

# Valor

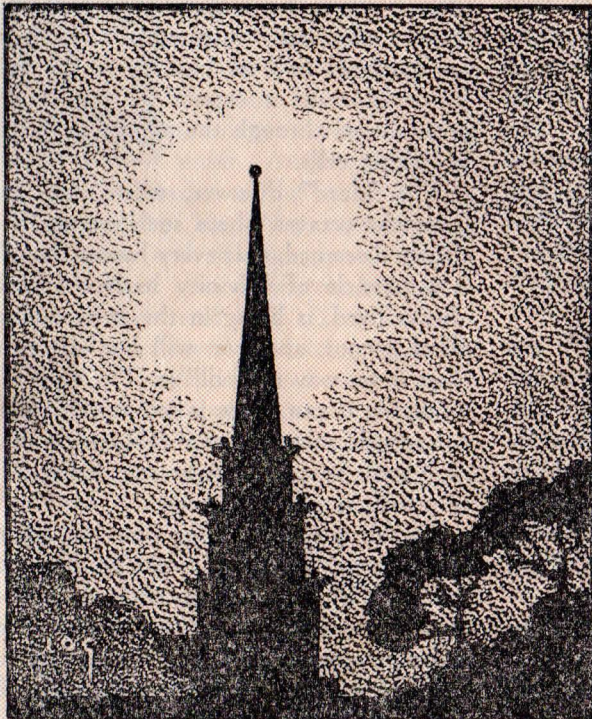
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

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Number 14



## SUPPOSE EVERY CHURCH WAS A SHRINE OF SURVIVAL? . .

**R**ELIGION to most Americans means going to church, believing that Christ died for our sins, accepting that on death of body our souls go to heaven or hell, and so conducting ourselves throughout mortal life that we merit the first and escape the second. In between times, we espouse the offices of clergymen to christen our infants, solemnize our marriages, and officiate at services above our beloved dead. The whole subject of Religion belongs in the realm of the intellectual. Millions do live their lives without giving it a second thought the clock around. In Russia it is anathematized if not actually forbidden. It is, in other words, a sacred trimming on social ethics.

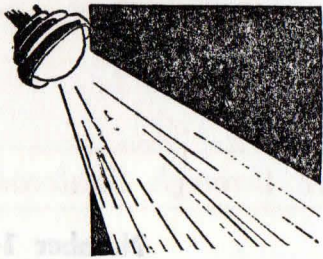
OF course supernatural events do intrude now and then, in the lives of practically one hundred percent of people. But beyond administering a brush of terror to the nerves, they are eventually forgotten with a shrug. It is because the supernatural is nonexplainable that we term it supernatural. Only rarely do we associate the supernatural with the holy.

That where we came from—as souls—may be just as much a religious matter as where we are going after physical life terminates, never occurs to the average person from decade to decade.

If where we came from as souls has equal religious significance with where we are going when earthly lives are finished, then it should stand to reason that what we may be doing *in* earth-life, as an experience, also has religious significance. You can't have two ends to a stick without its possessing a middle.

Without going into any namby-pamby Sabbath School argument, has it dawned upon *you*, that your

present occupancy of your body may have just as much sacred significance as what may be in store for your spirit after your body has been discarded? . . .



**T**HIS is not dragging Religion by the heels into the secular affairs of physical life. Perhaps it is discovering an utterly new basis for human life being what each of us finds it.

There may really be a fundamental religious reason for the world being composed as it is, and conducted as it is, and delivering to the individual spirit what it does. And not to rationalize to the slightest extent, maybe if we suddenly came into knowledge of what the basic religious reason for life was, these frights at the supernatural would end for all time because suddenly the supernatural would end for all time. We might go even further and discover that the religious basis for life accounted for the differences in degrees of intelligence, one person against another person, not to overlook the contrasts in different types of society.

Understand that when this periodical so discusses Religion, it refers to no specific theology or faith or denomination. It is talking about a Divine basis for the phenomena of life as life. And this, of course, challenges the spiritualist or philosopher to prove that there is any reality to Divinity that is scientific. The skeptic has every right to cry, "But isn't your concept of Divinity a mere intellectualism throughout? How can you prove one intellectualism by another intellectualism and get anything conclusive?" But maybe there is a Divine basis for life that is provable, arrived at by reconsidering or reconstructing Divinity by standards of modern science rather than the allegorical or anthropomorphic notions of ecclesiastics dead a thousand years.

The modern science that we use is Psychical Science.

Carried far enough and high enough, Psychical Science cleaves through all

supernaturalism and spiritist phenomena, and gains into the realm of the spiritually sacred. And what do we mean by sacred?

We mean realms where a goodly quota of Biblical tenets are attested to us by evidence of the senses, just as other Biblical assertions are shown as mischievously erroneous.

**I**T HAS long since been proven that survival of the human soul after demise of the body is a fact but no widespread public heralding of that discovery has been allowed because the data of the after-life as attested by such surviving personalities by no means square with orthodox theological claims of the soul's condition after death, and organized religion has too much at stake to let its pronouncements be disqualified. The Church in modern society is too powerful financially and political to allow its fundamentalisms to be widely disputed. And taking their cues from organized religion, the press of the nation—and the world—gives the matter silent treatment.

Behind the doors of the nation's private psychical seances, however, night upon night, the continuity of spiritual personality is being incontrovertibly demonstrated. Once the spectator-skeptic is convinced no fraud or trickery has been introduced, he is converted to remain converted, because he has seen what he has seen and heard what he has heard.

Yet where does proof of Divinity enter into that?

It enters in from the circumstance that beloved survivors of the grave have achieved full reembodyment and vocal expression and transmitted to living mortals on this material octave their personal experiences in encountering Divinity on the loftier planes of Time and Space.

But here is the thing that gives us pause—

Heaven, they report back to us, is not a place of reward permitted as residence if we have lived blameless lives. *The whole universe is Heaven*, considered in the cosmic light, and the earthly mortal is only the lowest phase or condition of it. Some of those who have proven their survival have described it as the "shadow world" of the real thing—the real thing being those loftier celestial states unto which we gain as we may merit them.

We pass from one state of it to a high-

er state of it, in other words. And in each of such states we have a bodily vehicle peculiar to the vibratory frequency of such state. What man in his celestial ignorance considers to be Death is merely the metamorphosis out of one body into another body. And time and again, we learn to our amazement, *he performs the metamorphosis without being aware that it has happened to him.*

**O**RGANIZED Religion has caught a few scattered aspects of the procedure and woven a complicated theological fabric about it, to dissent from which is called Heresy. It labels the states or planes yet to be realized *Eternity*, and ignores what has transpired in earlier and lower planes or lives because in the majority of cases it cannot be consciously remembered through the agency of physical brain cells.

The "dead" discover, when they get upon the octaves where such matters are clearly discerned, that every human "soul" is a particle of Divinity itself that has always lived, is living in the present electrical instant, and ever will live—because there is no way to "kill" it. The only annihilation it can know is self-annihilation, not suicide so much as a deliberately manipulated loss of identity spiritually. All of which is another matter.

The all important thing that Mr. Man-in-the-Street might well take to heart is that each of these planes, octaves, lives—term them what you will—is a classroom or school-grade which he is attending in his vast upward education. The Vicarious Atonement is a beautiful but sentimental supposition of theology. Man



saves himself, in every instance, by educating himself through experience to inhabit the highest planes of reality in Cos-

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By George H. Williamson



QUARIUS is the eleventh sign of the zodiac and is a constellation south of Pegasus. It is always pictured as a man pouring water. Anciently, Aquarius was the location of the winter solstice.

The ancient Egyptians equated this constellation with Khnum, god of water and creator of men, beneficent bringer of water to their arid land. They believed the Nile overflowed its banks when the Water-Carrier dipped his bucket into it. The Arabs rejoiced with the rising of Aquarius who brought the warm rains. They thought of it as the source of all the rivers of the earth; but their representations of it show only the bucket, or sometimes a mule carrying two water jugs.

The Babylonians called it Gu, or Overflowing-Water-Jar, and associated it with their mythical Deluge and their Eleventh month Shabatu, Curse of Rain. The Akkadians called it Ku-ur-ku, Seat of Flowing Waters. Persians, Hebrews, Syrians, Turks, each had a word for Water-Bucket.

In Greek mythology, Aquarius was originally identified with Jupiter, symbolizing creation and the life-giving power of water. Later, it was said to be Gany-mede, cup-bearer of the gods. Other Greek myths identify it with Deucalion, survivor of the Greek Deluge, and with Aristaeus, rain-giver to the people of Ceos.

This constellation was the first sign of the old Chinese Zodiac, the Rat, bringer of water. Jesuit influence changed it to Paon Ping, Precious Vase; but it is still the Rat in Central Asia, Cochin China, and Japan. It is also the first sign of the Zodiac in India.

# What You Should Know about Aquarius, Air Sign

## ¶ Not Astrology but Cosmic Astronomy Accounts for Phen- omena Occurring in Today's Heavens

THE LONG history of mankind proceeds in no haphazard way, and it is not a casual history. Man unfolds as he proceeds through a number of distinct periods or ages. Each of these periods has its own lessons to be learned, its own work to be done; and each one is quite fundamentally different in every respect from its predecessor and not a mere improvement or expansion of it.

Each of these lasts approximately two thousand years. However, each one is usually about two thousand, one hundred and fifty years long, and the passing from one such age into another is always accompanied by both *external* and *internal* storm and stress such as the world is now going through. The last change took place a couple of thousand years ago when the Elder Brother came on the earthly scene as the Great Piscean Teacher, and the new world that formed itself from that turbulent era and area was the western Christian civilization that we know today. Since this great enterprise has worked itself out and fulfilled its mission, it is now drawn to a close, and the New Age of the Water-Bearing Aquarius is upon us.

The name of the last sign, the one which we have just left, was Pisces, or the Fishes. The one before that, which we left over two thousand years ago, was Aries, or the Ram. Before Christ, there was David and the men of his time were shepherds . . . shepherds in the Age of

the Ram. King David himself was a shepherd and his Psalms speak of God leading the multitudes as if they were his precious sheep-fold. And Jacob, Moses, Cyrus the Mede—all had been shepherds.

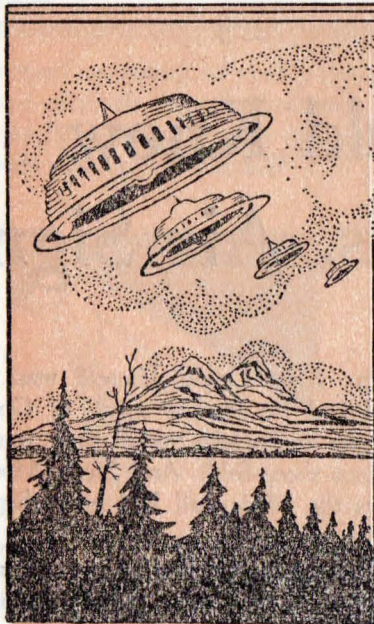
The Babylonians called Pisces, Nunu (Fish) and the Arabians called it Hut, the Fish. Remember, as a Piscean Master, Jesus fed the multitude with fish; he walked on the water; his followers were fishermen and he made them fishers of men. The fish was the symbol of early Christianity.

CLEMENT of Alexandria enumerates the fish, the anchor, the ship, and fisherman as fitting objects to be employed by the Christians on their seals and lamps. These are all Water-Age symbols. When it was discovered that the letters in the Greek word for a fish are the initials of "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour," the symbol immediately sprang into use.

An early Christian drawing shows the Church, in the form of a ship, borne by Christ amidst the storm and stress of life. Pisces is a rainy constellation, bringer of storms, and controls the fate of sailors. Since the time of Christ the world has progressed along avenues that dealt almost entirely with *water*. For several hundred years all man's ambitions were wrapped up in the seas and oceans. He travelled by sails to the far corners of the world . . . he became a great explorer using the waterways of the world to serve him in his quest. The result was the discovery of new lands in the West and new frontiers promised new life and new hope for mankind. The darkness and brutality of the Middle Ages was forgotten in these new-found lands . . . and man as a spiritual being leaped to the challenge of development.

Until recently, our great sources of power were nothing but waterpower. We

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# SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...

## Undersea Saucer Mystery Baffles U. S. Navy

have not yet photographed, boarded or definitely established the nationality of any of these undersea craft." One contact was made recently by a Coast Guard weather ship far out in the Atlantic which picked up a moving undersea object on her sound gear. The object circled for two full days.

The captain radioed Boston headquarters for information on the whereabouts of our own subs and those of our Allies. There seemed no possibility that any friendly craft was in the area. Whales and schools of smaller fish have not been known to behave in this manner.

STILL MORE puzzling were the contacts made during recent fleet maneuvers off Key West, Florida. Listening devices indicated two "objects." Navy spokesmen maintain that while no depth charges were dropped, destroyers and other vessels kept the position of the two constantly tagged.

From best available Navy reports, the two uninvited guests at the maneuvers finally headed eastward. Another version is that one of them dived in what seemed to be an effort to escape sonar. She stayed down for weeks. The inference is that something went wrong and she could not surface, and presumably has not to this day.

High officials of the Navy Department are far from talkative on this delicate subject. They say Russian subs can legally move along our shores at the international twelve-mile limit. However, the Navy feels it isn't "healthy" for them to do so.

Another incident occurred five miles off the California coast, one-hundred-eighty miles north of San Francisco. The fishing vessel *Northern Light* sighted what appeared to be a submarine off a channel buoy. The craft quickly submerged. A few hours later a Navy patrol plane pilot sighted something that looked like a periscope in the same vicini-

ty. No U. S. submarines were around at the time.

Similar sightings or suspicious contacts have taken place off Maine, off the Panama Canal and many other coastal areas in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Many ask these questions: "Are they Russian subs? Or are they harmless underwater objects? Are they fantasy? Or are they *Undersea Flying Saucers*?" United States defense authorities are trying hard to find out.

UNDERSEA mystery objects are not new. Charles Fort tells about all kinds of unknown craft that have been observed for centuries by reputable sea captains, sailors and others. Big, dark hulls with unusual blinking lights have come close to ships and many a seaman has seen glowing "wheels" come out of the sky, hit the water, and submerge . . . all the time revolving as they descend deeper into the watery depths.

Because of the resonating electromagnetic field around all space craft, they can go underwater as easily as they can enter our atmosphere. Once below the surface of our vast oceans and seas, the occupants of such craft can get out and walk around . . . *for the force field of the ship will hold back the water and the spacemen won't even get a drop of liquid on them.*

Our own airplanes are now using a device that charges the windshields of a plane with electricity, and when flying through stormy weather, the rain never reaches the window glass, for it is held back by the charge. Saucers do go underwater . . . they check fault lines that continue from the great land masses and cross our oceans. They also observe our liners and war ships.

VALOR has had the opportunity of interviewing several Naval radar men. One of these men said that every night while he was aboard ship in the Pacific he, and

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UNITED States defense officials are baffled by recurring reports that unidentified "objects," including one that dived to the sea-bottom and never came up, have been spotted off both the East and West coasts of America. Sightings, radar and sonar contact of the "objects," both on and under the surface, have sent teams of planes and ships rushing to the points, sometimes joined by Coast Guard craft, including helicopters, and by the Air Force. The many reports have produced an "Undersea Flying Saucer" mystery nearly as important as that touched off by the strange sightings in the skies.

Certain officials in Washington, D. C. suspect that the objects are Soviet submarines. Others question whether they might be our own submarines or those of our allies, overlooked through faulty intelligence. Other theories have it that they could be simply whales, sunken ship hulls, or even over-stimulated imaginations.

The Soviet Union is alleged to have the world's greatest submarine fleet . . . three hundred and fifty, according to Jane's Fighting Ships, and up to five hundred, according to other authorities. Where these keep themselves is not known, however, inasmuch as Russia has no open sea, deep water ports. While it seems logical to naval officials that Moscow is keeping such undersea craft as she does possess, secret, veteran officers of the Pentagon are puzzled.

One officer said, "So far as I know we

# WHAT People Overlook Concerning Perdition . .



THE ENIGMA of Death, insofar as it concerns the average human spirit, is not provided by scientific aspects of the Light Body or Electrical Architect, or even by the distresses of departing earthly relatives and worldly associations. People are interested in them, perhaps as interpretative side lights on the most vital of all human experiences, but the one overshadowing concernment in the episode of Transition is: What happens to the conscious Me when the incident of physical decease is behind me?

This overshadowing concernment breaks down into a score of contributing inquiries; such as: Shall I meet reward for my good deeds or punishment for my bad? or, Shall I have a body in the future state or shall I not have a body? or, Will I be rejoined to people whom I have loved, who have made the transition before me, or am I to find myself among strangers—granted that I find myself among beings similarly conscious to myself at all?

The orthodox forecast of experience for the human soul has it that on leaving the body there is to come the episode of being "judged" before one's Maker, and its future designation fixed. In other words—not to put it sacrilegiously—the individual is going to be precipitated into a situation where he is coming face to face with a literal God.

This literal God, sitting as magistrate on some sort of bench, is to look over the newly discarnate spirit, consider its record of good deeds or bad deeds while in the body, weigh one set of deeds against the other set of deeds, and if the good outweigh the bad, or if the spirit shows itself sufficiently contrite for its preponderance of bad deeds or implores "forgiveness", and award a ticket that admits it to "realms of eternal bliss."

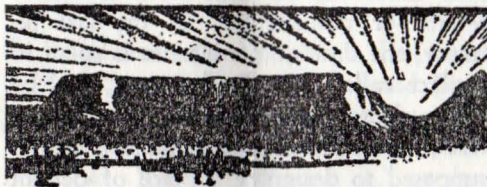
If, on the other hand, the preponderance of deeds be very bad indeed, the ac-

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

ceptance is that it will be forthwith consigned to "outer darkness", peopled by the devil and all his angels, where fiends will proceed to torture it throughout eternal time.

SUCH is the general hypothesis of the so-called Christian theology. Within this theology there are a hundred sects, creeds, denominations, and divisions. Each tackles some particular angle of the hypothesis, or expounds some phase of it, or differs in some minor respect as to what the literal application of these fundamentals is to be. But one and all convey this ultimatum to the spirit-soul—

You are going to quit your physical encasement for a life that shall endure throughout eternity. If you have been "good", during this sojourn in flesh, your experiences throughout the hereafter are going to be pleasant. If you have been



"bad", you are to pay through the nose. The fiends are going to get you, and their roasting of you is going to be a merry one. Your Creator won't have anything more to do with you, and your future is due to be of perpetual terror and torment.

Tell the average Fundamentalist that his belief isn't Christian in the slightest, but Paulist Trinitarianism based upon pagan Zoroastrianism, and he will want to rise up and see you burned at the stake for your heresy.

None of it alters the fact that such concept of Christianity came from the old Persian belief that spiritual life was dominated by the two principles, Good and Bad, Light and Darkness, one domain of spirits presided over by God, the other presided over by the Devil. Good people nominated themselves for a future existence with God. Bad people nominated themselves for a future existence with the Devil. Such division was simple, easy of comprehension, and would seem to have a basis in logic.

Documenting the two Principles, there has been compiled a sort of Christian Talmud, made up of the writings of the clergy upon the subject across hundreds

—and even thousands—of years. Tradition, and repetition of conjectures, have worked the labor of getting human beings to accept the hypothesis as truth, merely because it has been a long time operating in the annals of human thought.

Now comes the rationalist and wants to have some sensible questions answered.

**T**HE FIRST question the rationalist wants answered, is: What qualifies either Good or Bad, in the sense of thoughts or acts that determine the state of morality or nonmorality, designating the future status of the soul, since the "sinful" practices of one generation may not be so regarded by the next, and what is named as heresy in one era may become the doctrine of the era following?

The second question that the rationalist asks, is: If I am going to be rewarded for my good deeds, by being delivered into heaven, or punished for my bad deeds by a consigning into hell, then I must have some sort of vehicle—call it a body for practical purposes—in which to reside as a spirit, that these compensations may be visited upon me. If this be logical, then where does this body come from, or when do I acquire it? If I am going to ascend into heaven and play upon a harp throughout all future ages, or if I am going to be tossed to the demons for as long as I possess any vestige of consciousness, then I must have some sort of physical encasement to suffer these experiences. The two futures that I am to confront, when the period of my judging is passed, are, by their effects upon me as promised, more or less materialistic conditions. Pearly gates and jasmine streets certainly are materialistic conditions. So are fiery vats in which the damned are roasted by the pitchforks of demons. Yet no one in all this theological business seems to have troubled his head on the very vital and essential little point of clothing me with a materialistic housing that permits my spirit to enjoy the blissful conditions, or endure as I can the "torment". The theologians have a lot to say about putting on immortality, but how do I put it on, and why should I put it on if I'm a recalcitrant spirit, merely to receive an eternal sentence to a furnace-pit? Last, but far from least, how does it happen that when people get out of their bodies during hospital operations, or after scrimmages on battlefields, or

after drownings or swallowings of cyanide, they never once report on any indications of a courtroom scene, or being "judged", or being promoted to heaven or degraded to hell.

One and all relate the same story: "My spirit-consciousness vacated my physical body and operated by itself in a sort of electrical pattern. I seemed to remain in much the same environment I had always known in physical flesh, only my former acquaintances couldn't touch me or hear me, and when I wanted to travel from place to place I didn't expend a lot of muscular energy through my legs."

Ten thousand people vacate their bodies and substantiate the latter report, whereas theology propounds a wholly different version of what happens but not a soul can be located anywhere who discovers it to be correct by actual experiences.



**N**OW let us consider the possibilities in a literal Heaven and Hell. The soul, says Fundamentalism, quits its encasement of flesh, and goes forthwith to be judged. Some denominations hold that this judgment takes place at once, some maintain that it doesn't occur for years or ages—till Gabriel sounds the trump of doom, the graves of the earth give up their dead, and all come forth to receive reward or punishment. In the last instance, the time of the interim is spent in a place called Paradise by some, and by others, Purgatory. Paradise is a Persian term, taken from Zoroastrianism, and is supposed to designate a place of delight

and happiness. Nevertheless, when the judgment Day comes, even the people in Paradise are going to be called forth to have sentences passed upon them, and the bad folks must get out of that realm of delight and happiness, and give themselves over to the caprices of the demons.

But let us take literally the contention that the soul at physical decease goes directly to "face its maker". Every good Fundamentalist is certain that God is going to judge his case individually. Certainly it wouldn't be divine justice if it were not exercised individually. So consider the life insurance statistics of the numbers of people who are "going over" every twenty-four hours of every day, and multiply it by every day in the year, for every year that has passed since human beings first heard about the whole of it.

Question: When would a literal God find time to do all this judging, and how would He be able to employ His celestial mind or talents at doing anything else?

God—thanks to explicit theology—has condemned Himself to the endless role of celestial magistrate, day in and day out, year in and year out, through all the decades or centuries that human life goes or comes on earth. He may take no vacations. He may not delegate this judicial function to subordinates. He is stuck with the eternal tedium of separating the human sheep from the human goats, without surcease, so long as there is birth and marriage and sudden death—or any death whatever.

Does it seem to make sense, or does it not?

**T**HEN consider another absurdity in the orthodox concept of Heaven and Hell. Man is informed that some sort of "judgment" follows the spirit's vacancy of the body. That implies that immediately the spirit quits the body, it is automatically under celestial arrest. Only prisoners are "judged". Free people are never judged, or if they are, the judgments mean little.

True, we may judge this person or that person for their acts toward their relatives or neighbors, and say that Jones is a good man and Smith a holy terror. But what it really boils down to, is, a mere expression of our personal opinions. Jones may say "Thank you!" for holding

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# Week in Retrospect

**W**ASHINGTON psychological warfare experts are excited over a project to be operated by high-ranking scientists and backed by a group of businessmen headed by airplane instrument tycoon Paul Kollsman. They plan to use *parapsychology* in our war of nerves against Communism, enlisting the aid of *psychic devices usually regarded as "supernatural."*

The latest news on Albert Law's electromagnetic device for Saucer contact is that he sent a message by ESP to the Saucer friends and asked them to answer his code-like message tapped on the magnet. The same night he and his wife were watching television and they heard the magnet tapping in the next room. It tapped nine times while they watched it . . . exactly the number of taps he had sent. He answered at once with nine more taps . . . then the magnet responded with another nine.

The other night a large, fiery object streaked across Oklahoma and Texas skies. It was seen by hundreds of people and at Dallas was observed from the control tower at Love Municipal Field. The object was described as spherical in shape, horizontal flight path, very large and light green in color. At Forth Worth, Amon Carter field weather observers said they had quite a few telephone calls from residents of Dallas and Forth Worth. Oklahoma highway patrolman and citizens at Lawton, Oklahoma saw the object as it passed overhead.

**O**SLO, Norway—A famed cameraman recently said that pictures he took during the solar eclipse showed shiny white Flying Saucers. Photographer Johnny Bjornulf said, "It is especially interesting since the finding of the objects nearly coincided in time with the observation of six Flying Saucers from a BOAC plane off Labrador." The cameraman dis-

covered the shiny objects while showing a color movie of the eclipse in London. He flew back to Norway and examined still pictures to took at the same time and saw the same objects. Bjornulf took the pictures aboard a Scandinavian Airlines plane at 13,500 feet altitude while photographing the eclipse of the sun for scientists.

**M**OUNT PALOMAR, Calif.—Desmond Leslie, co-author of *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, has done some landing himself. After arriving in this country from England during the latter part of June, he went directly to George Adamski's Interplanetary Foundation on the slopes of Mr. Palomar. A recent communication from Mr. Leslie indicates that a Saucer Forum for all those who have had Saucer experiences will be held on August 7-8 at the Foundation headquarters.

**C**LEVELAND, Ohio—*New Horizons*, a bi-monthly, published by the Celestial Vehicle Investigation Committee, can now be obtained by simply writing to: CVIC, 3290 Chadbourne Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio. This little publication contains pertinent new information on the Saucers and is sent *free* to all interested.



**H**ERE are reports in brief: Residents of Spanish Fork, Payson and Santaquin, Utah reported a red-orange colored object hovering over their area. Officers at Brigham Young University

were swamped with calls . . . A young Canadian miner insists he saw a Flying Saucer and its crew of three. The RCAF has investigated but refuses to comment . . . A mysterious explosion that came from "above", rained ashes on a subdivision south of Pontiac, Michigan . . . Japanese Island of Honshu shaken by strong quakes . . . Sharp earthquake rocked central Chile and Buenos Aires, Argentina, walls crumbled . . . New tremors hit Fallon, Nevada as work crews clear away old debris . . . Gyoer, Hungary's second largest industrial city is in the midst of widespread floods. A third of the large city is flooded . . . Ten towns along the Danube River have been evacuated and ten thousand people are left homeless. Worst flood since 1862.

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## Saucer Symposium

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the others aboard, saw Saucers pass overhead. He said that it became such a common sight that no one eventually paid any attention to the many sightings. Another young man from Michigan said he picked up many UFOs on his radar equipment nightly, but when he reported such incidents to his superiors, they said: "It's nothing . . . forget it!"

**L**AST week VALOR brought you the story of the Warren, Ohio contacts. Al Como, the Navy man who made the contacts, writes from aboard his ship: "I am near the French Riviera, and we have seen Saucers four times. Several of my shipmates also saw them when I did. Planes were sent up from the Carrier and pursued the UFOs. One time, ship radar tracked a Saucer going 27,000 m.p.h. at sixty thousand feet altitude. Another object shot into a cloud and set it aglow for one-half hour. Then this glowing UFO followed my ship until the planes left . . . then, it left."

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## Protection?



CERTAIN Midwest doctor and hospital head called Soulcraft on the long distance phone since the last issue of VALOR. He had flown with his wife to Noblesville to attend the celebrated seance of July 13th for special reasons having to do with Soulcraft expansions. Excitement was heavy in his voice. "Do you know what happened to us upon leaving your place?" he exclaimed. "You know when we rode to the airport to start the return trip, the thunderheads were piling up in the west. Maria was frightened to fly directly into so heavy a thunderstorm as promised. Well, I swear to you, we had a positive demonstration that seemed to make Soulcraft indications of guardianship as right as rain.

"Fifty miles west of Indianapolis, with the thunderheads everywhere about us in the sky, excitement happened at the windows of the plane. We looked out with the rest. On either side of us about a mile away, flying at exactly the same pace with us, were two flying saucers!

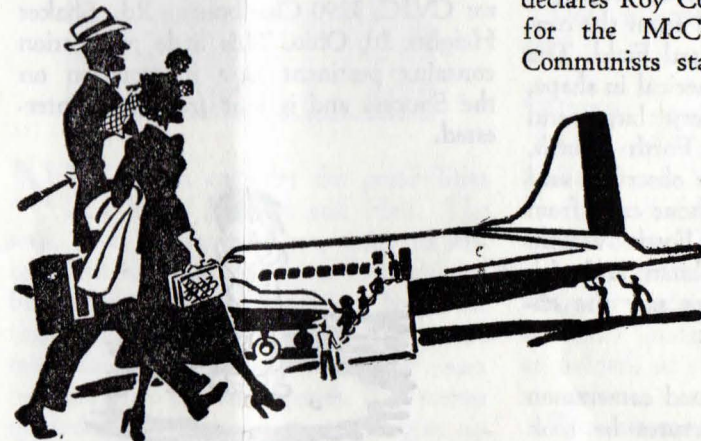
"We recognized what they were, at once. There was no mistaking them. They were exact prototypes of the pictures of the Saucers in Adamski's book, only they didn't look so much like Saucers as they did teacups, speeding upside down. We could see the three-ball landing-gear under each one. We could see what looked like revolving turrets on

their tops. Where they had come from, no one knew, but all the passengers stared out at them. Were they exercising some sort of protection for us, escorting us so? What else could we think?

"Straight into the thunderheads they rode with us, and the clouds seem to part and let us through! We could see the electrical displays under us and to either side of us, but we rode through on a clear course. Finally our destination, the airport landing field at Sioux City, Iowa, appeared below us ahead. Our pilot started down. At once the saucers began ascending and went up vertically and away so fast the top of the plane windows hid them. We made a perfect landing.

"Our car had been left on the airport car-park while we made the afternoon's visit to Noblesville. We got into it and drove over home here to the hospital in eastern Nebraska, stunned by what seemed to be the protection we'd received. Disrobing and getting into bed to catch upon some much-needed sleep after the excitements of the past twenty-four hours, the second astounding thing happened. *We had a second visitation of my mother at the foot of our bed, exactly as she'd appeared at Mrs. Candler's headquarters' seance.*

"She came in brief materialized form. I wasn't dreaming I saw her, because she was as real to Maria as she was to me. Maria too heard her when she said audibly, 'I'm so happy we made the contact



we did in Indiana. Now you know that such things are true and possible. Perhaps you'll accept now that I'm not off in some distant heaven but right around you, helping you, counselling you.'

"Gradually she dissolved from view.

"It's taken me a day or two to rationalize and understand all I've seen and been through. God bless you for the work you're doing, bringing the truth of these things through to the rest of us!"

The doctor's identity and the plane-flight is withheld, so as not to submit him to unwelcome publicity. But he's in the same classification with another visitant at that seance—a hard-headed businessman from Chicago—who walked the floor with hands in pockets after the session has ended, blinking incredulously and exclaiming softly under his breath to the editor, "My God, this isn't hocus-pocus that you've been telling us, . . . it's real!"

When all America becomes equally convinced that what VALOR publishes along these lines is real, what sort of metamorphosis is due to result in human thinking? Evidently there is a direct connection between the phenomena of the seance room and the mentalities distinguishing the Saucer operators.

What else can we surmise? Anyhow, that's the doctor's story and he's sticking to it! . . .

## Anti's Never Resign



WHENEVER an American steps into the ring to fight Communists in this country, he must expect to be smeared, his morals assailed, his reputation bismirched and his character assassinated," declares Roy Cohen, resigned investigator for the McCarthy Committee. "The Communists start the smears, either directly or through their front organizations.

They originate a phrase like McCarthyism, publish it in the *Daily Worker*, and then it is picked up by the front organizations, given the widest circulation, until it becomes part of our language. People forget the origin of the

word or phrase and use it as their own, not recognizing it as Communists propaganda. But the principal hatchet-men will not be Communists. They will be doctrinaire liberals, who always will defend the Communists and always attack the anti-Communists. They will be do-good-



ers who resent any limitation on freedom, even when what is done in the name of freedom is destructive of American rights and the national welfare. They will be writers who occupy popularity by twisting the truth to fit the whimsicalities of the moment. They will be speakers who confuse Russian communism, which is slavery, with early Christian communities which were institutions devoted to God."

Young Cohen's swansong is being widely circulated in American newspapers by International News Service. It is a commendable piece of writing, explaining everything excepting why Roy himself came to quit under fire.

Why was that necessary?

Why didn't he take his case to the people and stick with it, come hell or high water? Conceding for the moment his sincerity and ability throughout, was not he longheaded enough to see that by resigning and then squawking, he's admitting the victory of his galloping enemies. No Americans, of any nationality, are inclined to shed tears over a quitter, under any circumstances, any time, anywhere. No anti, worth his powder and shot, has ever defected in this fight, no matter what has been done to him, or by whom. He's in it for the sake of the issues involved, not what happens to him personally.

McCarthy said Roy Cohen was "all right", and that's good enough for this Weekly. Anything McCarthy says is tops with VALOR. But Senator Joe gave the recommendation before Cohen's resignation.

Obviously Cohen, in the long haul, couldn't "take it" . . . but did he labor under the delusion at any time that the job was a bed of roses?

Cohen had a splendid opportunity to help indict certain interests in this country who are under direct fire for espousing, abetting and financing Communism. The lay reader can only conclude that when matters became really hot he didn't have what it took to go through with it but sought air conditioning with an adolescent sob. Too bad.

The people who ultimately win out on this question in this nation are going to disclose themselves as made of sterner stuff.

Nevertheless, what he says in his swansong is only too true. Ultimately the progenitors of the whole unsavory mess are

## Love on Wings



WATCHED a hummingbird today  
Steal sweets from roses on its way;  
I marveled that so small a thing  
Could fly all day on fragile wing.

I never glimpse a butterfly  
Or hear a singing bird on high  
But what, in some strange manner, I  
Am lifted too, to heights of sky.

Who first conceived such tender wings  
That lift one's thought to higher things?  
Who made the magnet of the rose  
That scents of heavenly planes disclose?

Oh, singing bird high in yon tree,  
Who yet has solved your mystery  
That brings to earthbound mortal mind  
The knowledge how you were designed?

Man writes his loftiest thought in words,  
And dreams of butterflies and birds,  
But builds his works of brick and stone,  
With pride that they can stand alone . .

God builds with petals of the rose  
And sunset hues the eyesight knows,  
The winged flash of hummingbird,  
*My soul is even His Voiced WORD!*

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

going to be shown up and called to withstand the reprisals.

Roy will unquestionably be on hand to testify against them—*let's hope!*

### Green Mountain Dew

PROPOS of the McCarthy-Flanders squealfest, Senator Capehart of Indiana wants Senator Ralph E. Flanders of Vermont included in his own mo-

tion of censure of Joe McCarthy. Insofar as public opinion in the Midwest is concerned, Senator Flanders has long since lined up on the side of the pro-Kremlin bleeding hearts. And one wonders why?

VALOR's editor, who knows something about Vermonters and Vermont politics by reason of having passed much of his early writing career in the Green Mountain State, reads into the situation the



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efforts of an aged man to serve industrial interests within his territory who see nothing reprehensible in trading their products with Soviet Russia. The common people of Vermont have no voice in the matter. Besides, man for man, they get their public information via a string of country weekly papers, there being only four or five daily papers in the entire State.

The Vermont electorate, albeit the progeny politically of Ethan Allan, are still fighting the Revolutionary War. Let Britain be put on the pan and Vermonters will rise up and take steps. But Russia—they see her as a prototype of their own early struggles for independence against entrenched imperialism. They won't admit it but they disclose it in their mental processes.

Of course the Vermont temperature acquires altitude at any suggestion that it conform to the sentiment in the balance of the nation. So the State is a push-over for the radical elements. Actually it is independence gone to seed. And the Russian city slickers sell the rural element the Brooklyn Bridge of internationalism without overly opposition.

Flanders is Vermont in its best bread-and-butter aspects. And those firms doing manufacturing business in and around Springfield, St. Johnsbury and Rutland apparently have no hesitancy about taking Russian rubles.

British shillings—that would be something else.

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### Survival Shrines

*(Continued from Page 2)*

mos. Jesus is Redeemer only through being Supernal Way-Shower. And many come back into material form who declare they know this to be a fact through having met and spoken with Him face to face.

Theology can bring back no such witness to substantiate its allegories.

**T**HE TRUTH of the matter seems to be that we can improve on our Religion by extending and elaborating it to include these higher provable realities, discovering that Divinity inspires neither terror nor dread but only love and reverence, and that the thing that does happen to us at mortal death is far more

wonderful and potent and rational than anything bequeathed us by tradition or superstition.

Think what a stupendous religious alteration it would work if every church in the land were a sacred shrine where the survived “dead” effected reappearance and assured their loved ones of their continuity of personality along with attestments of what they had witnessed on the Higher Planes respecting the literality of Divinity!

They could be just that, if organized religion would abandon its bid to temporal power and espouse the most phenomenal findings of modern psychical research.

All civilization would be changed—if rich and poor, saint and sinner, had cause for real conviction that actually they are performing in the cosmic heaven of the omniverse only in a metamorphized form and in a vehicle befitting their rate of vibration. The ecclesiastics would fight this tooth and claw, of course, because it would abolish the creeds and dogmas that now give them professional distinction. But humanity would have the TRUTH, to enable it to accept the tutoring experiences of mortality with spiritual growth that follows understanding.

Going into an imposing building merely to hear a professional orator lecture about God does not necessarily make such structure holy. But if every true church were a shrine where humanity could proceed to get assurances from their “departed” face to face and by word of mouth, that all are living in Eternity *now*, and that lives are but planes of learning and phases of expression, Religion would suddenly become the cosmic orientation that it should be, as seen by those who have undergone their metamorphosis.

Churches would be the most sacred spots in all creation—hallowed by the most reverent sensations in the human heart.

**EVERY CHURCH WOULD BE A HALLOWED SHRINE BECAUSE IN IT THE DEAD MANIFEST IN THE TENDEREST AND MOST DEVOUT MANNER!**

Up the coming thousand years of the Golden Time, Religion will doubtless be not alone the opportunity for such contact but eager acceptance of the intelligence which surviving souls attest to, re-

porting on experiences with the celestial hierarchy in person.

We are getting forerunners of it all now in the most advanced psychical seance rooms. But it must be through the latter that we receive our kindergarten instructions bit by bit for the rejuvenation of religion by perfecting our contacts with celestuality in its highest forms perceptible to this plane of Shadowland.

Don't, therefore, doubt or ignore the more advanced forms of sacred Psychological Research. They are paving the way for tomorrow's enhanced religious concepts "when the true shall not only be known but demonstrated" . . .

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## Perdition

(Continued from Page 6)

so approbatory an attitude regarding him, while Smith may say: "You, and all critics like you, can jump in the nearest lake!" Unless we are empowered in some way to seize hold of Smith and bash him or jail him, he can continue his type of existence and our condemnations not affect him one way or the other.

No, to judge a man so that it means anything, we must have him at such a physical disadvantage, or under such form of restraint, that we can physically or mentally punish him or reward him. And that goes as well for the theological judgment after death.

What the parsons are telling us, without stopping to think much about it, is that souls on quitting the body pass automatically under arrest. Saying solemnly that they are conducted to a courtroom, divine or otherwise, means that somebody has them in custody.

The rationalist comes along with his tongue in his cheek, and asks: "Just how does anyone take a spirit into custody?" In other words, having quit the body and attained to the spiritual form, on what exhibits of post-mortem anatomy do the celestial guardians of the judgment fasten the cosmic handcuffs?

Can it be argued that such souls automatically arrested at physical death, go along into the divine courtroom voluntarily? If one or two of 'em here and there should elect to bolt, where would they run, and what does the divine sheriff grab when he succeeds in overtaking them?

SUPPOSE, however, that the said spirits are scared along in herds to the Judgment Hall, and meet God sitting eternally day and night, to designate which shall go to Heaven and which to Hell. Laying aside the question of who represents the defendant at the bar, how much time is allowed for presentation of the evidence in the cases of both defendant and prosecution, and how the culprits are made to abide by the verdicts rendered, consider as well the fate of the "good" soul that has qualified to escape hell and go up into realms of bliss.

A great deal is said while on earth about receiving a "robe and a crown", and about receiving a "harp" on which to praise the Lord God forever. But no provision seems to have been made for a body to don the robe, or a head upon the body to wear the crown, or hands in which to hold the harp. Particularly is nothing said about learning to play the said Irish instrument.

All souls, on successfully passing the divine judgment on their goodness or badness, would seem by the implications of orthodoxy to become expert harpists at once. At least we are told nothing about harpist schools for the new arrivals, where they are taken in and rendered into efficient musicians.

Granted, however, that there are such classes, and that there are as many entrants as there are new people dying daily, and getting into realms of bliss—and eternal harp music—has anyone ever stopped to consider how big the said orchestra becomes before eternity is run, who leads it so that the harps shall twang in unison and not sound like several million tom cats wailing off-key on the back fence at once, and what else there may be to heaven besides this perpetually-expanding musical exhibition?

Orthodox acceptances have it that each soul is created by a mortal man and woman having a child, that grows to maturity and eventually dies, shuffling off its physical husk and entering into heaven in spiritual form. As each passes muster, and is presented with his musical instrument, would it not mean another harpist for the chorus, till the entire spiritual universe is turned into a colossal orchestra of Celtic stringed instruments?

What an absurdity! Such a prospect would bore the sensible person to distraction after the third week.

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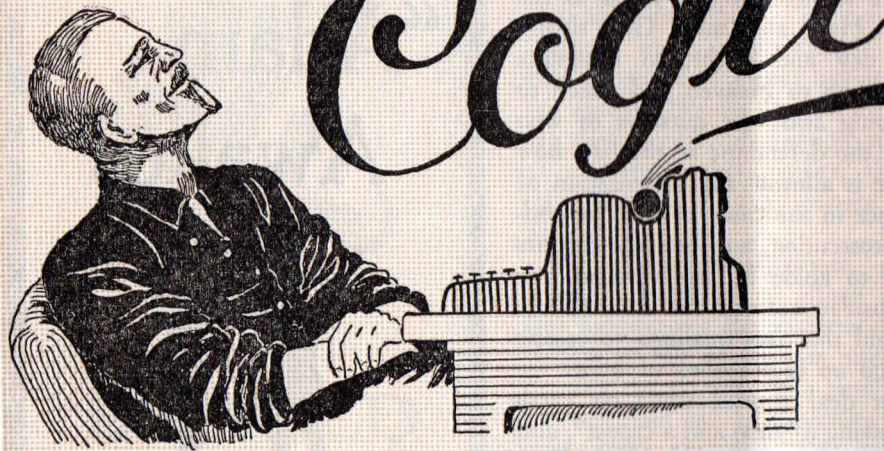
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**Soulcraft Chapels**

# Cogitations



ALL this flub-dub about old Ralph Flanders and the silly fuss he's kicking up in the Senate disapproving of Joe McCarthy, brings on a nostalgia for

the early years that I spent in Vermont, learning the State and the temperament of its people better than any other commonwealth in the Union. I went up to Vermont from Massachusetts in 1913, to work a couple of months on the *Deerfield Valley Times*, then buy the sheet and try to run it. I was only twenty-three and I resided in the State until I was twenty-six, when I moved to New York for a time to join the writing staff of *The American Magazine*. I made so much money from the magazine game and movies before going out to Russia for the first World War that I went back up to St. Johnsbury in Vermont's northeast corner and bought the defunct *Morning Caledonian*. I changed its quarters, made it over into an evening daily, and it was earning me ten thousand a year when the Methodist Church wanted me to go on a tour of the Orient for a survey of Protestant Foreign Missions. It was from this tour that I deflected up into Siberia, to see Communism come into that unhappy country through the lens of a G-2 camera. While I was absent from Vermont on this occasion I had sold a half-interest in *The Caledonian* to two brother newspapermen, neither of whom were able to hold up its earnings. Returning to Japan after my Russian experience, I learned that my newspaper back in the Green Mountain State was about to fold. I hurried home. A Boston newsman by the name of Smith

came along and made me an offer for it while trying to get it out of the red. I closed with him. He's conducting it at this moment, proving there was nothing wrong with the newspaper . . .



I WENT out to Hollywood for eight years of movie making with the original Lon Chaney and have only been back to Vermont for spasmodic visits since. Harriet's infant body is buried under a little white marker amid the brierbloom in the Wilmington, (Vt.) cemetery at this moment. Yet it's the flavor of the State, that I absorbed while living and working in it as a newspaperman, that remains with me. The *Deerfield Valley Times* folded on me, and I had deserved to lose it because I had gotten it by sharp practices. A country printer named George Dixon had given me a job as compositor



at \$12 a week, but I'd taken it to get the feel of the place with the idea of acquiring the property on the first chance that offered. That chance came when the New England Power Company was having a

fight at Montpelier getting a bill through the legislature to flood some choice historical districts for a power project. The town and county was up in arms about it. I slipped down to Boston over one week-end and saw the corporation's fixit man. Would he back me in acquiring the long-overdue mortgage on the *Deerfield Valley Times* if I promised to use the sheet to influence the county for the power development bill? He would and he did. I'm not proud of the fact now that I was particular agile in a maneuver like that. I rode back up to Brattleboro with him of a Sunday, had the bank directors come down and open up the place, transfer the mortgage to me, and was back on my typewriter-stool at eight of next morning. Dixon was then working for me but he didn't know it. I could have heaved him out the east window into the Deerfield River and he couldn't have done anything about it excepting come up as he could, don some dry clothes, and bring a suit against me for assault. For two days I enjoyed the adolescent thrill of moving about my own shop under such camouflage. The show-down came about eleven Wednesday. To save time on a printing job I'd set the form up twice, to run two-on, and halve the press-feeding. George noted and for some reason didn't like it. "Take it off and run them one at a time," he directed. "Nope," I said, "I won't!" He almost swallowed his tobacco-plug. "You do as I tell you," he squeaked, "or you ain't got no job." I said, "Oh yes, I've got a job." He said, "Doing what?" I said, "Running this newspaper so it looks less like an auction-bill." He asked, "Which of us is crazy?" I said, "You are!" He demanded, "Do you know how long it could take me to heave you out the basement door an' chuck your hat after you?" He was a flat-footed little man with a ragged moustache and unnaturally long neck. "You chuck my hat after me on my own property," I said, "and I'll have

you arrested." The long neck became longer. "Did you say *your own property*?" he cackled. I told him he heard excellently. "And how long have you owned this newspaper?" he wished to be informed. I said, "Since your mortgage was recorded in my name in the County Clerk's office at Windsor at ten yesterday morning." I went on feeding the job two up. This colloquy had transpired in the basement pressroom. George ascended the stairs three at a time and I heard him cranking the wall phone in the office. He almost tore it from the wall. Presumably conversation with Brattleboro ensued. Then ominous silence. I concluded I'd better go upsairs. I found him stacking the last of his effects on the front counter over which the two-dollar yearly subscriptions were paid. His face was grim. He bundled 'em up, tied 'em up, put on his hunting cap with the long visor that he wore the year 'round, thrust his arms in the sleeves of a mackinaw, and scooped up such private papers and property as had distinguished his proprietorship since his return from the Spanish-American War. But at the door and before closing it, he paused. "*You damned snake-in-the-grass!*" was his parting estimate of me . . . I do not recall the episode with pride, I say. George never got a nickel from the deal and his vanity was lacerated. I started to pay off the karma of it with the very first issue under my management.

o—o

DIXON had been editorially against the power company trespass. I distinguished my suzerainty by making up a front page that would have given William Randolph Hearst points on makeup, promising Wilmington and the county "the real truth" about the power company's cause—implying that Dixon had doctored it in his own interests—and inviting Ye Olde Subscriber to look for a sheet the following Thursday That Told All. Wilmington knew its first week of real excitement since Dewey had come off top-boy at Manila Bay. Citizens stood in little groups and pointed me out as I moved about the business section. I made out the New England Power Company as a cross between the Band of Mercy and the Host that sang hosannas over Bethlehem the night of the Nativity. This masterpiece of eulogy, about four percent true, I "stuck" in eight-point with my own hands, illustrated with

cuts that I fished out of an old drawer showing Ethan Allan defying the British at Ticonderoga, with a fishing-camp view of Mount Glastonbury for good measure. Excitement increased as Thursday afternoon publication date drew near. Was the power company a greatly wronged Moloch or was it not? Would the dam project put milk in Vermont babies' bottles or take it out? Men were six deep in front of my newspaper office next door to Walter Brown's Grocery as six p. m. came and the *Times* was not yet issued, for I was acting as my own production crew. Then the narrow-gauge evening train came up the valley and a young power company executive swung off. He came directly to my office, shouldering his way through the press on the porch. "Orders of the power company's head attorney—who's just back from Europe—are to kill that story," he greeted me, "not a word must be published about the company's operations in this valley nor the legislature nor anywhere. And I'm here in person to see they're carried out." I sat down weakly in my sanctum swivel. "But where does that leave me in this town?" I asked him to inform me. "Maybe up Mud Creek without a paddle," he replied, "but the company's not telling *anything* to *anyone* about its operations and you can make of it what you will." . . . Thus did retribution catch up with me within seventy-two hours. I worked all night remaking the paper. On the front page I featured the deaths by drowning of three cows belonging to Ernest Boyd, their names being Flossy, Bertie, and Buttercup. Wilmington clawed for the copies when they reached the post office, scanned the columns for the power company opus, got the cow obituaries instead, cared not a kopeck for who was visiting whom in Sandy Creek over the week-end or how many Christians attended the oyster supper in the Baptist Church Monday night, and put me down as a city slicker who would bear watching. I never did live down the power company fluke, and George Dixon didn't help matters any, going to and fro insinuating darkly there had been another infamous "deal" that threatened the peace and sovereignty of the state, the nation and the world. Then with the *Times* still owing on that mortgage, Baby Harriet fell ill of meningitis. I spent nearly \$700 in Brattleboro hos-



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pital bills, trying to save her life—back in the days when a dollar was *money*. The day before the Kaiser's Germans invaded Belgium found me alighting from the trolley-car in Bennington to take a job with Lt. Governor Frank Howe as superintendent of the *Bennington Evening Banner*. The stipend was \$16 weekly. It was a hard school, in a section of the nation where they sharpened the sheep's noses to get them down between pasture rocks, but it did teach me the facts of life economically and what *not* to do about running a one-horse business.

o—o

ANYBODY can be senator from Vermont who has the time to give to it, with no living to make. But I can see those Vermonters voting for Old Ralph and not seriously objecting to any pro-Moscow bias so long as the Kremlin is "agin" Wall Street and "special privilege" as they were once "agin" the power company who sought to flood their ancestral acres sanctified with the gore of the native sons who had cheered when John Stark cried, "There are the British, boys! Tonight they're ours or Molly Stark sleeps a widow." . . Old Ralph isn't any Commie, although he wasn't any pumpkins politically when I was engineering the daily issues of the *Banner* or the *Caledonian*, and I never enjoyed his acquaintance. But it's not that Vermonters love Moscow, that makes them dispatch their Senator no telegrams of condemnation. It's because they hate the same financial and industrial Molochs that Moscow affects to hate. Besides, the British don't buy any goods from their Connecticut River factories. The Vermonter has got to be "agin" something, just for the sheer perversity of "showing character." Between 1913 and 1923 I learned the State in every pasture and crossroads bailiwick. I campaigned all over its territory with Lt. Gov. Howe, from Island Pond to Pownal. And I wrote, sold, and had published something like 210 stories of its people as I knew them in their joys, sorrows, ordeals and moral triumphs. Strangest of all is the fact that the lovely woman with whom I talked two weeks ago Tuesday, has her name on the little white stone marker up there among the hillside brierbloom. Yes, my affection for Vermont is not sentimentality. But to appreciate the State I had to get afield and see it in retrospect. Flanders can't hurt

Senator Joe, by the way. Flanders simply doesn't know what it's all about, and Joe does. But Flanders' electorate likes the man who stands out against the crowd simply for the sake of being contrary. It's the contrary thing just now to be on the Moscow side. Anyhow, Vermont is a good state to train in, merely to prepare for a world where the average man is altogether too prone to take pride in being an item in a sheepflock. Believe me, I *know!* I conducted three Vermont newspapers . .

—THE INTERPRETER

## Aquarius

(Continued from Page 3)

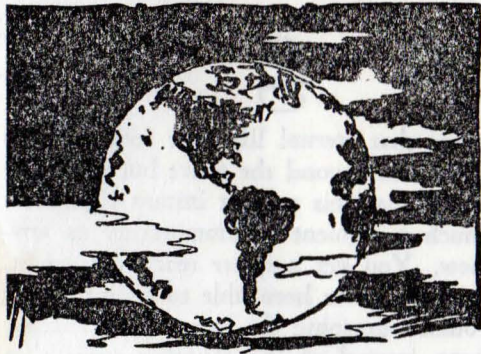
had steam engines for this and that; we built great dams to conserve this power. Only a few years ago man took to the air . . he had always longed to fly. Primitive man had watched the eagle with envy. In Greek mythology, we have Icarus, the son of Daedalus who warned the boy not to fly too close to the sun . . but he did fly too high and the sun melted the wax which held his wings together and he fell into the sea and perished.

BEFORE ARIES, the Age of the Ram, the world was in Taurus, the Age of the Bull. The Egyptians worshipped Apis or Hap, a sacred bull from the IV Dynasty to the time of the Emperor Julian. And remember a *calf* was worshipped by the Israelites in the desert during the exodus from Egypt.

The names of the constellations in no way refer to their shape, but refer to the innate character of the lesson that we have to learn at the particular time that is indicated by the zodiacal Sign. The Age of Air, or Aquarius, is going to be a completely new chapter in the history of mankind. A new age means *everything new*, and not just a polishing up of the old Piscean ideas which most people regard as the only possible ideas . . the only natural and established order of things, instead of being merely one of an infinite number of possible expressions.

Everything is going to change . . Our political, social and ecclesiastical institutions, our methods of doing our daily work, our relationships with one another, our instruments of self-expression and self-discovery . . all will undergo a radical

change for the better. If we know the Truth and practice it, we shall go forward learning the new lesson and rejoicing in the new work.



**W**HO is the man with the water pot? He is the gardener . . . and so the interpretative symbol of the New Age is the Gardener. Man has graduated as a Shepherd (Aries), and as a Fisherman (Pisces), and now becomes a Gardener. This title expresses the kind of work that he has to do in his new role. Psychologists insist that the conscious and the subconscious minds stand almost exactly in the relationship of *gardener* and *garden*. The gardener sows his seed in the soil that he has prepared; he waters the ground, and selects a site upon which the sun will shine .. but he does not try to make the seed grow. He leaves that to Nature. Therefore, we speak the Word but we leave it to Divine Power to make the demonstration. The dominant note of the New Age then is *Spiritual development and Spiritual demonstration*.

It takes humanity about twenty-six thousand years to go through the class of twelve lessons about the Creator, which we call the Zodiac. We have gone through these lessons many times before, and we will have to repeat them in the future, but each time we go through the same lessons at a much higher level with a different quality of knowledge, *for it is not an endless circle, but an upward reaching spiral*.

The change we are now experiencing is not a change brought about by merely passing from one Sign or Age to another, such as happened in passing from Taurus into Aries, or Aries into Pisces . . . our present change is not one brought about by a two-thousand year cycle, but brought

about by the ending of a Solar Year, or twenty-six thousand years. That is why we are now going through a great upheaval . . . physically, mentally and spiritually.

**A**QUARIUS has its ominous side too, for astrologers equate it with cold, rainstorms, floods, and dark. For some time now, the world has been experiencing a fantastic number of disasters . . . strange weather; tidal waves, floods, earthquakes, great volcanic activity; famines; drought; dust storms and so on. But these catastrophic events have been prophesied for centuries and the New Age under the dominant influence of Uranus will first see all old conditions upset, for Uranus is the *disrupter* or *smasher*. What we are prone to call death and destruction is usually the prelude to something better and finer . . . what is the death of the old year, but the birth of the new one.

Our brothers from outer space have entered the scene as we go into Aquarius, and this would be expected in the new Air Age. Man on Earth will sail through interstellar space himself in the New world of the near future . . . he will know Truth for the Light of Aquarius will not permit falsity to exist in any form.

When Ganymedes (Aquarius) is raised to heaven (or above the horizon of the North Pole) Virgo or Astraea, who is Lucifer, descends head downwards below the horizon of the South Pole, or the pit; which pit, or the pole, is also the Great Dragon or the Flood. From this we can easily see that in the New Age (Aquarius) all falseness and evil (Lucifer) will be done away with on earth and submerged forever (the pit).

There is a striking similarity between the pure water rushing forth from the jar of Aquarius and the words of St. John in Revelation: "He showed me a *pure river of water of life*, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Set your heart upon God and not upon form. As the old landmarks disappear one by one beneath the rising tide of the new life, go boldly on, knowing that the best is yet to be, and that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"Greet the unknown with a cheer."



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

**T**HE ODDEST and yet the most priceless thing about acquiring a wealth of *reliable* psychical knowledge is the gradual and subtle metamorphosis it works on your psychology. You think differently without always recognizing that you do. You think differently about this morbid and fallacious subject known as Death. Before you began exploring the profundities of the Ageless Wisdom, or before you were personally introduced to the phenomena of the seance room conducted upon sacred ethics and honest procedure, you more or less feared Death—at least you were apprehensive of it. The question is still moot with ninety-five percent of persons no matter how fervently they call themselves Christians, "If a man die, yet shall he live again?" The mortal clay, stretched lifeless before the gaze, invariably presents a spectacle of horror. If the body be that of someone particularly loved in life, the grief can be numbing. Where has the soul-spirit that occupied it, "gone"? The intellectual challenge is equalled only by the fantastic nature of one's conjectures. Thereat may come a breaking into what we call the Higher Knowledge, along with opportunity to sit in on such an affair as occurred at Soulcraft on the night of July 13th. The one who lay so inert in the plush casket, stands forth in all the vitality and exuberance of recreated or renewed flesh and gives overwhelming assurance that such horror as Death being the "ending" of all conscious life is little or nothing but mortal fiction . . .

**Y**OU SEE this thing happen, not once but ten times, twenty, thirty—as I have done with different mediums up across twenty-five years—and without maliciously meaning to do so, you come to feel a withering contempt for the mystical ignorance of those who plod hopelessly along, day upon day, obsessed with the delusion that such physical demise means "the end of everything." You know it no more means the end of everything than a particularly beloved relative or friend embarking on a trip to Europe and being out of sight and contact for a handful of weeks or months means that such person has perished off terra firma. Growing more and more familiar with the evidence of the seance room, especially the materializing seance room, the moment finally arrives when you arouse with a sense of shock to the reflection that you no longer are accrediting Death as a cold fact of life. And if Death is no longer a cold fact of life, then it must mean that consciousness is an infallible perpetuity. And both of these gradually come to stack up in your evolving philosophy

to the majestic acceptance that eternal life isn't something to be attained by great good luck beyond the grave but a fact of existence *NOW!* Meaning, that this present instant right here in mortal life, is as much a segment of Immortality as anything you can ever know. You get a queer reaction from it. Subconscious pressures you've never been able to analyze, start easing off. You find yourself grasping the truer significance of today's conscious moment, instead of the countless years that you may someday live with your chief occupation the fulfilling of a seat in a gargantuan celestial orchestra. Values start re-adjusting themselves in your whole ideology. You feel a new sense of importance from sheer *KNOWING* . . .

**W**HAT bothers me in much of it is the wonder why I, in my current personality, should find myself among a favored few that have witnessed enough phenomena to bring such convictions home to me and make them a part of my character and intellect? Why shouldn't such marvels be equally available to universal humanity? This in turn resolves itself into the wonderment, why the number of honest and capable sensitives—like Bertie Lilly Candler—is so limited? Give enough of them to service all humanity constantly, and it would seem that the fallacy of Death's finality would be global. Then I start questioning the extent to which such assurance of life's perpetuity would change the life plans of millions of individuals? Would it be for better or for worse if it happened in great numbers? Would it turn out that estimates on human life as human life deteriorated and cheapened? What high moral values are instilled into the individual's character by regarding the possibility of having but one life to live and "being a long time dead"? Would irresponsible persons be less careful about the worth of mortal life and bodies, if physical death were credited as only a material incident? . . . These are mind-teasers that one can't dismiss lightly. However, ever since the July 13th seance I *have* been possessed with a feeling of slight surprise that my attitude toward Death has so fundamentally altered. Knowing the less hectic conditions prevailing on the higher planes, I can't truly lament when news comes in of the demise of this acquaintance or that. "Lucky dog!" is my subconscious reaction. I even discover myself questioning how they rate it? But there is it. Enlightenment on these matters appears to have such high value at present because of the degree of universal ignorance. When all is of enlightenment, will this be the same world for the rank and file? That is the brain-teaser. Have you ever given much thought to it? . . .

**¶ BLESSED** are the ignorant for is it not possible they are happier in merely thinking that they know everything?