

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 8

## GRADUATES HAVE AMERICA TO BUILD

**A**L OVER America this week, tens of thousands of young men and women are reaching college Commencement.

But the nation doesn't lack its pessimistic element that delights in deploring the "future" these youngsters face, or bemoaning the sterile prospects confronting the United States and the world. Lament the oldsters—

These tens of thousands of collegiates are crossing the threshold of maturity in a nation that teeters on the brink of disaster. They face corruption and futility and disillusion—and the ultimate extinction of a Republic whose honor has all but perished.

Of course, the youngsters themselves don't believe it. But the reasons for their not believing it, lie far afield from what the oldsters suspect.

The oldsters suppose these youngsters don't believe it from the courage of ignorance, or the eternal resiliency of Youth in confronting catastrophes whose significance they lack the sagacity to grasp.

Actually the reasons why these youngsters don't believe it, lie in quite another field—the octaves of the Higher Esoterics. Suppose we talk about them for a minute.

If the oldsters knew more about them, perhaps they'd do less worrying.



**S**TUDENTS of the Ageless Wisdom know many things that to orthodox laymen are as incomprehensible as the Prayer to the Sun once written in Aztec. Consider this angle, to which these pessimists concerning Youth give no thought the clock around— (over)



More and more it's coming to be proven among devotees of psychical science that each and every man and woman born into mortality, has already lived more than one life on earth.

The argument that this is contrary to the tenets of orthodox religious belief, is neither here nor there. Not so long ago orthodox religious belief was proclaiming the earth to be flat, that the sun, moon and stars were mere lights in the heavens to give illumination to this planet, and Heaven itself a literal paradise only seven miles overhead.

Psychical science is proving that human personality survives in a conscious thinking state, and Retromemory can penetrate the curtains on recollection that fall between lives, disclosing that life upon earth is a constant process of organic revisitation.

More than that, great studies like Soulcraft go further and demonstrate that in the depths of the so-called Subconscious is a clairvoyant knowledge of the future, and the program of approximately everything supposed to happen to a given soul within an allotted life.

Old and mature souls come back into flesh—exactly as the New Testament avers that Elias came back in the personality of John the Baptist—to perfect themselves by great spiritual lessons or perform definite leadership services to the race as a whole.

These tens of thousands of so-called "young people" coming to Commencement throughout the land this week are truly venerable souls that have revisited mortal life in these particular times either to get something personally educational from it or make contributions appropriate to the demands of the times.

There is no "hit-or-miss procedure about the business of getting born, and every person's subconscious mind is aware of it.

These college youngsters, assumed to be so courageously ignorant, or optimistically resilient, *would not have contracted to come into American life in this volatile period merely to engage in the experience of being units in a great nation going down the chute to eternal damnation.*

Actually, they have come back to take hold of the mess that their mortal elders seem to have made of America, straighten it out, revitalize it, and enjoy the benefits of free government in a Republic

*whose real history has only begun to be written!*

PEOPLE bemoaning that the United States has been put successfully on the greased skids for perdition, are crudely advertising two things—

First, their own colossal illiteracy of the Great Cosmic Machinery that makes the world go 'round;

Second, their own failure and futility at what they've made of life, and their own moral squishiness in permitting themselves to be made victims of malicious defeatist propaganda.



These boys and girls graduating all over America this week are facing no worse an experience than any generation of youth ever faced in the history of this, or any other, Republic.

Bigger jobs, bigger complications, bigger headaches are confronting them than confronted their forebears. But so what? They're bigger souls inherently, or they never would have elected to come into mortality in these fraught years and undertake the renovation.

Of course they're splendidly unafraid. What's to be afraid of, excepting ignorance, defeatism, and incorrect doctrine—the following out of which has landed their forebears in this ugly but highly interesting mess?

They know in their subconscious minds that for every human problem there's a human solution. Bigger times require citizens with bigger perspectives, bigger capabilities and concepts. They've proved their fearlessness in the face of the complications inviting them, by having come into mortality some twenty to twenty-five years bygone, that they might arrive at maturity up here in the middle of the century and institute the palliatives and remedies that are going to

bring America out "on top of the heap" with her troubles largely behind her and a New Vision of Americanism and world leadership activating her.

These indefatigable and undefeatable young people getting their academic diplomas this week are the Bright Company—taking them in the main—at whose hands are to come most of the major readjustments of the next twenty-five to fifty years.

They truly invite neither Pity nor Adulation.

They've "got what it takes" to perform the seeming miracles their fathers have defected on. Call this the resiliency of youth if you wish, but actually it's the self-confidence of proven worth.

This current crop of college graduates knows this job.

They've done it before—in past dispensations.

Incidentally, they'll have a joyous time accomplishing it, if the truth could be known.

And they'll start with new avenues of spiritual inquiry to explore, that were darkened and veiled lanes to their morbid and purblind parents.

SO LET this older generation step aside, while this lambent concourse of earlier patriarchs takes over, each according to his or her capability, and make the contributions they're breveted to accomplish. There are ten thousand John-the-Baptists come into flesh anew, to show by their pluck, initiative, and social ingenuities their former incarnations as Eliases. And their subconscious knowledge of their former identities indicates that a great new Birth of Freedom is scheduled for this Republic, else they would have stayed out of life till some later date, when their incarnations could have been arranged under some civic dispensations where their talents could have better play than in a world of communistic slavery.

No, don't waste any tears about the ignorance or illusions of this graduating concourse that joins into the Vast Procession of Upward Progressing Humanity this week.

Some of us might be stupefied if we could explore—via Retromemory—the subconscious caches of Eternal Wisdom those young folk are bringing into the earthly scene afresh, and on which they

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# THERE'S NOTHING NEW ABOUT THE FLYING SAUCER ENIGMA

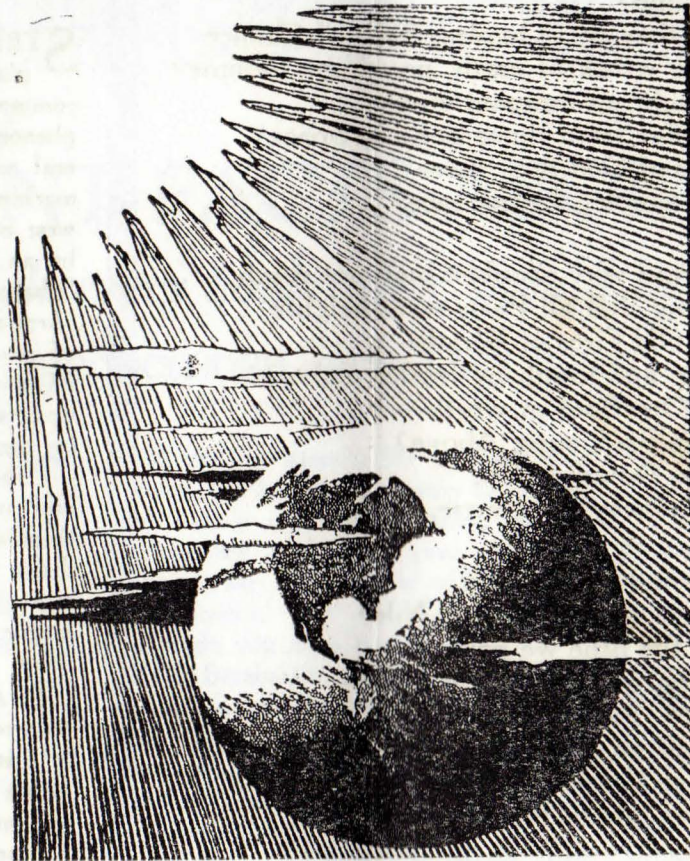
*Strange Lights Moving in Sky Formation Reported as Early as 1665 and Becoming Epidemic in 1897*

**H**OLD what views about Flying Saucers you will, the fact remains that they are by no means sudden discoveries of this mid-century world. An examination back into phenomena of the past, reveals that reports of them have been almost continuous on this side of the globe since 1662—290 years ago.

The official journal of the Jesuits, *Relations*, compiled in Canada in that year, tell of a long series of manifestations occurring over the St. Lawrence Valley, with the appearance in the sky of "fiery serpents" as they were then described. The notation was practically the first on this continent of mysterious aerial visitors—if they were that. They moved about in different directions, when a great "fireball", probably a meteor, came from the direction of the moon and burst with a loud detonation "behind Mount Royal."

These luminous sky wonders were even then rare enough to gain special mention in the annals of the time, but countless smaller—and to a degree more local—phenomena were seen by persons too illiterate to record the details. In August of 1663, Mother Marie de l'Incarnation writes seriously of "voices heard in the sky", noises like bells and cannon shots, fires, torches and fiery balls, and a special fire that took place in the sky like a man breathing flames through his mouth. The name "feux follets" was given to these altogether unexplainable sky wonders which the astronomically ignorant of the time ascribed to the visitations of evil spirits . . .

**A**LL through the 18th Century, reports were constant of mysterious



lights seen traveling to and fro across the sky, or rising vertically to great heights and disappearing from sight, precisely like today's Flying Saucer mysteries.

Just what a fireball itself may be, still puzzles scientists, even of our own day, inasmuch as they seem to behave with human intelligence. Gaspé, in his book, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, describes such a phenomenon that was of authenticated record as early as in 1806, wherein one of these sizable balls entered a manor house in Quebec where a family was seated at table, moved about through the rooms as though inspecting them and finally exploded with a loud detonation but without one iota of damage being caused to either house or furnishings.

Many instances of similar happenings in Ontario are of record in *The Journal*

*of American Folklore*. Considerable space is given to the account of an elderly woman being followed along a country road at night by one of these immense balls, lighting the surrounding landscape with a brilliance beyond any known fuels of the period, and most peculiarly halting whenever she halted and moving along when she moved along. It finally exploded behind her without injuring her.

In 1845 most of Canada was excited by the so-called "Marsh Point Ghosts" near Cornwall, Ontario. On one of the islands created by the construction of the Cornwall Canal, stood the village of Mille Roches, and on Marsh Point near this village stood an isolated farm house occupied by two elderly women. One night in September, 1845, this lonely structure started to be a fantastic gathering place for a bevy of tremendous fire-

balls—if they were that—that moved freely about the structure and premises. The *New Dominion Monthly* declares that these lights couldn't have been meteors or lightning-bolts, because they "played hide and seek among the trees" and as frequently gathered like human beings consulting together. They would swing about and make circles and geometric figures. Their movements were so fantastic as to appear to be governed wholly by caprice. Night after night this sort of thing went on, getting the whole countryside into a foment and attracting witnesses from miles around. One of the lights would even periodically withdraw from the others, cross the Canal, and ascend to the top branches of a huge lookout tree, where it would remain while the unexplainable gambols went on. At the end of the period, it would ascend,



## Identification



WHY should these years thus ring their challenge  
bleak

Up through the ranks of purblind souls in  
climb?

Why name they us as hapless Sons of Chance  
To feel the wrack of earth, not times sublime?

Why are we myriads, caught up rampant crags,  
That we shouldst differ from those gone in Space?  
Are Souls today less Sons of God than those  
Who ran an earlier, simpler, lustier race?

What-ho, then, Times! And why shouldst men not reach  
The diamond grasping that all Past's were heights . . .  
That life sears no one in Old Fires of Wraths  
But makes him clean and tough by fresher fights?  
Are not all myriads but One Soul in worth—  
Great Spirits in life's Iliad, sung Above?  
When was there ever any Down or Up,  
But only Valor's one-way concourse, LOVE?

Were we not toilers at proud Dido's oars,  
Or Pharaoh's builders up the haughty Nile?  
Behold, we tell the earth the tithe we paid  
To know the blessing of Golgotha's smile—  
We were the scholars rapt, 'round Socrates;  
We were the admirals on all Craft of Lore;  
We were the worshipers in Catacomb,  
We were the martyrs whom Rome's lions tore . . .

Donned we white plumes to best the Saracen,  
To fight at Hastings with the freeman's pride;  
We saw the western waste and grew the rose,  
To drop a tear when Patrick Henry died.  
We have been chiefs and serfs and chiefs again  
When armies tramped and died for power's lust,  
We have known hovels bare and mansions proud,  
But left our footprints on the bigot's dust . . .

How say ye then, the times are out of joint,  
And Fate decrees that we shall pay the score?  
We are the horde that spilled from out the Dawn  
And spill, forsooth, up thousand sunsets more!  
We are the Past, caught in this cycle's swing,  
That shows us marches marched, all crests essayed,  
What-ho the times, indeed! The accolade?  
"Sit thou at meat with Titans Unafraid!"

rejoin the others and the whole file away. The old ladies in the house were as mystified and terrified as any inhabitant of Mille Roches.

The lights—accompanied at times by dull explosive sounds, further adding to the terror of them—vexed the whole Marsh Point district for about three months, then left as mysteriously as they had come . . .

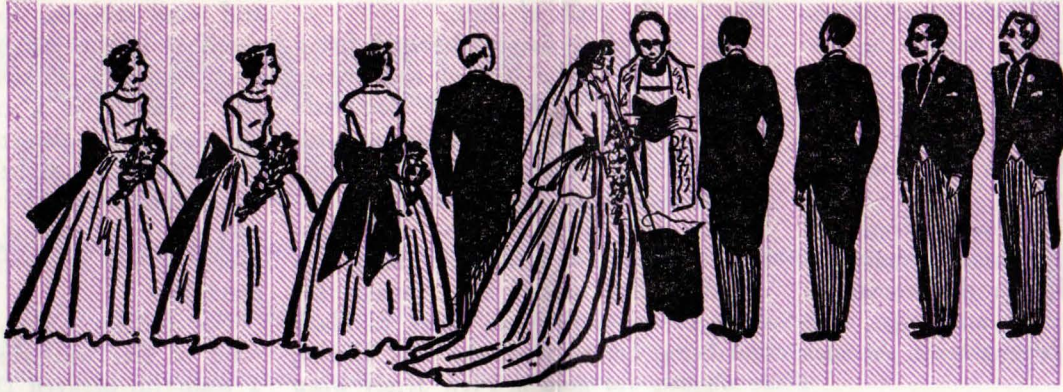
STRICTLY speaking, this sort of display wouldn't seem to have much in common with the current Flying Saucer phenomena, but in 1897 and 1898, several years before heavier-than-air flying machines were perfected, the whole Midwest of the United States was disturbed by an epidemic of aerial wonders called "phantom airships", "aerial monsters", "fiery nightbirds," etc., seen over a period of several months by residents of Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. The objects detected, by daylight as well as by night, had many features in common—elliptical shapes, extraordinary speeds, and at night, bright lights. All the distinguishing factors of today's new epidemic of Flying Saucers were present, almost 55 years bygone. But there was no hostile Russia then on which to blame them.

In August of 1897 they were publicly reported as over Canada. Three women in Caribou, B. C., saw a round, greyish object of immense size pass over a mining camp where they were living. In 1898, a pear-shaped object, flying at high altitude, was reported by Canadian meteorologists. Their descriptions were almost identical with the Flying "Sausage" moving at incredible speed and height over Hamilton Bay seen by four women on April 16, 1952—about two months bygone.

By the time that World War I came along, Canadian scientists, headed by Professor C. A. Chant of the University of Toronto, were paying close attention to a nocturnal aerial display that had happened across Canada on the 9th of February, 1913. The professor and others had witnessed a long procession of unknown luminous objects passing over Toronto from West to East. The lights moved in a straight line and came in groups, one after the other. They traveled, like the Marsh Point Ghosts, with a peculiar "majestic deliberation." Some-

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# IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT KARMA

*with which every Soulcrafter should be familiar*

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK

**L**AST week the plight of a man was being discussed who had let a willing woman office worker become his unofficial partner. Suddenly he encounters a situation in his business where he must have money. He knows that Old Man Mazuma, president of the local bank, has a spinster daughter. The hypothetical case continues—

What if you deliberately went about doing other kinds of business—monkey business maybe—with Old Mazuma's daughter? You suspect the sour-face likes you. She has on many occasions suggested that you call. To the present, however, you have had instinctive reasons for not yielding to her suggestions. Something about the way her eyes fail to focus, prevented you from doing it. On the other hand, it comes home to you now that if you make a grim business of paying court to her, and she accepts you as husband, you stand an excellent chance of having access to half-a-million dollars, left her by an uncle who never caught sight of her. You consider the matter, and at length you succumb.

Now all karmic factors between you and Miss Dove-Eyes were nicely balanced before coming into life—that you would meet and work together—and

build the one career. She accepted that premise and has done her part faithfully. She is daily and hourly waiting for you to take her tenderly in your arms and express your appreciation of loyal, patient sacrifice.

But do you thus reward her?

No! Bombastic and inhuman selfishness sends you around to the Mazuma town house, and on some Wednesday night you suggest an alliance. Miss Mazuma clutches at you with the grimness of desperation.

The next noontime you return from lunch to find the opened Society Page of the afternoon's paper spread on Miss Dove-Eyes' desk but your spinster partner absent.

The afternoon passes and she does not show up. Office affairs get into a mess. You send a messenger around to her boarding-place.

"She ain't been home since morning," the mealy-mouthed boy reports.

The fact of the matter is, Miss Dove-Eyes has GONE! The announcement of your forthcoming marriage to Miss Mazuma did the business.

The night that you are married—with church organs 'n everything, and half a million dollars comes into your control on which you can weather the Depression nicely—a life-broken woman with tragedy in her eyes, is sobbing out her heart in an Oregon hotel—the State of Oregon being as far away from all that you

have meant to her, as her current purse will take her.

You have made a rotten mess of her poignant life-structure, and if you could only grasp it, you have made a mess of your own as well. You have acquired half-a-million dollars—maybe!—but you have acquired Miss Sour-Face as well. Within twenty days you are coldly made aware of it.

Here is a case of Karma that is plenty! Premeditated and willful selfishness has impelled you ruthlessly to toss away a loving woman's life.

And make no mistake about it, you will pay, and pay, and PAY!

**O**F COURSE, this case is not comparable to that Life Situation which is sometimes the order when such a man as we have sketched finds himself called upon to wed Miss Mazuma because she in turn has other loving claims upon him, and the life-career embraces such compensations as may be possible to both ladies thus involved. The strange truth prevailing in that situation is, that if it be in such a man's Karma to take up legitimately with Miss Mazuma, little Dove-Eyes will be quite aware of it. She may wince at the hurt of it, but her subconscious, prenatal understanding of what the arrangements were, basically, comes to console her. She will find a queer serenity in continuing her loving service till such Karma has been adjusted.



Deep, deep down in the consciousness of Miss Dove-Eyes will persist the sustaining realization that her own compensations are merely being deferred.

She cannot be denied them!

Ultimately she must be repaid with all her heart longs for.

Because she has been so involved with the aforesaid businessman, she has likewise been involved with the woman he has married. Taken by and large, it is basically a Group Arrangement. As such she accepts it.

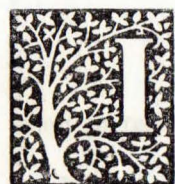
She may, or may not, be particularly friendly with the new spouse of her partner in a business way, but she will instinctively acknowledge that what has happened was likewise a part of the

Plan for the three of them.

Her reward is simply deferred for a life! To say, in the face of such major life-adjustments, that Karma comprises the cracking of an auto fender and being late to the office of a morning, eating lobster at midnight and getting the "talkies" in one's sleep, shooting the neighbors' chickens that scratch up the garden—and finding oneself in a lawsuit for damages—preferring tan shoes to black and being barred from the Best Circles, or digging for gold in New Jersey when common sense tells one there is nothing in New Jersey but red mud, is mainly stuff and nonsense.

I said it was squishy, and I stick to my statement!

## How Karma Operates in Murder:



IF LIFE is a cut-and-dried arrangement, and if everybody's career is reasonably charted before being embarked upon by birth, if society operates generation on generation at a sort of forecast schedule, then how comes it that murders themselves—when occasionally they happen—are not likewise parts of the same prearrangement?

If this be conceded, or found to be true, then why should not all murderers set up the alibi: "I was slated to do this thing before I was ever born?"

If a man or woman comes into life with a reasonable foreknowledge of what his or her existence in flesh shall comprise, why then should punishment attach to them if at the appointed time they grab up revolvers, cleavers, baseball clubs, or even pasture boulders, and execute their destinies on the skulls of handy "enemies"?

A program is a program. A schedule is a schedule. Unless a man have the right to kill or not to kill, and practice it consciously, then we might as well give up and say that all things are predestined.

If all things are predestined then we might as well say that the murderer is the murderer from the moment of his birthing.

And the same logic, forsooth, should apply as well to victims.

If a given person is slated to exit from his mechanism by a shot or a blow that is coming to him anyhow, then why not discharge all our policemen tomorrow,

negate all law, and let each man get through life as he may?

The challenge is a fair one. To get back into it and analyze it aptly, we must understand clearly how Life's Programs are arrived at.

NOBODY, insofar as we have record or implication, contemplates an incursion into mortality with the same sort of travel-map before him as he might employ in life to arrange a trip through Europe. He does not say, with the Life Trip before him, "On the eighty-third day of my seventh year, I'll tumble off the cowbarn and break my left leg," or "At the age of nineteen years, eight months, and three days, I'll be driving my dad's motorcar and crash into a fish-cart and spatter herrings all over the bystanders." The point is not drawn so fine—in the schedule—that at forty-seven years, five months, and nine days, the said aspirant for the earthly tenure knows that he will be astride a stool in a drugstore, cramming ice cream that shall presently give him ptomaine, or that, arrived at sixty-one, two days,

and nine minutes, he shall larrup his neighbor in the jaw, see him fall backward against a brickwork, and find himself presently in a cold jail for manslaughter. To plan too specifically for such things would be to make mortals mere puppets indeed. Human beings have free will every instant of their lives. But that free will is exercised under varying conditions.

For instance, a man exercises the finest kind of free will when he contemplates a train-trip between Baltimore and Philadelphia. He can go aboard a train or he can stay in Baltimore. Just why any man in Baltimore should struggle with himself about going to Philadelphia, is quite beside the point. People in Baltimore do see points about girding up their loins and visiting in Philadelphia, and legion are the people who have found Philadelphia so trying on the nerves that they have arisen and gone elsewhere—leaving the town half-vacant at the moment.

For some reason or other, the decision is necessary: Will our given man entrain for Philadelphia or will he stay at home? "There's a bad flood on the Suequehanna," cautions a neighbor whom he tells about the trip. "If the bridge gives 'way while your train's upon it, I might as well say goodbye to you, right here and now."

"I've got to go to Philadelphia," says our venturer. "I think I'll take my chances."

So to the station in Baltimore he goes—flood or no flood—and buys himself a ticket. Boarding said train, he commences his journey.

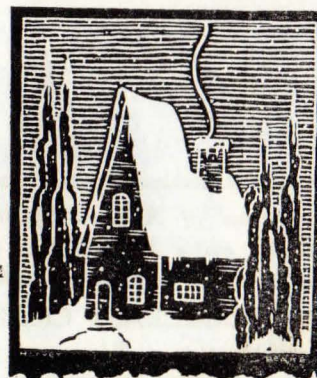
ANY PERSON who now boards a train, in Baltimore or anywhere, knows that he is committing himself to a given line of action. By boarding that train, he has—in a manner of speaking—surrendered a certain amount of his free will. In the matter of floods, he must do as the train does. If the train reaches the bank of the Susquehanna, and the bridge looks precarious, the passenger must take his chances on drowning if it collapses beneath the coaches. If the train gets over safely, so too does the passenger—though that is not saying the whole contraption may not be piled in a mess at the first switch thereafter, if a yard-man throws it wrongly.

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# SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .



LAVAL was a Protestant clergyman of Saint Michel de Chabrilanoux, France. In his parish he had a farmer, whom, in his reports to the French Psychical Society, Laval gave the name M. Rene. Back in September, 1921, the most extraordinary program of mysterious phenomena began to happen on M. Rene's farm, which contemporaries of Professor Camille Flammarion gave the name of "the Rain of the Levitating Apples." Strangely enough, the rain of apples started with a precipitation of stones, which the Rev. Laval described conscientiously in a detailed report. He personally had visited the afflicted farm and been struck by one of these missiles. M. Laval declared—

"The stones first began to be thrown in the early days of September, 1921. They continued, with certain interruptions, until December. The maximum phase can be assigned to the first ten days of October. *They fell at all hours of the day and even followed M. Rene in the fields 220 yards from the farmhouse.*

"The front door was hit constantly, the window beside it was broken. A window which gave on an open space 440 yards long, was the one which received most of the hits. The stones arrived without one being able to tell how; *they were not seen until they touched an object.* Some fell vertically.

"ONE SUNDAY M. Rene begged me to write out a complaint to the Public Prosecutor for him. I was anxious, first of all, to satisfy myself as to the facts. The following afternoon, Monday, about five o'clock, I had gone out to his farm and was standing in the dooryard, having M. Rene's two children with me, when a stone the size of a hen's egg came down vertically, grazing one of the children. A moment later a second stone grazed me the same way, some 52 yards from the house. Hoping to solve

the mystery I measured the distances carefully. The children were in plain sight, close to me, and could not have been the cause of it. The most remarkable thing was, *the stones fell slowly*, and gave the impression of falling from a height of not more than 6 feet. It was incomprehensible.

"I decided to remain with M. Rene and his family throughout the night. Nothing happened until dawn. Then at seven o'clock, in full daylight, as M. Rene worked in a room adjoining the main kitchen with a servant preparing our breakfasts, *the stones changed to apples!*

"THE BOMBARDMENT of apples which now ensued, first knocked out a board in an old shutter that was very loose, protecting one of the kitchen windows. With the board fallen, and the window sash being raised, other apples proceeded to catapult into the kitchen through the aperture thus created.

"M. Rene's servant, thinking I was the perpetrator of the deed, called, 'Is that you, M. Laval?' meaning, had I been responsible? It was true that just at the moment when the apples started to be thrown, I happened to be outside in the yard facing the window aimed at. The extraordinary feature of the bombardment was, that although I heard objects striking the shutter and going through the window, apparently, I could see nothing from my outside angle of observation. Convinced that I was guiltless, the servant joined me in the yard. Although while in the kitchen he had seen the apples come in and roll about the floor, he could, like myself, discern nothing when he stood outside near me.

"But M. Rene, inside, was continuing to get showered by apples. They came unquestionably from the yard outside. They were arriving in horizontal direction and with increasing speed. It would have been humanly impossible for anyone to hide in broad daylight in front of the window being thus battered, which

opened as I remarked upon a field 440 yards long. The most able man, unless he were standing so close to the window as to touch it, would never have succeeded in throwing an apple through a hole of an inch or thereabout in diameter, however well he aimed.

"Going into the house, in response to M. Rene's cries, I myself perceived the fruit rolling about on the floor, *some of the apples being larger than the aperture in the damaged shutter which had admitted them!* Did I not say it was incomprehensible? Here, evidently, were known laws of matter and physics being violated before our eyes. That they were by no means phantom apples was borne out by the fact that upon being bitten into, they were entirely palatable, even luscious. But where had they originated? There was no tree of such apples anywhere perceptible in the vicinity!

"M. Rene called in the gendarmery of Gourdon, which responded immediately. But the presence of officials had no effect. It was determined, however, that there was a certain spot outside the windows where a person might stand and be struck by the apples proceeding toward the windows, whereas to back up a few feet produced the apples originating from in front of the beholder.

"How can we explain such happenings? Having lived for a long time on good footing with M. Rene, I can declare in good conscience that he had no part in the inexplicable occurrences at his house. After reading your work, *Les Caprices de la Foudre*, I thought that certain electrical phenomena seemed to be associated with a psychical nature we do not understand. Is common sense right in attributing such things to the

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# Valor

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## Irony

**WRITES** a distinguished New Yorker, recently returned from abroad—

"Like everyone else who has been in Europe of late, I hated to leave its peaceful, serene atmosphere where no one fears or talks of war, and return to this semi-hysterical American scene where the government and military authorities need crisis after crisis to keep their ball rolling. You know, you get so that after awhile abroad you hate to pick up an American newspaper, or the European edition of an American paper, because of the stories of war crises, American weakness, and air raid preparations. To the European, our actions as a nation are nothing short of fantastic. In one town in France, I found our air force moving the entire community—at the expense of American hard working taxpayers, of course—working night and day, as though war would start next week, and they were paying the people they were moving, million of dollars, to leave their homes *for a war that will never come.*"

The writer obviously means, of course, for a war that will never come from wheezy, strife-torn, disjointed, third-rate Bolshevia, about as much military menace to the earth's peace as Mexico. But either the Chinese or the Moslems could easily upset the peace of the East, and we must have those air fields ready to protect little Israeli. No matter what the cost, we *must* have those air fields ready to protect "little" Israeli. Little Israeli seems to be squarely in the pathway of

the Oriental horde when it starts moving. United Nations will see that Little Israeli is protected. Why else—among other things—was it set up?

But "the peaceful, serene atmosphere of Europe" . . . what an irony!

And how strange that a people as ingenious and wide-awake as the Americans can be so completely bemused respecting true conditions abroad!

The writer of the communication, by the way, was not one of those Americans who went abroad in order to be supported by his government.

## Poor Zozo



**DICTATOR** Stalin, just in case you're not aware of it, came into the world as Zozo Djugashvili. And Zozo, so the undercover reports have it, isn't feeling so good physically these days. Zozo, in fact, is a tragically ailing man. When his time as World Public Enemy Number One runs out, you won't be greatly hazarding your finances to lay any sort of bet that many decisive matters may explode in Europe. One of them is the likely possibility that it means the end of the European-Asiatic Red regime—which, as the enlightened are aware, is nothing but a gangster government that has been allowed to pursue its track of loot through the past generation because Zozo knew the Right People and served their ends. When you stand well with the Right People, in these final Armageddonic days, and can act conveniently for them as their international Ace in the Hole, you'll be permitted to get away with much.

Nonetheless, Zozo's sands of life are running out, and when the pomp and ceremony is over on the State funeral, when the captains and the kings depart and the tumult and the shouting dies away, there's coming another power-tussle in Russia that may spin a lot of would-be successors squarely into the bulge of the Iron Curtain and bring it down on their heads with a crash. Then, indeed, shall the world see what's behind it—or rather, what isn't behind it, excepting regiments of Mr. Dooley's soldiery that were marched up the hill one day and marched down the next, merely to employ them at marching so they mightn't engage in revolution.

Sooner or later it stands to reason that the whole American people are due to rub their eyes and recognize how they've been duped about Zozo and his rummage-sale Russia, and begin asking pertinent questions. It took them ten to fifteen years to rub their eyes and recognize what Communism was—or is. They will make the same identification in respect to other personalities and systems in the world, and that's about the time it's hoped and expected that United Nations will be brought up to a strength and influence where it can step into the picture and do the things for the Right People that Zozo has advanced faithfully and cleverly.

Recognizing and identifying Communism for what it was—or is—has been only a prelude to still greater awakenings that are on their way. What seems to be required in the Chief Executive's chair is a personality who will have the audacity and courage to step into the picture and use some strong-arm tactics to see that American reaction isn't too painfully drastic.

But that too, will require almost a personal dictatorship to handle.

It's queer about all this plotting and counter-plotting to minimize the slumbering wrath of Americans and lead them up paths that are devious and ways that are dark. It brings about its own undoing.

Or rather, it clarifies issues so that the average man sees them unmistakably.

One thing the Calamity Howlers always seem to overlook. They overlook the certainty that for every action there's ultimately a reaction. Matters can become just so shadowy and murky when the very shadows and murk seem to birth their own dawn and explosion of sunlight.

Both sacred and profane prophecy and prediction declare in positive terms that the international plot against the Christian elements of the earth is *not* due to succeed.

If you want sacred prophecy, it's all in the Book of Isaiah. Read it some evening. If you want profane prediction, it's all in Nostradamus.

And the iridescent phrases of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS best both.

It's not a "must" that given personages call up cohorts and legions to treat with the marplots on their own snakepit-level. The tactics of the marplots are identifying them clearer and sharper as



time runs out.

They are due to gestate the seeds of their own exposure and destruction. The problem belongs to Greater Intellectuals than any now on earth in flesh. And these have already worked it out—or they know the outcome.

The Christian who is scared is the Christian who doubts. The people of the Faith That Is Real are not at all frightened—not even upset.

Could be, you know, that all the public fox-holes now being prepared as sanctuaries from atom bombs, might turn out to be retreats for characters not so public.

People of the Faith That Is Real are not relying on retreats of cement to save them when the true Storm breaks . . .

### Retreat



AND WHILE speaking of retreats, VALOR views with a tolerant smile the publicity reaching the editorial desk every little while about this or that expedient being undertaken to provide quarters of sanctuary for great masses of the public, to which they may flee—free of charge—when Hell breaks loose upon earth in the secular crisis of Judgment. The latest of note is one in Guatemala. Several have been publicized as undergoing preparation in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, and California is full of sects whose secret purpose is avowed to be the readying of areas “for the populace that is to survive”—and the *only* part of the populace to survive.

Uh-huh?

Who says so?

What about a good cult or two, premised on sheer Intestinal Fortitude *not* to try to hie to any mountain aerie but stay right on the spot where the hell is supposed to break and show that its membership can “take it”—possibly being of a little real Christian service to those caught in the maelstrom of it?

What truly are these alarmists demonstrating?

Aren't they demonstrating their own fear of death, extending it to *hoi polloi* like a malignant epidemic?

For esoteric cult leaders to disclose such lethal terror—to VALOR's way of thinking—truly reveals their own tawdriness of tenet.

True leaders of the bona fide enlightened are not afraid of death in any aspect, atom bomb, firing-squad, poisoned water-systems, or no.

The true Soulcrafters are digging no bomb-proof, even though he knew for a fact that the Big Show was due to start ten minutes after midnight next Thursday. Real followers of the Elder Brother would turn and go *toward* the crowd, where the danger is gravest and the terror the starkest. If the assault struck them down—so what? They know they'd merely take time out from the melee, on planes of discarnate thought, and be back in mortality as soon as they could conveniently arrange it. But they'd face toward whatever Service they could perform before they “left” . . .

No Soulcrafters fear Death. He knows that Fear of Death is the silliest illusion ever to strike panic into the heart of illiterate man. He knows that if his karma blueprints him to be of service to distraught and panic struck humanity, the bomb couldn't be exploded that could fell him. And if he's supposed to “go” by the aerial assault method, nothing on God's Footstool possesses the sanctuary-qualities to preserve him. People who envision vast “retreats” are people disclosing their own lack of esoteric erudition. The whole prospect stacks up to the behavior of Buzzie in any Indiana thunder-shower that comes up the White River. Buzzie is the editor-recorder's cocker spaniel—aged 12 years, possessing only three teeth in his dog-mouth, hearing defective, and going blind in one eye. If one year of a dog's age is equal seven of a man's, Buzzie is the equivalent of 84 years old. You'd think in 84 years Buzzie would have learned a few rudiments about what not to be scared about.

But let a ripsnorting thunderstorm come zooming up the White River and Buzzie's terrified. If it's at night, he wants to dive in bed with the Big Shot and bury his 84-year noggin under muffling bedclothes. Even in the daytime, he'll either walk the floor in panic, or cower close to the editor's chair. The editor's human intelligence understands that if Buzzie is ever hit by a lightning-bolt—in the few odd years left to him—he'll never know it anyhow. He's being scared by *noise*.

So are the cultists who would “flee to the mountains” being scared by *noise*—another kind of noise.



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Fiddle on the whole of it! Too busy to get the heebie-jeebies, anyhow. There's work to be done, and not digging a big hole in the back garden, either . . .

## What Is Karma?

(Continued from Page 6)

The passenger may yammer and rant at the engineer or train-crew—for risking a bridge that a flood has undermined, or disregarding signals that mean a split switch. He may yammer at himself and rant to the effect: "Oh, oh, oh! I've lost my free will by riding in his train!" The conductor, or the drummer in the next seat, can say to him rightfully: "Lost your free will, fiddlesticks! If you don't like the way the train's going, you can always go to the vestibule, open the door, and leap out into freedom."

Our passenger would say, "But what about my neck?"

The answer would be: "You'd break it of course—all the same you'd have free will."

"Oh, oh, oh," our passenger would wail anew, "I'm predestined to go straight to the bottom of this flooded river with this train."

"Well, you didn't have to come on this train, did you? You made your own decision. You knew it was flood-time. If you made up your mind to come, why not stand by your fluke? This train's supposed to start from a certain place, pass over a given stretch of country, and reach a given destination. You committed to it your neck and your life. While you are inside it, you have free will—within boundaries. You can buy lemon-pop of the train butcher, or malted milk or coca-cola. You can look out the window and worry about the flood, or you can curl up and go to sleep with your feet in your seat-mate's face. You can eat at such times as the Negro chef says the dining car's ready, or you can buy a slot of spearmint and make your lunch off spit. These things you can still do, though your larger destiny is circumscribed—you go where the train goes, by the fact that you boarded it."

Of course, the train does not take any nose dive into the Susquehanna, nor split any switch. It pulls into Philadelphia quite on time, and our passenger gets out. Now he is in a position to make a whole lot of fresh "free will" de-

isions—as to whether he will stay in Philadelphia or go to Buffalo. If he finds anyone in Philadelphia with the money to do business, he may transact the same and even return to Baltimore. The chances are that he won't, however, for there is no money in Philadelphia. But the analogy should be plain.

**SUPPOSE** that we transpose Baltimore as the starting-point, for the prenatal octave in which we are making residence when the life-trip is decided on. The train is the given set of environmental conditions to which we surrender ourselves by the vibratory conditionings attending upon our birth. The train-crew is represented by the father and mother, brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces and sundry instructors who will have more or less to do with our personal discipline as we travel the life-journey. We knew in the former instance that if we took a train marked Philadelphia in the train-shed, that it was not wilfully going to turn about on the tracks and head capriciously for Chicago, Memphis, Little Rock, or Tuscaloosa. A train marked for Philadelphia is going specifically to that city and none other—unless the man who placed the signs above the track-gate couldn't read or was cross-eyed.

By the same token, when we take a life-train that is marked: Boston, the first stop, Albany, the second; Cleveland, the third; Chicago, the fourth; Minneapolis, the sixth; and all out at Butte, Montana! it means in effect that for four years as a child, our parents will reside in Boston; that they shall move to Albany, where the youthful traveler will go to public schools. Going on to Cleveland for a holiday excursion, he will meet a girl in his twentieth year, whom he will marry and take to his job in Chicago. They will later own a home for a time in Minneapolis, but Butte will receive them finally and they will live there till their funerals.

Having proposed such routes and calls for itself, by taking that particular life-course, Environment, the workings of the laws of Cause and Effect, and denouement of propinquity—one city to another—will decree with fair detail what the journey is to be.

By deciding on that trip, encompassing those cities through life, the Soul will experience or be a party to, a police



strike in Boston, a riot in Albany, a bad flood in Cleveland, a big fire in Chicago, Prohibition in Minneapolis, and an earthquake in Butte.

Those things are "predestined" only in that the traveling Soul has taken the particular train that by its inherent nature must enter across the precincts or areas where such are wont to happen. Personally, he may get clubbed over the head in the Boston police strike, trampled upon in the Albany riot, badly bedraggled in the Cleveland flood, scorched as to whiskers in the fire in Chicago, annoyed by Prohibition in Minneapolis so that he buys bootleg licker, is caught, and clapped in jail. He may even jig around perturbingly when the earthquake rocks Montana. He is, in effect, part and parcel of the features that distinguish the places he has planned to visit—like the lack of money in Philadelphia, although that is more than a feature of Philadelphia as previously remarked upon, it is well-nigh a distinction.

But within the confines of these vicissitudes, Free Will still operates.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK

## Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 4)

thing like 32 such bodies were counted, moving in threes and fours abreast of one another, exactly as had the "lights" seen over Lubbock, Texas, on August 30th of last year by three professors of Texas Technological college.

"So perfect was the Toronto lineup," declared Professor Chant in the Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, "that you would have thought it was an aerial fleet maneuvering after rigid drilling. Taken as a whole, the procession moved like an express train, lighted at night. The lights were at different points, one in front and a rear light, then a succession of lights in the tail. Rumbblings as of thunder were heard from time to time as they passed."

Professor Chant believed that the lights could be traced all the way from Saskatchewan to Bermuda. Similar observations were made in the same month in many parts of England and Wales. Aircraft at that time had by no means learned how to maneuver in formation. Flimsy ships, of a crude, one-seater type were as far as aeronautics had developed.

Two years later, in February of 1915, another group of mysterious lights was spotted at night, crossing the St. Lawrence between Morristown and Ogdensburg, into Canada. The Mayor of Brookville phoned the Canadian Prime Minister, Sir Wilfred Laurier, that they might very probably be hostile German aircraft. But after crossing the line, Canada swallowed them up.

SIMILAR phenomena had puzzled 19th Century Britain, however. The records divulge "the False Lights of Durham," the "Ominous Owls of Norfolk," and the "Foo-Fighters" that plagued allied air pilots over France and Germany in World War II.

The evidence is overwhelming that unknown luminous objects—call them "Flying Saucers", "Phantom Craft," "Space Ships" or what you will—have been visiting, in a fairly systematic way, the inhabited parts of our globe for several centuries past. Thus far there has never been a hostile act manifested, although again and again earthly aircraft that has come too close to the enigmas occurring in the present, when man is flying stratospherically himself, has suffered tragic disintegration.

One thing is certain: that neither Germany nor Russia—certainly not Communist Russia—has had anything to do with the phenomena preceding World War II. Reports that one of the Saucers landed last year near White Sands, New Mexico and a midget human being, 23 inches high, was immediately smothered from breathing our atmosphere and died before intercourse could be achieved with him as an intelligent being, are neither confirmed nor denied by our Federal military. An autopsy alleged to have been performed on him has been given no publicity, neither has the nature of the craft in which he touched earth.

The nation is not lacking in widely-scattered psychical groups whose spokesmen contend that the Saucers are space-ships from the planet Venus, striving to make contact with residents of our globe without provoking hostilities, but whose true purpose in visiting us is to counteract the radio-activity of atom bombs, which is by no means confined to our particular solar satellite.

But one thing should carry a definite consolation—there is *not* the remotest

(Continued on Page 15)



# "ROAD INTO SUNRISE"

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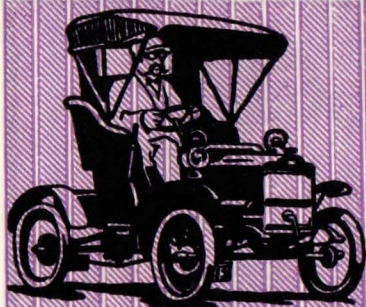
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# COGITATIONS . .

**L**NDIANAPOLIS friends bought a new car last week and headed for California. They're out there already. Four days or thereabout. And I can recall when it was mechanically impossible to do the same in less than twenty. Starting to "drive to California" was not unlike doing the trek to the Coast in a covered wagon. I did it first in 1917 or thereabout. After 1921 I did it at least four times a year. I've made the coastal trip so many times I admit I've lost count. The average mileage, even with the best of motorcars, was slightly over 200 miles per driving-day. And after leaving Kansas, you lugged your own water. I mean for your radiator. On my first trip—in an open-model Hudson Supersix—I bought six sizable water-bags and hung three on a side, where they stayed cool by dripping. If you traveled in the summertime—and who didn't?—when you opened your windshield for whatever breezes offered, you likewise improvised your frying-pan to ward grasshoppers off your countenance. Nothing disconcerted you more than to be fanning along at a dizzy thirty-two miles per hour—with a hot western wind singeing your whiskers—and have a family of 217 grasshoppers move in through your windshield, bringing all the relations. Some of them hit like bullets. A nice scraggy grasshopper striking you just beneath the eye was one of the delights of archaic motoring. Adelaide was four years old, the time of my first trip. She could stand up behind the windshield with the skillet and play a tune as different makes and weights of grasshoppers struck the resonant thing . . .

**YOU MADE** only 200 miles per day, not on account of the aboriginal nature of your machine but on account of

the roads. After you got across the Great Divide you traveled in sand-tracks. They resembled flanges. Get your wheels into them and you didn't require to steer. You just kept the power applied and let your car go where it would. In 99 cases out of 100 it went straight through to California. That is, unless you met an eastern-bound car in the same set of flanges. Thereupon you came bumper to bumper, stopped, and talked to God and each other about your dilemma. Occasionally you encountered a situation where sunset caught you in the flanges, even without meeting another vehicle, and you had to start early turning off the road to fix camp for the night. There was plenty of land. But the point was, to get out of the flanges so you could use it. All of which calls up my prime experience in transcontinental motoring, going to show what cars were in those days and how you met complications of the road . . .

**I WAS** heading West one midsummer afternoon in 1923 in a later model of Hudson Supersix—the Coach. It handled like a truck but was supposed to be something snazzy in motorcars, and it could hold to forty or fifty miles an hour without greying a hair. I had wooden standards strapped to my front bumper which I unstrapped at night, stood upright inside after turning down front seats, covered with four boards from my left runningboard and a mattress from my roof, and with blankets from the trunk I had a perfect Pullman compartment, safe from all kinds of creeping things but hedgehogs. You saw a lot of my photoplays, back in the days of the silent flickers, that were created on such trips in this portable Pullman. I'd start from Los Angeles, do my regulation 200 miles per day in the flanges, take an hour to get out of them, make camp as aforesaid, and work on my portable typewriter till darkness made me cease and desist. By the time I reached New York, I'd have a valuable screen script. I'd sell it in New York, start back, do my 200 miles per in the direction of Hollywood, write daily

till dark and reach the Coast with a second photoplay—which I sold out there for money as well. This was playing both ends against the middle, in a manner of speaking, but a lot of Lon Chaney's original opuses were given birth by such expedients and he played 'em to a cleanup despite occasional grit in their bearings . . . Then one day outside of Searchlight, Nevada, with my sister Edna for driving-companion, I came bumper to bumper with the original Kettle family. The original Kettle family was traveling eastward in a Ford. I saw it coming across 20 miles of frying desert, hoping futilely that it wasn't in my flanges before I came bumper to bumper with it. Which gives me license to describe this Kettle Family while we are—or were—figuratively considering one another and debating which had to make the most effective effort to get out of the flanges . . .

**WHEN** I say Ford, I mean, of course, flivver. It was one of the last of the original models with a brass band about its radiator. This particular model had its radiator cap unscrewed—and presumably lost—so that steam from this radiator had escape vent. Straight in my flanges it had come across that 20 miles of mesquite, spouting its steam like a four-wheeled locomotive. And when it halted finally—because my Hudson was in its path—Pa Kettle thrust his head out from behind its windshield and wanted to know what the so-and-so I was doing, obstructing the roads of Nevada so that he had to turn out for me. Going straight through me was of course against the law . . . However, he wasn't a lean, hatchet-faced little man in a dusty derby with the bellicose Kettle spouse. He was the most ponderous of fat men and would have made a regulation load for that jallopy entirely aside from Maw Kettle and their kids. And he was wearing a straw hat. "Hey!!" he bawled. "Turn out for me!" I thrust my head around my open windshield and replied, "Turn out for me yourself." Ma Kettle bristled and Pa Kettle told her to shut up—before she started anything. "I got the big-



gest load," he advised me. I said, "Sure, I can see that. But I got the biggest car." This sort of thing got us nowhere but in a heat. And the Nevada desert had plenty of heat; we didn't have to make more of it. Edna kept cautioning me not to have any trouble, and Ma Kettle alighted from the flivver. The minute she stepped off into sand, the flivver tilted in Pa Kettle's direction with a grunt. "We got a big load and can't pull out." she argued, leaning in on Edna's side of the Hudson. We thought she meant her husband. "Well," said I, "I'll see what I can do, but if I strike Denver backwards before I manage it, you'll have to settle for the damage." And I went to work, sawing and hauling and backing and yanking. Presto, I made it. My hind wheels went south into mesquite and I was out of the flanges about a quarter-mile from the Kettles. Edna waved for them to come along and pass us, then we could settle comfortably into the flanges again and in time arrive in Hollywood. But the Kettles were having troubles. The flivver, it seemed, wouldn't start. I left the Hudson in the mesquite and walked to where Pa Kettle was wearing out his starter, an improvised contraption that kept him from doing his own cranking. Thereat, looking in under the covered top, I saw what the flivver was loaded with, besides Pa Kettle's bulk. The back of the seat was level with suitcase and household provisions, as well as the five kids. And strapped—or roped—against the left-hand side was a small-sized icebox. Small wonder, with this icebox and Pa Kettle both on the left-hand side, the machine tilted rakishly. "Hey," I addressed him, "before you wear down your battery, let me get in and see if I can start your automobile without you aboard."

IT WAS only because I'd called his machine an automobile that I earned enough of his good graces to get him to comply with my suggestion. He heaved and grunted and got out from beneath the wheel. I then invited all the kids to get out but one—Tommy, who'd run a nettle in his toe. Tommy got into the front seat beside me. I went to work on the starter, got the engine going, and sought to apply the power. Clug!—the contraption went dead. Again and again I repeated this. "What in the name of fifty-seven varieties of second-hand stores

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

you got aboard this crate anyhow?" I queried the Kettles. I climbed down and started removing things from the rear, to lighten that flivver so it would come up out of sand and run. Eight suitcases came out from behind, and a small trunk that felt like a load of flat-irons. Edna and I and Ma Kettle—grumbling picturesquely—unloaded these on sand. The more we unloaded, the more the flivver tilted. "Say," I exploded, "what's in that

refrigerator?" I wanted to know before the whole machine went over on its side. I went around on the left, untied some ropes, and looked into the icebox's interior. Do you know what that Kettle family was toting across Nevada desert? *It was filled to its brim with a quarter-ton of coal!*

MA KETTLE explained testily. "We sold our place in Los Angeles, and



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### SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

bought this beautiful automobile to take us back to my girlhood home in Arkansas. In our cellar wuz a quarter-ton o' coal. Be a son-of-a-seacock if we wuz gonna let the new family have it fur nuthin', so we loaded 'er into the icebox." . . . I almost sat down on a cactus and felt too astonished to get up. Pa Kettle weighed 250 if he weighed an ounce. There was Ma Kettle who, to say the least, was portly. There were five kids

—the youngest three years old. There were eight suitcases and a trunk filled with the aforesaid flat-irons. There were several auto tires, without rims, brought along just to make sure no one got them gratis, either. Lastly there was this icebox, filled with a quarter-ton of coal. All this property was being transferred to someplace in Arkansas on four wheels that couldn't do their stuff in 14-inch sand. If I hadn't seen it with my own

eyes I'd never have believed it. I didn't dare take off the icebox of coal, for fear I'd never be able to get it roped back on the machine, so Edna stood on the opposite running-board to counterweight it, and I did manage to pull that flivver past my stalled Hudson. Thereat the crowd of us spent the next hour toting the family portables past my Hudson, with the flivver flattening down closer and closer to earth as we added items. But I've never forgotten what the small Tommy said to me, as he rode beside me past my bigger car in the mesquite. "You know more 'bout this automobile than my daddy does, doncher, Mister? . . . Y'know, we only bought this car Tuesday." . . . I asked, "Is this the first car your daddy ever owned?" . . . Tommy assured me that it was. Pa Kettle had bought the machine Tuesday, gotten a free tank of gas and a push, and started for Arkansas next day with everything loaded aboard they didn't want to leave for "the new family." We helped them reloaded on a hard stretch of desert where their momentum would easily carry them back into the sand flanges, bade them adieu, I gunned my own Hudson and went along toward Los Angeles without daring to look back. I hope the Kettle family isn't still on the desert somewhere east of Searchlight . . . But any time anyone wants to argue with me as to whether or not Henry Ford made a darned good car, he should have seen the load the Kettle Family put aboard it. And my Indianapolis friends went through to Hollywood in four days. They also had a 1952 Ford, but I doubt if it could have doubled in chromium for a quarter-ton of coal in an icebox . . . And it's a darned good car, too . . . Ah, the romance of Life in America before chromium messed it up! . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Graduates

(Continued from Page 2)

will act as the times demand greater and more audacious acumen.

As the Master Teacher has told us in the GOLDEN SCRIPTS, "Never hath talent so great walked the earth" as that which waits poised and clear-eyed at present to function as great renovations and reformations sweep in.

These are the Aquarian Youth who



are qualifying academically to take their places this week among the tired and confused.

Hail to their valors!

What we should feel most like saying to them is "Thank God you've arrived. Here are rudders and brooms. Get busy on a Regenerate America as quickly as convenient."

### Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

spirits of departed persons? But if so, why do they manifest so queerly? And what is to be gained by such trite, if dramatic, performances?"

M. LAVAL

**T**HE REMAINDER of the account is lengthy and goes on to establish the fact that a relative of M. Rene's, weeks before, had disappeared on the premises under mysterious circumstances until his body was found drowned in a stream of water not far from the house. It was in combing the property for solution to the rain of stones and apples that the officers came upon the long-missing man's body. But were the two incidents connected?

*Is it possible that persons in a distressed discarnate state resort to fusillades of objects as above described to bring attention to premises where they have met with evil fortune?*

In scores of authenticated cases of hauntings, such disclosures have been of moment.

### Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 11)

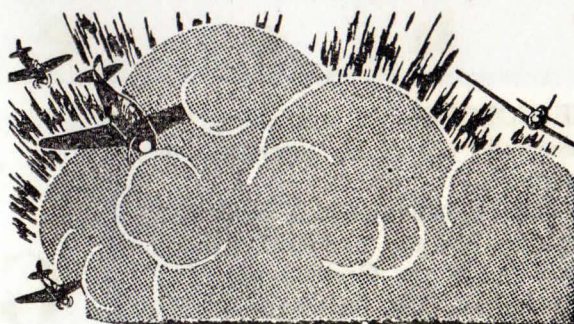
shred of evidence that the Saucers are in any manner sponsored or flown by any Russian Military. Soulcraft has ample reason for accepting that if such were the case, it would be quickly appraised.

And yet there is something about them which Higher Intellects judge to be of a nature not practical to release to our world public as yet. That too, may be cleared away in time.

But definitely the Saucers are nothing to be afraid of.

They've been within the aura of this planet for a considerable period, it would seem.

*After  
they've  
terrified  
you with  
Atom  
Bombs ...*



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## T H E P A Y O F F

THE COLORED GI was telling the homefolks one of his experiences in Normandy.

For days he had wanted a drink but the fighting had not permitted. Finally they had driven the Germans out of a Rhineland town. The Americans entered it. Mose had spotted a sign, CAFE, et LIQUERS, on a plateglass window across the embattled Square.

"Ah's gwan hab mah drink eben if Ah gets me killed," he recited. "Rubbish-heap by rubbish-heap Ah squirms mah-self forward. Finally I gits to de do' ob de place. Ah has mah hand right on de knob. Den what yo'-all t'ink hop-pen?"

"What?" cried his breathless listeners.

"Comes 'long a high-power buzz-bomb an' blow dat saloon right out o' mah hand!"

ONE WHO remembers the shut-ins in their affliction, called upon a friend in the hospital. He carried the cheering word.

"You look fine, Frank. Your appetite must have come back."

"Appetite nothing! Every particle of food I get has to be fed to me through a tube."

"You don't tell me. Why, I've had to take all my nutriment artificially since my own operation."

"Is that a fact? You say you're coming back to visit me Sunday?"

"I certainly shall."

"Bring your tube along and we'll have lunch together."

TWO convalescents were visiting with the patient who had recently been wheeled from the operating-room.

"You'll get along all right," one of them said to the man just operated upon, "providing Dr Smithers doesn't open you up as he did me to remove a small bit of sponge."

"I had something of a set-back too," said the other convalescent. "They had to open me up as well to find Smither's spool of sutures that had dropped in my interior."

Just then Dr. Smithers thrust his head in at the door.

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S O U L C R A F T   C H A P E L S



"Hey!" he bawled excitedly, "Has anybody around here seen anything of my hat?"

YOU CAN call a woman a kitten but not a cat. She likes to think of herself as a little mouse but you ask for trouble calling her a rat. She's a chicken, yes. But rarely a hen. Often she's duck, but don't call her a goose. And at times she's a vision, but in her opinion female

competitors are a sight. While you're around her, keep a dictionary handy.

THE OLDER boarder whispered to the new party, "I don't think I'd eat the rice today if I were you, m'lud." "It looks all right. What's wrong with it?"

"Lizzie Jones, next door, was married yesterday afternoon and about thirty friends saw her off on her honeymoon."