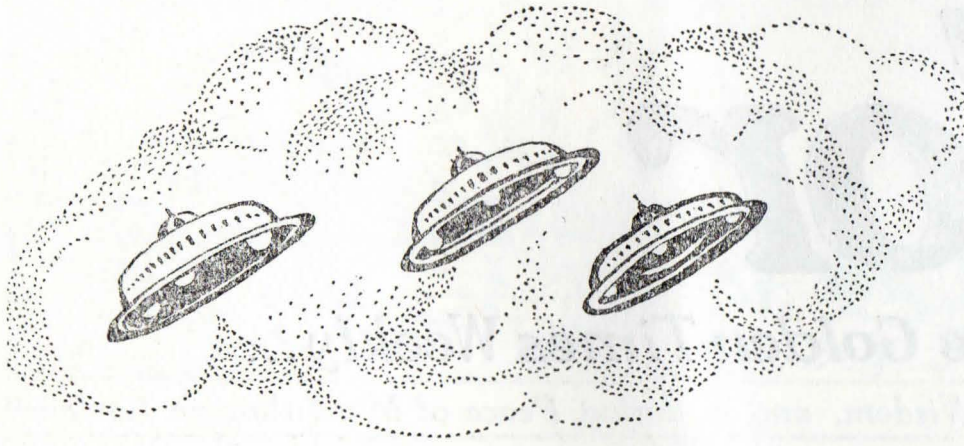
Supposing we look at it—



IT IS a human characteristic to judge the other fellow by the capabilities or capacities of your own temperament. You read into his motives and urges what you would do if you were in his place.

That you might be so wrong as to make yourself ridiculous rarely crosses the mind.

One of the greatest values in the study of the eternal verities is to become wise in the effects of spiritual progressions and cultural attainments. And it is disclosed to be an un failing Law of Cosmos that the higher one progresses into the spiritual altitudes, the less bellicose



the nature and the more equitable the character. If this were not fact there would be no worthwhile premise for moral endeavoring and Soul expansion. When we come to consider the populace of a civilization sufficiently advanced to attain successful Space travel, therefore, we must concede a populace whose moral advancements have kept reasonable pace with scientific triumphs. This on its face places a different aspect on the motives of Space Visitors than any we commonly call up.

As people evolve, in other words, they become more and more "moral" and contained. They proceed without handicaps into comprehensive recognition of the higher spiritual attributes. All that we grudgingly admit as Idealisms are with them daily ethics. If this were not a fact, then the very process of spiritual evolution is a myth or conjecture and our highest ethical institutions are fallacies and hoaxes.

IT IS, of course, difficult for a people on the lower octaves of spiritual development to comprehend what is being discussed in all this, much less recognize that the sheer extent of scientific acumen would go hand in hand with the most idealistic moral standards. Just because a few of our earthly scientists may consume alcohol, use lurid language when exasperated, or beat their wives, by no means contradicts what we discover to be culture on the loftier octaves of cosmic intelligence. Great scientific knowledge and great ethical wisdom are almost synonymous.

So it sums up that low grade, brutal, aggressive, predatory beings—who would think of reaching this earth-planet only in terms of conquest and forceful victories over those earlier in possession of

it—must either be paradoxes or exceptions to the operations of the spiritually evolutionary laws distinguishing those generally inhabiting the higher planes of life. Conquest and forceful rulership as ambitions in themselves always mark the spiritually immature or decadent character, driven either by fear or inferiority complexes, or lust of loot that has secular and commercial value. True, there have been monarchs and military leaders up the generations who have pushed aggressive wars against neighbors to extend their domains or provide access to greater natural resources for their subjects. As they won, it became axiomatic that Might made Right. As they lost, they were excoriated as objects of moral retributions. But ever they obeyed the tocsin of Power that was held to have some practical utility.

The situation alters when we contemplate denizens of other planets approaching this planet with practical utilities surpassing possible bellicosities . . .

WE CAN understand what might happen if creatures from distant worlds were confronting astrophysical conditions where organic life as such promised to be terminated in an early sequence, say from some such cause as loss of atmosphere or multiplication of mortal life itself to a condition where the distant planets concerned might no longer sustain it and need room for expansion. Haste might be made to push scientific achievement to a status where interplanetary aggression made neighboring worlds available. But here again we run into contradictions.

When we think of a planet running out of atmosphere or fertile terrain to support excessive populations, we are thinking in terms of our own provincial

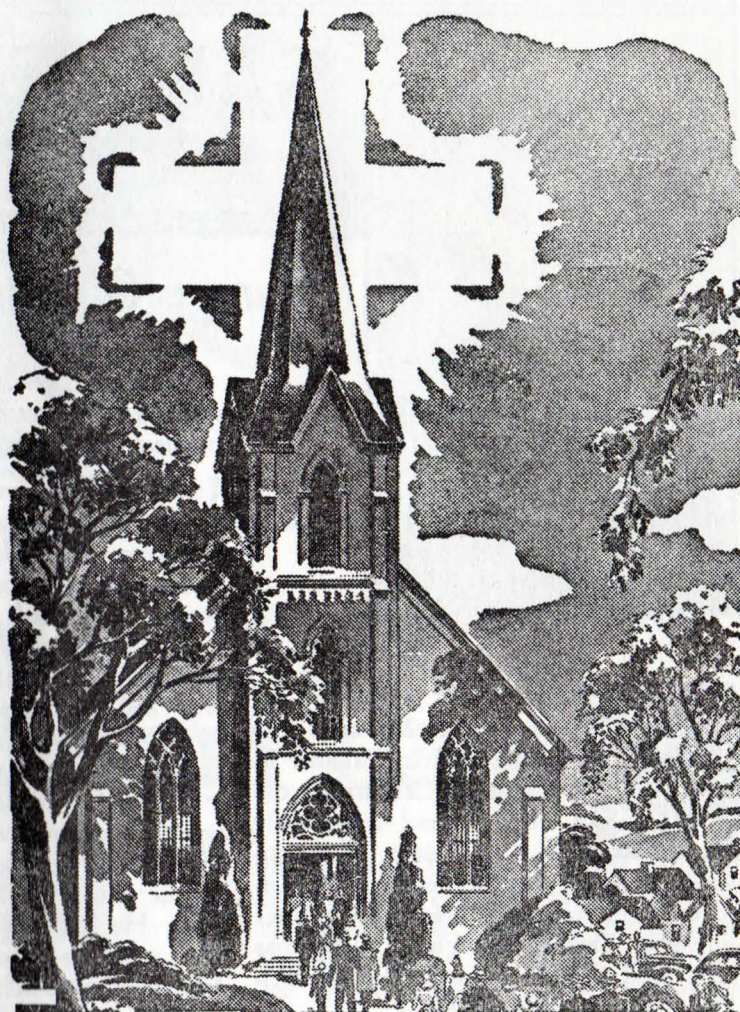
circumscriptions. In the first place, planets do not "run out of atmosphere" through some sort of cosmic leakage, like gasoline from a defective tank in a motorcar or the envelope of a given monster balloon. In other words, such loss is not "gradual", appreciable in advance and giving time for the creatures breathing it to push excessive space travel and "case" neighboring orbs to see what can be acquired in the way of interstellar property belonging to others. It is conceivable that hydrogen and oxygen enveloping a planet might be destroyed by unwarranted radioactive explosions, or a holocaust precipitated by the passing of some adjacent heavenly body. But that would be short, swift and terrible. Each planet is possessed of electromagnetic forces contained within its mass, that anchor its atmosphere as securely about its surface as the contents of any brickyard upon it. An atmosphere is naught but an integration of peculiar gases evolved from the planet's chemical composition that find expression or demonstration in the areas immediately adjacent to its outer terrain according to specific gravities. It isn't the contents of some titanic oxygen tent clapped over the solar satellite by a celestial medico, that life may be prolonged. The inherent gravities of a given planet would require to be altered before its chemical atmosphere would show signs of departing.



But here is the consoling thought even in such predicament: the same highly advanced intelligence that could master the
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PROTESTANT JUBILATION

*May Be Immature If Saucer
Revelations Prove Up Error
in All Christian Creeds . .*



AN ASSOCIATED Press dispatch out of New York this month quotes the *Christian Herald* to the effect that more than 4,000,000 Roman Catholics have departed that faith since the close of World War II. The *Herald*, a leading Protestant sheet, does not announce the news in what would be termed lamentation. Here is a reprint of the AP dispatch over the signature of one George Cornell—

"New York (AP)—The *Christian Herald* reported Wednesday more than 4,000,000 Roman Catholics have become Protestants in this country in the last 10 years.

"The interdenominational Protestant magazine said a nation-wide survey produced 'the startling nation-wide figure of 4,144,366 Roman Catholics—to Protestant converts.'

"Over the same period, the Catholic Church has reported 1,071,897 adult baptisms, or converts to the church.

"Dr. Daniel A. Poling, editor of the magazine, said wide publicity about Catholic conversions have led many persons to believe that inter-faith conversion was a one-way process.

"He said it was 'felt that getting the true facts would serve the cause of freedom for all religions.'

"In Washington, the Very Rev. Msgr. Paul F. Tanner, assistant general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, said 'it is not news to us that there are Catholics who have lapsed from their faith.'

"Without entering into the validity of the statistics,' he added, 'the *Christian Herald's* article will serve to remind Catholics that their faith is a divine gift that can be lost, and stimulate them to a personal concern of this problem.'

"The magazine said the survey findings were based on questionnaires sent to 25,000 of the 181,000 Protestant ministers in all parts of the country. The results were projected to cover all United States Protestant ministers.

"Latest official statistics show there are 54,000,000 Protestants in the United States, and 30,000,000 Catholics.

"Msgr. Tanner said the figure given for converts to Catholicism was correct, but that the church does not keep figures on whether the converts formerly were Protestants, or of no religious affiliation."

VALOR cannot help viewing these alleged gains and losses with a modicum of whimsy, not overlooking a word of caution to the Protestant brethren that perchance their elation is exercised prematurely. What is the significance of

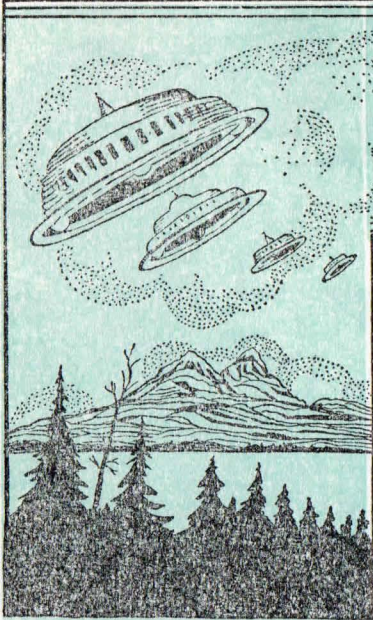
membership gains or losses to be over the coming ten years if space-craft developments disclose cosmic fundamentals to be as incorrectly understood or interpreted as Protestants are ever eager to charge up to institutional Romanism?

The promiscuous would seem to be accelerating that even before 1954 is over, revelations of an unquestioned character may be forthcoming that the so-called Afterlife is as contradictory to Protestant doctrine as it ever is, or has been, to Romanism. If electromagnetic conditions become general throughout the earth, permitting the "lowering of atomic vibrations" to where re-materialization is as common as snapping on a house button and getting electrical luminosity, both churches are fated for an eloquent Silence that may begin most suddenly and dramatically.

If the developments of Space travel, or re-materialization of former souls, prove beyond question of doubt that heaven is as incongruous as hades, we shall have to look for an entirely new concept of holiness on this earth.

SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...



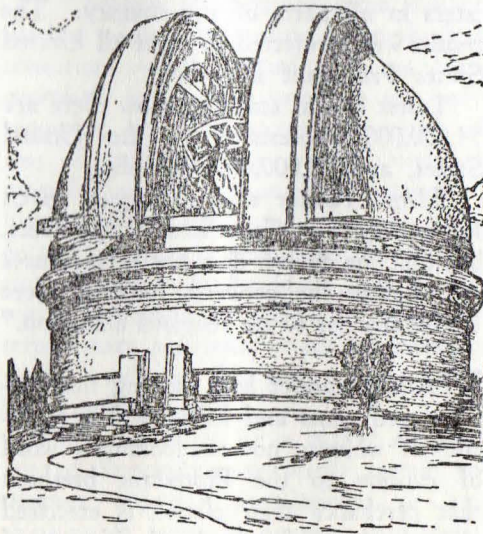
Strange Objects Sighted at Palomar Observatory

But, good friends, *Mt. Palomar has astounding pictures in its files!* They are pictures never intended for public gaze!

LET ME give you an example of this entire mystery. This story comes to me from a close friend who is a highly respected professional man who can be completely trusted.

A certain Dr. W_____ was assigned a particular research project in which the new 200-inch telescope played a large part. As many of you know, astronomers from all over the world can use this instrument for certain periods of time to work on various research problems. Dr. W_____ was such a scientist and was at the "big eye" for a short period of time. He had a close friend in Los Angeles who was an old school chum. This friend dropped in to see him one day.

This friend had read the Adamski-Leslie book and had seen the wonderful photographs included in that volume. He asked his scientist colleague why an amateur astronomer using inferior equipment at the foot of Mt. Palomar could obtain photos of space craft when the 200-inch was unable to secure such photographs. He also asked, "What goes with this chap Adamski . . . is he crazy or just an out-and-out fake?"



AFTER the completion of the great 200-inch telescope on Mt. Palomar in southern California, the world waited breathlessly for the results of its investigations. It was supposed to probe into the great unknown areas of the outer universe. Instead, its great mirror has been used almost exclusively for research into our own solar system!

The museum on Mt. Palomar is a poor example of an astronomical museum . . . one expects, and should expect, to see many photos taken with the 200-inch. Most of the photos are enlargements of telescopic pictures taken in 1905 at Yerkes Observatory or some other research center. Is this what people paid millions of dollars for? The public soon wanted to know what the "big eye" was discovering; so to satisfy their curiosity, the "officials" had National Geographic and other magazines print up a few photos of Saturn, the Moon, etc. These photos, for the most part, were very poor. Other smaller scopes have done a much better job. But is this the fault of the 200-inch? No!

The public has never seen the photographs taken during research that was the reason for the existence of a 200-inch mirror! Evidently, many individuals were satisfied . . . they had seen the "official" photos taken by this costly instrument and that was that . . . they could be fooled, they didn't know anything about astronomy. In other words, any old celestial photo could be passed off on them.

The astronomer leaned back and eyed his friend a moment, then calmly answered, "No, Adamski's not crazy and he's not a phony, either . . . but if you think he has good photographs you should see what they've got on file here at Palomar!"

It has also been reported that a large space ship recently hovered over the dome of the "big eye" where it was observed by several of the scientists on the staff.

The science of astronomy promises to be hard hit by the true facts of the universe as the New Age enters!

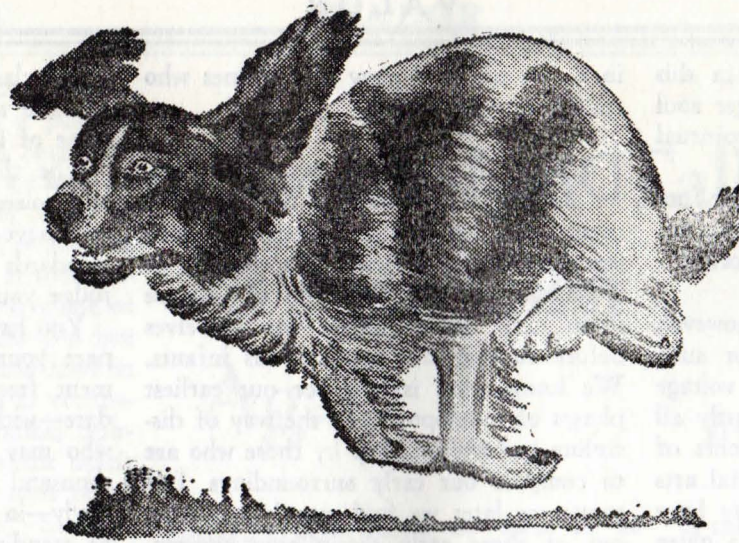
BESIDES the photographs taken by telescopic means, our government has astounding pictures taken by many of our Airforce personnel in the air from planes. These are not being released for public information, either!

I have a good friend who formerly was an employee of the Atomic Energy Commission. She happened to be in Birmingham, Alabama, the night the large cigar-shaped craft came low over that big Southern city. Over 4,000 citizens of that city watched this fantastic, glowing object for well over an hour.

Planes were sent into the air from Montgomery, and at one time there were nearly forty aircraft circling this strange object! The planes circled at a "safe" distance and then would tighten their circle to get a better look. Once in a while, a pilot would get bold and would fly under the space craft. At times, this object would fade out of sight, only to reappear again in a few moments. Before it disappeared completely, two other smaller, glowing objects could be seen on either side of the larger craft. These also would appear to "fade" in and out again.

The next day, Birmingham expected to see something startling in the way of photographs in the daily papers, for they knew that the Airforce was getting wonderful photos of the entire situation. But

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GETTING RID OF WHAT SOCIETY CALLS AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX



SUPPOSING a person suspects himself of possessing a bad Inferiorty Complex. What is he supposed to do to get rid of it? Granted that all of us are more or less squeamish in facing a recognition as to whether or not we are filling our life roles adequately, what is to be our conscious conduct to rid ourselves of any haunting presentiments of failure?

First of all, we must look squarely at an Inferiorty Complex and know it for what it is.

An Inferiorty Complex is a conclusion arrived at—and conceded privately—to such an extent that it now serves as a fundamental of the thinking, that the person involved is generally lacking in the talents, attributes, and self-assurances observed in the characters of outstanding personalities around him.

The word Inferior essentially means Lower in Rank, situated or placed lower, or being classed as a subordinate. Fundamentally it did not originate to describe people who were mentally or culturally deficient. Still, such is the use to which we have come to put it when associating it with a complex.

The person with an Inferiorty Complex is lacking in self-confidence, regarding himself as predestined to failure in

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

whatever he undertakes, and admittedly slated to get the short end of everything which he fancies desirable in life. He is, in short, getting his expressions in life by adopting—willingly or unwillingly—the negative attitude.

In nine out of ten cases of the Inferiorty Complexes which we examine, we find that at some time or other in the life a contact has been made with a dominant, positive, and resolute personality in each case whose mortal mission it has been to organize or mentor the souls around it that the latter may profit from the lessons of discipline or the proffers of wisdom which such organizer or mentor presents.

Such contact has been taken by the pupil in too large doses. Or, to put it in

another way, the soul that has acquired the inferiority complex has not been able to assimilate the available profits from the relationship. He has not assimilated the profits available in the relationship because he has transferred his spiritual attention from the essence of the profits to the flourish or the dexterity with which the organizer or mentor has made them.

The pupil has let himself become overawed by the attainments of a spectacular personality—who has “gotten that way” largely from the fact of being a soul older in point of functioning experience—and let the voltage from such personality short-circuit his own intelligence-equipment.

Centering his attention hypnotically on the accomplishments and assurances of such an older organizing or mentoring spirit, the younger one permits the germ of discouragement to hatch within him.

“Oh dearie me!” he cries in a sort of self-pity. “How shall I ever arrive at a state where I can deport myself with the positiveness and continual progress of this one in my orbit who has shown himself so dominant?”

Not knowing how the superior one has “gotten that way”—merely by having lived the greater number of lives and made the greater number of trial-and-error experiments—and assuming in the sterile orthodox manner that all these

things have to be accomplished in this one brief present life, the younger soul that is unable to handle such spiritual voltage bogs down and gives up.

Really, ignorance of the true life-fundamentals is behind all such spiritual exhibits, called Complexes of Inferiority!

ORGANIZERS and mentors, however, who may be responsible for such short-circuiting of the spiritual voltage of their satellites, are not necessarily all flaming leaders of society, governors of States, or past masters in the social arts and graces. The person who may have put a bad inferiority complex in a given soul's thinking processes may have been of no higher or greater status than a bigoted or dominating parent in a hapless childhood, or a bombastic older brother or sister, or a lad in one of the environments of Boyhood whose folks were higher in the social or financial scale and overlooked no opportunity to let his school companions know it.

Nevertheless, such persons are not to be deprecated, or bemoaned, or abused, in consequence of having played such roles. The old adage has it: "It takes all sorts of people to make a world!" And all sorts of people are contained in a world because each one, no matter what his eccentricities of deportment or development, has something to impart to all other persons as well as something to gain by associating with his neighbors. No person, high or low, has ever come or gone in *your* life or affairs that he did not leave something with you that day by day and hour by hour you are unwittingly using at present.

Just as no group to which you have ever belonged, from the hour of your birth to the present date on the calendar, has been allowed to exist without organizers and mentors in some form, so all these eccentric or domineering or bombastic persons have been the means of establishing standards by which you are forever judging your progress with each day that passes.

Every person who contributes to the establishment of a standard, is a mentor of some sort. Never forget that!

The stricture in the person with the Inferiority Complex is, that he has his own fierce individualism to serve and inexorably purposes to serve it, but he has missed a recognition of these standards

in a sort of blind envy of the ones who continually set them!

DURING childhood or adolescence, it is often impossible, of course, to escape the dominating influence of such standard-setting persons. But that is as it should be. We postulate or propose these early environments for ourselves before coming into mortality as infants. We know what is best for our earliest phases of development in the way of discipline and overlordship by those who are to compose our early surroundings. But sooner or later we find ourselves moving out of those early disciplining environments, and entering new environments that offer us other forms of increments.



We attain, as we say, our majority. We become recognized as responsible members of society in our own rights, are listed in all the best city directories, and certainly are not overlooked by tax-collectors. If, having come up to these general civil and social standards, we still drag along the inferiority complex administered to us by some bombastic personality who featured childhood or youth, we have not yet quite reached maturity. We are still dragging a quota of our babyhood with us.

"But," cries the one inflicted with such a Complex, "that may all be very well, and I agree that perhaps I am exhibiting many infantile reactions. All the same, you haven't yet answered my question: 'What am I to do about it?'"

THE THING you are to do is not to turn bombastic and obnoxious, for that would be attempting to play a mere fallacious role. People would "see through you" within the half-hour and ten to one you might end by getting your nose punched. And that would react on you by giving you a worse inferiority complex than ever. Nothing quite equals

a first-class punch in the nose to extend the size and virulence of one's inherent sense of inferiority!

The thing you want to do, sensibly and poisedly, is first of all recognize that you have been using the wrong set of standards and comparisons by which to judge yourself.

You have probably been trying to compare yourself—with your present equipment from the lives you have lived to date—with the equipment of persons who may have lived twenty-five to fifty thousand years longer than yourself already—in spiritual functioning—and yet be standing in bodies in no wise unlike your own, so close to you that you can reach out and touch them with your arm.

Such comparisons are excellent, for general inspiration, but they can become decidedly mischievous if you keep your eye glued to them and give no thought to the achievements you have put behind you in your own right.

Has it never occurred to you, inferiority complex or no, that there may be ten, a hundred, a thousand persons a little way below you in spiritual attainments, who actually regard you at this instant precisely as you regard the fleshly disciplinarian or mentor whose attainments you now regard in a species of despair?

In your inferiority complex you have been judging yourself by comparing yourself with persons who may be far up some dizzy heights ahead of you—due to the fact that they have been the longer climbing.

Suppose you pull your spiritual hat-visor down where you can't see them for the moment, and take a look at those a little below you and a trifle behind you. The world holds millions of people who by no means have attained to what you have attained. You're truly in a vast column of sentient spirits progressing up a mountainside. It's all right to give an occasional glance at what the Big Folks up ahead are doing, but you owe it to yourself to give a look back downward and realize what a vast distance—and height!—you have already climbed.

It might astound you.

ONE OF the grandest consolations that can come to a person inclined to indulge himself in a feeling of inferiority now and then, is to recall one of the passages in the Soulscripts to the

effect that it makes no difference whatsoever whether a person holds a position high or low in earthly station, he is considered to be of equal importance in Great Cosmos with all other souls in functioning consciousness. Cosmos, in other words, is not interested in what degrees may be written after your name at present, or what sort of a house you live in, or how much money you may have in the bank. Cosmos is interested in you because you are a particle of sentient Spirit, and no one particle of sentient Spirit has any license to say to any other particle: "I am better than you!" Sentient Spirit is sentient Spirit, and all particles are due down some far day to arrive at the same manifestation of splendid celestial attainments.

There is no such thing as Rank in the higher worlds and octaves of consciousness. There are no such things as castes or classes. There are only Spirits who are more unfolded or developed, and hence wiser, in that they have been in the functioning state of consciousness longer. They have lived more lives in the three-dimensional world of form and substance.

Everything depends on how many incursions a given spirit has taken into the state of flesh! The more incursions, the greater wisdom. The greater the wisdom, the wider the permitted mentorship. But "all stand equal before the Father!"

No matter how lowly your station, or how you may be lampooned or kicked around at present, Cosmos never loses sight of you. This was what Christ had in mind when He said: "Even the hairs of your head are all numbered!"

THE WAY to cure yourself of a bad Inferiority Complex is to start mentoring those around you or slightly below you, giving them the benefits and increments of what your worldly experiences and accomplishments have been to date—doing it however, in such manner that they like it and come back around for more. You're by no means at the bottom of any Cosmic Stairflight, for if you were, you wouldn't be dwelling as a reasonably intelligent white person in the enlightened United States of America in the year of Grace 1954. You'd be squatting on your haunches about some jungle fire, commenting in gutturals as you gnawed the thighbone of some enemy.

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Theosophist Talks to Newsmen Again . . .



By W. H. Perrins



WE GET so used to accrediting old ideas, Mr. Boss Newspaperman, particularly ideas propounded by prelates, philosophers, or scientists, that we accept them without question and live and die by them. They get into heavy tomes, creeds and traditions, permeating the whole world like a slow virus. The only man who can dissipate such ideas quickly is yourself, Mr. Boss Newsmen, with your daily editions. Perhaps the worst bugbear now beclouding the minds of this western world is the Fear of Hell.

It was only a few years ago that the preachers began to tone down on expounding this dreadful terror but it is still much alive in the average mind and a veritable agony and nightmare to children.

However, it is still a part of the Christian creed and the only escape from it is to be "saved" or converted . . . which might be all fine and nice for them, but people without this unctious respite are just out of luck. Those who admittedly are bad have no hopeful respite whatever. Their inevitable doom is recognized as Hell, consequently they are hopeless, discouraged and rambunctious. They have given up future possibilities of any kind in order to cash in on pleasures now, while they may. This embraces criminals, Communists and atheists, besides the in-betweeners who are uncertain as to whether they are good or bad and those who have a cankering uneasiness in their subconscious minds, not being able to understand why without psychiatric examination . . .

OBVIOUSLY it is no use looking to preachers to reverse their ideas suddenly, however wrong they may be, or

to the heavy books to unprint themselves and thus revoke all they have publicized. It is only a power that is greater and stronger and quicker that can be effective in bringing about a change that might be noticeable whilst we are still living. Moreover, religious people don't need their beliefs in perdition seriously altered. They have an antidote against it in the "Shed Blood." But for those who cannot accept this pious immunity there is no "out" from the terror of Hell's burning fires except forgetfulness in sleep, drink or dope. So they wallow in discouragement, gloom, frustration and brimstone expectancy.

So I call on you, Mr. Big-Boss Dispenser of Ideas. I call on you today in the name of logic and rationality to *kill that brimstone canard* and set the minds of western people free from it. I call on you to take the money you have accepted from the Church Page, the whiskey and tobacco ads, and spend it to undo these mistakes of the past, made chiefly by the prelate who lusted for power. I call on you to regenerate your own soul by doing this, telling millions of other souls that they may at least have faith in a *new idea of God*, likewise His love, and in the redemptive power of Jesus Christ through the new concept of example.

I call on you to say that the Christian Plan of Life theologically is limited, elementary and partly fallacious, that the *Cosmic Plan of Life* is the basic truth of existence. And here it is, in simple words—

THE HUMAN Spirit is a spark from the Light-God, the Logos. It is eternal and indestructible. The human soul is Spirit in externalized function or performance, the Microcosm of Macro-

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Valor . .

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Challenge



TRY to understand and appreciate that France's war against the Reds of Indo-China is costing the working taxpayers of the United States one cool billion dollars a year. Not a million—a billion. That's what we're presenting "for free" to help her in her fight to contain Communism. It's listed under the alibi of Foreign Relief, and means an assessment of \$6.25 for every man, woman and child in every state, city, town and hamlet from coast to coast. The father of a family of four contributes \$25 a year to save certain Asiatic colonies for French dividends.

Naturally to run a billion-dollar annual war, the enemy must have equally stupendous resources in turn, particularly in industrial potential. The American man-in-the-street thinks of Indo-Chinese military ordnance as coming from Russia. But what if it wasn't? Suppose it was coming in the original instance of manufacture from Britain?

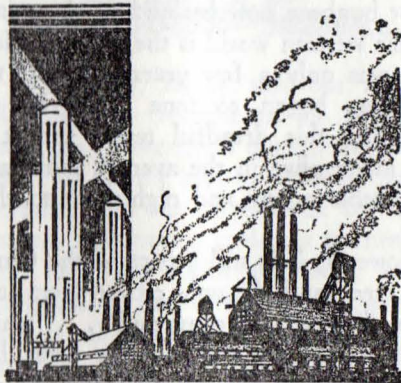
Britain has a treaty to supply Russia with every sort of goods that Russia can contrive to compensate for. So long as Russia can live off Britain by the terms of her reciprocity treaty and so long as the same taxpayers of the United States condone immense sums sent overseas to keep Britain's industrial economy intact, doesn't it look like Americans are paying to finance both sides in this Indo-Chinese War . . and may the best army win?

What if the American government suddenly dispatched warning to Britain of an industrial embargo so long as she kept on selling or sending goods to Russia with no guarantees they weren't being sent along to the Indo-Chinese rebels through the Red Chinese? *How long before wars would halt abruptly throughout the whole earth?*

One of these days a second and a bigger McCarthy may arise on Capitol Hill and throw a real harpoon of investigation into the international highjinks that would seem to be carried on in the name of International Economy. Particularly may we look for it if both sides are financing such highjinks on money procured from the same American taxpayer.

Stop the Indo-Chinese rebels from getting supplies from Red China, that gets them from Russia, that gets them from England, that gets them from America, and these military festers here and there in the globe's hot spots heal up so pronto that it mightn't be funny.

Further deponent sayeth not.



For Sale Cheap



DEPONENT, however, may think equally dubious reflections concerning all this pother about Russia's stupendous stock of H-bombs, which she lacks both the resources and know-how to create. According to many of the press stories out of the national capital lately, Russian military bombers—which it is further known she doesn't possess—could fly over the North Pole, or come in from Europe between Tuesday and Thursday, and reduce industrial America to rubble as quickly and easily as pouring overside a pint of vodka. And the newspapers be-

gin printing big-type controversial stories of what panics are due to be in some great American cities when the H-bomb alarms start booming. Nobody is supposed to have recourse to his motorcar to escape the threatened areas, the traffic jams would be instantaneous and impenetrable. The American city populace must walk. An article in the Indianapolis Star of a recent morning seriously counselled Mr. and Mrs. American to begin hiking and learn the possible development of locomotion via shank's mare.

Why all this furore, either?

Well, it is becoming no particular secret that so jittery is the public growing that tens of thousands are considering the removal from congested urban districts, letting their properties go for what they may bring.

Is this more dirty work at the crossroads?

These wild and fanciful tales of what a stumbling and collapsing Russia might do to us have but one effect that is rational. It drives down city property values so that they can be bought in cheap. Then Russian collapses and the menace of her is removed. People want to move back into centers of population again. Let them try to repurchase. Just let them.

One wild tale that got started around Indiana this past month was the possibility of distant Moscow sending several cargoes of H-bombs—what were described as "pocket-sized"—secreting them in heavier type house trailers, fanning them out all over the United States in great industrial centers, parking them, and setting the works for their contents to go bang-bang at the same concerted moment after their motor-drivers had been picked up by planes and transported from America.

Makes a good scare tale for public financial support of bigger and better noises in the southeast Pacific. But anyone knowing the size and complexity of an efficient H-bomb, or for that matter A-bomb, would grasp at a glance the fantastic nonsense of such a prospect. So big is an honest-to-God bomb, of any alphabetical designation, that it practically fills the whole inside of a B-29. Fifty to seventy different industries are called upon to contribute their best and most delicate apparatus to the parts of just one explosive capable of wiping out a city.

Getting these parts off ships in any American harbor, congregating the fleet of trailers—granting trailers huge enough could be maneuvered to convey them—and rolling them along the highways of America so that all arrived in synchronization at the spot and time where their mass detonation was infallibly ready to blow up municipal America, all without a single one of them becoming stalled or being discovered for what they were, would be ridiculous if it wasn't contributing so much to mass disquiet—which is also part of the Red ideology pattern.

Just how silly can the human race get?

Instead of imbibing spiritous liquors to blot out the prospect of all such preposterous things becoming actual, why not try buying a copy of Truman Bethuram's new book, *Aboard a Flying Saucer*, and reading about the tranquillity on Clarion?

What would produce similar tranquillities on earth?

Well, maybe crying "Wolf! Wolf!" once too often and too shrilly, so that the public begins to recognize the howl . .

Upstairs



TRUMAN BETHURUM describes one incident of his contact with the Space Lady, Aura Rhanes, that makes a good "think piece" for any publication. Aura was relating why the Space People had not as yet attempted many landings in the east. The extremely low-grade thinking of the average earth denizen might cause mobs to attempt to destroy what they did not understand. "Then," said Madam Rhanes, "we would be required to protect ourselves." Bethurum wanted to know how that could be done.

"What do you have on your person," asked the Winsome Commandant, "that you don't mind losing?"

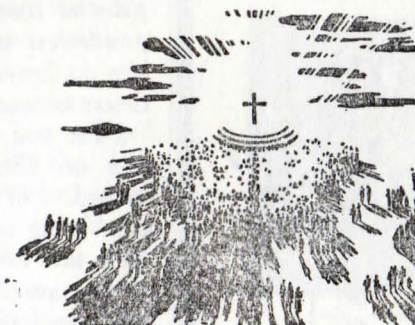
Bethurum had his flashlight, an inexpensive thing with a plastic casing. Would it answer? Apparently it would.

"Hold it across your palm at arm's length," he was instructed.

Bethurum complied.

He saw the Space Woman knit her brows an instant and seem to concentrate upon it.

(over)



The Voice Within



EACH life is just one day at school,
One entry on the scroll,
And many days and many scrolls
When added, make Life's Whole.

Time never was when we were not,
When Time's no more, we'll be;
Each day In Class a lesson learned:
Love's law eternally.

The Words of Truth may many be,
Up countless classes sought,
All power ends with him who *knows*
The might of Godly Thought.

That Voice Within that says "I Am!"
E'en that is ours to win,
In perfect Life and Truth and Love
There is no loss nor sin.

God naught of error could conceive,
His thoughts eternal, true,
In Perfect Mind could not produce
A noncompleted *You!*

In love the Master comes to bless,
To solace and to heal,
And those who grope in honest quest
His loving Presence feel.

When Perfect sense of Life is held
In shadow's darkest hour,
Then love for man and love for God
O'ercome Death's seeming power.

When Life Supreme holds in the heart,
Our matchless Teacher saith,
The Last Lore that we subjugate
Is that illusion . . *Death!*

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

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Soulcraft Chapels

He says it vanished from across his palm as though it had disintegrated into powderless ash! Gone forever! It gave him the heaviest startlement of their whole desert contact.

"Yet you say it's against your principles on Clarion to kill anything," he gasped. "Would you cause a whole human being to vanish similar to my flashlamp and not call it killing?"

He says Aura shrugged. "I see you don't understand what we understand," she parried, or words to that effect.

Truth to tell, he didn't. But what she apparently was trying to convey to him was the power of concentrated thought to take the atomic covering off the thought-form of an object, whether a flashlamp or a human body. Any adept Soulcrafters would have comprehended.

The point to be made editorially is this: If superior people from the outer planets could have such degree of control over a common flashlamp and battery, why couldn't they cause more potentially lethal instruments to follow suit?

Meaning that given the superior mentalities turned upon any causation that upset the balance of the planetary worlds, might bring it to naught without a trace of evidence to indicate what had become of it. If Christ, for instance, "thought" into existence the bread that fed the celebrated five thousand, would it be particularly illogical that He could think the same nourishment "out" of existence? And if He could think a loaf of baked flour out of existence, why could He not think a B-29 and its bombload of death and destruction for a million defenceless and helpless people "out of existence"?

Then why doesn't He do it—forthwith?

The answer would seem to be that Man must learn through his own follies some of the things that are verboten in God's universe. The trouble with a hundred million Christians in North America is, that they actually have no real faith in the existence or compassion or social sagacity of Christ.

They'd more readily accredit Bethurum's Aura Rhanes.

Okay, let them.

But the nation is not without those who have cause to know that the Elder Brother is forty times as real and potent as any miraculous woman off an alleged spacecraft from Clarion. No destruction is coming on this earth-planet for one in-

stant longer than it is necessary to teach man to believe in celestial power and realities so that he never forgets them.

That's why these menaces are "permitted" to exist.

You can test your own faith—your real Christian faith—in the Great Galilean by asking yourself conscientiously just how much you actually believe in His protection.

You claim that you do?

Then why doesn't your face and manner evince it?

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

do you know what the papers really said? You should be able to guess! A weatherman announced it had been the reflection of industrial blast furnaces, and another "official" said it was the light from a small, private plane!

I have much more faith in the intelligence of our airmen than the weatherman in this case. It doesn't seem likely that the Airforce would have sent forty planes out on a wild chase to circle around a Piper Cub or a reflection! Besides, the American people don't swallow that kind of nonsense. However, I wonder if we can blame the "officials" in this case or some other unknown "higher up" authority. The forces of greed in this world want to keep this knowledge from the people, just as they have done for centuries in the past . . . but this time we have the Father's servants here in the skies above us, and they are going to see that we get a fair deal. Watch it happen!

THE STORY of the jet-plane that took off with only a few minutes' fuel and stayed aloft for several hours has been widely circulated amongst West Coast Saucer fans. I happen to know that this story is definitely true. *The pilot was up longer than it would have been possible to be up because he was detained by a large spacecraft above the earth!* We understand he had a most revealing experience. When he returned to his base, he was thoroughly questioned . . . for no one could figure out how he could possibly be up that long with so little fuel!

Of course, this pilot was under strict "security" vows, but the Airforce still feared that the story might get out, so

the entire matter was immediately made into a "fiction-story" and sent out on TV. What a perfect way to cover up the truth! The pilot could tell all he wanted and who would believe him? Everyone would say, "Why that's crazy, I saw that story dramatized on T V. . . it's just a piece of science-fiction!"

Without the aid of our beloved Space brothers we would never escape seemingly from the bondage of ignorance that has existed since time immemorial on Saros-Shan.

Let their hearts grasp your heart!

Other Planets

(Continued from Page 2)

difficulties of interstellar voyaging would not be wanting in knowledge of the creation of atmospheric chemicals and their release and control, remedying the threat that to earth-people, in their current grade of development, would only stack up in an alternative of hunting a new planetary home and letting the old one become uninhabitable and go to pot. All this, without a thought to the circumstance that if the "leakage" of such atmosphere—granting it had any where to leak—was causing a general thinning out over an extended period, organic adjustments would occur, orienting organisms to such altering conditions. Organisms do just that. They are the *product* of certain conditions, not independent adjustments to it. And the same explanation should maintain for curtailment of land surfaces capable of supporting expanding populations . . .

IN THE first place, it would be seriously controversial that the inhabitants of any distant body capable of evolving and operating interstellar vehicles would be so lacking in knowledge of biology that they would ever permit procreation to get out of hand—not to the point that the inhabitability of their orb was endangered. Matters among a highly intelligent and spiritually evolved people would long since have come under social regulation, just as the Space Lady, Aura Rhanes, indicated to Truman Bethurum is one of their interviews.

Always in contemplating such tragic eventualities as wars between planetary populations for living space, we are think-

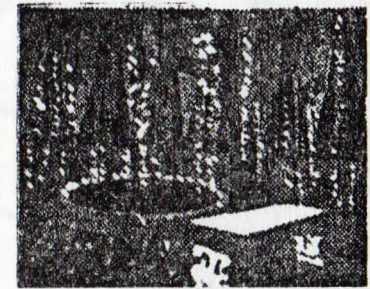
ing in terms of our own inhibitions and immaturities, and considering that the Space People think, act, and react, in every dilemma like ourselves.

FROM everything disclosed, or alleged to have been disclosed, by the planetary neighbors that have contrived to visit us to date and communicate with us, the assurance is vehement that the denizens of distant worlds have already solved all these creature dilemmas—that the situation developing between us is more like a race of Americans perfecting stratoliners that carry observers over a barren and desolate land like Patagonia, sending the savage and illiterate Patagonians into social dither that the skycomers have designs on their dusky belles or acres of rock, gulls, and bird-droppings. That such aviation observers might live when at home on luxurious estates similar to those in Tarrytown, Tuxedo Park or Winterhaven, and view with a sort of pitying disdain the hovels of the Patagonian aborigines, would naturally be beyond the mental grasp of the terrified creatures who wouldn't know a flashlight from a hand grenade and eventually break open a television set to find out where the people go when a pictorial broadcast is completed.

Really it can be a sort of illiterate bombast on our parts, that we accredit the Space People with having predatory designs upon us. What do we possess that they could possibly want?

Of course we would never think of that, voluntarily. "Kill the stranger within the gates" has been the Safety-First tocsin among every tribe that ever inhabited earth's areas. If it isn't from an ignorance of the superior culture that has activated the strangers in coming to us at all, it can be from caloric chagrin that any more inviting or hospitable living conditions than ours can possibly exist in Cosmos.

To sum it up, the Space People, each and severally, try to tell us about their more agreeable and comfortable abodes in the Tarrytowns, Tuxedos and Winterhavens of other universes, and knowing only our wave-washed Patagonian rocks and gulls and shore-filth, we scream for our spiritually naked spouses to hide the children and wonder if the bow-and-arrow of our atom bombs can blow these "intruders" back into Kingdom Come.



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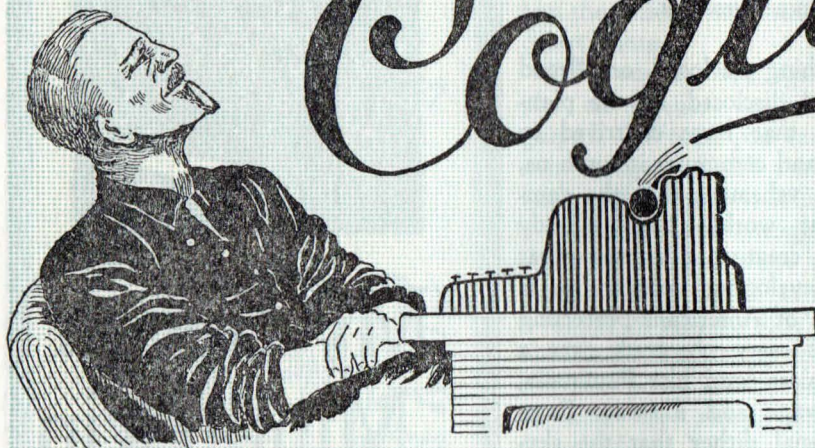
First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .

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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

Cogitations



WELL, I gave over this COGITATIONS page first to George Adamski in gratis review of his book *The Saucers Have Landed*, then to Ric Williamson in announcement of his *Saucers Speak*. By the Saturday post, Dorothy Thomas of Los Angeles airmailed me a fresh-off-the-press copy of the third opus in the triumvirate of major Saucer accounts, Truman Bethurum's *Aboard a Flying Saucer*. Bethurum, as VALOR readers know by now, was the road construction engineer who had a Saucer alight near his truck on Mormon Mesa, Nev. and was invited inside to confront a ravishing feminine commandant who proceeded to make him feel at home. Subsequently he was apprised that her name was Aura Rhanes and the planet from which she had come, one Clarion. *Aboard a Flying Saucer* is the detailed record of something like eleven contacts with Aura and her crew, his conversations and experiences with the parties, and the somewhat poignant description of Mrs. Bethurum's reactions. Nine times on and after June of 1952, Aura put her space ship down in Bethurum's vicinity and invited him aboard. Once he came upon her and a lieutenant eating lunch in a desert restaurant when she didn't care to acknowledge their acquaintance, and once he caught sight of her on a Los Vegas street while he was in a barber's chair, hastening outside to see her mingle with a group boarding a bus and getting away without being hailed. Mary Kay Tenni-

son of Los Angeles did the ghost-writing of the whole tale and did it well. You can get a copy by writing the New Age Publishing Company, 1542 Glendale Boulevard. It sells for \$3 . .

—o—

I HAVE read every word of *Aboard a Flying Saucer*, read it carefully and read it sympathetically. It likewise happens that I have read as well every other major book on the Saucers that has been published, and enjoy either a lengthy correspondence with their authors or have met and conversed with them personally. I have likewise talked with half a dozen West Coast Soulcrafters who have met and appraised Truman Bethurum himself bringing back the most favorable reports of their impressions. All the same, I find myself afflicted with a vague disquiet from the volume that I did not get from Adamski's or Williamson's. Not that I'm doubting what Truman relates, understand me. On the other hand, I'm considering some of its contents with reservations. There is so much presented in Truman's story that doesn't jibe with equally rational reports of the contacts of other friends with other Space craft and their voyagers. Questions of paramount importance that it would seem Bethurum would have—or should have—immediately asked Aura, are not treated in any way whatever. May I mention a few? . .

—o—

THE most incredible thing Bethurum says Aura informed him, was the identity of her Space ship's origin. She

called it the Planet Clarion and said "it was invisible to earth because it was right behind our moon." Brother Bethurum is due to get an awful roasting on that one, I fear, because any high school critic knowing a tuppence worth of Astronomy is bound to demand how that could happen unless it moved at all times exactly in the moon's orbit around our earth? By no means is our moon always in the same position in the heavens respecting the more distant planets or stars behind it or farther out from it. If Clarion moved exactly in the earth's orbit as the moon does, then it wouldn't be a planet in the true sense of the term but a second moon of earth, our planet and not the sun its centrosome. Then there is the matter of gravitational influence. Distant heavenly bodies are discovered continually in the heavens long before they are seen through the eye of the telescope. Their gravitatonal influences on neighboring bodies postulates their existence, and they are ultimately detected by careful sky-studying of the area in which



they *should* be to produce such influence. Aura seemed to be familiar with most of the planets of our solar system, even designating them correctly in English by name. But she was evasive about Clari-

on. Too bad. One wonders why? Then there followed the actual description of the Admiral's Scow, the term the Space voyagers themselves gave their craft. Incidentally, Aura used perfect English throughout the whole nine contacts excepting in the naming of her own ship. A scow is a large flat-bottomed boat with square blunt ends used as a lighter or nonpowered hull to transport goods on water by towing.

—o—

ADAMSKI, Williamson, Angelucci, and a half-dozen others—not overlooking Kenneth Arnold, the original sighter of such craft—have all described most space ships after similar design and details. They have not been the two gigantic hub-caps fitted with edges together, that Bethurum confronted, but more bell-shaped with landing-gears visible beneath. Adamski's entirely convincing photographs, as confirmed by Soulcraft's Williamson, make Aura's Clarion machine the one unique exhibit in the whole Saucer line-up. And yet deep in his text, at one point, Bethurum contends Aura informed him there were no other space craft outside of her own that had as yet reached earth. That would make out some of the other persons involved as handling the facts with a certain shyness, including Adamski's cameras. Aura's craft was a hermetically sealed circular disk, walls a foot thick, yet exhibiting no windows or portholes for maneuvering the gadget among the worlds. The vague yet adequate lighting of the interior that Bethurum describes can be understood, the materials themselves being luminiscent. But unless portholes were features of its sheer outer covering, how could it be piloted? And what would be the purpose of covering such portholes if they were only used in flight? However, the point is minor. Later its explanation may be forthcoming. I read a half-dozen chapters, prepared to accept as rational all major factors presented, until I came to Aura's relation of common life and customs on her own satellite. That description of a wedding on Clarion got me down. Why? It sounded like a garish mushrooming of earthly happenings but magnified a la Hans Christian Anderson. From everything in my own erudition on the subject, the higher and more advanced the spirit-units known as mortals in their earth-

state become, the less ceremonials figure in their ethics. Consider it as a personal reaction perhaps, but a bride bedecked with a head-veil twice the length of those worn at earth weddings, and hung with diamonds till she resembled a Christmas tree, would savor of an utter childishness that would not evidence a very high or far degree of spiritual maturity to me. If the denizens of Clarion were 75,000 to 100,000 years in advance of the culture of earth-people, it would seem odd that a priest would be wanted for the possibility of saying Mass after such ceremony. Read the book and you'll grasp what I mean . . . Sounds too much, I claim, like our strictly earthly culture of the present raised to a fantastic octave and mispronounced Progress. Maybe I'm wrong, I say again, but my understanding and observation is, that as spirits mature they become simpler and less ostentatious in ceremonies. Or we might put it, their ceremonies themselves become increasingly spiritualized . . .

—o—

A MOST delightful naivete runs through Bethurum's whole account, however, giving it the overall atmosphere of credulity. However, as a sincere friend of Bethurum's I certainly would have advised the entire dropping out of those narrations and comments about Mrs. Bethurum's behavior and reactions; the reader's sympathy leaves the husband for thus describing his domestic difficulties without exactly going to his wife. The fastidious reader would only deplore that this phase of the adventure had to be inserted at all. Nothing is added to the scientific or graphic aspects of the story by thus depreciating his lady. A mere paragraph could have covered it. If Bethurum writes a later edition, possibly adding his account of the trip to Clarion that Aura has promised, I claim the work can be improved fifty percent by reserving to Mary Bethurum the privacy of her reactions. After all, Aura Rhanes is the feminine lead in this opus. And while speaking of deletions, it might be discreet to eliminate the implication made by either Aura or Miss Tennison that any earth woman would be *persona non grata* on Aura's home planet because of the sex angle. The suggestion is rather broad that Clarion men might not be able to control their baser creature impulses . . . and yet those males are sup-



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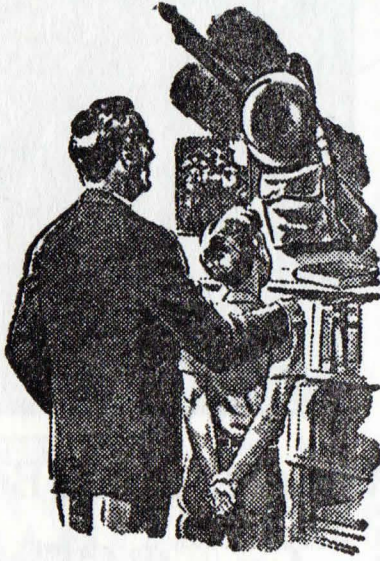
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posed to be 75,000 to 100,000 years further progressed than ourselves. Progressed in *what?* . . .

o—o

ACCORDING to my opinion, the most convincing episodes in the book are those associated with the letters of the French girl and the Chinaman—and not altogether because Bethurum does not hesitate to reproduce them. One or two little sidelights of character that only a professional novelist would note, are most convincing. But the biggest interrogatory that I would have put up to Aura as tactfully as I could, was nowhere mentioned that I noted . . . *How came it that this Clarion lady commanded a Space craft at all?* What particularly qualified her? Was society on Clarion a matriarchy, or what? Why should the men of Aura's crew be made out such nonentities? . . . The more common question, why a constructive or automotive engineer should have been selected for such honors and acquaintance with Space people, the story covers adequately. Even the fact that Bethurum always met Aura or saw her ship when conveniently alone—excepting for the restaurant episode when one Edwards was present—by no means disturbs the story's plausibility . . . On the whole, this is one of the most important volumes that has been issued thus far on the Saucer phenomena, although VALOR cannot help but be biased in Ric Williamson's favor when it comes to noncontroversial material. Ric in his *Saucers Speak* gets into his account a more genuine atmosphere of outer-planet origins than Bethurum—whose story on the whole makes out life on higher planets as scarcely different in a single social particular than that of earth, only the buildings are more pretentious, the bridal veils lengthier and the wrist diamonds heavier and more expensive. Truman doesn't claim to be a scientist. He tells what allegedly happened to him and Miss Tennison writes it as an excellent newspaper "think piece." It is a book and an account that is bound to provoke controversy, but it will likewise provoke an understandable urge on the part of Hollywood movie producers to get up to Mormon Mesa and sign Aura up for a series of super-colossal productions. At any rate, it's a book well worth \$3 the copy just to keep abreast of Space-ship contact history. Funny thing, Soulcrafters

who've met Mary Bethurum say she's not at all the difficult type that Truman has implied. "Comfortable as an old shoe" was the somewhat rustic metaphor used by one Soulcrafters after personally meeting her. To my way of thinking, no nicer compliment can be paid any married woman. It's the other kind that raise all the headaches—and heartbreaks—here on Saros-Shan. Guess I ought to stop here. Too many ladies may wish to argue it . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Inferiority Complex

(Continued from Page 7)

Get it through your head that somewhere along in your present or recent lives, somebody feazed you with an exhibit of personality that threw your estimates of yourself all out of plumb. Your Inferiority Complex is a sort of hypnotic trance in which you've been living your life in consequence, ever since.

You've got to wash those folks out of your adolescent recollection—though the recollection is now subconscious.

It's no mere editorial-column wisecrack that the world accepts you at precisely the value that you place upon yourself! This doesn't mean that if you decide in your own mind that you're a millionaire, that the nearest bank is going to honor your cheque in seven figures.

You've got to have the cash on deposit when you write cheques, and no nonsense about it. By the same token, you must have real character on deposit when you write cheques of personal influence. In other words, when you put a value on yourself, it must have a basis in real character—you can't pose! You can be the thing that you envision, and the world will accept you on that basis without half the argument that you now imagine may be necessary.

Remember, that ninety-nine out of every hundred people are too busy at the job of thinking about themselves and worrying about their troubles, to pay much attention to you, anyhow. What you therefore take to be a bad Inferiority Complex in yourself probably is little more than a bit of oversized self-consciousness. What does it matter, if no one is noticing it?

Take reasonable responsibility upon

yourself, forget the seemingly dazzling personalities of Aged Souls far up ahead of you in the social procession, and dwell instead on the host of persons—incarnate or discarnate—who right this moment are willing to look to *you* as mentor.

In other words, get sane about yourself, and get the estimate of your present accomplishments in plumb.

You're the only person who thinks you are inferior, anyhow.

It's ten to one that your neighbors or associates haven't noticed it!

Perrins to Newsmen

(Continued from Page 7)

cosm, composed of Intellect, individuality, and eternal identity, as well as other attributes of the Divine Parent. Every soul is making a cosmic journey for experience and education—the two terms being more or less synonymous—of which this earth-episode is but an integral part, so that it may move along upward capable of becoming creative in its own right in the great scheme of universal Life. Perhaps the easier and happier roles as it encounters them might be called Heaven, and perchance the rough spots might be called Hell, especially when it has willfully taken a wrong road—which is where the Christ steps in to redirect, encourage, inspire and even rescue when necessary.

And I call on you, if you are in any way impressed by my appeal, to get in touch with Pelley's *Soulcraft*, circulated out of Noblesville, Indiana, for believe it or not Pelley gives plenty of evidence of having direct contact, through Extra-Sensory Perception, with loftier intelligences who know these things. If this is too much of a proposal for you to stomach, let me tell you that Emerson tried to do it a hundred years ago, Blavatsky seventy-five years ago, Ella Wheeler Wilcox fifty years ago—and now Pelley for the past twenty-five years, although during most of this time I had been learning from Theosophy.

If you can't believe it is true, it is probably because you are numb from the constant acceptance of ancient ideas and too old to change over. But just follow it as a lead, my friend. It won't bite you and it might mean a new career for you,

You Can Now Get the Soulscripts Up to Volume Nine . .

There are 13 Weekly *Soulscripts* to each Volume in the order of their publication. Each 13 is bound in a beautiful cover of burgundy-colored leatherette. The Ninth book in this series of Sacred Esoterics has just come from the bindery and can now be shipped same day that order comes in. There are three more volumes to come, making 12 in all or 156 Scripts to the collection. There have been 117 issued to the current week, making 39 still to come. This means the *Soulscripts* will continue to be issued until approximately November, 1954. Price \$5 per volume.



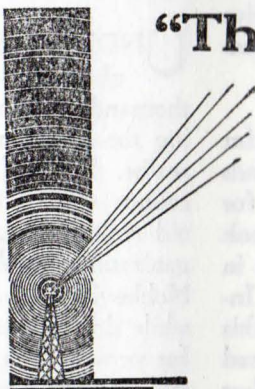
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

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The Payoff

Dachshund—Half a dog high by a dog-and-a-half long.

A bigot is one who is obstinately attached to an opinion that you cannot possibly entertain.

An adult is a human being who has stopped growing at both ends but begun growing in the middle.

An athlete may be described as a dignified bunch of muscles unable to split the wood or sift the ashes.

A bank is an institution where you can borrow money providing you can present sufficient evidence to show that you don't need it.

An American is a person who yells for the government to balance the budget but borrows five dollars from his nearest friend till payday.

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

IT IS time to send out a friendly warning to Soulcrafters who contemplate visiting Headquarters this summer. Call in advance on the telephone and specify the day and hour of arrival—or write for an appointment and wait for a definite confirmation—because with the things now transpiring in Greater Soulcraft it's going to be doubtful that I'll be present and available. Of course if they come to see Bill Manspeaker or "Ric" Williamson, that's something else. Personally, I must shift the base of my own operations away from the plant . . . if I'd entertain further hopes of getting my writing tasks accomplished. So large has the volume of activities become at Noblesville, and so incessant and callous the callers that whole days in the immediate past have been consumed in distractions and digressions that had nothing to do with my true functions in this Movement . . . preparing the manuscripts and publicity attendant on the manuscripts that serve the national audience with the literary product. Personal isolation is the only answer, excepting where I have appointments arranged in advance. By no means do I want the early stalwarts in this work ignored or neglected when they drive long distances to renew old associations. If I have these scheduled in advance, I can plan to see them accordingly . . .

IT HAS become a daily occurrence of late that a person afar reads a Soulcraft book or Script for the first time, finds something within it that challenges his convictions, clutches for pen and paper and forthwith writes me airmail, "Your book interests me so greatly that I shall make it a point to drop in and talk with you when I'm next in the vicinity of middle Indiana." And forthwith they do so. As I remarked on this page last week, forthwith they *wouldn't* do so if they'd read the entire agenda of the Soulcraft text. By the time that motorcars holding four or five of such inquirers have driven up out front the working hours of my day are shattered. If I refused to see them, their inevitable conclusion has been that I was hiding from them because "I couldn't take" open challenges about this or that "to my face". That I am not called to defend an opinion merely because it differs from that of some person who has paid four dollars for a book, has never occurred to them. If I requested them to wait until I had time available, they have "waited" by wandering through the premises and conversing with employees. So some staff member has had his time filched as well, and his

own workday spoiled, becoming involved in long-winded discussions as to why The Boss wrote paragraph four on page sixty-one. As if it mattered! Strange fixations some of these newcomers to Soulcraft exhibit. Having written a given book, I should not be above meeting all-comers and defending my views to the last coma or semicolon. Or they beg enlightenment on what to do about Sister Julia's son, age seven, who is given nightly to screaming in his sleep. What in the world can make little Horace sit up in bed at three a. m. and howl the neighbors awake likewise as though someone had plunged a hot poker through his midriff? Can it possibly be that he remembers an incident in his previous life when he got jammed in a tunnel and a couple of hot-breathed panthers came in to extricate him? Or if it isn't little Horace they have wished to consult me about, would I listen to the odd nightmare they suffered themselves at twenty-three when they ate a can of axle-grease by mistake, thinking it imported cheese? I have always tried to convey as adroitly as I could that I am not in the vocation of conducting psychiatric clinics. That proved I'm a poseur. If I'd been "on the level" I'd have heard them without a qualm.

UNDERSTAND me, I'm duly sympathetic with the complexes of all these dear but befuddled folk, but with thousands of Soulcrafters throughout the whole nation watching the postman for our latest publications, I have to be the realist. I'm at last forced to get me a cabin elsewhere in the county where I can retire and duly cogitate. I'll come out for old colleagues, sectional leaders, chaplains of groups with organizational problems, people I've expressly invited to come to Noblesville and closet themselves with me because I have worthwhile developments to discuss with them. I will not come out for persons who walk in to "shake my hand" and prove there truly is such a pundit as myself and he's not two other fellows, salesmen for new gadgets to save the time of stenographers, uncles who want something done about sister Annabel's oldest girl who read *Adam Awakes* and eloped next day with a trapdrummer, preachers who want to "convert" me to the Vicarious Atonement "to save my soul from Eternal Torment", or garage mechanics who want to tell me about the Flying Saucer that a second cousin saw hovering over Sidney, Australia. I've masterminded the outfit for twenty-six years without a holiday. I've earned the right to commune with my soul . . . (assuming I've got a soul, which I'm perfectly aware the orthodox doubt) . . .

¶ *He who governed the world before my birth will take care of it after my death; my part is to improve the now.*