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IS PATRIOTISM OLD FASHIONED?

by: Ted Hardy

Listen carefully...and you may hear America fighting for survival! Fighting today as we have never fought before...either on the battlefield or in the struggle for men's minds. As we reflect on the signing of the Declaration of Independence, why are we fighting for survival?

America's hard core breed of early pioneers have all but disappeared. Rugged individualism is being supplanted by welfarism, and security has become a substitute for freedom. The job has been taken out of job-seeking, and the worry has been taken out of sickness, but in the process, liberty has been taken out of America.

Our nation is at this moment engaged in a war for survival - a struggle for men's minds and souls. A war more terrifying, definite and terminal than any war that was ever fought with guns, bullets, and bombs. The penalty for defeat is the utter destruction of the United States, and the American way of life.

We do not have to be "crackpots" to be patriots - nor do we have to argue with the highly trained agents who are seeking to destroy our country. For God and country, we must heed the admonition of J. Edgar Hoover (and I quote): "We are at war with the communists and the sooner every red-blooded American realizes this, the safer we will be. America's emblem is the soaring eagle, not the blind and timid mole. Fear, apologies, defeatism and cowardice are alien to the thinking of true Americans. As for me, I would sooner be dead than RED." (unquote)

Let's take a look at some of the reasons we are engaged in this great internal war.

I'm going to talk quite a bit about a six letter word. The word is "Square"...S-Q-U-A-R-E.

Back in Mark Twain's day, it was one of the finest words in our language. You gave a man a square deal if you were honest. And you gave him a square meal when he was hungry. When you got out of debt, you were square with the world. And that was when you could look your fellow man square in the eye.

Then a lot of strange characters got hold of this honest, wholesome word, bent it all out of shape and gave it back to our children. Convicts gave it the first twist. To them a square was an inmate who would not conform to the convict code. Now ever one knows what a square is. He is the man who never learned to get away with it. A Joe who volunteers when he doesn't have to. A slob who still gets all choked up when the band plays "America the Beautiful". A Square, and strictly from Squaresville. The square doesn't fit... His tribe isn't thriving too well in the current climate. He doesn't fit too neatly into the current group of angle players, corner cutters. He's burdened down with old fashioned ideas of honesty, loyalty, courage and thrift. And he may already be on his way to extinction.

He and all the rest of us are living in a country today that is quite different from the one that we were taught to love. Parents have successfully defended in court their children's right to ignore the flag salute. Faculties and student bodies have found it distasteful to publicly take an oath of loyalty to their country. And the United States Military Academy has found it necessary to place a sign beside its parade grounds at West Point reminding spectators that it is customary for men to remove their hats at the passing of the banner that was once unashamedly referred to as "Old Glory".

The force of government is now directed more fully toward the security of the weak than the encouragement of the strong. In business, it is said the way to survive is to emulate the turtle - grow a hard shell and never stick your neck out.

What has happened to us, I think, is that we have changed from an exporting country to an importing country. The United States of America was once the greatest exporter of ideas the world had ever known. We created and sold abroad the idea of individual dignity, responsibility and freedom. We created and sold the idea of government of the people, by the people and for the people - an idea that is still being bought today. We exported the idea of freedom of worship...the idea of a free press...the idea that those who are taxed should be represented.

From our most mortal enemy we have bought the idea of a strong government for weak people. We have bought abroad the ideas of "Let Jack do it", or "What's in it for me?" and the gesture of the neatly shrugged shoulder.

But, most of all, we have been gullible patrons of the export firm of Sigmund Freud, who has sold us the idea that all men are born feeble. Freud's discovery that man was not adjusted to his world, and could never be truly adjusted, justified the lazy cynic and condemned the square. For if you can't win, what is the use of trying. And here was the first great authority who said you cannot win.

Our colleges are loaded today with youngsters who are hardly prepared for high school - kids who cannot do simple arithmetic and

who cannot spell simple words. This, too, was an import - the idea that the dull discipline of the three R's was disturbing to little Johnny's ego. So we got real scientific and went to work on the Poor Little Kid and his I.Q., with the result that today hardly any school that really is a school is without a class in corrective reading. Surely we know by now that there is no learning without discipline.

Our museums today are exhibiting on their walls paintings by people who never learned to paint. It used to be a sort of joke that you could not tell which was the top and which was the bottom. But recently a museum did hang a bit of modern art upside down. It was days before it was discovered, and I still do not know how they knew. Non-books are being thrown together and sold by non-writers who never bothered to learn to write. And murky poems are being ground out by scraggly poets who sing them to their friends because they are unreadable.

Always tearing down these days, never building up. A mocking laugh rather than a belly laugh. Poking fun at other people rather than at ourselves.

And what, by the way, ever happened to laughter? Once we were a laughing nation. We laughed easily and deeply. The corn may have been as high as an elephant's eye - but we laughed, and it was good for us. We laughed at Lincoln, and Mark Twain. We laughed at Will Rogers, because he made us laugh at ourselves. We laughed at Robert Benchley. Remember when a magazine sent him on an assignment to Venice and he wired back, "Streets full of water. Please advise."

Today, we refer to our humor as sick, sick, sick, and it is, is, is. Mother used to get cards on Mother's Day, expressing in some way the fact she was loved and wanted. Now she is lucky is she gets a card that shows Whistler's Mother flat on her back and a caption that says, "You're not the only one who's off her rocker."

Laughter today is stored in Hollywood in cans, taken out as needed and pasted onto TV films. And the laugh track tips us off to when things are funny.

But I want to laugh when I'm amused. And I want to decide what I think is funny. And this, I suppose, will mark me as a square. And if it does, I will be in pretty good company. For this country was discovered, put together, fought for and saved by squares.

Today, our country still has a choice. I believe it has already begun to make that choice. I believe it is going back to its old beliefs in such things as ideas, pride, patriotism, loyalty, devotion and even hard work.

Yes, there are indications that the day when it's smart to be smart is finally at hand.

But the greatest thing that has happened, of course, is that our

nation has a whole new set of heroes. Named Glenn and Grissom and Shepard. Named Carpenter, Cooper and Schirra. These lads apparently grew up to be squares. For who, but a square, would volunteer his life for his country's good. They are not even ashamed of their feelings.

But the forces of conformity are still strong. Too many of us are still sitting it our instead of sweating it out. Too many of us haven't got the guts to stand up straight and dare to be square. Because the opposite of square is round, and being round is much simpler. Responsibilities and problems roll off nice and easy. And we can just roll down the path, without any bumps, being careful to stay in the middle, because that's where the most comfortable ruts are.

Too many of us know the short cuts, and too few of us dare to leave the path, because the path is always the easy way, the way most people go. But there is no path to progress. No path to outer space or to inner satisfaction.

How shall we fight for personal independence? How shall we avoid the group poop, the vortex of mediocrity, the great nothing of cynical sophistication and bored non-participation?

May I suggest that we all join the S.O.S. - the Society of Squares. It doesn't exist but it could. Not a left wing organization. Not a right wing organization. Just an organization with wings.

We might even have a secret handshake consisting mainly of grasping the other guys hand as though you meant it and looking him in the eye.

We would be for participation and against sitting life out...For simplicity and against sophistication...For laughter and against snickering...For America and against her enemies...For the direct and against the devious...For the honest way and against the easy short cut...For a well-done job and against the goof-off...For education and against the pretense of learning...For building up and against tearing down. We have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that our problem is not new. So I ask you...Is it old fashioned to stand erect and proudly when you hear the National Anthem? Is it old fashioned to bow your heads when a prayer is being given? When Benjamin Franklin was told that war of independence was over, he said, "Say rather the war of revolution is over - the war for independence has yet to be fought." And today - 190 years later - the war for independence has still to be fought. And it's up to you and me as Squares to assure ultimate victory.

(Ted Hardy - as read on "Reflections" KIXI (Radio) Seattle, 10 PM Sunday, June 22, 1969)

The above article was submitted by Dianne Pitts

Space Age Stresses God's Role

by Louis Cassels
United Press International

Dr. Wernher von Braun, the German-born scientist who has played a major role in America's space program, is baffled by people who suggest that modern science has discredited belief in God.

As far as he is concerned, just the opposite is true.

Since he became director of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's George C. Marshall Space Flight Center at Huntsville, Ala., Von Braun has joined the Episcopal Church and has become an avid reader of theological books.

He discussed his religious beliefs in a recent interview with Adon Taft, religion writer for the Miami Herald. The interview will be published in the July issue of the magazine Christian Life.

Von Braun said he finds it as difficult "to understand a scientist who does not acknowledge the presence of a superior rationality behind the existence of the universe as it is to comprehend a theologian who would deny the advances of science."

Von Braun added: "There certainly is no scientific reason why God cannot retain the same position in our modern world that He held before we began probing His creation with telescope and cyclotron."

The God which many people find it hard to believe in, Van Braun suggested, is actually a pathetic caricature constructed by limited human vision.

"Any effort to visualize God, to reduce Him to our comprehension, to describe Him in our language, beggars His greatness," the famous physicist said.

"I find it best to accept God as an intelligent will, perfect in goodness, revealing Himself in the world of experience more fully down through the ages as man's capacity for understanding grows."

Thus, in this age of space travel, which dramatizes the immensity of the universe, men must enlarge their concept of God and recognize that He is not a local deity of this planet but "the creator and master of everything."

Von Braun said he believes in "the continuity of our spiritual existence after death" for essentially scientific reasons.

"Science has found that nothing can disappear without a trace. Nature does not know extinction. All it knows is transformation.

"Now if God applies this fundamental principle to the most minute and insignificant parts of His universe, doesn't it make sense to assume that He applies it also to the masterpiece of His creation--the human soul? I think it does."

(Source: Ogden Standard-Examiner, August 9, 1969)

NEWS REPORTS:

Oakland, California

Joan Isert
Bob Sparks

On August 20, a meeting was held at Joan and Bob's Oakland Chapel. It was a most inspiring meeting in that our dynamic, Mr. Kim, was present along with our usual members, John Schmidli, Jim Coover and Jim Blades. We had two new visitors brought in by Jim Coover and Sung Soo. God's spirit really moved at this meeting and I know everyone present felt the powerful words of our missionary, Mr. Kim. Our spirits were lifted by his presence and we hope through prayer and faith we will all be given the strength to increase the members of this movement.

Chicago, Illinois

Sarah Witt

Lothar Blankenberg and I have been witnessing each separately, as we both have very pressing obligations, he to his two jobs, one which is his own business, and me to my two sons and large apartment, which do not receive the care necessary to keep them in good order because most of my strength and energy are spent working at my daily job in order to earn a living for my family.

However, from time to time I do have an opportunity to work with people who may some day help me in setting up a permanent chapel in Chicago.

One of those people is the Hebrew teacher of whom I wrote in the last issue of the Bulletin. He has asked me to come and speak to his class on Comparative Religions, which he teaches in a Hebrew Parochial School. I was very gratified and grateful for this opportunity to make known our movement and ideals to a class of ninth-grade youngsters. I must prepare my talk very carefully, so as to be at least as objective as their own approach is to other religions.

Also, I have found that those people who live in my immediate neighborhood and to whom I have been witnessing for almost a year, now, remember a great deal of what I have told them, and even if they have not volunteered to help in our movement, at least they show signs of thinking seriously about what I have said.

The Jewish people, as a whole, are quite skeptical of anything drastically new in the way of religion, and I must proceed with the utmost caution in order to keep their trust and respect, and not alienate them completely. I have been witnessing to several of the people with whom I do business in this neighborhood, like

the woman who works in the cleaning store where I bring all of our clothes to be dry-cleaned, and several of the sales ladies who work in a dress shop where I have bought most of my dresses for the past 8 or 9 years. In fact, I just went in to the dress shop to purchase a dress in preparation for our holidays, and the saleslady asked me about our movement, and wanted to know the name of it again, as she had forgotten, and was trying to explain our ideals to another saleslady who had just started to work there. This gave me the opportunity to again witness to them, and also to leave a brochure for the new saleslady. I also invited them to come to my home any Saturday evening at 8:00, if they wanted to know more about our movement.

This past Saturday, I had the honor to be a hostess at a wedding. The bride was a woman with whom I have been in touch since last Thanksgiving Day, when I invited her to my home for dinner, as she was referred to me by Lothar Blankenberg, who met her in a Spiritualist Church which he has been attending. This is how Lothar and I have been working together. He makes contacts and refers them to me, as he does not have time to follow them up. Then I keep in touch with the likely prospect, and see what can be done to win them to our teachings.

The woman who was married last Saturday, Mrs. Margo Woelfle, who is now Mrs. Walter Butgareit (I think that's the way it is spelled) has had a copy of our book for several months, but has been so busy that she has not read much further than the second chapter. However, I know she is impressed, because I have heard from several of her friends about how she speaks of me and the work I am doing. Vernon and John had an opportunity to meet her when they visited Chicago and stayed with me over the weekend.

The man she married is a Reverend at the Spiritualist Church which Lothar attends from time to time. Strangely enough, the first time I met him was three weeks before the wedding, when they both came over to visit on a Saturday night; Lothar was here, also. As soon as they came in, I knew immediately that these two fine people would be married. Sure enough, I got a call less than two weeks later from Margo, telling me Walter had asked her to marry him. I told her it was no surprise to me. She asked me to be the hostess at their wedding reception, which took place just a week after she called me. I gladly undertook the job, being highly honored to have been asked. It was a lovely wedding, and the bride and groom are off to Europe for three weeks on their honeymoon.

At the wedding reception, I met a woman who Margo had spoken about. She is a Jewish woman who is very spiritually gifted. She said to me that Margo had told her about the work I was doing, and she is very interested in studying the Principles. I will contact her at the first opportunity. I did not have the time to speak to her at the reception, as I was kept busy cutting the wedding cake, replenishing the coffee, punch, cookies, etc., and seeing that everyone was taken care of. However, I will invite her to my home just as soon as possible.

In another two weeks, the Saturday after Labor Day, to be exact, a Jewish woman whom I have known for about five years, is coming to visit me with a gentleman friend of hers who is a very strict Orthodox Jew. I have witnessed to this woman, Helen Schwartz, for several weeks, now, and even started going to her beautician to give me an opportunity to speak further to her. She, also, is very favorably impressed with our teachings, though her gentleman friend is not at all receptive. This, of course, is perfectly understandable, and I do not expect to win him over to our beliefs for a long time, but I will keep on witnessing to him, nevertheless. I am very determined to win my people to this cause, and will use every bit of wisdom I possess to show them that we have the answers to the problems of humanity. I know it will not be easy, but my determination is strong enough to win them over. Of this, I am very confident.

Also, last Wednesday, I unexpectedly met a Spanish-speaking man who is a Spanish interpreter for the City of Chicago. We began speaking, and somehow drifted into a discussion of religion. I had an opportunity to tell him about our movement, and received an invitation to visit the Spanish church he attends. He gave me his office phone and home phone, and I intend to contact him soon, as I would like an opportunity to witness to Spanish-speaking people, and make use of my knowledge of this language.

This is all I have to report at this time. I hope to have made more progress by the time I make my next report.

Portland, Oregon

Vernon Pearson

(This report was sent from Boise, Idaho, after having visited Sacred Grounds at Missoula, Montana and Boise.)

Early Thursday morning John Humming and I left Portland on our way to Layton, Utah, by way of Spokane, Wash., Missoula, Mont., and Boise, Idaho. So far it has been a very pleasant and spiritually enriching trip.

First of all, let me say it has been a wonderful experience to see new country. Our trips first stage was seeing the eastern Washington city of Spokane where Rick Hansen and his family live. Spokane is a very impressive city with its nice parks, surrounding mountains and pine trees.

We didn't get to see much of Montana other than Missoula and the extreme west area. We were impressed with the majesty of the big mountains and the many teaming streams and valleys cradled between the towering mountains.

Montana is called the 'big sky country' and appropriately so. We were very impressed with the cattle ranches, farmlands and just plain rough country. Here is a state that is big, rugged and only beginning to expand in industry and modern technology.

Idaho is a beautiful state with rugged mountains. Some have said that Idaho is what the rest of the world would like to be - and can't.

Idaho has the same unchanged natural beauty that Lewis & Clark first saw over a century and a half ago. It has rushing clear water streams, roaring rivers, sparkling lakes and clean pure air. Idaho has great towering granite mountains mantled by thousands of square miles of game-filled forests and high meadows.

Now to relate some of the experiences of our trip. In Spokane I again talked with Rick Hanson after 4 years of separation. I again had the opportunity to witness 'Principles' to him and speak once again about our Leader. At first he wasn't too responsive, but by the time we left (Sat. Morning, August 23) his thinking was very stimulated. He didn't accept Master while we were there, but he did express a real interest in finding out if 'he' is the Lord of the Second Advent. If he follows Principles and Master he would be a tremendous help to our work in many ways. At this point he needs much prayer - only time will tell what will happen.

We arrived in Missoula late Saturday afternoon and sold a book to a young service station attendant. Sunday we had a chance to witness to several people--mostly hippies. We started a conversation with 3 or 4 young people and soon there were at least 11 or 12 who gathered around us. We passed out many tracts and witnessed. At least 2 young people expressed a real interest in our movement and we gave them our Portland address along with the tracts.

We left Missoula Monday morning and arrived in Boise about 2:30 PM. Tuesday we sold another book and witnessed in Julia Davis Park. We sold 3 books--one to a college student, one to a young man with a Nazarene background and one to 3 hippies who bought it together. We have tried to pass out as many tracts as possible. Tomorrow we will proceed to Layton, Utah.

It really has been wonderful to have give and take with my new brother, John. He has been a strong support to me and has been helpful in many ways. Each night we have set up our portable chapel at Discovery Park just below Lucky Peake Dam. It has been a time when we have felt a real closeness with our Creator.

Last night I took a walk near the area where I used to live. I felt various emotions and recalled many memories. I suppose part of my heart will always remain in Boise--Boise the Beautiful, as some people have described it. At Sacred Grounds we have fervently prayed for this area. Somehow we all must resolve to find new people to convert and train them to go out into the fields. Many people are looking for truth. The scripture that states the fields are white with harvest is so true here as in all areas. Our greatest hope is that at least one person will accept our message because of this trip. With these thoughts and reflections 'Young' John and I send our family our love and prayers.

Seattle, Washington

Dianne Pitts

In Seattle, we are thrilled beyond measure as a prayer of many years has been answered. We are preparing to move back into the original Seattle Chapel which was dedicated over six years ago. We will be moved in by September 30. With this move Seattle should develop much more rapidly in the future. This large home with a large lot which also includes another smaller home will, we hope, be a future church and training site in Seattle.

Also a twelve week "course" in lecturing and witnessing is being conducted. Two of our members are being trained in these Wednesday night classes as qualified teachers for the additional meeting nights a week which we will soon have to add to the two present nights of Tuesday and Friday. We have another girl now attending Tuesdays meeting.