

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, June 12, 1954

Number 7



**HOW ACADEMIC WISDOM
FACES MAJOR CHANGE**

Turn to Page Two . .

Space-Men May Revolutionize Knowledge!



institutional wisdom when—for instance—it suddenly becomes of universal scientific knowledge that Death is merely an illusion of consciousness on the one hand, and on the other that individuals in organic bodies can communicate mechanically with assumed “dead” people on higher octaves of intelligent existence and learn that earthly reemodiment is the First Law in the process of mortal life. For that matter, consider what alterations in general education are imminent when it is scientifically proven that all other heavenly bodies are inhabited—with creatures not unlike ourselves.

From Flying Saucers to Hyperdimensional Television, academic acceptances of today must be plowed up or struck mute. Consider the implications in this bit of appalling intelligence just received from Britain—

FACING an audience in Westminster's Caxton Hall, London, last Saturday, a bespectacled greying man from Manchester told his listeners “without hesitation” that, given money for research and development, television pictures of life in Higher Dimensions of Time, Space, and Matter, and radio communication with the so-called “dead” would be a reality within five to ten years.

Leader of the Manchester Spirit Electronic Communication Society and editor of *The Psychic Realm*, Earnest Thompson, in a speech full of eloquent ideology, said—

“I have, for many years, been thinking about and trying to work out a theory in answer to the problem of what happens when a man survives death. As many of you know, a man is just an organization of energy. I am sure we have all had proof of Survival. That being so, there must come a time when that surviving force becomes detectable.

“In 1948, Zwaan came to this country and demonstrated that a certain instrument could affect human perception of that realm beyond death. After Zwaan left this country, I went on demonstrating this fact. In 1949 I founded the Spirit Electronic Communication Society. *All our experiments were repeatable.*

(Continued on Page 10)

ALL OVER America this fortnight the youth of our land is graduating. Schooling lies behind it. Eight to nine years of grammar school, four years of high school, four years of college. Nearly seventeen years of learning—*what?* Reading, writing and arithmetic, certainly, raised to the octave of Literature, Authorship and Mathematics. A dabble of the so-called Sciences. And even before the 472,025 college seniors reaching Commencement this month have descended to the campus with diplomas beneath their elbows, the world will have changed just an infinitesimally bit faster than their own psychological processes, not to mention the character of the erudition awaiting all succeeding generations.

It is a new world and a new age that the human race is entering, with old standards rapidly becoming archaic. Not necessarily moral or spiritual standards because those are constant from generation to generation. VALOR has reference to scientific, hence academic standards.

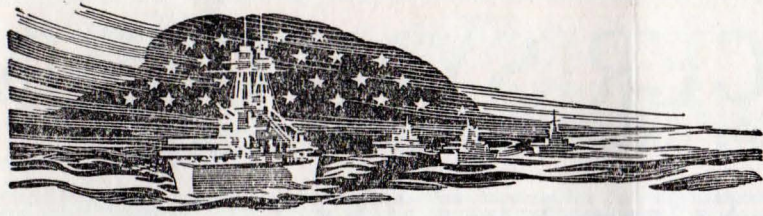
All institutions of higher learning are slanted to the prevalent religious and psy-

chical acceptances of the national population from which they derive support. Most of them are symbolized by the reported comment of Prof. Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard, returning one night to Cambridge from a demonstration of spiritist phenomena at the home of the celebrated medium Marjory Crandon in Boston. A fellow physicist asked him what he thought of the evening's performance—admittedly bona fide.

“We've got to deny and challenge it,” lamented Munsterberg. “Because if we concede its truth, we'd have to rewrite every college textbook in America, and God knows we can't do *that!*”

No man in the last century was more honestly interested in spiritist phenomena than Prof. Munsterberg, but he realized the practical problems involved in altering the entire psychological curriculum of America's institutions of higher learning—even in the interest of truth.

Despite the practical work involved in rewriting every college textbook in America, in the light of the strange erudition coming to light from the macrocosmic heavens or the microcosmic seance-room, consider the alterations to be forced on



"Final Secret of Pearl Harbor"
Shows Galilean Magazine
Published Truth about War

Pearl Harbor Story Proves Pelley Writings of 1942

IT HAS been aptly said that the only trouble with the editorials of the *Indianapolis Star* is their limitation of circulation. Actually they belong in a periodical of national circulation. Proof of this statement is offered in the symposium on events leading up to Pearl Harbor, reprinted hereinafter. Pelley was punished severely in 1942, not for saying the same things but for saying them *falsely*, or so it was alleged. In other words, when Pelley apprised the American people that there had been deliberate intent behind the Administration's part to incite the Japanese to assail Pearl Harbor, it was called sedition on the plea that no foundation for it resided in truth.

Twelve years afterward, Admiral Theobald's bestseller, *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor* establishes that everything that Pelley wrote about the cause of World War II was devastatingly correct.

It is neither sedition nor libel ever to publish *truth*.

Came Memorial Day, 1954, and this great Midwest newspaper expresses itself editorially in the following damning indictment—

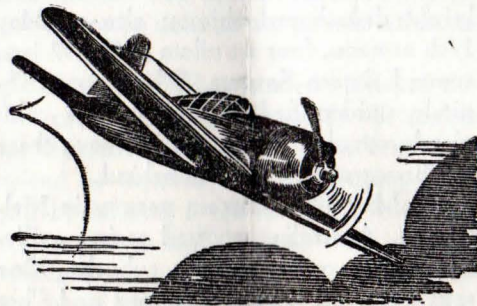
"IT IS always difficult for people to believe things they don't want to believe. Facts that disturb our prejudices and contradict preconceived beliefs are very often simply rejected and disbelieved regardless of their accuracy. A great many Americans who supported and believed in President Roosevelt, for instance, now refuse to believe the tragic facts that have been brought out about his responsibility for the Japanese 'surprise' attack at Pearl Harbor. They grasp at any straw which might contradict these facts. Most of them refuse to read the evidence.

"But the evidence is there and the people who want to know the truth can now get it in *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor* by Admiral Theobald and also in more comprehensive studies like Charles Callan Tansill's voluminous historical study *Back Door To War*. Ambassador Grew's second volume *The Turbulent Years* and Robert Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins* add additional evidence.

"Some of our readers have called us to state that a war message was sent to our Hawaiian commanders on Nov. 27 and this should have prepared them to defend the fleet. A Naval message *was* sent. It stated: 'This dispatch is to be considered a war warning. Negotiations with Japan looking toward stabilization of conditions in the Pacific have ceased and an aggressive move by Japan is expected within the next few days. The number and equipment of Japanese troops indicates an amphibious expedition against either the Philippines, Thai or Kra Peninsula, or possibly Borneo.'

"The Army message sent was less urgent. It stated 'Negotiations with Japan appear to be terminated with only the barest possibility of resumption.'

"But, as Admiral Theobald points out, the President and commanders of the Army and Navy knew at this very time, and before this, that *an attack on Pearl Harbor itself was imminent. This informa-*



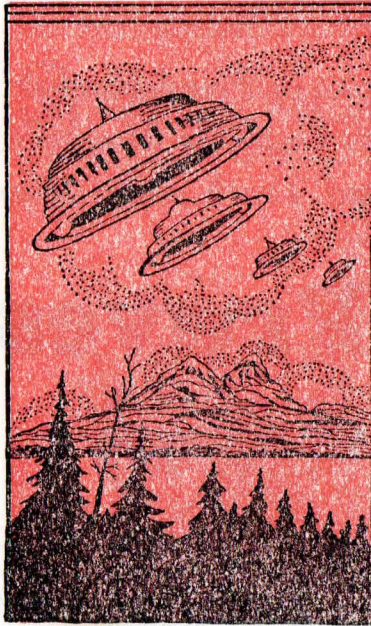
tion they did not send to Hawaiian commanders. In fact when subordinate officers tried to send it, they were ordered not to do so by higher authority.

"THE United States had broken the Japanese code. Thus five messages from Tokyo to the Japanese consul in Honolulu were intercepted and decoded between Sept. 24 and Nov. 29. They all asked for information about the conditions, stations and type of ships at Pearl Harbor. As Admiral Theobald points out 'They gave unmistakable evidence of the Japanese intentions to deliver such an attack upon the U. S. Fleet in Pearl Harbor.' Yet, 'Not the slightest hint of all this was given to Admiral Kimmel or General Short. Why was such irrefutable evidence of the coming attack so withheld? Why did Washington contribute so completely to the surprise feature of the attack? There can be only one answer—because President Roosevelt wanted it that way!'

"Thirteen decoded messages from Tokyo to the Japanese Embassy in Washington were read in Washington between Nov. 5 and Dec. 1. They set a target date of Nov. 25 for an end to negotiations. They stated that after this, 'Things are automatically going to happen.' None of the urgency of war made so obvious by these messages was contained in the only warning message sent to Pearl Harbor on Nov. 27, saying an 'aggressive move' against the Philippines or Thailand was possible. Why not?

"On Nov. 25 Secretary of War Stimson wrote in his diary, 'The question was how we should maneuver them (the Japanese) into the position of firing the first shot without allowing too much danger

(Continued on Page 7)



SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...

Saucer Sightings Are Really on the Increase

ON JUNE 1st officials said that reports of Flying Saucers had fallen off sharply since 1952. They believe more scientific investigating and better public education are responsible. So far this year they claim that only 87 sightings have been reported. Actually it is over 5,000.

The Air Force received 1,700 reports of sightings in 1952. Last year the figure fell off to 429. They are still unable to explain about ten percent of the sightings. Many people condemn our government for not releasing all of its Saucer information. But after all, the term "government" is vague . . . to whom are we referring?

It matters not what the current official statements are . . . whether they be pro or anti-Saucer, for all articles claiming to give the final "truth" about the Saucers always have the same re-hash from Capt. Mantell to the Capitol "buzz" on radar and end by leaving the door wide open on: "At least ten percent are still *unexplained!*"

The Air Force still welcomes information from anyone who sees what he believes to be a UFO (Unidentified Flying Object). The man to contact is Capt. Charles A. Hardin, Air Technical Intelligence Center, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio.

YOU HAVE a worthwhile work to do in the world. It is motivated by reports and sightings *have not fallen off* by any means since 1952! Information is re-

ceived daily on teletypes that never gets into print. The newspapers claim there is no government shut-down, but they simply do not print too much Saucer news because the resultant interest on the part of their readers plus phone calls and inquiries by excited people make it impossible for them to conduct a normal, prosperous business. They will often print Saucer news if it concerns local people or nearby towns.

One of the great proofs of the fact that Saucer news is kept on a local level is the recent Washington, D.C. sightings. Newspapers throughout the country did not carry the story, although Washington papers gave it headlines. One craft hovered directly over the Capitol, jets chased others, and radar tracked one for over three hours.

The day after Truman Bethurum's Saucer lecture in Detroit, Michigan, strange, blinking lights frightened many people forty miles northwest of Detroit. Police phone lines were flooded according to newspaper accounts, and Selfridge Air Force Base sent up jet interceptors to observe the lights at closer range. Pontiac, Michigan also reported an unusual lighting in the sky. Student pilots wouldn't take to the air because they feared the object. This phenomenon was seen over a large area by many people. The entire matter rated only a line or two in local papers.

ON MAY 18th Saucers were sighted over Alabama towns; on May 17th citizens in Joliet, Illinois watched two bright disk-shaped objects; also on May 17th at noon, four jet pilots in SN-97 jets, spotted sixteen Saucers. These were definitely unidentified craft and were completely circular. When the jets gave chase the Saucers left them far behind.

On May 30th fourteen persons in Melbourne, Australia, reported seeing a Flying Saucer over the city's suburbs. One said the craft was oval-shaped and "big

as a railway coach" and he claimed it "buzzed" his house.

Saucers are still being observed in Sweden, Austria, Illinois and Ohio. On April 23rd in Hot Springs, Arkansas, six workmen watched a mysterious gleaming ball hover over a house for twenty minutes. One of the men, Les Reatherford, said the ball once dived toward him, and that he had to duck to avoid being hit. The men described the white ball of light as being about ten feet in diameter. They said it circled the house slowly, stopping for a moment at regular intervals. The ball followed the men when they left in a station wagon and drove toward Percy, Arkansas.

On page 57 of *The Saucers Speak* you will find: "We must tell you that Orion is coming soon to Saras in a square star body. The year of decision is soon to come to you!" On May 8th, Herbert Flick of Phoenix, Arizona, saw what he calls a "Flying Box". He said it was square with a light on each corner. He estimated the object was at least a half mile high. It went toward the South Mountains at a high rate of speed and then abruptly turned, came back, and passed over Flick. He observed it for at least three minutes, then it headed East and disappeared. *Square star bodies, indeed!*

MYSTERIOUS FLYING Globes skimmed across Pacific Northwest skies on the night of May 31st. The brilliant spheres of light were sighted from such widely separated places as Spokane, Portland, Ellensburg, Yakima, Moses Lake and Pasco, according to the Spokane filter center and one was confirmed by the Larson Air Force Base Officers-of-the-day and control tower at Moses Lake. George Begg, a Spokane police sergeant said: "We thought at first it was a comet, but it was travelling too slow. It was just before 8:00 p. m. when my wife saw the globe coming from the south. The object
(Continued on Page 10)



(Psychically Received)

CONSCIENCE, the Sleuthing of the Soul to Detect Error in the Program of Life-Experience

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

WE WOULD talk to you this hour on manifest Errors of Conscience which have their being in your subconscious.

This is an important subject at this time and at this particular stage of your psychological development. Manifest errors of conscience are not always the same in all people. Conscience is a tricky thing. It embraces a man's ability to see what is requisite for the happiness of those about him, not always the capacity to do those things which are pleasing to his *psyche*.

Conscience is a mentor for you in this regard. That is, it brings you a sense of values enabling you to determine the disposition of your affairs so that you are efficient in your spiritual impulses. It is not the watchdog that you think it is, as conscience may change at different periods as you see things with clearer understanding.

You have no right to say: Conscience tells me to do this or that. It is not strictly true. Conscience is the Still Small Voice of God, some say. That is not strictly true, either.

Conscience is the power within you enabling you to see clearly that which is most beneficent for yourself and those about you in your relationships to them.

Conscience says, do this or do that, because it enables you to act heroically in the face of disaster either real or fancied. It enables you to see your path of duty because it realizes that Duty is the essence of character. It enables you to see yourself as others see you in their expectations of you, not as you would like to see yourself in every circumstance.

Now be patient while we tell you this—

It is essential at times for your conscience to motivate you into unpleasant avenues. That means, you see things to be done that annoy or disgust you with their pettiness, shallowness, deception, and general abominatory character.

You do these things with "good conscience" you say. But that means something more than the end justifying the means. Sometimes it means that you see clearer than you think, consciously, what is right to be done to the persons affected.

CHARACTER is formed by doing unpleasant things *pleasantly*. It makes no difference whether it means keeping a friend by injuring him or injuring yourself by helping a friend. Conscience motivates you to find the inner track of least resistance across unpleasant territory to results of enduring value.

It is a tricky thing, conscience, we say again, and no two people have the same background nor do they always see things rightly alike.

Conscience says to a person, Act for good. That is well as far as Conscience goes, *determining what is good and what is bad according to one's light is a phase of spirit outside the province of Conscience*, although Conscience can be called a spiritual phase or factor.

We want to impress this on you. Conscience is working correctly when it says to you: making annoyances in another's life is a crime of a sort. It is an enemy to you when it says: do this thing because it was motivated by man-made law.

YOU discuss law man-made as though it were the final word in morality. It is truly nothing of the kind but merely expedients for registering tempers of humanity in various phases of its development.

Tempers of humanity in turn are essential to progress of a sort but none the less vicious if they become nuisances in practice. By that we mean, humanity is constantly changing its viewpoint. Let a law succumb to popular approval and yet be left on the statute books and it is a nuisance.

Morals therefore have nothing to do with man-made law excepting that man-made law be spiritual in essence. You have Laws of Conscience, however, that endure for all time. They say to man: Act wisely, judge discriminately, perform efficiently, seek good and pursue it. Abstractions, all of them! But none the less they are vital in significance of application.

Your own conscience is a case in point.

VALOR has been informed by prominent newspaper men that Saucer re-the highest idealism. You have Master

Spirits with you constantly, companioning you in whatever you do. *You feel their effects and call it conscience.* In truth, perhaps it is a phase of Conscience, or conscious perception. But what you really do is to confuse an externalized force with an inherent benefaction of impulse. You liken all things to yourself in your decrees and think that all men are affected by your emotions.

Do not do it any longer. They are not. The soundest advice we could give you is: Certain emotions are general to the race but only a very rare emotion visualizes to all men alike.

Conscience is a factor in perception but not perception itself.

What we mean is, it presupposes the Law of Karma to be munificent and seeks to establish the working out of that law in cause and effect. Now be patient again while we tell you this—

Your conscience is your own worst enemy when it tells you you are hurting a person to do him good. You don't always know you are doing that, to begin with. You merely assume it because you yourself might be emotionally affected by the issues involved. You cannot say that the next person believes as you do, sees as you do, or feels as you do. You assume it and handicap yourself in your judgments and decrees.

Karma postulates that every person is on earth—barring the teachers and the mentors—to do himself good by the experiences he encounters. That does not mean that people do not manufacture experiences never intended for them. It does mean all the same, that they have to live their own lives and take their medicine in order to be strong.

What right have you to say which medicine they shall take? The medicine awaits them whether you administer it or it comes to them from another source.

True Conscience is always impartial—or it should be. It makes people strong by decreeing the right for them as you see it, devoid of sentimentality and freighted with benefits for them that come from experience of sordid values many times.

Now let us speak for a moment of the ways in which Conscience should *not* work in order to be Conscience.

It should never express itself in conditions of fact specifying deliberately what people should do.

It should never make hasty judgments. It should never attempt to set up rules and regulations for conduct, or *force* people to be good. Its function is primarily to instruct in the permanent tenets of idealistic virtues, giving people to understand your concepts of right and wrong, making them to see that right and wrong are always interchangeable values harking back always to eternal verities.



WE DO not say that Conscience is an infallible mentor for every malady that afflicts human nature, nor does it make straight the path to virtue. The true Conscience sets a standard by its own integrity, measuring men and women against it. Then it fearlessly assails them if need be, from its own standpoint. It never tries to undermine *their* viewpoints nor prescribe for *their* intellects.

It keeps abstract in the finer spiritual qualifications and invites criticism when it be just. It points to understanding but not to concrete solutions.

Conscience is tricky, tricky. It is too often confused with emotionalism. What is good for one man may not be good for his neighbor when emotionalism is the criterion. But exercising conscience applies the same to the whole human race.

Let us consider now for a moment the errors of conscience in a case like your own.

YOU dislike being told your duty or where it lies. Certainly you do. So too do other people. You know it, you say. So do they.

Pointing out the duties of others to them is an error of conscience of colossal proportions.

Do not let it ensnare you. Point out to people that they have within themselves factors of determination, but hold them to a sense of those factors.

You dislike being told that men are different from yourself in feeling. It makes you seem odd and not a part of the earthly picture. So do others, no matter how true the accusation may be.

You dislike being made aware of your own inefficiencies. It hurts to discover that you are not measuring up to your vaunted capacities. You have a horror of being misinterpreted.

All these things are primarily exercised as errors of conscience. Taking them by and large they cause more confusion in the human race than pestilences or wars.

We have no reason for criticizing you especially. We make the accusation in general. There is no other reason for Conscience than this: that it supplies a feeling of inferiority when considering issues and events but makes you see clearly and generously when considering motives, inspirations and credences of spirit postulations.

We cannot put this too strongly. Advise yourself that your conscience is your Inner Self irresistibly noble, accurate, and infallible of wisdom when exercised in spiritual determinations. It is infallible, malleable, and recrudescient when dealing with events, persons, and motivations for commercial objectives and specific peoples. Do not trust it. It will trick you.

Generalizing again, we want to say this: No man's conscience is as elastic as is popularly acclaimed. There can be no such thing. It is adamant, permanent, and organic, impelling obedience to its slightest whim, making people's motives pure or shoddy without the slightest delay in decision. It comes to a man as a flash of lightning and is gone as quickly. It says, do this or do that, say this or say that, ask this or ask that, be permanent, be quiescent, be subject, be superior, be harsh or be soft, be diligent or be lax, be loyal or be subversive—all in the twinkling of an eye, because it is not something subject to moods, physical conditionings, or tempers. It is pure and concrete and fulfills the function of positive assaying of human motivations.

(Continued on Page 10)



Week in Retrospect

GEORGE HUNT Williamson and Truman Bethurum opened their tandem midwest lecture tour on the Flying Saucer realities at the Sheraton-Gibson Hotel in Cincinnati on Friday, at 8 p. m. Interest in Cincinnati ran high and the big Victoria Room at the Sheraton-Gibson was filled early. Ralph Zimmerman, who frequently puts on the pageants for the Federal Council of Churches, directed arrangements. Radio and TV interviews on the Cincinnati stations were generous. The affair was backed by the Professional and Businessmen of the city.

In preliminary conferences with radio and air corps officials prior to putting on the address, the startling fact was brought out that Saucer sightings at present are running better than 700 per week—the highest that the figure has carried since Kenneth Arnold saw the first one over Mount Ranier in 1948. By common consent, however, the newspapers of the nation are giving the phenomena no publicity . . .

Full report of the Cincinnati event at the Sheraton-Gibson will be carried in next week's VALOR.

* * *

WINNIPEG, Manitoba—The rector and congregation at St. John's Anglican Cathedral are at loss to explain the organ which played on a recent Sunday *without an organist*. Those present said it started about ten minutes after Rev. H. J. Skynner, cathedral curate, began reading a passage out of the New Testament. About a dozen persons were in the cathedral chapel, including the rector, the Rev. J. O. Anderson, Dean of Rupert's Land. As Rev. Skynner read, a note sounded on the organ. It was distinct, with the quality of a flute. It was followed by another note and another. Together, they made no known tune, but they were not without melody. Those present said the accompaniment continued

throughout the service, which lasted another twenty minutes. It was played entirely on the flute stop. The organ manual, the *only place* at which the instrument could be played, was visible from the chapel. *No organist was there!* The cathedral's organ experts said, "The organ was shut off dead, the valves were all closed!" This is another strange happening coming out of Canada in the last few weeks. VALOR recently reported that radios were being turned on without anyone doing it . . . telephones ringing without anyone being one the line . . . and now organs playing of their own accord. These must be "tests" preparing us for "The Great Speaking".

Pearl Harbor

(Continued from Page 3)

to ourselves.' To arrange for Pearl Harbor to be a sitting duck, for an attack like both of those which Japan launched against enemy fleets in two previous wars, was the solution to this question.

"In October Dr. Richard Sorge, the Russian spy in Japan, informed the Kremlin that "the Japs intend to attack Pearl Harbor within 60 days.' The Kremlin informed the State Department. Nobody informed the commanders at Pearl Harbor, however.

"When the Nov. 27 message giving a 'war warning' was sent, General Short ordered an alert against sabotage. This meant he kept his planes grouped more easily—and bombed more easily. He informed the War Department in Washington of his action. Why was he not warned to disperse the planes in case of attack which the War Department knew was coming?

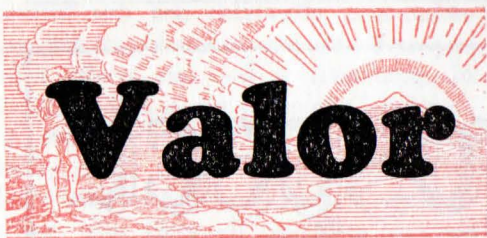
"Admiral Kimmel reported that he had sent the carriers Enterprise and Lexington to Wake and Midway on Nov. 28, the day after he received the 'war mes-

sage.' Exposing these ships separately at that time was tremendously dangerous if war was imminent.

"NAVAL Commander McCullom drafted a message Dec. 4 stating, 'War between Japan and the United States is imminent.' Rear Admiral Turner would not allow him to send it. Why? Army Col. Sadtler drafted a message for General Short in Hawaii stating, 'War with Japan imminent; eliminate all possibility of another Port Arthur.' Port Arthur was the port containing the Russian Fleet which was decimated in a surprise Japanese attack in the Russo-Japanese war. General Gerow refused to allow this message to be sent. Why? Saturday night before Pearl Harbor the final Japanese message from Tokyo to its Washington Embassy was intercepted and decoded. It was presented to Roosevelt. According to his friend and biographer, Robert Sherwood, Roosevelt said 'This means war.' But neither he, nor General Marshall, nor Admiral Stark made immediate contact with Pearl Harbor. The next day General Marshall and Admiral Stark sent telegrams by Western Union warning of the attack. They arrived two hours after it was over! How come? Why not use the phone if war is about to start?

"There is a great deal more evidence in Admiral Theobald's account and his listing of the documentary record from War and State Department files. It all leads to a single conclusion, Washington knew an attack was coming against Pearl Harbor and refused to warn Pearl Harbor of the attack. The attack was welcomed! Sherwood writes of the President's 'great relief at the method Japan used. In spite of the disaster at Pearl Harbor and the blitz warfare with the Japanese during the first weeks, it completely solidified the American people and made war upon Japan inevitable.'

"How much more evidence is needed? "It must never happen again!"

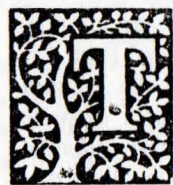


A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. VII JUNE 12, 1954 No. 7

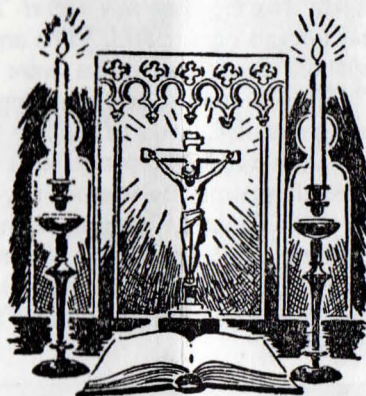
Collective Paranoia



THE REV. Fulton J. Sheen is one of the outstanding intellects writing in the American scene today. It isn't alone his happy gift of literary expression that makes him notable but his capabilities of fundamental analysis of his subject. Undoubtedly it is going to be superior mentor talent like Bishop Sheen's that is due to guide the masses of the Roman Church through the disturbing adjustments of theologic principles that follow the disclosures of the Space People. That the Roman Church will be hardest hit as the basic truths of mortality—as well as immortality—become demonstrated to be truths is self-evident logic. Unquestionably it will be the Bishop Sheens of that denomination of Christianity that will steer Catholicism through the metamorphosis.

As an indication of Bishop Sheen's intellectual grasp of current conditions, consider his apt coining of the term "Collective Paranoia" to describe the Communistic fetish prevalent throughout today's society. In his syndicated column of Sunday, June 6th, he wrote a gem of a homily against the Red Obsession from which all VALOR readers can profit, despite their religious affiliations. After quite correctly describing the psychology behind the Communistic "denial of choice," the canny Bishop analyzes Red psychology in a manner, which VALOR quotes in part—with the sincere wish that his church held more prelates like him—

“ADD TO THIS the method by which non-Communists are indoctrinated. When communism takes over a country, the intelligent people are immediately liquidated. In order to convince the masses, it then resorts to brain washing and brain changing. Its purpose is to reduce the thinking and willing faculties of people to a minimum. As idiots are easier to convince of a stupid position than learned men, so those whose reason and will have been weakened by threats, imprisonment, sleeplessness and drugs are much more susceptible to the hypnotism of Communist suggestion.



“What communism has succeeded in producing in the world is 'collective paranoia.' A paranoiac will listen to your arguments, your pleas and your indisputable facts, but they will have no weight with him; they are like ideas spoken in a foreign language. This is what is meant by expression of psychologists that delusions are immune to logical arguments and to reality.

“The Soviet representatives at the U.N. hear the arguments against their labor camps filled with millions of slaves, but their minds are like the greased backs of ducks—not even fresh water of heaven can penetrate. They are like somnambulists who hear others talking to them, but when they awake, cannot remember what was said.

“We called communism 'collective paranoia.' This is to differentiate from individual paranoiacs. Paranoiacs in a mental institution can never agree as to what constitutes a parnoiac view of the world. Every other person's world is crazy except his own.

“But in 'collective paranoia' all the anti-reason and anti-freedom followers agree on what constitutes a crazy world: It is the Soviet state. They form a 'class'

apart because consciousness is basically 'class delusion.' Turn loose all the professors of logic of a university on the Party members and they will make as much sense to the Communists as if they were talking in a crazy house.

“Because Communists live in a world of anti-reason and all share the same paranoic views, they answer all your arguments with a shout. They are easy to pick out at congressional hearings, labor union meetings and whenever their mad view of the world is challenged. How far the world has traveled away from the wisdom described by St. John: 'In the beginning was the Word . . . ' The Word is the Wisdom, the Intelligence of God. Hell is full of noise, but it is anti-God. The world is filled with shouting because there is no reason.”

Expendable



THE HON. John J. Niblack is Judge of one of the Superior Courts of Indiana. Like other good Hoosier Americans, he becomes jaded at times by the plethora of columnistic counsel that he reads in the papers. Of a recent morning, after absorbing the Kaltenborn's effusion in the *Indianapolis Star*, the wise magistrate took his pen in hand. After all, the arrogance of some of these overseas pundits in commenting upon internal American affairs does reach the point of polite retaliation. So the letter which appeared in the columns of the *Star* over Judge Niblack's signature, has found sudden and approbatory reprint all over the Midwest. VALOR would extend the area to the thirty or more States where its circulation is sizable—

To the Editor of *The Star*:

After reading Kaltenborn's column in the Sunday *Star* about the Senator McCarthy hearing I wrote the Kaltenborns the following letter:

Messrs. Kaltenborn:

“Tut! Tut! Boys, about your article on Senator McCarthy and 'yore pore lil' abused friend Secretary Stevens. The picture you painted in Sunday's *Star* reminds me some of Uncle Tom and Simon Legree. For instance, and I quote: “McCarthy is unscrupulous, arrogant, aggressive and evasive. Secretary Stevens is no

match for the domineering senator. Toward the end of each day's tiring cross-examination this honest Army administrator is almost pathetic, and was badly in need of vigorous backing of President Eisenhower!

"Now Messrs. Kaltenborn, you know poor Mr. Stevens wouldn't need to be there at all if the Army hadn't got its back up about how old Simon McCarthy beat some general about Communists in the Army and who promoted them and gave them honorable discharges, and the poor general just couldn't remember and could not answer—the same Army which gives some drafted farm boy a trip in the pokey because he got homesick and goes AWOL, and which spent \$2,100 building a dog-house for a general (his dogs lived in, not the general). I tell you sincerely, gentlemen columnists, you entirely mistake the temper of the Midwest folk about this McCarthy matter. We are agin' Communism, and all other suchlike traitors, and anyone who shields them, and anyone who refuses to answer up to our duly elected representatives in Congress had better watch out.

"After all our founding fathers, Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, et al., had a deep seated mistrust of two things in government above all else: 1. The military power and 2, the executive power. They were students of history and many of their descendants hold instinctively to the same mistrust. Our Federal Constitution gives all the authority to make policies and laws and to declare war to the Congress and none to the Army or executive.

"Down in southern Indiana where I was born we never sent a perfumed French poodle out to hunt skunks. We sent a big, old, rough, mean hound dog, and if he got a little skunk oil on him in the hunt, we never held it against the dog. When you think of the Commies and the Pinks and the fellow travelers and other friends of Russia whom Roosevelt and Truman put in our government and how they turned over our ally China, headed by a Christian, Chiang Kai-shek, to our blood-thirsty friends, the Russians, who then took Korea, and Tibet and now Indo-China, it is enough to make an American's blood boil. They fired Gen. MacArthur because he wanted to win the war. Look at Hiss, and White. Who exposed them? Not the New Dealers.

FLAG DAY

June 14th



Age bends the stoutest will
 To stain all cheeks with tears,
 But Freedom's Banner still
 Grows lovelier with years.
 What keeps Old Glory young,
 So radiant and fair?

Time stills the wisest tongue,
 To cancel strength with Care.

Old men grow faint and meek,
 Old structures sink in dust,
 Age renders all things weak,
 And keenest sabres rust.
 The Joys of Yesteryear
 Fade with a twinge of pain,
 Swiftly to pass away
 And come no more again.

But as life's years go by
 Old Glory keeps her place,
 A joy to every eye,
 High hope to every race.
 Despite Time's stress and care,
 Youth gleams from every fold;
 Still beautiful and fair,
 A flag that ne'er grows old.

What keeps Old Glory there
 Above Time's cruel toll?
 Not atom bombs from air
 But majesty of soul.
 While Freedom's songs are sung
 By Youth no longer pawn,
 Old Glory shall stay YOUNG
 Long after we are gone!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



“BEHOLD LIFE!” ..

☐ A Book you should read to get the whole philosophy of life straight in your intellect — presenting a balanced and rational picture of the purpose being served by these sojourns of ours in mortal bodies . . .

*If you're puzzled
by what your lot
in life may be all
about, this book
must help you . . .*

Called by some students the most outstanding book on Soulcraft for beginners ever published, it offers an explanation why most of life's relationships and dilemmas are what they are, and what Cosmic purpose is being achieved by these perpetual complications.

331 Pages \$4.00

**Soulcraft Chapels
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA**

“And talk about special favors from the Army. All of President Roosevelt's boys went in at not less than a captain, and I'll bet not one of them knew which end of a gun the bullet comes out of.

“If anyone, including a legal committee of Congress, asked me if I am, or ever was a Communist, I would say ‘NO’ and be proud to go on record, and so would you. Those who can't or won't answer such a question convict themselves, and Congress has a right to ask anyone about Communism. The officers and men I know in the Army are all fine gentlemen, and I am sorry some old general down East and Secretary Stevens got crossways with Congress, which is the ultimate boss of the whole country.”

JOHN J. NIBLACK,
Indianapolis Judge.

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

appeared as a ball of light with brilliant red sparks shooting from the back. I would estimate its altitude at 7,000 to 8,000 feet. I ran outside and could hear no noise, so I gave up the idea that it was a jet plane. The ball seemed to be in level flight, parallel with the ground. It looked like a comet, but it followed a straight course and was not moving as rapidly as a comet would. As we watched, it disappeared toward the north.”

Justin Serley of Veradale, an air force veteran, told filter center personnel he saw a large, white, round object traveling at about 600 miles per hour over his home earlier in the evening. He said it looked much like a light globe except there was a bluish glow and it seemed to blink twice before it entered a cloud bank.

A commercial pilot at Moses Lake, Fred Blackstone, called the filter center to report he had seen a round object with a tail of reddish fire. It appeared about the size of a DC-3 plane and traveled at an altitude of 3,000 feet. He said it was moving faster than sound and didn't take more than forty-five seconds to pass his line of sight. Blackstone's report was confirmed by the Larson tower and officer of the day.

James Cooper reported that as he was standing at Sprague and Lincoln he saw a white globe fly overhead at 7:13 p. m. It appeared round and about the size of a half-dollar. Don Rudd reported from

Pasco that at 7:20 p. m. he saw a large white ball skim across the sky, making terrific speed from south to north. The Air Force combat center at McChord said there was no attempt at interception and they declined to make comment on the nature of the objects.

Flying Saucer reports have not fallen off . . . they are not getting into print! When you have time, take a look at the sky . . . it's really putting on a show at present. In the west are Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter. Saturn is in the south, accompanied by Mars at about 11:30 p. m. And if you see a UFO while watching this grand celestial performance . . . let VALOR know about it, and send in your clippings so we can tell others.

Conscience

(Continued from Page 6)

Listen to your conscience more on this basis. Tax it with more labors. Trust it resolutely, but ever from the spiritual viewpoint. Don't try to make business decisions with it. It won't work. Use it on every occasion whether right or wrong where a propensity is involved. It will never fail you. But when you use it, use it harshly, never leniently or half-heartedly as it ceases to be conscience and becomes a flexible monstrosity doing all sorts of damage to yourself and friends.

Education Changes

(Continued from Page 2)

“We had to make adjustments to the instrument because certain radiations from the valves were causing trouble to the spirit people. But on the basis of all our experience I can say without hesitation that given the interest of the press and the public, and the money with which to continue and extend our experiments, *we can have both spirit radio and spirit television within five to ten years!*”

“IT HAS become apparent that the Spirit People use the same medium as used by the British Broadcasting Company transmitter. All our knowledge points to that fact. Spirit Television may not present as many difficulties as radio television did at first, because the communicating spirit entity could transmit its

force at the point of reception.

"Let us consider the spiritual implication of spirit electronic communication. To begin with, it would no longer be necessary to teach any gospel of immortality because the truth of Survival would then be self-evident. Survival would then become an everyday fact and not something special. People would be induced radically to change their way of life.

"If these facts could be brought out, the truth as we know it could be taken to people all over the world, no matter what their race or creed. It would be obvious that spiritual values are primary and eternal, and that material values—the cause of all exploitation and war—are not important.



"Electronic communication will effectively transform the whole of society. It will unite all beings throughout the universe with earthly man. It will bring about changes, the benefits of which are beyond our imagination. Man will strive to be released from the burdens of materialistic society. He will realize the full implications of his spiritual nature.

"There must result from it, one common basis of religion all over the world. This world is now in the grip of materialism, which has been largely responsible for the decline in church-going and a change in the attitude toward religion. But Spirit Radio—and Television—must destroy completely the materialism which now has its grip upon the world.

"If we turn to the spheres of Culture and Art, why should we not get new plays from the original Shakespeare, new novels from Dickens, new scenes painted of the world of spirit by Rembrandt himself, depicting new beauties beyond death. Beethoven might come back to us to compose new symphonies.

"With knowledge of his real spiritual destiny, man must see the folly of his strictly material ambitions as well as the folly of exploiting his fellowman. Thus should be established a new Spiritual Age upon the earth."

VALOR is indebted to *Two Worlds Weekly* of London for the foregoing excerpts . . .

SO, what Hugo Munsterberg faced appalled, obviously will become a "must" in the New Education that shortly gains to recognition in the world. Beside it, present-day standards of academic learning may become as extinct as the dodo, and not one-half so consequential.

Positive scientific evidence and practice, that earth-life is continuous and perpetual, that people live more than one sequence in organic bodies, that no such heaven-and-hell fate awaits the soul as past-century theologies have proclaimed, and that daily and hourly converse with the so-called "departed" is as rational and commonplace as picking the phone-receiver off the hook and calling the grocer, must swiftly and drastically revolutionize the entire culture of the millions now on earth. For one thing, classical literature which accepted Death as "that bourne from which no traveler returneth" must go completely by the board. When the click of a television button produces the portrayal of daily-life scenes of our beloved "departed", the entire psychology of the human race must be altered. The whole ideology of mortal life—along with basic standards of academic education—must suddenly be reconstructed on new premises. Instead of the earthly globe being the center of the universe, with organic man living upon it for fifty to seventy years and then disappearing into oblivion, with all literature and culture based on the theologic salvation appeal, society must raise its sights to earth's population being but members of a community in the universe, individual consciousness coming and going in successive embodiments, and the eternity of personality proven by mechanical connections with the higher life. This last means that all childish allegories of heaven and hell go by the board, and with them the total collapse and disappearance of pentacostal dogma on which society's present theologic systems are

(Continued on Page 15)

"Adam Awakes"



The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

HERE at last is the Fourth Major Soulcraft Book that rationalizes the Adam and Eve fable of Woman's creation from a rib of Man. The views of the Great Cosmic Hierarchy on mortal Romance and Matrimony are assumed to have been communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, and are being published in a de luxe volume that is now proceeding through the Noblesville plant. There will be only 1,100 copies in the First Edition.

A Book Every Married Couple Should Read!

Send Your Order in Now!

**One Edition,
Leatherette, \$5 Copy**

Soulcraft Chapels

Cogitations

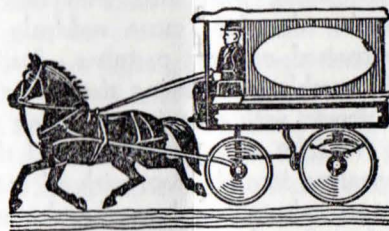


ON THE page of a newspaper from a certain New England city—where I lived my boyhood at the turn of the century—my eye caught an obituary. The paper had been sent me that I might learn of a Flying Saucer sighting. It was the announcement of the demise of one Earl Dearing, age 70, that appalled me. He had passed away at the local hospital after a kidney operation, said the newspaper, and a wife named Eunice and a large estate survived him but no offspring. A nostalgia swept over me at recollection of Earl's kidneys. They had finally gotten him, it seems. Earl had been worrying over his kidneys since those halcyon years preceding World War I. But it required the year 1954 for the kidneys to score their victory in the premises. The "large estate" might have caused him some satisfaction when he read through that obituary notice from the Fourth Dimension, but balancing the satisfaction up with the concernment he had experienced anent his inner workin's for the past forty years, it's a problem whether the debit or credit page of life's ledger shows the surplus. I would expatiate on Earl and the career that has closed on him finally, if it's the Earl Dearing I think it is. There should be a bit of warning in it for a rising generation . . .

o—o

EARL first came to my attention when my parents moved into a new neighborhood and he called on mother to solicit her grocery business. He was four or five years older than myself, had lately graduated from high school and taken

unto himself a wife, the aforesaid Eunice who now survives him. Those were the days of mercantile practices which are as Greek to current generation, but the oldsters will recall them. You "traded" with a certain local grocer, and stuck with him and none other. He rarely advertised in the newspaper, never put on a Friday sale of celery, raspberry jam or bottled catsup, considered it a waste of time to decorate his show windows—who ever glanced twice into window of a grocer, anyhow?—and caught and held his trade by personal solicitation and delivery of merchandise at the back kitchen door. You ran an account with this personage throughout the week, "dropped into the store" on Saturday evening, paid your bill, and got a bag of candy gratis for being thus reliable. There was, per-



haps, eleven cents worth of gum-drops in the striped paperbag, but the point was, you got 'em free. It was the morning call and the afternoon delivery that really featured the business. Today, with the saga of the Super-Market being sung on suburban highways, the grocery-clerk's order-taking and delivering is as extinct as the dodo. Earl started the accumulation of that "large estate" by promising to call for orders and deliver same Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. And

mother's marketing was done by scribbling such items as "5-lb sugar" and "10¢ nutmeg" along with "2-lb common crackers" and "1-lb butter" on a pad tacked up on the her kitchen door casing. Earl came in without slip or falter on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays, transferred the items to his order book, went down to the Hagar Emporium and put them up personally—in a crate which he duly emptied on the Pelley kitchen table at 2 p. m., wrote the totals in mother's "Book" in pencil, then Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—and I suppose all day Sundays—worried about his kidneys.

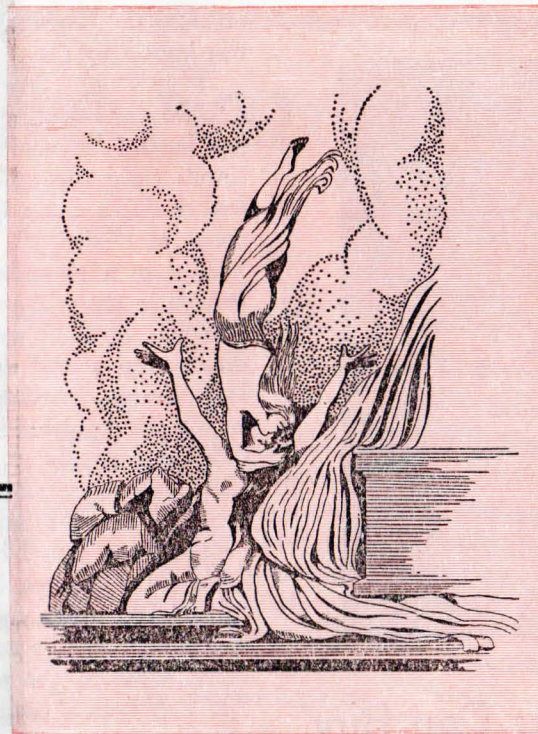
o—o

HE WAS a flat-footed, square-shouldered, mouse-eyed young man with deeply-slashed wrinkles down either side of his mouth, even at twenty. He wore a pancake golf-cap the year around, and a grocer's white apron tied about his middle. I never saw him seated in his grocer's wagon for the simple reason that the Hagar grocery wagon was distinguished by no seat. Earl always stood upon his feet, driving the delivery wagon, keeping his balance expertly on the turns but the fiery little red mustang knowing which houses to halt at, with a skid. Earl leaped the right-hand front wheel—regardless of his kidneys—and was around the house and in at the kitchen door before the mustang stopped panting. The mustang knew the customer-route as expertly as Earl. If mother and other neighborhood ladies had been agreeable to going out and attaching the grocery list to the mustang's collar, the function of Earl might have been superfluous; the mustang would have returned to Hagar's Grocery with his collar festooned by the day's food-stuff-sales, although I grant you the delivery of same would have presented problems. Ladies in New England forty years ago would have objected emphatically to a mustang coming into their spotless kitchens and dumping sugar, nutmeg, crackers and butter on the tabletop. So

the mustang merely picked out the local domiciles and skidded to a halt in front of them, putting it up to Earl's kidneys to last as long as they could . . .

o—o

I PRESUME that in the natural biologic order, Earl had sprung from parents, but I never saw or heard of them. All I knew was, he was "poor as Job's Turkey"—my original introduction to the circumstance that Job carried a sideline of poultry in addition to his other troubles—and when he married Eunice—Earl not Job—a thrifty little German girl, old man Hagar was compensating him at the unbelievable stipend of \$8 per week. Uh-huh, our fathers and mothers married on such emoluments, raised generous families and died of faulty kidneys at seventy "leaving large estates." You see, we paid no federal taxes in those days—to have the government turn about and support us on our own money in old age. Thus for three or four years Earl "slaved" sixty or more hours a week for old man Hagar, and first thing our neighborhood learned was, that Earl had been taken into the business as partner. The sign came down and was altered to "Hagar & Dearing." Earl and Eunice had bought the house lot over next to the tannery—because "they didn't mind the smell"—and presently had erected the prettiest picturebook cottage house on that lot filled with mustard-weed that the neighborhood afforded. People weren't forever thinking of their nostrils in those days; Earl and Eunice, at least, adjusted their olfactory perceptions strictly to the scents of profits in the grocery business. Eunice, I overheard my parents remark somewhat drily, had been duly wedded by her grocery clerk because she was congenitally incapable of bearing young. Therefore was she prizeworthy in Earl's eyes, offspring eating literally and figuratively into the grocery business surplus. At any rate, the Dearings had no increase of the aforesaid biologic nature although that didn't hold in the matter of Earl's bank balance. Came the day when old man Hagar was gathered up by a flying saucer and taken to Venus for permanent residence, and another young man by the name of Abbey oriented himself to driving the mustang standing up in the wagon. Earl had bought out the Hagar widow's interest in the business and the sign came down to be altered again, this time reading, "Dearing & Co., Grocers." Eu-



Latest Soulcraft Book Now Being Shipped!

"Beyond Grandeur" *Design for Immortality*

HERE is a book that presents the immortality of Man from the premise of Pure Reason. The true scope and significance of mortal life is presented in a series of chapters on "meanings" . . . the Meaning of Soul, the Meaning of Spirit, the Meaning of Eternity, the Meaning of Space, the Meaning of Ill-Health, finally the Meaning of Grandeur itself, till you come to grasp a wholly new picture of Celestuality. It is easily the profoundest volume in the whole Soulcraft Library. It closes the gap between such books as Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* or Mrs. Eddy's *Science & Health* and the *Golden Scripts*.

No more leading of souls up to the brink of the grave with the benighted consolation to "Have faith!" This revealing volume propounds the whole system of Ontology and Eschatology—for readers of intellect who can think in philosophical abstractions.

BURGUNDY LEATHERETTE BINDING 320 Pages \$5

Soulcraft Chapels

Post Office Box 192

Noblesville, Indiana



What You Can Buy for \$65

The COMPLETE Shelf of
all major Soulcraft Books
in print at this time.

Beyond Grandeur	\$5.00
Behold Life	\$4.00
Star Guests	\$4.00
Adam Awakes	\$5.00
Thresholds of Tomorrow	\$5.00
Something Better	\$5.00
Soulscripts (9 volumes)	\$45.00
Road into Sunrise	\$6.00
Elucidata	\$1.00
Figure Yourself Out	\$1.00
	<hr/>
	\$81.00

Send your cheque for \$65 and
Save \$16 by buying at once

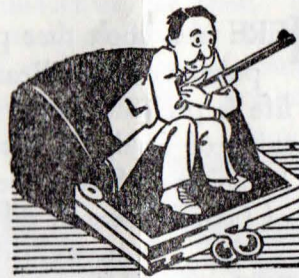
Next 30 Days Only!

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

nice was the "Company" . . . And a man was known by the company he kept.

o—o

EARL and Eunice never were apprehended "squandering money" at the town's early silent-picture shows. Horseless carriages came in, with gradual aspects of "staying", but the mustang hitched to a piano-box buggy was good enough in the transportation way for the Dearing's on Sundays. Earl and Eunice didn't even attend divine service at any local church, because said services were usually distinguished by a velvet-bottomed dish being circulated, in which communicants were supposed to drop silver money. Earl had no silver money to drop in velvet-bottomed dishes because he had discovered his kidneys. It seemed that they "ailed" . . . which suggested that an early demise might be imminent and in such event, what in the world would Eunice "do"? It was a problem with any bride of yesteryear, to have a husband whose kidneys might take him away at any minute. As I too grew to man's estate and continued to patronize Dearing & Company, Earl would recount his physical misfortunes to me between jumps around that grocery waiting on eleven persons at one time because he could only "afford" the services of that aforesaid Abbey young one. That starboard kidney of his would certainly have to "come out"



sooner or later and such was the tragedy that must be faced. Back in 1909 or 1910, a defective kidney was tragedy, and Earl weighed cheese and juggled eggs with the solemnity of his predicament registered on those heavily-grooved cheeks. That inevitable operation might ultimately cost a thousand dollars! So the day came when the Dearing's sold the picture-book cottage for almost half as much again as it had cost them to erect it, and bought the Tenney residence, because when Earl died from the kidney subtraction, Eunice might be saved from the distresses of a predatory world by "rent-

ing rooms." To orient Eunice to the responsibilities of landlady, they rented rooms anyway. And they expanded the grocery to take in the premises of the boot-and-shoe store next door, and the year before the outbreak of World War I, they elected Earl to directorship of the New England Bank & Trust company . . .

o—o

IT WAS undoubtedly those kidneys that preserved Earl from the fate of being shipped overseas to kill the Kaiser's goose-stepping minions, and when Silas Gridley tossed his wholesale grocery business on the market because his heir and successor, Gridley Junior, was mowed down at St. Mihiel, it was, of course, Earl who "picked it up for a song." Earl had a knack for reaching down and lifting businesses that only required payment in terms of vocal harmonies, anyhow. Meantime he bought more bankstock as well. No one offered farmers parities in those days—when a farmer couldn't make a go of his establishment he visited Earl, who never seemed short of ready cash, and presently Earl had a half dozen good bottom-land farms to add to his concerns about his kidneys. In the panic that followed the Kaiser's War, he contrived to dig up the cash to buy the whole Bird Block instead of paying rent interminably to one Amos Bird, plutocrat. "Maybe Eunice can manage to keep the grocery business afloat," he remarked dolefully, "when I fail to come back from my kidney operation." He ran a mighty race against Kidneys. "When do you expect to stop your suffering and say good-bye to your kidneys?" I once asked him. And he retorted in sour-visaged heat, "When I can afford it!" He never got around to affording it because he had to scrape up the cash to buy the New England Bank & Trust Company, and rest the kidneys temporarily in the chair of Earl Dearing, Pres.

o—o

THERE'S a sermon in it somewhere. I doubt if anybody ever gave Earl Dearing forty cents in his life, unless he failed to make change properly on a quart of sweet pickles. He was scrupulously honest, however. Every cent that went into buying about half a mile of Main Street before he finally bowed out of my life, or I bowed out of his, he made himself. He just didn't expect anybody to help him and so he helped himself.

With defective kidneys as incentive! What a life! . . . I daresay he's left Eunice a couple of million dollars and she's worried sick this minute as to how she'll make out. They long since had paid spot cash for Squire Stickney's show place out on the County Fair Road, with its acres of profitable orchards and blooded stock. But Earl had never possessed a cent to waste on these new-fangled motorcars, and besides, motor vibration was bad for the kidneys. So at last, up here in 1954, the kidneys finally won and laid him low. Not a chick nor child to "squander his fortune" . . . undoubtedly the federal politicians will do that, to support an army of Displaced Persons in American exile. As for Earl, I'm wondering if they interred his defective remains clad in that pancake golf-cap? I can see him in that casket in my mind's eye—a sterling example of what not to do be a modern American. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* . . . meaning, in this world of fast transportation, you can't win, so why try? . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Education Changes

(Continued from Page 11)

based. In turn this indicates a complete reversal of religious fundamentals, the utter discrediting of The Chosen People myth, and the emergence of The Christ in His true significance—the Sponsor-Guardian of this planet under a cosmic hierarchy instead of the Midianite concept of the sacrificial lamb based on Levantine Mythraism, which was paganism.

In other words, what the academic student of tomorrow is due to be tutored in, will be fundamentals of cosmic *Truth*, instead of ecclesiastical conjectures or ideological fabrications.

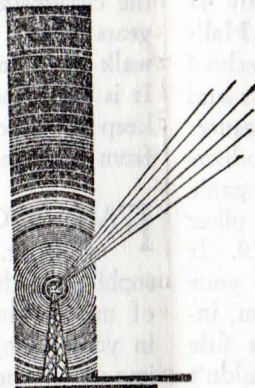
The human race is not going to like it, and the clerics are due to scream their pious heads off. But there it is. God Almighty is "calling the hand" on Error, and exploding the fallacy that the age of a tenet is attestment to its truth.

How pathetically ludicrous in another quarter-century will appear the classical erudition of the past thousand years, We shall doubtless be pitied by our great-grandchildren for ever imagining the youth of our times were "educated."

Our times and our years are momentous, indeed! . . .

"The Saucers . . . Speak!"

By GEORGE HUNT WILLIAMSON
and ALFRED C. BAILEY



For 14 months western short-wave radio operators have been taking down messages in International Morse Code from senders who assert they are stationed in Space Craft overhead. George Hunt Williamson—who made the Venus man's footprints in plaster of Paris—and his co-author Alfred C. Bailey, have written a 128-page book, narrating the messages they have logged on short-wave. Send \$2 for a paper covered copy to—

NEW AGE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1542 Glendale Blvd.

Los Angeles 26, Calif.

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

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



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

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



HIS collegiate graduation-time throughout the nation calls to my mind that it was exactly 47 years in the past that I bade adieu to Halls of Learning in my own case, quit high school on the termination of my Sophomore Year and began my business career by becoming treasurer and production manager of the fourth largest tissue products company in the United States. That was in 1907—a panic year, by the way, although nobody now remembers the piker panics antedating the major stock-market Crash of 1929. It was a business era, however, when you swam or sank by your own efforts, had no paternal government to “protect” you, increased the scope of your affairs strictly on your bona fide profits, and never went into debt for something you couldn’t afford merely because there was a finance company around the corner that would loan you what you shouldn’t have, by making the interest terms attractive. Today such economic premises are scoffed at, as “old-fashioned”. Nevertheless, such was the school that I was tutored in. It is stigmatized today as an archaic “School of Management.” But it did develop Character. If I hadn’t been tutored in it as I was, there would today be no such institution as Soulcraft, boldly pushing its tenets to the earth’s far corners and generally rated as successful where a dozen contemporary esoteric Movements have meanwhile folded . . .

IT CAME to me with a sense of shock the other evening, when I glanced through some old books of account turned up from my writing and movie days that during this 47 years of executive management of businesses and projects, commercial as well as metaphysical, I had raised, earned, handled, or otherwise expended as intelligently as I could, *something like 2 million dollars!* I have restored Soulcraft from a zero status in 1950 to a reclamation of all the business volume it was enjoying in that interruption of 1942. I am facing a 1955 volume of business which appalls me. Out of the whole gamut of that 47 years’ business experience, throughout which I have confronted but two failures—and those in the newspaper business brought about by hospital obligations which I had no hand in making, or delegating of my managerial responsibilities to persons who proved themselves incompetent—a somewhat grim economic philosophy has come to me and abides with me. It is affecting my thinking and logicizing at the present moment: *Nothing can take the place of Character based on individuality that is the product of edu-*

cating Experience. What I mean specifically is, I am facing the circumstance that I am but day-dreaming in my advanced years when I aspire to see a whole flock of managerial helpers walk in to “assist” me conduct Soulcraft, as from here on out. It is my present destiny to direct this Spiritual Movement and keep on directing it. Meaning, that there is no release for me from these multitudinous duties growing heavier by the month.

FAIR ENOUGH, I accept. And I mean to halt griping about it. I received more or less of a spanking—philosophically—the other evening when a reliable Mentor demanded of me: “Why do you imagine you were trained as you were in your younger years, if none of it was to have deliberative import in these climactic seasons of the present? Put out of your thinking that there is anyone in the current scene who can do what has been expected of you from the first. If there were others equipped to be extensions of yourself, do you imagine they would have delayed making their appearance to the present? Remember, the Elder Brother is the Greatest Business Executive existent on this planet today, and He has His own standards for estimating His colleagues. So long as He continues to entrust you with heavy responsibilities, He deems you competent to execute them. *You are accountable to no one but Him.*” To all of which there is, of course, no answer. However, it does happen to be my temperament not to groan or whimper at such reprimand and what it proposes, but to tighten my belt and retort, “Okay! . . . if that’s the way The Master wants it, that’s the way He shall have it.” And I mean what I’m saying. A Job has apparently been delegated to me and if it’s gotten me jaded for the moment, my cue is to snap out of such jaded condition and *perform.*

ON THE WHOLE, I might say, I’m secretly proud of the altogether stiffish education I had to undergo in my younger years, “old-fashioned” as the boys and girls of “the new school of management” consider it. After all, “old fashioned” ideas of management are not so archaic that they fail to function at providing the payroll each Friday afternoon—and doing it without applying to RFC, either . . . So let’s all of us forget the blither I had over a few weeks ago, about “the Dull Greyness” . . . Maybe I was just feeling sorry for myself at the moment I mentioned it. Graduation Time, indeed! I might have had to leave school at 17 but in the ensuing period I *have* learned to find my way around . . . Soulcraft is commanding me in spite of myself! . . .

☞ TRUE bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before the whole world. . . .