

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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## THE TRUE EUROPEAN FACTS FROM UNBIASED SOURCES

**T**HIS Soulcraft Headquarters has its own expedients for securing information on what actual conditions are abroad. Some of these consist of private correspondence from Soulcrafters living overseas. Many of them come from comparisons of reports by unbiased economic research bureaus that keep representatives stationed permanently on the Continent. Of any mystical sources for such information, they belong in a category with which this article has little to do. But oddly enough, they all boil down to the same estimate and advices.

*Europe is a paradise of American carpet-baggers, living under conditions far more favorable economically than anything maintaining among American taxpayers who have brought about such paradise, and with no more fear of war by Russia existent among European statesmen than as if the Soviet slave-drivers were twenty-seven kittens under a New England stove!*

One particularly reliable and capable survey results in this comment coming back to American

businessmen: "What a tragic thing it is to win a war! You get ruinously taxed for winning, to rebuild the plants and cities of the lucky guys who lost!"

**A**NOTHER report has it: "Over here in Europe, the younger generation should be the envy of the world. It hasn't the slightest conception of the debts and burdens that two great wars and the post-military burden of supporting the "defeated" have imposed on *our* younger generation." Here's another: "Every year there seem to be more and more Washington carpet-baggers, federally compensated, coming over here and bringing their wives and families—for which removal, of course, our government at home pays—settling down as for life and allegedly "working" in the countless alphabetical agencies to effect a European recovery that not only has happened but gone far beyond the wildest expectations of 1945. They will fight with a frenzy against returning to America and having to do really productive work. In consequence of their sinecures they have all turned 'internationalists' and it's from this breed that the propaganda against isolationism



flows back to United States. Isolationism would turn them out of jobs. As for the home country going broke because of its throwing its people's money all over the world, they take the attitude that such is the home folk's hard luck. There is not one whit of sentiment for internationalism over here among the rank and file of the European peoples. In fact, they snicker at the Americans for going in for it, being utterly cynical and sophisticate about human nature as it is realistically."

**A**NOTHER report reaching the Soulcraft Headquarters' desks, discloses a second dramatic factor that incurs little mention in our press here at home. That's the altered behavior of the Gulf Stream of late.

"Spring in Europe is beautiful this year," one especially keen New York economist writes back. "The winter has been especially mild, with little grain being winter-killed—excepting in southern Russia where crops have been ruinously bad due to their senseless fetish of collective farming. However, the Russians will never learn, or rather, they can't change their system without losing their economic individuality. But in this matter of the weather, one of the most significant developments is the fast alteration northward of the globe's warm belt. Few nationals seem to grasp that the temperature of northern areas in recent years has risen on an average of 40 degrees Fahrenheit. This is a basic change affecting crops, trade, mining and politics. Do you realize that even at home in Manhattan the average heat was 2.3 degrees above normal the past year? Actually, the southern districts of the world are drying up, and areas that formerly sustained themselves on heavy yields of fish are encountering a ruinous depression. On the contrary, the northern areas around Iceland for example are now turning up big drives of tropical fish. Even in the North Sea there appear these tropical fish in quantities. All of which is bound to affect the living and clothing habits of millions in Britain, Denmark and Sweden."

We know that the ice cap about the southern pole is increasing to alarming figures and some engineers are favorable to using atom bombs to destroy it and keep the globe from going out of balance. But the northern climes, where the greatest aggregation of humanity ex-

ists, is turning decidedly more friendly to man. If the Arctic ice cap disintegrates completely—as it must have done once before in geologic history to obtain the tropical plant life disclosed by northern coal deposits—then Russia's tremendous areas will indeed become formidable. But that's a long way ahead yet.

It's the economic situation in Europe as of the present that calls for vehement attention.



**T**HE FACTS all coincide that the continental "rich" have made a great killing out of America's sappy yielding to tales of disaster and impoverishment without sensible and unbiased investigation. But these "new wealthy"—on money garnered principally from hooking into the fabulous Marshall Plan—are by no means putting their loot into banks of the defeated countries to restore their commerce. And there's almost no inclination to invest it in new plants or industries, for the Europeans don't go in for over-production that brings about periodic gluts, stalemates and depressions. The clipping of the Marshall funds has resulted in great investments in raw gold, diamonds, or stocks of companies in under-developed countries like Africa. Switzerland is a great repository of safe-keeping for this craftily acquired money shoveled abroad by a complacent and gullible American Congress.

But everywhere commodity prices are declining.

In both France and England the trend is to restore the values of currencies so as to bring about this economic reformation. The reports on Britain's future begin to

show that the election of the Churchill conservative government was really one of the worst things that could happen, to promote the fortunes of the Socialist laborites. Churchill at once clamped down a program of austerity. The British masses had thought they were going to get a better deal by reintroducing conservatism. Instead they got it worse, so it leaves the Conservatives holding the bag and being blamed for conditions which the Atlee Crowd effected. Predictions seem to agree that the Churchill Government will eventually fall, the laborites return to power and a great new demand begin on America for more American tax money to sustain the British labor paradise . . .

As for imminence of war with Russia, or because of Russia, that is another thing that all observers say the Europeans are sickering at. They *know* the truth about Russia, that she is on her last legs economically, and may crash at any time. There is no such support of NATO as the American politicians proclaim, because no European sees any need of it. In fact, the Fascist movement against local Reds in the various countries is growing by leaps and bounds. In Rome recently 50,000 neo-Fascists paraded against the trouble-making Communists and racial minorities.

America, say the reports, has simply been "sold a bill of goods" in this Military Preparedness scare, with Russia as the bugaboo, in order that great industries may make millions in war goods and the American economy be sustained at home. But no military commander dares speak the real truth, or the vast hoards of job-holding carpet-baggers would arise in their terror at the prospect of having to work honestly again, and force his recall—or wreck his reputation.

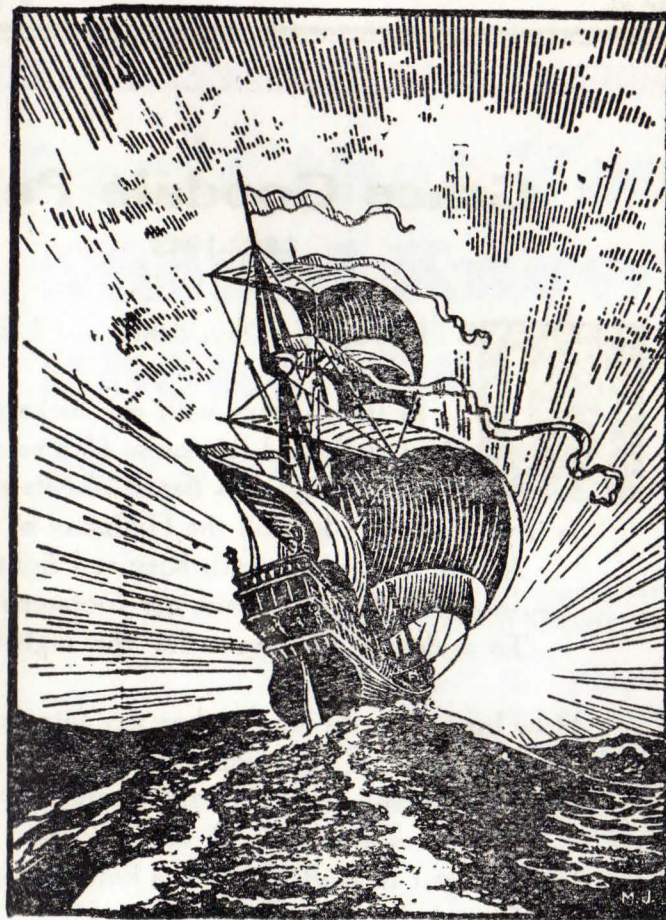
One report contains this fraught line:

"It is because Eisenhower is the obvious agent of these industrialists that they are now shoveling out millions in a political campaign to make him Chief Executive and keep the farce going."

Take note, incidentally, that in almost no report from the continent is there any mention of continuing Russian progress in the manufacture of atom bombs. Whole weeks go by without the slightest mention of any incident relative to any Pasco or Oak Ridge developments in Russia, or improvement of the vast hydro-electric resources necessary to make the

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# America Headed for . . . **HARBORS OF SPLENDORS**



**T**HE INSTINCTIVE reaction by Americans to all these ironic circumstances developing in Europe and elsewhere—not to overlook industrial turmoils at home—is to convince them that the end of civilized society is either close, or economic debacle impends that means the enforced tax-slavery of their progeny for generations. The big thing they either miss or ignore is the fact that precisely such Psychology of Despair is what the predatory element seeks to cultivate in order to effect its power control universally.

That what we may be proceeding through at present is the educating collapse of utterly false and erroneous ethics so that fundamentals of a true and enduring prosperity may be laid—and something substantial built that is to endure for the coming thousand years—is something they don't suspect and certainly the power-bloc press is not telling them.

It seems to be God Almighty's way of making the mass human race amenable to reason and real progress to let it persist in erroneous methods to temporary disaster, so that it's ready to listen to sense.

**T**HERE would seem to be many explosions on the make quite as shattering as any new types of atom or hydrogen bombs.

Probably the greatest is due to be the complete expose of Russia as a Class-A military menace, as the Kaiser's Germany or Hitler's Nazidom were a menace in 1914 or 1939. No matter if Maio Sei Tung does spill his Red bandit forces to

## Present World Turmoil Is Period Introducing Era of Cure and Resurgence . .

ward India, sooner or later the utter exhaustion and failure of the so-called Russian Experiment is due to be witnessed by western millions with a great gasp of shock. "What were we scared by, and why?" will be the ultimate demand on John Q. Public's lip.

Then will come the equally dramatic corollary, "What became of the billions we poured out to save the world, and into whose hands have they finally fallen?"

By the very nature of things, such perturbing inquiries promise to be as universal as the demands in 1930 as to what or who had caused the Crash with its ensuing depression.

What's clairvoyantly seen as happening *this* time, is the introduction of a great, constructive, profiting and ennobling espousal of the principle of Cooperation in our national economic and industrial affairs—with an utterly realistic repudiation of the pro-Soviet United Na-

tions and a rebirth of American ingenuity and initiative that is due to astonish a planet.

**M**AN'S AFFAIRS on this earth, in his normal pursuits of life, divide into the three departments of the spiritual—mistakenly called the Religious—the Economic, and the Political. Evidently, in the face of what's being reported from abroad, it's the Economic Department that's due to begin the real program of renovation and reconstruction for the Spiritual and the Political.

Too many assume that it's the opposite order, that either the Spiritual or the Political has to serve its directives on the Economic. But life isn't pointing that way.

When everything goes to Tophet economically—even financially—then men begin to give attention to the eternal verities. And when they begin to sort them out and act upon them, the Political sooner or later has to follow suit and perform its functions or there is Big Trouble.

What God Almighty is doing only too plainly in this hectic period is saying in effect to the human race—

## Grace Goodale Pelley

1862-1943



IS IT Mother's Day, dear? . . . I know someone's  
near,

In these years with my locks grey with time,  
As I stalk mid this press of a sacred success  
And sing in its flame and its rhyme.

Is it you whom I lost on the Highway of Cost  
As my man-trysts with Kismet I fight?  
You are here in eve's glow, my footsteps to know,  
To welcome me home for the night!

How long were the years when my fate shaped your fears  
And brought your warm lamp to the door,  
To give me your best without thought to your rest  
And even the odds of bleak score.  
Did you put in mad life such a balm for its knife,  
Then fade with Eternity's dead?  
I doubt it somehow . . . You would wait even now  
To tuck me up warm in my bed!

Yes, I'll keep Mother's Day. It's the least I can pay  
For the love-mark you left on my soul;  
You are more than a thought, in these years sorrow-  
bought,  
As I scale, ever nearer, Hope's goal.  
So a Fond Yearn a year, and a kiss and a tear,  
For the one who unlocked with the light!  
You still wait, I know, as in times Long Ago,  
To see that I'm in for the Night!

"You think your mortal way of conducting your affairs is superior to My fiats? Well, I'm not going to waste time arguing with you about it. Take as much time as you please and work it out. When all your childish judgments have demonstrated their basic errors, then perhaps you'll grow up spiritually and do things My way. Both of us have all the time there is, in which to prove whose way is proper."

So humanity right now thinks the universe is headed for Averness in an am-

balance because the evidence of its wrongness is beginning to crop up on every hand. Wealth is being dissipated—or passing into the hands of predatory scoundrels, certain they can beat the moral law. People are acquiring the weekly pay envelops enabling them to buy food, by making guns in values of money running to the billions. The guns are intended to kill human beings wholesale and thus reduce the earth's populace, leaving more for survivors.

The wonderful one-horse shay of a

bogus internationalism is either coming apart at the rivets, or making the rich richer and the poor poorer. Either objective, the result is the same. The advancing generation even right here in America is facing the paying-off of an \$869 billion dollar public and private burden of debt. If enough were siphoned off the nation's annual earning capacity, to begin paying it off honestly and industriously, yet at a rate that the economy wasn't disrupted, 700 solar years would be required to make the payments by annual millions. Does anyone delude himself that this present squanderbust directorship of political America is going to buckle down seriously and pay off this stupendous sum? Backtrack it cannot, without bringing in calamity and ousting itself.

As a matter of fact, the whole world is on a one-way street in this matter of economic bedlam.

But why be afraid of it?

People one-fifth as intellectual as we aspire to see the human race become, welcome this spinning of the whole mad miasma into the economic ravine.

When a nation hits bottom, there can be no other direction in which to go but up.

As we go up this time, wholly new concepts of Spirituality, Economics, and Civics will be espoused. And they will be based upon recognitions at last of what humankind cannot do without paying a price for it in blood, tears, and prostration.

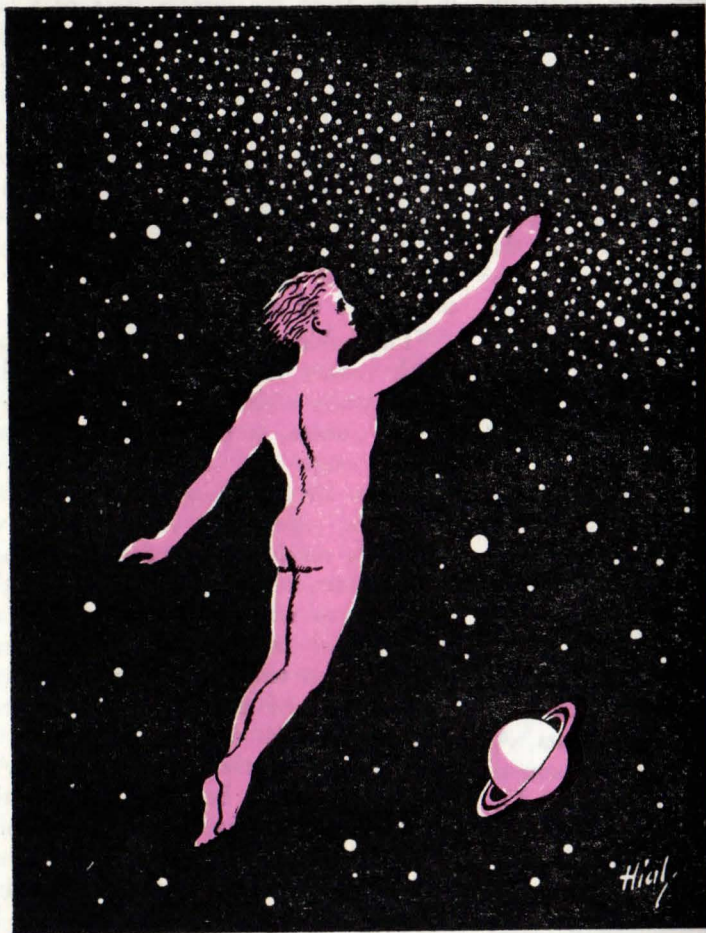
WE ARE going into Psychically arrived at tenets for spiritual standards and worshipings. We are going into full-time Cooperation among all groups and classes as premise for our Economic performings. And we are going into higher and finer concepts of Ethics for our Political operatings.

No one knowing his esoteric fundamentals is upset in the slightest over this current stramash of confusion and hoodwinking in the affairs of world and nation. *All of it has to happen to demonstrate to mass society that any incentive based on the predatory has to be abandoned and discarded to the end of time.*

There is a slogan in the United States Marine Corps that greets the fledgling recruit—

"If you don't know, you get killed."

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# Facts that You Should Know about the Heavens . .

ered at Toronto for an annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, according to the Canadian Press.

"The light-year," Dr. Plaskett explained "is the astronomer's yardstick, the distance that light, moving at 186,000 miles a second, would travel in a year, six million million miles."

This would correspond to the train journey at sixty miles an hour for fourteen million years. *The traveler bold enough to venture across the universe would require 700 billion years to span the diameter of the Milky Way.*

Stars on the edge of this system do not need traffic regulations. Many are 5 million miles apart, said Dr. Plaskett, and a gap of 1 million miles separates the sun from the nearest star, this showing the infinitesimal chance of collision.

That the galaxy of the Milky Way is a great disk of stars and star clouds, some 200,000 light-years in diameter but only 10,000 in thickness, was asserted in 1918 by Harlow Shapley, now director of the Harvard Observatory, the dispatch states. The sun is not at the center of this gigantic system, said Dr. Plaskett, but only the center of an insignificant star cloud, known to inhabitants of the earth as the "local cluster." Recently scientists have developed a theory that the whole galactic system is rotating in its own plane, like a spinning disk, the center of rotation being about where the Milky Way clouds are thickest.

It is difficult to prove that the whole galactic system is in motion, remarked Dr. Plaskett, for if it turned as a whole there would be nothing to compare it with and no movement could be detected. But it has been discovered by the observatory at Victoria that the most distant stars move more slowly than those near the center of the system, just as the

**W**HEN the depression gets too heavy, and the cares of mundane life too distracting, get back your perspective by going out doors and looking up at the stars. All of the precious metals in the earth, over which men are squabbling so foolishly, are but a minute fraction of what is exhibiting in gaseous form high in the reaches of interstellar space.

You go out under the midnight sky now, and you see pin points of luminosity studded all over the heavens. How much do you know about them? Rest your tired head from depression for a few minutes by considering them.

Do you know there are stars so dense that a mere cubic inch of their material would weigh a ton? On the other hand, there are stars so flimsy that their density is only one millionth that of water.

There are stars composed of stuffs so tenuous that a bulk necessary to fill the entire orbit of the earth about the sun would not weigh three pounds.

We see other wonders, all reduced to sparkling points by distance: stars a few thousand miles across, stars several hundred times as large as our sun, stars no brighter than a flickering match, stars of a temperature exceeding that of our hottest carbon arcs. All of it tends to stagger the imagination.

Yet perhaps we could accept these strange facts, and the somewhat stranger explanations to which we must resort to account for them, if there were any end to them. But with modern astronomical tools, new facts stranger than any that have gone before are constantly presenting themselves.

A recent dispatch from Toronto, quoting J. S. Plaskett, F. R. S., director of the Dominion Astronomical Observatory, Victoria, is a fair example of what is meant.

"**T**HE DIAMETER of the Milky Way is now estimated at 50,000 light-years," Dr. Plaskett told his audience of scientists and literary men, gath-

outer planets of the solar system move more slowly than the inner planets.

"The motions of these stars," he asserted, agree so exactly with those that would be given by a rotation of the galaxy that there can be no reasonable doubt of its presence."

**T**HIS rotation, Dr. Plaskett added, caused the sun and neighboring stars to move about the distant center of the galaxy at a speed of nearly 200 miles a second, or 2,000 times faster than the 350 miles an hour, record in the Schneider Cup races—the fastest man has ever been able to move over the surface of the earth.

"So vast is the galaxy," he continued, "that it will take the sun some 250,000,000 years to make one revolution; in the whole space of geological time on the earth we have traveled around the center only five or six times.

"Our conviction of the reality of this rotation," he concluded, "is much increased when we learn that the direction to, and the distance from, the center of the galaxy which can be calculated from the motions of the stars observed at Victoria, are almost exactly the same as those earlier obtained from the distance of the stars, and the dimensions of the galaxy. The galaxy then is a wonderful example of the reign of law in the physical world, of the beneficent rule of a supreme power."

"Stars from 250 to tens of thousands of times brighter than the sun, visible in worlds a million light-years and more away, furnish the keys to unlock many of the mysteries of astronomy," says Jenka Mohr, Harvard College Observatory. "Such extremely brilliant stars are called super-giants. They are found, though rather uncommonly in our Milky Way, in the clusters of stars, and even in far-off galaxies, such as the great Andromeda nebula. They differ in many characteristics from the normal stars, and the differences make them at once peculiarly important and peculiarly difficult objects for astronomical study.

"Because they are so bright, super-giant stars are the only kind that are distinctly visible, as separate stars, in the distant—though not the most distant—galaxies. Thus a study of them, of their conditions of temperature and color, and of the kinds of chemicals of which they are composed, is one way of finding out what universes are made of. From them

we may glean knowledge of the ages, the development, the history, the evolution of stars and of worlds composed of millions or even billions, of stars.

"It must be remembered that although we can determine the chemical composition of stars and can find out what their temperatures are and how dense they are, we know these things only about the outermost surfaces—the skin of the stars. What lies at the center can be only deduced, theoretically, from what we can find out about their surface conditions.

"Perhaps at the centers the stars, whose atmospheres we find to be rarer than the rarest vacuum made in any physics laboratory, are denser than the heaviest known terrestrial matter. Though we speak of their temperatures in terms of tens of thousands of degrees the centers of super-giant stars may be incomparably hotter.

"Dr. C. H. Payne's book, *Stars of High Luminosity*, is a study of the characteristics of these super-giant stars. Among other things the chemical composition of these stars is studied, and Dr. Payne discusses the lines in the spectra which indicate the presence of hydrogen, helium, calcium, gold, iron and strontium. The strength of these lines is found to differ from the corresponding lines in normal stars because of differences in temperature and in pressure in the stars.

"The relative number of atoms of various substances has been attainable. For instance, the relative amount of calcium in the atmospheres of super-giant and of normal stars, Dr. Payne finds, is about two to one, but if we compare the super-giants with the sun it is more nearly ten to one.

"**H**YDROGEN, also, is found in an enormously large amount in super-giant stars, compared with normal ones, even though in normal stars, such as the sun, as much as 96 per cent of the atmosphere may be made up of hydrogen.

"One extremely significant and interesting fact about super-giant stars is that to this class belong practically all the

variable stars. The variable stars range in type from the intense blue of Class B stars to the red of Class M or N. The length of time it takes them to complete one cycle of light fluctuation is anywhere from a few hours to hundreds of days, or even to years. Despite the wide scale of their changes, however, they are all alike in being extremely massive, of low density and of exceptional high energy output per unit mass, for such is the nature of all super-giants.

"The habit of variation of some stars which makes them appear now bright, now scarcely visible to the telescopic eye of the camera, is perhaps the most important single item in our knowledge of the stars. By analyzing with the spectroscope the super-giant variable stars we can learn much of the progress through life of stars, of their present role in the universes to which they belong and of their varied interconnections. We can learn of their temperatures, of their massiveness and of their density. We can learn what their intrinsic brightness is and how they travel through space. All of these problems bear not only on the life history of individual stars, but also on that of the stellar systems—the clusters, the clouds of stars, the galaxies and super-galaxies in which they belong. In much the same way does one study the physiology and psychology and the economics of many individuals to find out the history of their nation.

"Super-giantism is not conducive to either especially long or especially short life. The place of super-giants in the evolutionary scale of stars is an enticing, though as yet unsolved problem. There is, Dr. Payne points out, no obvious reason 'for expecting massive or luminous stars to be especially unstable.' Super-giants exist, for instance, in globular clusters, along side normal stars and under conditions which point to a similarity in age and development."

Truly, in things astronomical, we learn only to become bewildered. It requires an Einsteinian imagination to comprehend even the simplest fact about our universe—its immensity.

And yet man, by the nature of the intellect he possesses, can encompass the whole of it, and recognize its significance in well-nigh an instant's inspection. After all, numbers mean little. There are more nerve pathways in the human eye than there visible stars in all the skies, no matter how clear the night!





# Strange Experiences . .

## Manifestations of the Departed

**T**HE ANNALS of the French Society of Psychological Science were heavily drawn upon by Camille Flammarion in writing his celebrated book, *Death and Its Mystery*. In the section called "Manifestations of the Dying" is case after case of phenomena where people unacquainted with psychical science seem to have had the literal voices of expiring friends reach them over distances running to hundreds of miles. It seems to be more than telepathy. Somehow the noise itself is transmitted and has often been heard by more than one person at what might be called the "receiving" end.

Here is an account contributed to the French Society by a Dr. de Vesme, a sedate and reliable medical man, wherein such a voice was heard not once but six times. Dr. de Vesme described the episode thus—

**I**N FEBRUARY of 1904, a young man of my acquaintance whom I will call Monsieur Bonn, became engaged to Mademoiselle Demorre. These two young people loved one another deeply, but family difficulties soon jeopardized their plans, and assumed such importance that the marriage—which was to have taken place in May—was instead broken off on the fourth of that month.

Heartbroken, the two young people parted and began to travel, that their sorrow might be lessened. But Mademoiselle thought daily and hourly of her lover, whom she still entertained hopes of marrying when family differences might cease to exist.

In September a letter reached her from the young man, which was fated to be the last she was to get from him. Then in December of the following year word reached her that he had married, and with hope of her first romance gone, she

acceded to the pursuit of another suitor, herself married, and went to live upon an estate in the environs of Bordeaux.

However, young Bonn, although he had married first, could not forget the first girl he had loved. He did not, however, try to correspond with her afresh.

March of 1907 came, and the young woman found herself alone on the Bordeaux estate, her husband being absent on a business trip . .

**O**N THE NIGHT of the 17th—mark the date!—she had retired as usual and fallen asleep, when at two in the morning she was abruptly awakened. She had heard her name called, three times, in an audible voice that was seemingly close to her. It appeared that her given name had been spoken appealingly from behind a door which opened at the head of her bed, giving on a hallway.

Believing it was her husband's and that he had returned unexpectedly, she arose and opened the door but was greatly astonished to perceive the hallway empty. Asking herself who could have called her thus, especially in a man's voice, she went into an adjoining room and aroused her maid. But the maid had been sleeping soundly at that hour of morning, and heard nothing. The maid arose, however, and in their night clothing the two women went over that whole section of the house without finding any third person.

Telling herself finally she might have heard the odd salutations in mental illusion, the young mistress returned to bed and started to doze off, when a voice filled with anguish called her name a second time, twice!

Greatly agitated now, the young matron leaped from her bed and rushed to her maid. "This time it's impossible for you not to have heard!" she cried. "Someone called out twice, 'Jeanne! Jeanne!'"

The maid protested that she had become too drowsy again to have heard

anything but she arose as before and aided in another search of the premises. Again no result.

**T**HERE was no more sleep for the mistress that night, as might easily be understood. Half an hour went past. Suddenly came the third and final calling of her name for that night. It sounded in a tone still more anguished than the two preceding and she spent the remainder of the night completely awake and in extreme agitation.

Morning came and there had been no more phenomena.

Four days went past. On the fifth day a relative arrived from Noyon, where the former fiance had resided.

The relative reported that the heartbroken young man had passed away on the night of March 17th of virulent tuberculosis. And his end had been particularly tragic.

He had died the victim of the most violent dyspnoea, and in the course of his death agony, between two and two-thirty in the morning, had six times called aloud the name of his former fiancée, heard by all persons in the death chamber, including the girl whom he had married platonically at the wishes of his family, but who was no less heartbroken herself on that account.

Obviously these literal cries of his, had somehow transferred the long distance between Noyon and Bordeaux and been heard by the one woman who had formerly loved him. It was even reported that in the first instance he had cried out the name 'Jeanne!' three times, and several minutes later the same name twice. Then finally once. Yet identified in the Bordeaux bed chamber, they had seemed to sound from different places, first in the outside hallway.

**T**HE THOUGHT arrests us, mayn't there be more cases of this sort of  
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## Saucers Again



IT GIVES one a creepy feeling to sit at Headquarters and be privileged to peruse a great digest of psychical transcripts coming in not only from all over America, but all over the world. This creepy feeling doesn't arise from the supernatural origin of such transcripts but at the frequent synonymity of their contents. And this is particularly true of the Flying Saucer phenomena.

The ingenious explanation has come from an entirely reliable group in southern California, that has lately been recording some remarkable sittings, that the so-called Flying Saucers are the tangible expedients being taken by hyper-dimensional etheric beings for sterilizing our American higher atmosphere from great swarms of radio-active particles and disease germs that might otherwise inflict a mass destruction on western world Christians. Universally all flyers who have chanced to come within appreciable distance of these visitors have reported weird magnetic influences affecting their own aircraft. Moreover, recruits in the various national flying schools are being briefed by their officers to keep sharp lookout for anything approximating these saucers and bring back all data possible in respect to them—that positively they are *not* any secret guided missile developments of the American military, and that they are by no means suspected of being developments in the military resources of Russia.

That may be termed "interesting insofar as it goes", but of a recent week ar-

rived a transcript alleged to have been recorded on or about the same time as the Southern California recordings, from London, England, in which precisely the same explanation was given to the British group by the London control.

One thing seems certain, these Saucers—if they be etheric—indicate nothing but friendliness for the earth's populace. Never, in a single instance, has there been the slightest indication of ill-will or hostility manifested. True, planes reported as approaching uncomfortably near them have seemingly met with disaster. But there have been no survivors to contradict the theory that what actually happened to such inquisitive planes was drawing too near a field of stupendous and unknown cosmic force, that perchance treated them as it might similarly have treated bacteria.

VALOR is still suspending judgment on the enigma until it obtains direct statements and explanations from the Soulcraft Mentors, who up to the present writing have made not the slightest suggestion as to their origin or nature. Harriet, the Recorder's incarnate daughter, has each time laughingly refused to commit herself when queried, showing something of embarrassment, it should be noted, as though laboring under some higher admonition not to disclose what might be her knowledge.

It is only human nature to suspect that "beings from a higher planet" should mean the earth's populace no good if they actually succeeded in reaching this planet. Orson Welles well-nigh panicked a dozen States with his radio hoax of Martians landing in the Newark meadows a few years ago. But humankind makes the blunder of forgetting that beings advanced enough to create interstellar transportation must necessarily be as spiritually advanced as they were mechanistically advanced, and the higher that life of any kind is progressed, the more Christ-like would be its temperamental attainments.

The flood of pseudo-scientific bilge that overflows the so-called scientific story magazines uniformly makes this oversight. All sorts of beings are depicted as reaching earth, always carrying out plans to annihilate our race.

Suppose we don't cry before we're hurt in these Flying Saucer phenomena.

All psychical steers on them to date have it that they're within the aura of our planet to do us good.

## Paradox



THE SUPREME Court has validated the various racial Anti-Hate Laws of the several States who have passed them. Any American can now be hailed into court and punished by the law for speaking in a manner so critical of any racial minority that it causes members of such minority distress or "unhappiness". Even the mildest of criticism, for entirely bona fide motives, may now cause some racial "distress or unhappiness" and be amenable to prosecution.

The first Amendment to the Constitution says—

"Congress shall make *no* law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for redress of grievances."

The Supreme Court has adjudicated that freedom of the press is not freedom of the press, that what it expressly states in the Constitution is not expressed in the Constitution, that black is white and that a man ten feet high is six feet high and you can be jailed for using a tape measure to settle the resultant argument.

Well, this decision—like the various sedition decisions—condemns the Supreme Court in more positive fashion than any lower court ever condemned a culprit for anti-Constitutional activity.

Let's view it with equanimity and know that the Supreme Court has simply climbed aboard the social juggernaut.

By the testimony of Celler of the House Judiciary Committee, it handles and reviews little more than 3 percent of cases brought before it.

As it refuses to interpret the Constitution by the Constitution, and only handles an infinitesimal fraction of the cases appealed to it, wherein is its further usefulness?

As for racial minorities about which no opinion is lawful, okay. That's plugging the safety-valve on human feelings and human expression with a hammer.

Nitwits have been known to do it, but pieces of nitwits have also been gathered up counties distant, "and the fragments filled twelve baskets".

Anyhow, along with many other matters, it demonstrates what the Supreme Court of the future is *not* to be.



But meanwhile if the Highest Court can't think straightly and plainly on matters pertaining to the Constitution, how does the nation expect the mere layman citizen to do so?

Another paradox in the process of correction.

## Presidents



THE CHOICE of VALOR's for the forthcoming United States presidency is General Douglas MacArthur, although the Recorder is inhibited from engaging aggressively in the election of any candidate. But if any lesser man gets in, that's his own hard luck. General Eisenhower is uttering some noble statements—and platitudes—at this writing in May, but if he should be elected and not live up to them, on his head be his own punishment.

VALOR has taken, and continues to take, the position that it doesn't much matter which candidate—or for that matter, which political party—succeeds to the Executive chair this November. National and international matters must work to inexorable conclusions.

All the tub-thumping that is being done about the superlative qualities of Eisenhower, and the wild huzzaging that the great publications of America are making for him, disclose the character of the forces behind his candidacy. Check off a list of the groups and personalities who are for him, and it's plain enough what interests he represents.

Okay, let's do so.

The United States Presidency in this critical election—not like any other election that has ever been held excepting perhaps Lincoln's—can be likened to a bear that the successful candidate must catch by the tail.

*Who is going to help him let go?*

Try to take the hysterias of the election as serenely as any other development in the world scene that is hurtling toward its great sacred climax.

One's faith grows cleaner and more adamant in the Great Personality watching over *all* the nations as these juggernaut forces roll toward fruition.

Actually, the circumstance of clinching the Presidency might be the one personal calamity that General Ike has encountered thus far in his career.

It demands a man of MacArthur's

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# Soulcrafter Describes Her Big Spiritual Illumination

**I**CAME home last night from choir being very sick. My heart was heavy. The thoughts of the women were so very cruel. They were filled with fear, envy, jealousy, and hate for me. Nothing was said, but I felt and knew that once more I was paying the price of being a woman, with a beautiful expression for music and love for humanity. Once more, heaps of coals poured on my head because I stood on one step higher than they. We pay a great price when we love humanity and see good in everything therein. After hours of hurt from their vibration I slept suffering, and I thank God I could join my true sisters over the line and be understood there. They know and understand me, and love me.

I joined them and they took me into their arms and I rested from everything that is carnal and earthly—

This was my dream. I stood on the shore of a beautiful great lake, surrounded by sisters and brothers dressed from head to foot in pure white. Their hands were outstretched to me. I ran stumbling to them, they all reached down and lifted me up on my feet, and one, a man’s vibration, stood apart, beckoned me to him, and we started walking or floating for a short distance from the others. We continued on, and in looking back to where the others stood I could no longer discern the figures but there was a great light that extended for a great distance from the place where they stood—a very bright, dazzling, blinding pure light. My guide explained that this light was from the auras or love for the people in the world that I had just come from, and had been so hurt by, that it was no accident that in order to do the great work I had entered the Earth Experience to do, I had to be hurt, that it

spirituality and integrity to survive it.

Five years from today we may say that we could have wished General Ike no worse luck than achieving his November objective.

And further deponent sayeth not.

was a war of carnal mind trying to gain supremacy over the spiritual, that we being teachers of love must suffer while in the carnal expression, because that was what the fight was about. We being teachers of love, naturally were hated in turn, this hatred (ignorance) being our foe, that the enemy, hatred, using every method it knew (and there are many expressions of hate on the earth) realized its only chance of attack was while the divine being was manifesting its expression on earth. The spirit (providing we continued to love our earthly people even after they had hurt and stoned us mentally if you will) *underwent this test, not for what we could stand but for how we could in turn love them, and say even in our greatest agony, out of pity for them, “Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do.”* Forgive them, Father, for they, even divine beings, have forgotten what they came here to learn.

Then my teacher and guide told me that almost everything here on earth has an opposite interpretation from what most people know, or believe. The earth and all its works were nearly reverse from their true meaning, like looking into a mirror (only reflection), everything in reverse, a school of faith. The more we are hurt and wounded (providing we don’t give up our true divinity to the enemy, Hate) and in turn love our enemy even in our greatest agony, then indeed we become strong and filled with a power that is so great, our carnal minds cannot possibly conceive it. The more we are persecuted on earth the more love we receive over here (Spirit). Life is a blind expression until the spark of divinity, that every human form possesses, grasps the knowledge that the only thing that matters on earth is the Soul or Spirit and God, through Jesus Christ. What possible pain can we, the mortal, have that can compare with the pity and compassion Jesus had, when he was walking through the streets, carrying the cross that you and I had dropped? What do you think happens when one of you teachers can remember Him long enough to pick up someone else’s cross and walk? Is there any pain great enough on earth that can take that glory from you? How



do you think He feels? Do you think for one second He isn't with you, weeping, blending His tears with yours? What greater glory do you want than this? Don't deny yourself the blessing that is truly yours. When you share in His pity and suffering, you are indeed blessed! The greater the hate on earth, the greater your reward here from theirs. Which would you have your house builded on, shifting sand or the solid rock of Jesus Christ?

Go back to your earth, my child, carry on and improve your capacity for love, pity, and compassion, and the blessings of your band go with you. Welcome pain when it comes, meet it with pure thoughts of forgiveness, love, joy, that only few have. What yours is, is indeed a great work. It is a work that needs all the courage, strength and spiritual stamina you can possibly muster at times, and remember at no time will anything be asked of you, that you through prayer and the help of our great Teacher, cannot do.

You went down there asking nothing, and you have received it all.

Open your heart completely to the humanity that you went back there to help. Would you blame a child for not describing the beauty, color and texture of a rose, if he had been born blind and could only depend on his sense of touch, when you had asked him to use his sense of sight that he had never possessed?

That, my child, is what you came here to do. Make them more conscious of a sense they have forgotten they had. Teach them through your eyes a sense that they are blind in. Rest assured you are not alone in your mercy teaching, *we are with you always*. God bless you now (I will go), peace be unto you!

Now you know that *your work is love and more love*. Don't fear it; use the sense that was given you to see, your only fear *shall, will, should be*, that you might not be persecuted or hurt by your fellowmen, that only the persecuted are in His vibration. "Many are called but few are chosen" You are a wheel within a wheel, of which your motive power is

God-love. That the unseen things of God are seen on earth, but very few understand or have the key which is universal love, the only law we need to know. God bless you.

Your Controls

## Harbors of Splendor

(Continued from Page 4)

It applies to this current avalanche of so-called Civilization toward the precipice of prostration. Those who *know* are coming through unscathed. Those who don't know, assuming they don't get killed individually, are going to come through it saner, wiser, and canner.

God is permitting it to happen to bring about exactly that.

Wherever communication is established with Vaster Intellects in higher reaches of Time and Space by means of rapidly developing Extra-Sensory Perception, the counsel is uniformly the same in import.

The *Golden Scripts*—particularly the the last two or three *Speakings*—are lush with it.

Surely it takes *valor* to see through, but wise people have the stamina that comes from wisdom.

Stop fretting about it.

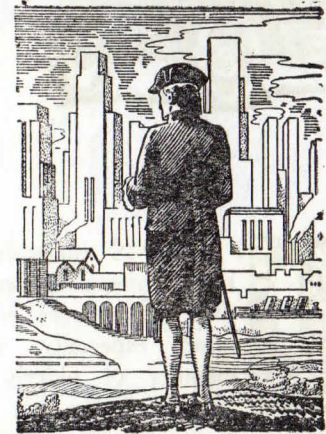
Watch it happen and note its climax.

**R**IGHT now a sort of animal panic is seizing on humanity, that the perfection of the atom bomb, particularly the hydrogen bomb, may start a chain reaction to all the hydrogen in our atmosphere and literally "burn up the earth" . . . There are religionists not lacking who add to this terror by proclaiming that such is the true meaning of "the Abomination of Desolation".

The esoterically wise—meaning the esoterically valiant—know **something** of the Christ assurance that has come down already to mortal minds, that no such cataclysm will be permitted to happen. He has declared with dramatic emphasis that lest Science run away with civilization and approach complete destruction itself, "I prohibit abomination of manufacture", meaning that man strikes an impasse in his inventings beyond which he cannot seem to go. Read over again the 18th and 36th chapters of the *Golden Scripts*.

Let's graduate from being palsied at the masked faces of infantile persons at the world's Halloween windows.

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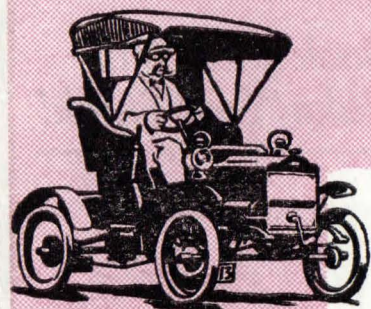
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## .. COGITATIONS

**I**T SEEMS incredible to the present generation that there ever was a time, especially within memory of elderly people, when the big question involved in buying an automobile was the elemental inquiry, Would It Run? . . . We didn't call them automobiles, of course. When they first "appeared" they were "horseless carriages." Many were merely buggies with the shafts removed, an engine of a sort geared to back wheels, and mechanical rods connected to front wheels to effect a steering. It had been known as a principle of mechanics for generations that the bigger the traveling wheel, the less power was required either to pull or propel the vehicle. So gigantic sprockets were at first attached to the inside of rear wheels, and these geared to smaller drive-gears protruding on each side of the main engine crank-shaft. Thus the driver's seat was always atop the engine, and every explosion in the cylinders causing a turn-over of the flywheel, was felt all the distance up the human spine. What to do with the generous space in front was a problem, and one eastern firm—as previously mentioned in these papers—solved it by making it into a seat for the children. Papa at the steering-rod with mama beside him, guided the contraption by looking over the offspring's heads. This, unfortunately, was a way of providing for two children only, if one had more, one had to tie them onto the sides or license-plate. Also the children got it first if papa happened to steer into a wall or tree. Mama universally disapproved of the children getting it first, so the rumble seat in front was abandoned in all the better class motorcars. A square space, entered by a couple of suspended steps in the center of

the rear, took the family overflow, not to mention Aunt Carolyn and Uncle Oscar if they came visiting, or such improvident neighbors as "wanted a ride" in the cool of the evening. This boxed-off space with cushioned seats around its corners was known as the "tonneau"—a French word, one would gather, having something in common with tonnage. Of course, an aperture opening upon rear roadway in the center of this rear riding space did not contribute to mama's peace of mind, either, because it was very likely that if she packed this tonneau with offspring and they all went "motoring" she was very likely to count her progeny when the transportation was over and discover it didn't tally with what it had been when the family had started out. That usually meant requiring to go back over the route and recover what progeny had been deducted . . . The biggest forward step in evolution of the horseless carriage happened when some mechanical genius bethought to place the motor in front and propel the contraption by a lengthwise "drive-shaft" . . .

o—o

**T**HESSE early horseless carriages never purred along the highways, however, they chugged. You could count the explosions as they occurred—when they did occur. Likely as not they did not occur, and then papa had to "get out and get under." They even wrote a popular song of that title, "Get Out and Get Under." Papa, counting no chugs going on beneath his domestic menage, by reason of which the menage was not moving, commandeered everyone to help him push the expensive complication to the side of the road, where he removed his elaborate "duster" and cap with goggles, and wiggled beneath the formidable mechanism to see what was wrong with it by staring upward. Once in twenty-five times he would see what had "come loose" and fix it with a hairpin borrowed from his frau, but the average was not much more. While he was thus inert, staring up into mechanical vitals that were refusing to vitalize, the town's citizens passed, being toted in good old-

fashioned buggies so unpopular with later New Dealers, and offered the gratuitous advice, "Get a horse!" But having once been bitten by the "automobile" bug, he did not get a horse. He usually got dirt in his eye and more on his nice clean clothes and searched the motorcar market for a brand that would "run". Functioning steadily and infallibly was this paramount requisite in those primordial days of motoring. Which calls to mind the oddest and most cosmic tragedy that I ever was called upon to attend as a newspaper reporter. It happened back in Springfield, Massachusetts, just after the City Council had "recklessly squandered" the taxpayers' money in an "insane bust" to motorize the city's Fire and Police Departments. Those were the days when the citizens arose and did something about taxes when they were too high. I was working on a morning newspaper in the cold but snowless winter of 1911, and after 1 a. m. the reportorial staff took turns standing Dog Watch. This canine term was used to describe the role of the man chosen to remain after all the other reporters had gotten in their news stories and gone home, who stayed in the City Room till the mail editions actually were coming from whirring presses. Whereat, if holocausts, earthquakes, homicides, or beserk politicians cut up shindies between 1 a. m. and 2:15 a. m. he would be on hand to respond to the City Editor's polite request that he attend upon such event and put the account of it in language for subsequent breakfast-table readers. On one particular January night, the filling of the Dog Watch fell to me and I drowsed without incident until 2:10. I was sleepily getting my coats when the phone-bell blared. Denning, the City Editor, listened a moment and then electrified. "Something's happened," he barked, "over at 44 Bridge Street. That was Keough from Police Headquarters. I'll hold the closing of the Mail Edition till I hear from you. Move very fast, cover the distance, discover the cause of Mr. Keough's excitement, and transmit the knowledge to me with maximum dis-

patch." Of course he shortened such directive considerably but that was the nature of his speech. I moved very fast.

o—o

NOW 44 Bridge Street should be but one block southward from the newspaper plant, and I cut through an intervening alley in the somnolent chill of winter's early morning. It was a neighborhood of tall business structures, all dark and silent excepting for Number 44. That was a story-and-a-half frame house of dilapidated design in a pocket-handkerchief plat of expensive real estate surrounded by brick buildings, by reason of an estate being in prolonged litigation. And from the interior of this dimly-lighted structure was coming a fusillade of banshee howls and tumults that defied conjecture as to origin. What on earth was happening inside? So quickly had I moved in the wake of Keough's police call, that I was first observer on the scene, but break in I dared not. As I stood irresolute, my hair standing vertically at the noises increasing in volume, I heard the wail of the motorized Police Wagon coming into that wholesale district from the south. At length this van rounded the corner of Bridge and Water Streets after the accelerated chugging of its single engine had bounced the reserves all over the interior for six blocks to get there. And as it overshot the address by reason of the brakes not working properly, Sergeant Burke dropped out of the rear—or perhaps he was lost out—and not only joined me at the sidewalk gate but went past me. A picket fence spanned from building to building on either hand, and after a short space of walk, the entrance to the house was gained by stepping across a short veranda in the southeast corner. Burke had no hesitancy about going in without knocking or ringing the doorbell . . .

o—o

NO OTHER newsmen were on the scene and I followed Burke's exploration by reason of being close enough to bite a chunk from his right elbow. Of course one didn't bite a policeman at any time, in the elbow or anywhere else, and particularly I didn't bite Burke because those were the days when the Law and I were on excellent terms. A small square hallway presented itself with a closed door to the right. From behind this door the turmoil was boiling. Screams, groans, curses, and hysterical maledictions were cataclysmic behind it. Burke kicked it

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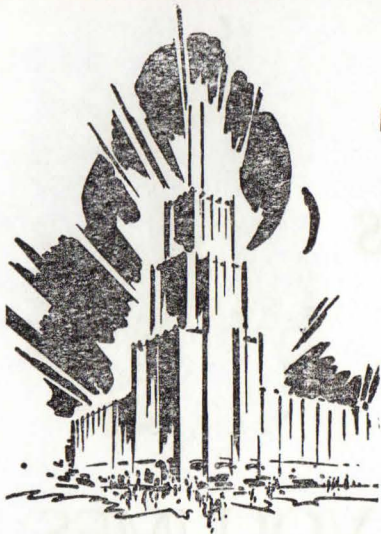
### SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

*Noblesville, Indiana*



open. But at once his arm shot out and he barred me from entering. We weren't looking into a room, we were looking into a pit. It was lighted by two kerosene lamps on wall-shelves at east and west. But yawning before us was the depth of a cellar-hole. And down in that cellar-hole more than thirty human beings, male and female, all citizens of color, were completely jumbled up in one grand *pot-pourri*, together with a cook-stove, a

pair of wash-tubs, sundry chairs, and most of all, a ten-foot dining-table that a quarter-hour previously had been generously loaded with ice cream and pastries. What had happened? At once I was to report back to Denning that the Negro family occupying the premises, entirely respectable people, had been throwing a birthday party for the eldest daughter and the guests had stayed late. After an all-evening jamboree in the front liv-



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Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

ing room, they had moved at two o'clock out into the spacious old kitchen. They had fortunately—and miraculously—placed the lamps high on opposite wall-shelves while they essayed the great table of refreshments. And the combined weight of the thirty persons on that floor had caused its ancient cellar-rafters to give away in one grand collapse. The entire floor had dropped into the cellar as though cut around its walls with a knife. Fortunately too, the fire had long since gone out in the kitchen range and it was warm but not hot, else fire would have complicated the situation. But even the cellar stairs had been crushed in that wholesale floor-drop, and it befell the police reserves to hoist the bedaubed and injured out of that pit, each and severally, and get the latter to Mercy Hospital without halting to play rummy en route.

o—o

NOW WAS the one time in the whole history of the Emergency Squad when the much-criticized motorized ambulance was required to work to perfection. But did it work? It certainly did not. Victims with the worst broken bones and lacerations were loaded in tenderly and the driver directed to "get going." He moved in front and tried to crank his engine by hand. But the engine was not having any. Copper after copper took his turn trying to spin the ambulance engine and get 'er started. Coppers didn't get out and get under because they were already out. But they did get under. Thankfully, no layman was about at that zero hour of morning to offer suggestions about procuring a dobbin. He would have been thrown in with the other injured had he done so. Coppers cranked till they were blue in the face and then talked to God about the state of locomotion till their guardian countenances were green shading off to cerise. Meanwhile humble victims of the freak mishap, died in the vehicle by reason of the horseless carriages refusing to travel without a horse. It was an awful night. And yet it did have humorous aspects, because many of the young males about that table, when the floor dropped, had landed on the cellar bottom in reverse, most of their heads and shoulders in frosted cakes and creamy jellies. They did not stop to clean themselves whilst assisting in the rescue . . .

o—o

IT WAS one night in my life when I had a newspaper beat, such as it was,

all to my private lonesome. Perk, the paper's photographer, was on the job with his graflex and powder-explosives, to get pictures of the catastrophe long before the delayed paper went to press. But it set the program of motorization of the city's vehicular equipment back nearly a decade, when the citizens heard. . . Yes, the big problem with the initial horseless carriage was, *Would It Run?* Today's sophomore bangs into the family bus, guns the motor and is away in a cloud of dust, noise, and shrill traffic whistles. He couldn't have been delinquent back in 1911. Something having to do with the ignition, or maybe it was the engine, wouldn't have permitted it. Ah, the Good Old Days!

—THE RECORDER

## European Facts

(Continued from Page 2)

atom bomb at all. The famous "German scientists", who were supposed to have been captured by Russia and put to work, seem to have been mainly liquidated excepting one or two broken old men, whose actual location nobody knows. But the deaths of the rest have been established.

**N**O, THERE is only a fairly complete recovery to report from Europe, excepting in the matter of restoration of currency values of the various countries. Reports of vast plagues sweeping China, are trickling in, due to malnutrition, lack of sanitation, and unburied human bodies in the wake of the Korean conflict.

The culmination of an utterly fallacious and non-workable economic system only awaits the final prostration of the American taxpayer.

## Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

thing than commonly reported, because voices or noises coming at any other time than the dead of night mightn't attract impellant interest. Certainly the cases of clocks stopping or bells seeming to ring at the instant of a distant demise are common enough, but a name called distinctly six times, three of them loudly enough to awaken a woman from the first slumber of the night, is not to be treated indifferently.

One thing we do note in practically

all such cases, that there must be, and usually is, or has been, some sort of close emotional affinity—or at least polarity—between the senders and receivers of such communications. So we are impressed with the suggestion, that if expiring persons can thus transmit evidences of their distress to certain individuals at a distance, exceeding or at least violating all known laws of physics, some sort of expansion of consciousness or projection of consciousness on the part of the dying

person is apparent. And why need this expansion or projection be necessarily a feature of physical enhousement, since the bodily life is automatically at low ebb or about to cease altogether?

Thus a continued and assiduous demonstration of such polarity, unaccompanied by any sense of mental distress in either party, could be identified as the well-known and credited Clairaudience. . .

Still, we are puzzled by the literal sounds,

# "STAR GUESTS"



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# T h e P A Y O F F

THE FAMILY had been burned out of house and home. Sympathetic neighbors decided something should be done, if only for the sake of the children. They scoured the neighborhood for a tenement, then they began collecting furniture. Odd pieces were contributed. The house was gradually furnished. Then came the necessity for providing clothes for the children. It went on and on. One day one of the compassionate townsmen met the father on the street.

"I have a perfectly good overcoat for you," he announced. "I'll bring it over after supper tonight."

"Don't bother," the father returned. "I'm only taking money now."

MRS. SMITH was so piqued at her indolent husband that she could scarcely talk coherently.

"Take Mrs. Williams, now. She has a wonderful husband."

"Yeah?" returned Smith. "What's wonderful about him?"

"The things he does about the house."

"What does he do about the house?"

"He helps her do all the work. Monday he washed the dishes with her. Tuesday he dusted with her. And tomorrow he's going to mop the floor with her."

SIX political job-holders were carrying the body of a man who had been killed into the undertaking establishment. The undertaker was annoyed. "Why didn't you bring this man's body in at three o'clock?" he demanded. "You promised by phone to do that, and it's now after six."

"Sorry," said the spokesman. "But we had to wait till the five o'clock whistle blew to find out which one of us was dead."

JOHNNIE was gazing at his one-day-old brother, lying in his cot, squealing his small lungs out.

"Mommy," he inquired, "did he come from heaven?"

"That's what we're supposed to believe, dear."

"Huh, no wonder they made him get out."

## You Ought to Hear the Recorder's Talk on humanity's Right to Eat

in the current electronic broadcast. The first discussion of the fundamental issues of the Christian Commonwealth began with the broadcast made for playing throughout the nation the week of April 20th. They will continue for the next 20 weeks!



## START A CHAPEL!

Get information about a wire or tape Recorder, from Soulcraft Headquarters. The reels are sent you on a basis of your donating to the work what you consider them to be worth, for the spiritual good they have done you.

THE MINISTER cried from the pulpit, "I have a distinct feeling, my good people, that the devil is present at this meeting tonight."

"Amen!" cried an old brother from a corner. "Then you got him cornered at last."

"But the question is, sir, what shall we do with him?"

"Lock all the doors and give him where he comes from."

THE PATIENT awoke the morning after the operation and discovered the blinds down. He demanded to know the reason.

"Well," the doctor said tactfully, "there's a fire burning across the street. I didn't want you to wake up and conclude the operation had been a failure."

THE NEW "find" was about to be starred in a picture. In one scene the girl was supposed to jump off a high cliff into water. The girl surveyed the jumping point and the landing place.

"I won't make that jump," she protested to the director. "There's only two feet of water at the bottom of that cliff."

"What's wrong about that?" the director demanded. "Think we want you to drown?"

A MAN bought a parrot at an auction after the bidding had run high.

"Can this bird talk intelligently," he asked the auctioneer after paying the outrageous bill.

"You ought to know," the auctioneer answered. "He's the one who was bidding against you."