

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 26

WHAT YOU POSSESS TO BE HAPPY ABOUT ..

THE EDITORIAL motive behind VALOR is not to print Pollyanna assurances of good times ahead for the sake of being "different" but to present a rational picture of what is transpiring in the world as viewed from a higher angle of spiritual intelligence.

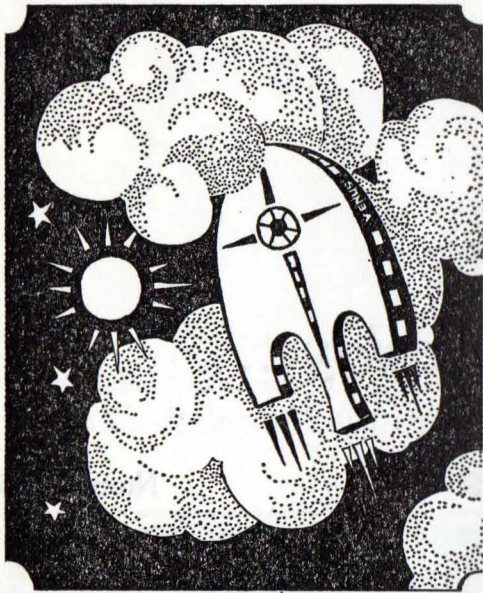
These are the Days of the Great Accounting which mankind is entering. A complete revaluation of religious, ethical, and economic tenets is in process—though mass humanity is only vaguely aware of it. The world contains a sizable element that is supposed to know the outcome with reasonable accuracy in order to function as capable shepherds of the benighted or perverse.

To this element does VALOR address itself . . .



THAT nearly two-thirds of the woes and turmoils over which society is hysterically worrying at present are mere fabricated worries, for the purpose of achieving ends which only a little handful of the truly wise suspect, is something known by the limited few.

This is not saying that nobody in the current scene has anything to be concerned about in the face of imminent developments; it is saying that when one has become sufficiently enlightened to discern the real from the fallacious, his concepts of what is coming hold



Let's Not Forget this Superior Race May Be Infiltrated Amongst Us for the Next Thousand Years of Earthlife

little of despair. In other words, putting it bluntly and without undue beating around the bush, *the human race actually has everything under heaven to be happy about*, but possessing no means for learning this as a fact, today's benighted citizen is affrighted and at a loss. On the other hand, the things that humanity should be giving the utmost attention, it cannot identify because they are purposefully kept covered.

FOR INSTANCE, there are three great jeopardies played up for attention before the world today. They are Communism, H-bombs, and Flying saucers. Communism is now widely acclaimed as a politico-economic menace, the H-Bombs are thrust into the forefront of attention as military menace, the Flying Saucers would appear to menace the safety and longevity of this planet as a planet—by reason of which there is a bloc that holds it to be indiscreet to incite the public about them by openly accrediting them. But how does the enlightened intellect regard them?

The enlightened intellect sees Communism as an instrument kept sharp and potent that Russia may be used as an international pressure-bloc on the free nations whenever expediency requires to achieve quite other ends; it sees the H-bomb potential as the means for frightening the public out of its wits and thus making it malleable toward palliatives that advance the designs of Woodrow Wilson's "little group of willful men"; it sees the Space-Ship advent as the advance-guard of celestial cohorts prefacing the stupendous significances of the Second Coming—entirely aside from any

desire-wish thinkings of its own on the subject.

But is the benighted public ready to acknowledge that such bases for its terrors may be *fact*?

Decidedly it is not.

FRANKLY, to evaluate the real significance of these three, their order should be reversed. The Flying Saucers should come first in importance, with H-bombs second and Communism trailing along behind.

Notice that in all the fanfare about Saucers, not the slightest insinuation has been dropped of any compassionate, constructive, or altruistic motives behind the interplanetary visitors' purposes in appearing here at this time—indeed, it is the proper attitude not to accredit their literality at all. This of itself should carry its significances but doesn't.

Notice that each and every awesome development in the H-bomb situation is followed inevitably by a rash of editorial and reportorial slantings that the one and only alternative to universal catastrophe which they represent, is swift and inevitable surrender of America's constitutional sovereignty to United Nations. This should carry double significance—but doesn't.

Notice that whereas it is now quite popular to be anti-Communitic, and China gets the build-up as co-menace with Russia, not the slightest approbation is forthcoming about exonerating any veteran anti-Red fighters of the past from legal stigmas continuing to handicap them, but on the contrary it is the Attorney General's recommendation that the status quo against "subversives" be maintained even to the extent of cancelling their citizenship and in cases of proven espionage, causing them to forfeit their lives. These should carry triple significance—but don't.

As the colloquialism has it, there should be suspicion of an extremely sizable gentleman of color in the cordwood somewhere, but it becomes almost a col-

lusion with Russia to mention it.

When this extremely sizable gentleman of color is dragged forth and identified, what of humanity then? . . . What of the "little group of willful men" in such seasons?

Their exposure follows inexorably.

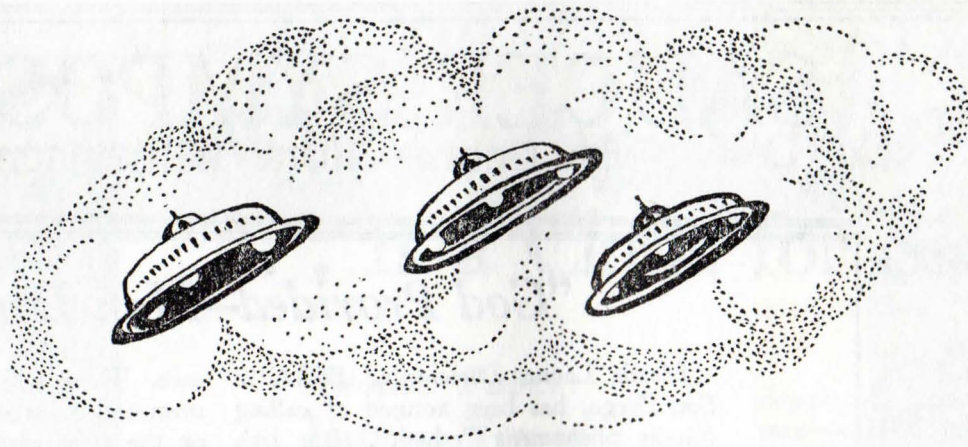
IT IS VALOR's position that when the real truth behind the world's present setup truly *does* become known, humanity is due to find itself happy unto a species of delirium . . . because in such day and hour, two-thirds of humanity's current terrorizing comes abruptly to its end. The utmost cooperation with the Space Men becomes a fact, the super-detonations of the H-bombs are curtailed, and the Iron Curtains around Russia and China collapse to expose their screenings of weaknesses of those nations instead of their strengths.

The Enlightened refuse to be further hoodwinked that propaganda toward the secure establishment of world super-government isn't behind the whole cacophony . . . with the "little group of willful men" expecting to operate behind and through such government, thus manipulating the world at their pleasure.



Senator Jenner declared this week that the war building up in Indo-China will not be won at Die Bien Phu. It will be won or lost in Washington, D. C. The

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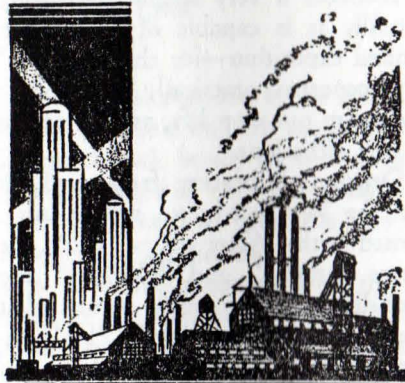
Army Man from White Sands Taken Over New York City in Flying Saucer Trip

LAST WEEK I told you that there was a startling climax to the First Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention held at Giant Rock Airport near Joshua Tree, California on April 4th. No saucer or cigar-shaped mother ship came into view to be observed by the thousands gathered there in desert heat.

There were many signs in the heavens and many saw those signs. Perhaps only those who were supposed to see them did so. . . "The signs of God are for those that discern them," the Saucer people have said in times past. I spoke to several groups of people who had observed formations of four and seven saucers fly over the convention at tremendous altitudes. High-powered binoculars had been used on these, and there was no mistake in the observation . . . they were neither aircraft nor balloons. The craft never came low enough, however, to be seen by all present.

There were really two great climaxes to this desert meeting. Bethurum, Angelucci, Van Tassel, Scully, and myself had spoken. We told of our personal experiences with Saucer people. You could feel tension in the atmosphere . . . it nearly suffocated you as it rose from the crowd along with the heat from the desert floor. Then, suddenly, "it" came. . .

Van Tassel was ready to wind up the day by thanking everyone for their attention, when out of the assembled multi-



By Geo. Hunt Williamson

tude, strode a man in his early forties. This was an average-looking American, who walked up the make-shift stairway to the speakers' platform to ask if he could tell his own experience with Space visitors!

FOR a long time Saucer researchers have known that many other individuals have had personal contacts. It was also known that these people would someday step forth and tell their stories.

Before us stood this stranger, shy, but determined to tell what he knew. His name was Dan Fry, and he lived in Puente, California. Here was his story—

On July 4th of 1950 *he was in the service of the United States at White Sands Proving Grounds in New Mexico.* It was a day hot as only a July 4th could be on New Mexican desert. The other attaches

had left for the holiday. Fry was alone. Suddenly the air-conditioning system stopped. Our friend figured the fault lay in the equipment. The heat soon became unbearable in the closeness of the barracks buildings, so he decided to go outside. He hadn't gone far *when he nearly fell into a Flying Saucer!*

"I was startled, to say the least," said he. "What was this thing I was encountering on the desert, and at White Sands of all places? I stepped into a small bush and looked up at the fantastic sight. I did not feel afraid and upon going close, I decided to enter the craft through a doorway that had slowly opened in its side. Once inside, I was still not afraid, but curious, feeling no harm would come to me. I don't know how I knew. I just did.

"I didn't see anyone, but I heard a voice as though coming from a speaker somewhere inside. The voice was friendly and used perfect English. 'Hi, friend', it said in vernacular. I wanted to know what this craft was, I wanted to know the identity of the voice that spoke and I wanted to know where the ship had come from. There were things then said about world conditions and I shall tell you more about these things at a later time. The "voice" told me that I could ask questions, that I should decide on the most important questions, because I only had thirty minutes.

"I didn't know what to do . . . thirty

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...



"God Provided--Man Divided"

Meade Layne, Director of BSRA in San Diego, has been accused of calling Saucer phenomena "etheric". But let's see just what he means by that term. Does he mean spirit-like, airy, tenuous, spiritual? Or does he mean "etheric" in the sense of *upper regions of space*?

Let me quote from the Round Robin, Vol. IX, No. 5, the etheric notes of Gerald Light on page 6. "Perhaps the most fundamental distinction between ourselves and the Etherians is that of *density*. This is probably a very simple statement, but actually it is capable of an almost unlimited exposition—for this term of 'density' concerns practically everything that makes up our own life, as well as the life of the Etherians."

Density! Vibratory frequency! Those are the key words we are mainly concerned with. After all, we can't use the terms "etheric" and "physical" so profoundly until we really know what we mean when we use them. Think on this for a moment . . . would it make sense that all worlds are "etheric nothingness" and our earth the only materially "solid" world in the Great Totality? Of course not . . . anymore than the idea that we are the only world in the entire Omniverse with human life on it, and all the other worlds barren balls of gas or red deserts supporting only weird jelly-men or some other childish conception of interstellar life-forms.

We learn that our word physical means: Of or pertaining to nature (as including *all created existence*). Then are not the so-called "etheric" worlds "physical" in their own right since they have created existence from a natural standpoint? Where then is our point of argument? Let's not swing either to the left or right, but stay on the middle path of logic and reason.

H.P.B. points out some very significant facts in "Secret Doctrine". We can see other worlds such as Jupiter, Mars, Venus, etc. in our telescopes because they are operating on our own plane of exist-

ence. There will be differences between them and ourselves, but all are operating on the same plane. Now there may be myriads of worlds between the observed planet and our telescope, but they may be "invisible" to our vision because they are not operating in our plane of density. Does this make them any less real? Does it make them any less "physical" in their own rights?

Mr. Rowan tells us that the governments of the world shouldn't try to prove that Saucers are coming from other inhabited planets, but should show the public that they have supernatural origin. We must point out that *nothing is supernatural once we understand it!* That term only applies to our nonunderstanding of any natural matter. We have divided and categorized everything for so long on earth that we lose sight of the fact that all is truly *one*—physical, mental and spiritual are not separate states but co-exist with each other.

SO, the truth of the matter is, we have Saucers coming from many different densities all in different stages of progression. Some come from worlds with our own vibratory frequency, such as Mars, Venus and so on. Others come from far distant galaxies which are in other densities and therefore operate in different frequencies. If these intelligences are so far advanced is it strange that they can control matter and thereby reduce their frequency and enter our world as "physical" beings? It is hard for us to think of a "spiritual" or "etheric" rock, tree, or man . . . because we tend to disbelieve that which our third density eyes cannot see.

The *Mystic* article winds up by stating that the greatest proof of all for an "etheric" origin of saucers is the fact that in six years no power of any government in the world has been able to "ground" or even damage a single space ship.

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THERE ARE those who say, "The flying saucers are from etheric realms and therefore cannot be from other planets." Then there are those who say, "The flying saucers are from other planets, therefore they cannot be from etheric realms."

In the May issue of *Mystic Magazine*, is an article entitled, "Are There Etheric Armies?" by Robert Rowan. Rowan tells us that those who claim the saucers to be interplanetary cannot substantiate their claim and cannot justify scientifically the reported performance of many Saucers in the light of materialistic fact. He goes on to say that the Saucers answer *all* of the requisites for etheric origin, and *none* of the requisites for interplanetary fact.

Mr. Rowan's points are good, but let's not get one-sided. After all, just what do we mean when we so glibly employ the terms, etheric, supernatural, physical? According to him, every other world in the entire creation or Omniverse must be "etheric" and our poor little earth must be the only "materialistic" or "physical" world that the Creator ever brought to life.

THOSE who state that the Saucers are *only* from "physical" worlds like our own are also on shaky ground. We must constantly inform ourselves that Creation is in a constant state of flux or change. In fact, everything changes but change itself. So, the only really stable thing is the operation of constant and perpetual change.



WHAT this World Needs .. Is a Clinic for Sick Souls

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

THE MAN or woman of analytical turn of mind, who deliberately gives thought to human existence in its basic aspects, is certain to acquire a perturbing conviction. Sooner or later he or she finds it necessary to decide that nine-tenths of people are hideously unhappy. Happiness as an earthly condition must be something of a paradox. The only contented people seem to be those without ambitions, goods, or imagination.

The item of what to do about it—assuming that something should be done about it—has given the world its religionists, philosophers, poets, and sociologists.

The conclusion that there is not much that can be done about it, has likewise made its contribution to human thought: in that it has given the world its cynics, ascetics, suicides, and chinless persons of the masculine gender who toot dolefully on saxaphones at two in the morning.

The old saying that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world" is true only to a limited degree. It isn't all kinds of people that it takes to make a world but all kinds of griefs, frustrations, thwarted hopes, and maladjusted egos.

People are all alike. It is the variety of plights into which they work themselves, or land inadvertently, that makes Peter different from Paul, or Lizzie different from Suzie, with all four of them certain that never in the history of the race was man or woman born whose lack of true happiness exceeded their own.

Such being human life as we commonly find it, it should be both engaging and profitable to look levelly at this question of human happiness—or what passes for it—and perceive what gives the race this promiscuous social malady.

Why is it that nine-tenths of the human species are viciously at war with life?

What constitutes Happiness, anyhow, that persons in such numbers are forever on the quest for it?

Why should not human spirits have been inducted into this earthly arena for a Sojourn in Enjoyment instead of one perpetual Sojourn in Ordeal where too often ecstasy is attainable only at a cost in social lesion?

ACCOST the first man you meet on the street and ask him: "Are you happy? If sobeit he answers you before wondering what right you have to ask it, he will answer: "Of course not!" Get into his confidence, press him for details, and you will uniformly discover that he has ideals and aspirations beyond his present powers to gratify. He may want a new car, a new job, a new wife. He may merely aspire to an existence where cars, jobs, and wives are distinguished by their absence. He may cherish secret designs to be a statesman, a preacher, or an author—or, finding himself a statesman, preacher, or author, he may the more satisfactorily desire himself in the role of

dog-catcrer, bill poster, or fuller brushman—so that he can call on all the outstanding house-wives and discuss, let's say, the politics of Europe.

The superficial observer might conclude that Happiness consists in forever being the thing one is not. Comedians are not happy till they are allowed to play Shakespeare. Seemingly contented wives and mothers cherish secret designs to acquire slinky gowns or swim suits.

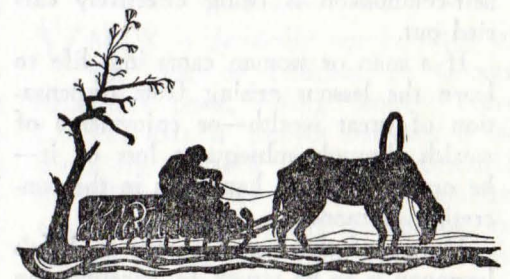
"The whole world of men and women wants to be the opposite of what each is," might be the conclusion, "but the question arises: assuming that each could be such opposite, would he truly be happy or immediately aspire to quite something else?"

We must probe down into the roots of this matter as to what Happiness is—abstractly—to diagnose this ailment which seems well-nigh universal.

First, to the dictionary!

"Happiness," says Webster's, or maybe it's the Standard, both essentially agreeing on the subject, "is the state or quality of being happy: the pleasurable experience that springs from possession of goods or the gratification of desires."

Happiness, therefore, is the state or quality of obtaining the thing for which one secretly longs.



But immediately, surveying such designation, we are confronted by the quandary: Assuming that one secretly longs for a thing, or a series of things, what assurance has he that having procured or attained them, he would not immediately long for something else? (over)

Does it mean that Happiness is the epitome of whatever, in any status or condition, is forthwith out of reach?

Take the proposition, turn it about, and seek for information from the person who is happy—or at least gives you the impression of being happy.

What has he attained that the other man has not?

WE HAVE to go back to the underlying fundamental for all mortal life—

So-called men and women come into physical existence for a span of solar years to proceed through a gamut of human experiencings. This gamut of human experiencings is sagaciously prescribed and artfully acknowledged. It has as its end and total the delivery of definite benefits into the character. To arrive at, or attain to, these benefits certain goals are set up, to reach and pass which are known as the Career.

If the truth could be known, all desires, all ambitions, all wholesome aspirations, are birthed from such prescription, acknowledged en toto.

Very good, then!

In the exact ratio that the given person approximates those desires, ambitions, aspirings—or feels himself or herself on the way toward ultimate and satisfying attainment of them—he or she enjoys the only earthly rendition of that state known as Happiness!

If the man or woman came into life to be a great teacher or instructor, he or she is not happy so much from tacitly becoming such teacher or instructor as from realizing that the prescribed brevet or self-commission is being effectively carried out.

If a man or woman came into life to learn the lessons arising from dispensation of great wealth—or enjoyments of wealth through subsequent loss of it—he or she will find happiness in the concreting of money.

If one of the major chords in Life's harmony is to be struck by encountering and wedding one's cosmic complement, and gaining true spiritual profits from loving association with one's alter-self, happiness will be derived in greatest measure from the increments of a love affair that deliriously persists, approximating for human observation the high-octave cama-

raderie that has been responsible for the classical romances of antiquity.

Webster's or the Standard dictionary may have it right when either says that happiness is the pleasurable experience that springs from the gratification of desires, but Webster's or the Standard dictionary might go a step further and outline the reasons for desires in the first place.

We have desires for this or that, because somehow or other we recognize in gratification an enhancement or propelling movement toward the spiritual acquisitions we specified for ourselves as our motives for attempting a fresh life at all.

No matter how purblind or vague the groping, or what subverted or even prostituted form our gropings may take, deep in the vaults of the prenatal consciousness the blueprints are hidden away, depicting the increment we are intent upon achieving.



It is because no one situation, no one spiritual, social, or material condition, can deliver such increment fully of itself, that the state known as Happiness seems to be elusive.

The increment wanted for the totality of life is compounded of many factors, though one dominant note may run through the whole of them. So we get happiness in this or that—temporarily—in certain sequences as we encounter them. But none of them are permanent for the simple reason that as soon as we have extracted the karmic or cosmic profit, we are voraciously eager to get on to the next.

The sum-total extractions, from all the sequences, give the life that is satisfac-

tory and gratifying as the whole.

We say that this person or that person has lived a "happy" life.

We mean that the epitome of his experiencings and accomplishments has approximated the correct cosmic commissionings that brought him into existence to begin with.

He has made good to himself in most of the prescribing that motivated his physical entrance and consistent worldly pursuits.

Adjudged on this basis, the question of Happiness resolves itself to this—

In your own case, if you consider yourself unhappy, can you analyze yourself in your prenatal prescriptions and arrive at a conscious and clarified understanding of what, in the final casting-up, you want this life to deliver to your ego?

Determine that Basic Motif and happiness as Happiness may not be as elusive as it seems.

CONSIDERING a negative aspect of the problem for the moment to arrive at a positive, one of the most outstanding contributions to the so-called Happy Life as it holds appeal for normal men and women, is the finding or supplying of the alter-complement in the progressing association. The average mortal phrases it: "Give me the right person to love me enough, and earth—for me—could hold no greater happiness!"

None of it is eroticism.

Such people are but giving expression to an overwhelming Call, not of physical nature so much as of spiritual essence.

It is far from being lascivious surfeit that such people grope after, so much as the well-rounded or perfectly-rendered vehicle by which to express themselves toward Cosmos or enjoy its reactions spiritually.

A person, man or woman, inexpertly—therefore inadequately—loved, is not alone a person badly out of cosmic balance but a person not fully capable of projecting or receiving the increments which one life, or a thousand, is expected to deliver to his or her characters.

When, conversely, the correct and perfectly balanced mating is achieved—spiritually, mentally, and physically—a unit for mundane function is evolved with maximum capacities for exhausting life's roles of their last iota of experience-increment. (Continued on Page 11)



Week in Retrospect

RIC Williamson absents himself from editorial duties to speak in Chicago on April 28th under the auspices of the Flying Saucer Review. Some 5,000 persons are expected to be present. The gathering is scheduled for 32 West Randolph Street, Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. All Soulcrafters in the Chicago area will do themselves a disservice by not being present.

* * *

WORD came the Indianapolis Hospital this week that the two-headed Hartley infant—or infants—died of faulty respiration suddenly on Tuesday. One of the dual “heads” expired about fifteen minutes before the other. Obviously the souls incarnate in the abnormal organism foresaw the circumscriptions of their strange situation and relinquished. No comment excepting sympathy to the bereaved parents.

* * *

CLIPPINGS have come from all over America, but mainly the far Northwest, apprising VALOR of the strange peppering of glass windshields by “invisible buckshot” whose origin cannot be located. Attributing the phenomena to the usual atom bomb blast would not explain how a series of similar episodes on a stretch between England and Scotland held public attention throughout Britain a couple of years ago, before H-bomb blasts were of moment. Lately the English-Scottish phenomenon seems to have died down. Now the Seattle-Bellingham area gets it. Some of the accounts would lead to the suspicion that poltergeists are responsible. Naturally the disgruntled are ready to attribute them to Space Ship occupants . . . as though beings far advanced in civilization would journey all the distance from Mars or Venus to break a series of automobile windshields. What VALOR wonders is, if such spectacular incidents are precipitated to bring to public attention the question as to whether or not there must be visibility

to attest to reality? Visibility, as every physicist knows, is purely an incident of the human eye picking up light-waves of an accommodating length to the human head's optical equipment. Maybe this is a far-fetched demonstration of humanity's optical circumscriptions. Merely a conjecture.

* * *

BEYOND GRANDEUR, the Chief's profoundest book on esoterics, begun shortly after the Bertie Lilly Candler seance at Noblesville on October 14th last, started onto the Soulcraft presses this week. Its subtitle reads, *Design for Immortality*. It is a complete digest of all evidence, in logic or otherwise, of the soul's survival and consummate purpose in visiting earth. It promises to make more than 320 printed pages, on the usual India paper, de luxe leatherette binding, and will sell for \$5. Mainly it's an *extenuation* of certain principles most clearly set forth by Mary Baker Eddy in *Science & Health*. Incidentally, the author has dedicated it to Mrs. Eddy. This will become one of the most important volumes in your Soulcraft Library. Like all Soulcraft editions, it perforce must be limited. Getting your order in for it without delay would be smart business.

* * *

INQUIRIES, some of them well-nigh hysterical, are coming in, wanting to know if VALOR is aware of the talk flying back and forth between West Coast air bases that space-ships have not only grounded on government properties but in cases conferred freely with our air officials, even to demonstrating the processes of materialization and dematerialization. Yes, VALOR has been aware of it over a period of days running to weeks but has felt that this was an air-force matter relating to national security and not an item to be sensationalized. Meade Layne of BSRA has felt the same. Letter in from Layne, however, remarks that the situation at the AF Base is already



known to the major news releases and in any event cannot be kept secret much longer—and stories by hearsay are bound to be distorted. That President Eisenhower is fully apprised of the liaison is something to be taken for granted. What he does about it, or comments upon it, is his official business wholly.

* * *

FROM the other side of the nation, Massachusetts, a freshly-arrived letter reads: “We had a big explosion heard in Easton the other night. The police and meteorologists haven't located it yet, although witnesses all around heard it.” Evidently a fireball similar to the one described by Ric Williamson in last week's VALOR story of the proceedings at Giant Rock. The Space Men imply that these fireballs, of copper base, are exploded harmlessly to sterilize our atmosphere after our reckless H-bomb explosions.

* * *

VALOR is decidedly not in favor of the type of criticism of George Adamski's book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, that is thrown out merely to prove the author's narrative fabricated. Ric Williamson was Adamski's shoulder-to-shoulder companion in the episode, excepting for the brief time that Adamski had withdrawn down the arroyo to converse with the Venus Man intimately. Williamson's complete confirmation of the book-account is good enough for Soulcraft. VALOR's spacecraft editor continues to speak in highest terms of Mr. Adamski, and has shown other staff mem-

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In Focus

LETTERS arrive deprecating the overweening attention that Soulcraft and VALOR seem to be paying to the Flying Saucer phenomena. One might imagine that groups of ingenious journalists had hatched up the space-craft developments to provide thrills for jaded readers to get the latters' minds off taxes. One three-page communication comes in, affecting to apprise this editor "undercover" that the whole business was started off by a coterie of Hollywood press agents to advertise a forthcoming flicker but that it "got out of hand" and "people are now going crazy seein' things."

VALOR does, and does not, wish it were true.

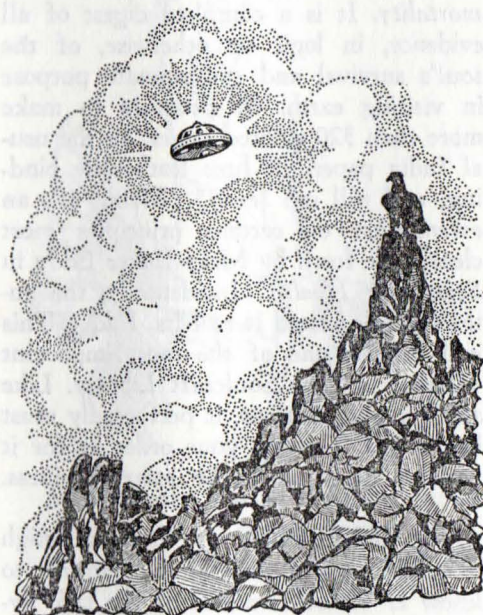
Too many bona fide disclosures are clearing across the top of this editor's desk for it to be a spurious sensation that "got out of hand." One of its associate editors, George Hunt Williamson, stood a hundred feet from a grounded Saucer pilot, and later took plaster casts of his footprints. And Ric is by no means the only individual who has reported confronting Saucer travelers face to face. It is time for the rank and file of intellectual provincials to snap out of the reflex that there's no such thing as traveling up through the air in a flying machine or listening in Indiana to a prima donna sing in San Francisco *while* she sings.

John Otto, who has just concluded a

series of successful meetings in Detroit and Chicago for George Adamski, attended by six to ten thousand people, reports in person that the temper of the American people is now such that they *want* this thing to happen, and hope that it *is* happening . . . to wit, supra-mentalities descending from the skies to take hold of the messed and tangled affairs of this sorrowful planet and straighten out what the partisan politicians have created. Panic? It's the opposite of panic.

And Soulcraft is by no means diverting itself into a hiatus of mystical teaching in order to join the concurrent cacophony. The arrival of the Avatar People in the Saucers constitutes the advance guard of the Second Coming. VALOR emphasizes an exclamation of Adamski's to Ric a few weeks ago at Palomar, "Where does Christ fit into it all? . . . Heavenly Day, man, the Flying Saucers *are* Christ!"

He was speaking symbolically, of course.



If the editor of VALOR hadn't heard of the Space Craft influx some twenty-five years before it started, this publication might not devote quite so much space to the development. But the ESP disclosures are now coming true before his eyes. Almost, they might be termed the materializations of the Soulcraft tenets. And if any more proofs of their authenticity could be forthcoming than the bewilderment and despair to hysteria of the anti-Christ cohorts, VALOR's imagination cannot conjure it. Here at last is

something utterly outside their province and purse strings to intimidate.

That is enough.

Probabilities

IN THE whole spectacular stramash, however, let us by no means rest content with envisioning this sequence merely as one out-of-this-world episode in the affairs of men, to be followed by a competitive incident in some other international quarter. Adamski, Williamson, Bethurum, Angelucci, and others may draw their listening crowds by thousands, but that is merely because the induction is a novelty. When the novelty wears off, then what?

We are apparently not to be rid of our aerial visitors at our caprice, or by politely suggesting they no longer interest us and will they kindly get back into their concentric vehicles and go home. Obviously gathering in, as they are, for secular renovations incidental to the Second Coming, they are not with us on joyrides. The more fools they, if having straightened out the melee caused by H-bombs and predatory Communism, they considerably retire into craft and wave us adieu . . . leaving it to the next administration of megalomaniacal politicians to get us into a repetition of the current fracas almost before the Saucer folk have traveled beyond the moon.

These interplanetary folk may well be with us upwards of the coming thousand years!

As the utter fallacy of the religious hypothesis is proven by their enlightenments, the thinking of this entire planet must alter. Churchianity is all too positively slated to come forth from the Dark Ages of the Piscean Era and be seen for the breeder of strifes, woes, and dissensions it has been. Economics must change under the offices of Higher Supervisors who make it clear that competitive economics between nations is fundamentally the cause of War. Human longevity in the individual instance must step up as secrets of controlling disease and physical demise are introduced. In short, the society of the whole earth must cease thinking in States or continents and begin to think in planets and solar systems. People now alive in flesh will doubtless

visit some of these neighboring planets and return, forever shattering the smugness of Yesterday's isolation in respect to global thinkings.

The mightiest renovation, of course, is due to be man's emancipation from his terrors at Death. When humankind from Greenland's Icy Mountain to India's Coral Strand are required by demonstrated proofs to subscribe to the fact of reincarnation, the race as a species may start to do some realistic thinking about human culture.

These are the things that are on the cards.

And they are the actualities of the Golden Times.

VALOR cannot remain insensible to the circumstance that a hundred years from today, and perhaps sooner, people all over the globe are going to declare, "This whole enlightenment was contained in a perspicacious library of psychical scripts that went for a time by the name of Soulcraft. But our parents couldn't 'see' it because they were too blinded and enslaved by theological fixations and economic pressures."

It is the prospect of all such reactions that truly engage VALOR and command such print space.

Remember, the nations are due not only to become straightened out in their intercontinental dealings *but kept straightened out.*

A lot of maverick spirits are not going to relish this after the seventh year of it. Too bad, too bad.

Meanwhile, the fact that Adamski or Williamson attract audiences in the thousands really belongs with the peanut shucks of evolutionary happenings. A passing hysteria attendant on the Main Event.

Even so, come Thou soon, Lord Jesus!

Debts and Survivals



WHILE the Saucer Phenomena expand by the week, the intellectual provincials work themselves into a lather as to which is due to arrive first, financial and economic prostration, or H-bomb war with Russia and China? VALOR's position is, *neither!* Not as a major development in itself. Turmoil such as the earth has never seen, prophesied for 1900 years,



WHIMSY



BENEATH the spreading chestnut tree
The smith no more is seen,
Today he peddles souvenirs,
Hot dogs and gasoline . .

His anvil clangs no more a tune
To sparks that upward fly,
Machinery hath the blacksmith whipped
And likewise you and I.

Our legs are weakened at the joints
With little or no use,
We ride a high-priced motorcar
Two blocks for orange-juice.

The government provides a bus
To tote our squids to school,
They scorn the use of Old Shank's Mare,
To walk denotes the fool.

We once did care for persons old
When they could toil no more,
But now we place them On Relief
Lest we be classed as poor.

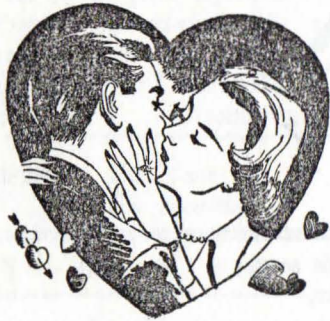
The interest on the public debt
Our taxes cannot cover,
We spend our pelf by trillions now
New debtors to discover.

We love our wondrous government
Maintained by Uncle Sam,
Relief and taxes pay all bills,
We just *ask* foes to scam.

But cheer you up, Friend Citizen,
We'll learn from all the fuss
That mighty oaks where'er beheld
Were once just nuts—like us!

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Soulcraft Chapels

may attend on the restriction measures that begin to go in, curbing the earth's recalcitrant or predatory elements. But at the long last it will do them no good. And every good!

Russia and China are due to be curbed but again not as mass mankind expects. Maneuvers have already started that practically commit us to fighting France's war in Indo-China. But from interplanetary sources it commences to look as though the superior intellects on neighboring planets consider that the risk of wholesale atomic bombings, disrupting aerial conditions and maybe orbital balancings on other solar satellites, may be too great to be permitted to occur. This would mean a vastly stepped-up program for Space intervention in the negotiations of these irresponsible mortal statesmen. Such a stepped-up program would mean an earlier intervention than was originally planned. So what has seemingly begun as an aerial curiosa may swiftly and significantly shift to the induction of agents and agencies to whom no earthly principality or power may dictate.

When VALOR has said in the past, therefore, or says at present, that the true destiny of this planet and its inhabitants is in the hands of the Christ, it has been mouthing no religious sentimentality. The cynics and materialists may scoff, but if the spokesmen for international perdition are suddenly stopped cold, the bona fide Christians of this hemisphere may have cause for getting down on their knees and offering some *real* prayers of thanksgiving. The precipitation of economic readjustment is quite something else. And secondary.

VALOR holds firm to the general position that nine-tenths of the hysteria beheld in the press over the menace of Russian H-bombs is actually clumsily artful propaganda to manufacture public sentiment behind the United Nations suzerainty—that one Mediterranean nation and people may clandestinely succeed to control of the whole.

But that as well is due to come to grief. Nothing is due to sugar off permanently on this planet until it is sugared off *right!* VALOR does not say that no convulsion of any sort is due—with the Space Men in the picture. VALOR does say that what is happening or is soon to occur partakes of the nature of a renovating convulsion.

That, we can well afford. But nobody familiar with the *Golden Scripts* is worrying.

If *you* are worrying, you haven't yet discovered the real tenor of that sublime and timely work . . .

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

We are further told that the reason for this would be hard to understand, if the Saucers were on *our* material plane. We are also told that what the army or air force can get photos of, it can surely hit with its guns. However, *the saucers cannot be shot down with any weapon we have on earth.* But is this because they are "supernatural"? No, a thousand times! There is no supernatural except in our own conception.

The saucers are operating in a Resonating Electro-Magnetic force field that prevents *anything* from striking the ship. By anything is meant cosmic debris, meteors, bullets, bombs or men. By supernatural we mean beyond nature as we know it for nothing is *beyond* nature, for that would mean it existed beyond and outside of the Creator Himself. So the reason for their not being shot down is a purely *natural* reason. They are not "spooks" or "ghosts" that allow bullets to go whizzing through their middles. Is it not then possible that our archaic idea of "paradise" or the after-life or the spirit world is also inaccurate? *Could it be that the spirit life is but stepping out of one frequency into another?*

OUR TENDENCY is to grasp one facet of the truth and hold it up as our own pet theory, hoping the world will take hold of what we have brought it by the genius of our great brain. To all of this we say, Nonsense! How could any one man or theory present all the true facts of Creation? Mr. Rowan tells us that we can't "kill" a "dead" man. This is true, but let me ask this question: Why can't we? The answer we will find is not "supernatural" but fits the great natural laws of Creation as *everything* must.

Truly, God Provided—Man Divided. The sooner we realize and accept this simple fact, the quicker we are going to learn more about the Universe we live in.

Sick Souls

(Continued from Page 6)

We say that happily-mated people live the richer lives.

Some literary philosophers put it that life's increments are always the more fecund when shared.

Always and forever we have to hark back to the two mighty fundamentals for the mundane experience: First, that spirit-souls come into the worldly arena as physically self-sufficient halves; second, that definite prenatal prescriptions have been arranged, serving as blueprints for such twin-sexed soul, adherence to which leads to ecstatic accomplishments.

What a far cry all of it is to the blind, hectic, bedeviling ignorance enshrouding the average man or woman in such matters, pushing them out into physical expressions without the slightest clue consciously as to why they may have essayed the life-brevet at all!

They blunder, stumble, and grope through earth's experiencings, yes. Admittedly they gain the increment. But they do so in a torn, thwarted, enforced acquiescence of heart and intellect in action, which too often damages them out of proportion to the profits.

THE CRYING need of the world today is not so much a new and novel economic plan by which wealth is distributed more equitably or leaders of radical thought held within more circumspect bounds. The crying need of the world today is for clinics for souls, wherein such things are authoritatively revealed and demonstrated.

The entire structure of human thought and thinking needs rebuilding.

First of all, men and women from the moment of earthly entrance should have their Eternal Selves reminded after the amnesia of birth that they have arrived in new fleshly vehicles and roles for a purpose that is blueprinted.

They have come into life anew to experience the rigors of a definite environment that it may deliver into their evolving characters the specific increments they need. There has been Chance in none of it. They have bargained for a specific Cook's Tour through a definite status of society that they may pass through certain terrain and witness profitable wonders.

They have done this in the masculine or feminine biological form as the case may be, that their aggressive or conserving compilation of attributes may have play and counterplay each upon the other, and each recognize the other for the segregation that it is.

This means that for every man or woman, physically rendered, there is somewhere in earth or cosmos the adequate spiritual mate and with such identified—and still better, embraced—the completed spiritual vehicle is at hand for gaining the increments from the sojourn to the fullest.

Secondly, all things and happenings which subsequently accrue, are always and forever in the nature of stipulations from the one master blueprint, guiding and directing the human soul-unit toward the specified accomplishment to make the sojourn productive of that which caused it to be undertaken at the start.

Nothing of consequence, in other words, happens in life by chance. All things are constructively motivated in line with the Major Attainment subconsciously recognized.

With these as the bases for all philosophic thought, the daily, weekly, monthly, or yearly involvements assume the aspects of mere educative sequences.

"I had this thing coming to me!" is the strong, sure, sustaining explanation for whatever arrives as life's drama unfolds. "If I had it coming to me, I had need of its increment. Before entering into life I must have prescribed that it should happen. The thing to do therefore, is to look for the increment and absorb it with adroitness."

Happiness

(Continued from Page 2)

"dead hand" of Dean Acheson, still very much alive in the State Department and allegedly directing South Asia operations, supplies more excuses for turning the propaganda on the war itself instead of upon the contingent of those constituting Acheson's dead hand. This would be the customary paradox unless the overall aspirations of the "willful men" were recognized.

So the specific thing that the enlightened Soulcrafters possess to be happy

(Continued on Page 14)



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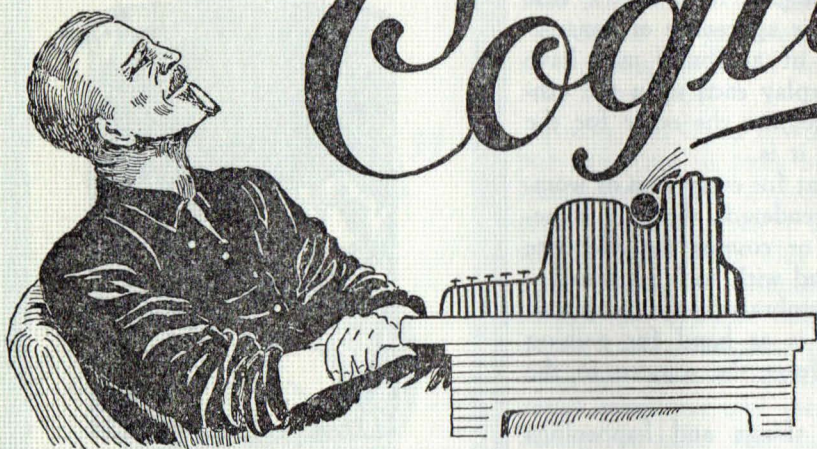
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Cogitations



IHAVE, in the past, called attention to that emporium of General Merchandise which my sire once conducted in the main business section of West Gardner, Mass., particularly such portions of the merchandise as he found it convenient to display on the sidewalk directly in front of his plate glass window. Father would buy up the entire households of parties leaving town, women lately widowed, or husbands whose spouses had eloped with traveling salesmen, sort out and repair such goods—particularly furniture—and dispose of his acquisitions for what the tariff would bear. He frequently got extremely odd articles in such jackpots of domestic properties, as witness the huge stuffed goat on casters that the Sargent boy and I spirited out of the ensemble by tying an invisible fishline to its base, getting up and around the nearest corner, pulling on the line and experiencing the gratification of causing that stuffed goat to depart the vicinity of father's emporium under its own power—greatly to the stupefaction of my parent who came out upon the walk quite in time to see the long-haired and behorned creature start for indeterminate parts without visible means of locomotion. In fact we had actually pulled that artificial animal quite to the top of nearby Richmond Street grade before the fishline broke and the goat started down into West Gardner traffic backward. Of the sickening scene which ensued, when the purloined animal departed the curbing, went off into the traffic, and immediately caused horses to waltz on

hind legs—their vehicles following suit—I have earlier made record. Likewise I have vague recollection of having made earlier record of the Bass Drum that turned up among such salvaged household effects, that the Sargent boy and I “borrowed” for leading asset in a juvenile street parade, that father had to recoup by main strength and clumsiness when he had discovered it missing from his front-sidewalk display of vendables. The incident was not quite so redundant of dramatic mirth as the self-motivated goat, but looking back upon it from the interval of 56 years, it does seem to point a moral that should not be overlooked. I cannot, in fact, overlook the incident of the Bass Drum, surrounded as I am at present with recurrent noises attendant upon this prevalent boom-boom of the Flying Saucers . . .

o—o

IT WAS on the whole a somewhat unique item to turn up among the domestic effects of a Massachusetts household, a bass drum of the conventional proportions, as ordinary families, widows, or deserted husbands do not commonly list such items among their assets or have cause to provide their firesides with such gargantuan musical instruments. Undoubtedly it had been a professional musician—or he might have been an amateur—whose fireside had been thus denied of either wife or resonant contrivance manufactured for the purpose of marking a measured beat to public proceedings of a tuneful nature. But father did return from one of his commercial forays on a certain occasion, unloading from his express-vehicle sundry pots, pans, bedsteads,

chairs, kitchen tables, cuckoo clocks—and that drum. I assert that when he swung about and deposited it on the wide tar walk before the store, it loomed to my tender gaze as quite of a size as myself. It had to be beaten with a thumper, of course, being too enormous as a drum for customary drumsticks, and no thumper accompanied it at the moment. Perchance the greatly departed spouse, or the greatly erring spouse, had bethought to tuck the thumper into her personal effects and take it with her for defensive purposes. So I went into the mercantile precincts and provided myself with a twelve-cent wooden rolling-pin to use in place of the missing thumper and get a trial resonance. I got two resonances for my explorative ingenuities, one on the drum and the other on that portion of my anatomy where I customarily seated my person, because father did not desire the drum to be thus tested until he had sorted out the mercantile ensemble and affixed a resale pricetag to its sideropes. “You wait awhile!” father admonished me grimly, preoccupied as he continued to be with unloading a baby carriage, a cookstove, and a couple of laundry hampers to the sidewalk collection of his purchases. He did not make this specific—just “awhile.” Was it not logical that I should interpret this to imply that when sundry amounts of time had passed, it was allowable for me to thump that drum with small parental inhibition? At any rate, I hied me with great celerity to my small partner in juvenile delinquency, the Sargent boy, and announced the Great News. “We got,” I panted, “a Drum—a Big Drum!” He desisted from whatever engaged him and stared at me. During this prolonged regard I realized his immature brain was wrestling with the same conundrum that was assailing mine own. Granting that “we” had a drum thus available, the question before the house was, what could we do with it? To what use could

we put it after "awhile"? The brains of all boys at ten years work the same in all generations the planet over. Having access to such an instrument what else remained to do but "Give a Show"? It went without saying that the Drum would be the *piece de resistance* of such theatrical exhibition . . . And we hied back to Pelley's store to survey this *piece de resistance* . . .

o—o

I NEED not dwell on the rapidity with which our preparations were completed. Fancy a full-sized adult drum available and nine-year-olds being delinquent or vague about getting such dramatic presentation under way. The first load of household effects had arrived by father's wagon at say 9:30 a. m. and I had undoubtedly gotten to the Sargent boy not an instant later than 9:35. I could not have been delayed more than seven minutes in returning to the store and pointing it out to him. This would bring the hour to 9:42 a. m. Preparations for the "Super-Colossal" Dramatic Entertainment might thus be accurately timed as having been completed by 9:50 at the latest, but just to give us a bit of leeway, suppose the hour was a sharp 10 o'clock. Father had by then gone back for his second load of bedsteads, chairs, kitchen tables and cuckoo clocks, the drum having been set over amongst the hanging-lamps, sofas, bureaus and pickle jars. As he was not present at any rate, Elon Sargent and I decided that sufficient "awhile" time had elapsed to put the instrument to the uses for which some fiend from hell had earlier invented it, and with one small boy on a bedstead and another on a pickle jar, we extracted it. Mother came forth from the Pelley Emporium—which she faithfully tended whenever dad was absent on his commercial forays—and demanded to know what was so industriously engaging us? "We're borrowing this drum for a Show," I informed her, "father said I could play it after awhile." Then before she could enter into specifications or stipulations as to arrangements involving the paternal word, Elon and I had the drum between us and a small male annexation named Cecil Thomas brought up our rear toting the wooden rolling pin. We got around the bandstand corner with mother frowning dubiously but knowing me better than to suspect I would hock the thing with

any passerby and acquire the commensurate amount of sweets. Commonly small boys do not hock such items as bass drums to passers-by, at least they didn't in my day, which was West Gardner township in the Year of Our Lord 1898. We got the drum through the back basement entrance of Elon's father's dry-goods store while we departed in all directions to organize cohorts for the dramatic presentation that was in prospect.

o—o

I CAN assure you that it came. I wish that today I could organize Soulcraft on a national basis with a quarter the celerity. The Leamy boy "borrowed" his older brother's cornet and the Ray boy got a pair of pants from his father's be-spangled lodge uniform. My sister Edna could play the resonant washboard under provocation, and did so, and the Pelley domicile was visited with much confusion two days later in the morning when the washboard was of moment for washing the family linens. Willie Pollard possessed a Musical Triangle among his souvenirs, which suspended on a wire and struck with a portion of steel buggy-tire gave forth dulcet harmonies. Teddy Greenwood got a portion of his uncle's trombone, the portion with the mouth-piece, which exhibited no other defect otherwise than blowing one single blatant note—when he could muster the sufficient quantity of breath—and the Osgood progeny swiftly lettered a sign to be hoisted upon a broomstick telling the world that it should attend upon an unprecedented event to be held on the Willard vacant lot on Oak Street promptly at two p. m., come one, come all. We were almost as proud of this publicity as we were of the drum. The sole nature of the unprecedented event, of course, was attending and hearing the drum beaten. It was controversial which was to function in this noisy honor, but that was finally settled by diplomacy. Seeing that the drum had come into our possession through my father's offices, it devolved on me to apply the rolling-pin thumper in order to make sure it was not applied too strenuously and "anything happen" to the *piece de resistance*. The compromise was that Elon was to "lead the parade" down through West Gardner Square, bedecked in a scarlet uniform presented to him by an indulgent aunt in honor of Dewey's Victory at Ma-



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nila Bay. A diminutive baton had been part of this outfit, and Elon had spherical buttons of nickel down his front. He was almost as irresistible a dramatic attraction as my drum, and much, much less productive of audible disturbance. All hands assembled, the sign was hoisted on the broomstick, Elon flourished the diminutive baton, Edna scraped the washboard, Willie Pollard made dulcet harmonies on the Musical Triangle with the tire iron, Teddy Greenwood blatted that one monotonous blat from the mouthpiece of the abbreviated trombone and with the Thomas young one toting the front half of the main attraction I toted the back-half and applied the wooden rolling-pin. Down through West Gardner Square the Greatest Show on Earth proceeded, the observed of all observers, and the effects produced precisely what you should have expected them to produce—every fourfooted creature hitched to a vehicle along the posts enroute deciding to unhitch himself and go places. Several of whom did. One rig, owned by a farmer named Baker, went places through the glass front of Priest's Kandy Kitchen—although I have always held it was the Greenward boy's trombone that caused it—too much monotony—not the effects I was getting on the borrowed drum's adult surfaces with that wooden cooking implement. Edna ceased scraping the washboard when that happened, Willie Leamy gave up trying to produce music on the cornet which he couldn't produce, and Jimmy Ray merely picked up legs of his father's bespangled lodge-pants and got the blazes out of there without removing his legs from said pants. I would have made out excellently with the drum had the Thomas boy continued to tote the front of it. But he did not. Talk about colleagues deserting one in a crisis! He simply dropped all his vanguard responsibilities and made for precincts behind the handy fire station. He did this on quite a grade that led down into the Square and the *piece de resistance* responded to gravity. The drum began coming down through West Gardner Square with no small boys attached to it front or back, exhibit or no exhibit, and more and more horses decided to go places. Runaways exploded in every direction. It was indeed a unique sight to see a resonant bass drum going places all by itself, as though it claimed the honors

of the whole performance, and when it finally brought up in the portico of Houghton's Grocery Store and desisted, West Gardner Square was a miniature shambles. Incidentally so was I, an hour or so later when mother reported to father my alibi for possessing myself of the drum . . . The moral? . . . I say West Gardner Square quieted down as abruptly as it had detonated, once the drum was securely imbedded in Houghton's lettuce crates and tomato offerings—all but that horse-and-buggy that was in the mechanical contrivance at Priest's that ordinarily manufactured molasses kisses. Thus does it occur to my maturer viewpoint that the world will do much the same when the H-bombs and Flying Saucers cease detonating all over the place. Too many nations have merely "borrowed" noise makers from the fronts of respectable emporiums to give a parade. Let the *piece de resistance* be dropped by someone who's taken sanctuary behind a convenient fire station and all will be very, very Quiet. Care to make a bet? . . . Oh those nonforgotten Yesterdays! . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Happiness

(Continued from Page 11)

about, is the altogether definite implication that the arriving Space-Men are due to precipitate conditions where the utter expose of the global manipulators becomes accredited public property.

And that is the day and hour when real housecleaning starts. If this were not plausible as a deduction, why do certain Washington dignitaries and elder statesmen fly into such rages at each new manifestation of the Space Brethren? Abject terror seems to sit on the faces of many as the reports of Saucer actualities come in. Apparently a balance is being restored in the national—and maybe international—cosmos, from the interplanetary helpers representing Truth, Equity and Integrity seeming to hover already on the horizons of global developments. The pro-Christian anti's are no longer naked and alone in the midst of this Wildness of Strategy and Conspiracy. Forces that it is impossible for the Willful Men to intimidate, control, or influence, are promising a condition of affairs behind nations where relations are facili-

tated by "open covenants openly arrived at." Great captains of financial and civic influence confront the appalling possibility that every last aspect of their past strategizings may have gone for naught.

To say, ten years bygone, that such a condition could materialize would have made the speaker a crackpot.

THE QUANDARY before the Enlightened Person, therefore is not how to maintain himself until all such developments come to maturity, but how to equip himself to be of wholesome constructive influence when the entire evil miasma of international intrigue has been blown to nothing by renovating breezes of Sincerity and Truth.

In fact, it begins to look as though United Nations were going to become impotent and therefore worthless by a completely altered psychology toward intercontinental relationships throughout the whole earth.

Has anyone thought of that yet?

When everyone's innermost character and behavior becomes an open book—as it is already to denizens of Higher Worlds—the Golden Times are remarkably near establishment. And these are influences and pressures that are more or less "naturals" . . . meaning that they do not require miraculous episodes to materialize them. If a landing of Space Brethren in numbers alters humankind's notions of religious fundamentalism, not to mention giving countenance to earth's benightedness in civics and economics, a host of institutions are due to collapse now holding humanity's intellectualism in thrall.

So a great leveling of such fallacious and predatory institutions lies resplendent in the offing.

Cause for Happiness, indeed! . . .

Army Man

(Continued from Page 3)

minutes to ask questions and receive answers that might help earth immeasurably! But I asked about propulsion methods, their reason for this ship's coming to Earth. I was assured it was Interplanetary in origin. I asked how we could solve our present problems on this planet. *These questions were all answered.*

"I wanted proof of this contact, and

asked them to take me somewhere for a ride. They said their time was brief and that I was needed on earth for a job to be done, but they promised they would take me for a few minutes only. They asked me what city I would recognize from the air. I told them New York City would be familiar to me from above. So, the door closed . . . the door that seemed to slide into the wall that had no visible rivets or bolts. The craft left the surface of the earth, but I felt no movement; in fact, it seemed that we were not moving at all.

"In a very few minutes I was allowed to view New York City from high above, and I had just left White Sands, New Mexico!

"This was proof beyond doubt that I was in an interplanetary craft, for I knew of no ship on earth that could cover so many miles in a time so short. I was taken back to White Sands exactly to the spot where I had entered the craft. I was still asking questions, and did so until my thirty minutes had expired. I then left the craft and headed back to the barracks. The last thing the "voice" had said to me was: 'By the way, when you return to your quarters you will find that there was nothing wrong with the air-conditioner on your building. We caused it to stop so you would go outside. We desired this contact with you at this time.' And later I did actually discover that nothing had gone wrong with the cooling system!

"I was still in the service, so I told no one of this experience. I have held it back for four long years, but after hearing the various accounts of contact today, I felt the time had come for me to tell my story, too. I submit it for what it's worth, and for what light it may throw on space visitation."

Well, Dan Fry, you climaxed a perfect day with the tremendous experience you had kept secret for four years. I believe there are others like you, and we will be hearing from them in the future, too.

VATER the same day, Van Tassel told me that a neighbor a few miles away had come up to him full of excitement. This neighbor told Van he had been outside his house when suddenly he saw a Saucer only a few feet distant. A man got out and said, "Will you please go over to Giant Rock and tell them we

couldn't possibly land today with all those people present. But we know what's going on and something very good will come of it." He said little else before there was a "whoosh" and the man and craft disappeared.

Van doesn't know if the tale is true or not, but he does believe the neighbor to be a completely honest man and would have no reason for lying. At any rate, April 4th was a "red-letter" day.

Week in Retrospect

(Continued from Page 7)

bers several photographs of the affair taken with his own camera that he has not, and will not, make public, not caring to "steal George Adamski's material." The Parker contact was strictly Adamski's party and Ric and Bailey were along merely as guests with their wives. Both have been utterly conscientious about observing the ethics involved in the affair, agreeing to say nothing in their own book about the Parker episode if Adamski would say nothing about short-wave or psychical communications. Ric declares that he saw both Saucer and occupant with his own eyes, even to adding personal data that Adamski thought fit not to mention. He stands by the details of his affidavit reproduced in Adamski's narrative. Later he took the plaster casts of the Visitor's footprints with his own hands, and VALOR has seen closeup camera pictures of them before and after it was done. They will not be reproduced, nor offered as evidence one way or other without Adamski's permission. Inasmuch as Williamson had not known Mr. Adamski until a few hours prior to the exploit, the ethical restraint being maintained is entirely admirable. VALOR is most happy that the Adamski book is generally being accredited throughout the country and that he has met with such success both in its sale and before his audiences in Chicago and Detroit. Potshot criticism coming from persons who were not present and merely wish to wise-alec the proceedings, only deprecates most legitimate interest in a mighty subject. These are honorable and sincere men, exploring in utterly fantastic field but doing it with acumen and restraint. Let's honor them as such. Criticisms are asinine.

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



AM seriously arriving at the conclusion that the Hour is later than the common run of us has dreamed. Twenty-five years bygone I received an epochal communication by ESP naming the 4th of March, 1954, as the specific date when, esoterically considered, my "labors toward enlightenment" would be drawn to a close. Thereafter the nature of my personal activities for the Elder Brother were to be radically altered, and I would have a specified time for giving myself over to the more or less practical phases of the Golden Times in their inception. Much emphasis was put upon "the host that rusheth unto you through the skies", which now I can't desist from identifying as the Saucer Armada, whereas I had well-nigh conditioned myself psychologically for winged angels. Business projects of a gargantuan nature were likewise to command my attention, the increments from which were to be considered as available "in trust" for the consummation of the Lord's Work in its closing phases. All of it was wrapped up in the communication which had advised me that "three times all you have painstakingly built up shall be assailed and leveled," and four times I would rebuild them. The fourth time would be the true time when such assailments would have come to an end. Naturally I was waiting with no small expectancy to see what March 4th presented. I found out.

THE HOUR is later than most of us have dreamed. Prose-lytting methods and exploits of twenty years bygone are now archaic. There is no longer time for "selling the crowd" by the old fashioned conventional expedients. *I hold it to be true that we are now IN the opening phases of the Second Coming!* You remember that "Goodly Company" discourse I sent out to you on the electronic reels sometime since? As the size and import of the Saucer Saga continues to develop, I begin to recognize how very much Truth that discourse contained. Those called to function during the Main Event, *will function* . . . through the very nature of their knowledge. Others, the phlegmatic or benighted element, must be regarded as sheep to be herded at the wisdom of kindly shepherds. As for myself, I am under Higher Orders to establish the publishing offices of this project as staunchly and permanently as I can—purely as reservoirs of information—and apply myself on a different octave as I am directed. What such direction includes will gradually become apparent. I have lately had my moments when heavier and heavier influxes of visitors interpret themselves as rebukes and reprimands of the Higher Au-

thority that I am tarrying in a position where I'm not supposed to serve longer, and the volume of callers is purposefully engineered that by removing myself I might get some work done, divorcing myself from those matters which are inconsequential or not of import.

I KNOW far more about the obvious extent and significance of this Flying Saucer sequence than is permitted to be discussed. More things are clearing across my desk than it is sensible to make public. *The Golden Scripts* have already reached the hands of personages who were supposed to get them; I have completed the last of the major Soulcraft books, *Beyond Grandeur*, and it has started through the presses. I am obliged to relinquish any special dreams of national organization for Soulcraft on conventional and outmoded patterns. The developments since March 4th indicate only too plainly that *I am not going to be available to any visitors whatsoever this coming summer*, and I must ask colleagues who had made plans to visit Noblesville not to expect to find me here. I shall continue to write for VALOR and keep readers apprised of my expanding activities, but associated executives must carry on the work. Those who have big roles to play, have already been chosen and equipped. Those who have scoffed at what has been offered through Soulcraft in the past three years and found entertaining distraction in television, and motor-riding, will have no one but themselves to thank if soon they are floundering in a great confusion. The Saucer Saga opens wider and wider. May, June, and August are among the months specified for developments so pertinent that no one can spurn them. Those unable to rise to the efficient responsibilities of the occasion are simply out of luck by their own elections . . . I'm going to rely more and more on Mel Pearson, my son-in-law, Bill Manspeaker and Ric Williamson, to supervise such expansions as are ahead for Soulcraft, and enter myself into the closing phases of my utterly unaccountable career. At last I'm being forced to accredit the well-nigh incomprehensible materializing of events that twenty-five years ago appeared to be the flightiest necromancy . . . I'm never going to disassociate myself completely from Soulcraft, but it looks as though I'm no longer available personally. Yes, it's coming to that. I have matters to which to attend that positively will not permit of interruptions, and people who know their significance will not be offended. How I wish it might all have come at 44 instead of 64. But it hasn't and I make the most of it. Why are tired men most in demand? Oh well, no hard feelings . . .

¶ *IT IS defeat that turns bone to flint, that turns gristle to muscle; but it is also defeat that makes men invincible!*