

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 24

## THE FLAG'S ONE FOE NOW IS APATHY! . .

See Article on Page Two





# Give Our Americans and they Will Pay

Item Two is the report that Federal, State and local taxes this year will approximate 90 billion dollars, or 30 percent of the whole national income. Put in another way, the amount of money drained from individuals and productive business firms will equal all the wages, salaries, rent, interest and dividends paid and received throughout the whole nation from January 1st to April 22nd of the current year.

As the *Indianapolis Star* says editorially, "This is money that the industrial worker's wife cannot spend for clothes for her children, that the farmer cannot use to replace his equipment, that businesses cannot use for expansion and creation of new jobs. And with all this earned income reverting to government, the budget is still out of balance, which means that the United States must borrow money to meet its deficit, increasing its obligations further by the amount of the new interest."

**E**XTENDING the national income at 270 billion dollars, we mark off a third of it for the overhead expense of conducting our nation. But consider what this "overhead expense" comprises . . .

Truman planned the spending of \$7,600,000,000 for Foreign Aid in the year ahead. Military spending to carry on the Korean War and other military commitments to police the world through U. N., runs to \$45,500,000,000. This totals 53 billion, 100 million for which the American citizen gets nothing, insofar as it furnishes him any administrative service. It does—theoretically—provide him with a sort of insurance against foreign attack, the main joker in that being that no other country or government on earth is in any position to assail us.

We take 33 cents out of every dollar we earn or make, and hand it over to a vast army of politicians for the underwriting of their various schemes, the same running to \$25,400,000,000 for "civilian

programs." That is over one-half what is left, after Foreign Aid and Military Insurance are paid for. And the average American is gradually growing apathetic toward government program piled on government program.

VALOR takes the position that it is not altogether the agents of hostile Russia operating in this nation, that constitute the real menace to our institutions—

*The real menace is that apathy growing in the mind of the tax-mulct American that what he is getting for his money is not worth it.*

**T**HE AVERAGE American today is as instinctively patriotic and constructive-minded as he ever was. . . it hasn't been Marxist ideology in forms of propaganda that has caused him to reach the point where he doubts that representative government is "worth the price." It has been alien "bureaus" ingratiated upon him or installed surreptitiously under the mawkish innovations of Public Welfare that have wrought, and are wrecking, their gargantuan mischiefs.

The FBI is a somewhat different sort of bureau, and yet it isn't. It does serve a noteworthy purpose, even if it does desire the gargantuan sum of \$77 million next year to underwrite activities. Last year it cost around \$70 million. Seventy millions of dollars—just for one Federal Police Force that has only been in existence since 1924 or thereabout, and in addition to all the State and City police cohorts now being financed to protect us against crime. With no rancor toward the Federal Bureau of Investigation merely because it is the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and purely because it is one of our most glaring examples of what has made our government mushroom in cost, consider what it represents.

For 136 years of American national history this Republic got along passably well without any Federal Police arm costing us seventy-seven millions of dollars.

**T**WO items in the current newspapers hold potent significance. The first is an account of J. Edgar Hoover, testifying before the House Appropriations Committee, asserting that he wants 77 millions of dollars next year to run the FBI, starting July 1st. He explains that his request for something like 7 million more dollars for 1953-'54 is based on his knowledge that enemy espionage rings are more intensively operating today than they have been at any previous time in the history of our country.

# Visible Value for their Money their Federal Taxes Cheerfully

Out of the requirements of Military Intelligence the Secret Service was born in the Civil War. But on or about 1924-25 the crimes of bank looting, kidnapping, and prohibition infraction had expanded to such volume that local or State authorities admitted their failure to cope with them. The true facts were, of course, that State and county authorities were inhibited by local politics from functioning efficiently. So an astute Washington aspirant to public honors evolved plans for a special arm of the Federal government, whose members should be trained to deal with interstate crime. Recruits to the new service should be college-bred young men, especially briefed in scientific methods of police work and, because they operated out of the Department of Justice, immune from restrictive influences in given localities.

America can attribute almost solely to the administrative genius of J. Edgar Hoover the suppression of interstate bank robbery, abduction for ransom, and interstate car theft since 1924. But some of the profoundest intellects in this nation have asked themselves—as this Federal Police arm has gone on swelling and extending at a price running into millions of dollars—what would happen to the common citizens of the nation if a man of less public integrity than J. Edgar Hoover succeeded to his position, a man who might morally be a public scoundrel with secret ambitions to become America's Strong Man? Does anyone believe that the rank and file of the FBI would resign to a man? Would not this increasing and expanding Federal Police arm become an established and functioning Gestapo in a night and a day, were sufficiently clever methods employed?

It is by no means a bugaboo.

More than all else, however, what has happened in the growth and expensiveness of this great law enforcement body—always demanding more and more

money year upon year—bring into high light a glaring example of the rise in Federal expenses up the past half-century.

Back in 1900 the total cost of running American officialdom did not exceed a half-billion dollars.

Today it exceeds \$85 billion.

*For what?*

**T**HE AVERAGE private citizen is still living in the culture of his pre-Roosevelt parents. He is subconsciously inclined to view the function and service of his government by the same sights and standards. But his government has mushroomed into scores and even hundreds of costly departments, from which John Q. Public sees no commensurate value coming back.

The average American angrily wishes to be let alone to conduct his private concerns, and retain what he makes by hon-

est industry. But those whom he finds himself obligated to elevate to office, in order to have any government at all, refuse to permit it.

"We have concocted great schemes for this nation," they declare, "each scheme requiring more and more money to conduct, placing more and more subordinates under us. Just approve the appropriations and think twice about asking questions or a well-barbered, college-educated young man may be knocking at your back door."

So, under executive pressures and the cultivation of the ideology that one is inherently a Red to resent it, the appropriations are voted and the schemes climb to dizzier and dizzier financing heights. The citizen has no opportunity to retort, "I'm not interested in your grandiose schemes . . . I'd be perfectly contented to have a Federal Government conducted as ef-



ficiently and capably as it was before Roosevelt. Go back to that and I'll be satisfied. No, you can't have my money. I've earned it and refuse to let a crowd of personally ambitious politicians squander it."

But all the politicians in the world cannot prevent a citizenry from thinking this same thing. And if it be futile, in their estimation, openly to display disgruntlement, the result is apathy.

Apathy is indifference to what appeals to feelings or interest.

If a vote of rank and file Americans were taken tomorrow, it would probably run somewhere about 25 percent against further involvements of this nation in foreign complications. The remaining 75 percent could not vote an honest opinion because it wouldn't have one. More than that, it wouldn't be interested in getting one. Nothing about it catches the willing imagination.

*Apathy in a free citizenry is a greater killer of patriotism than cancer is a killer of physical mechanism.*

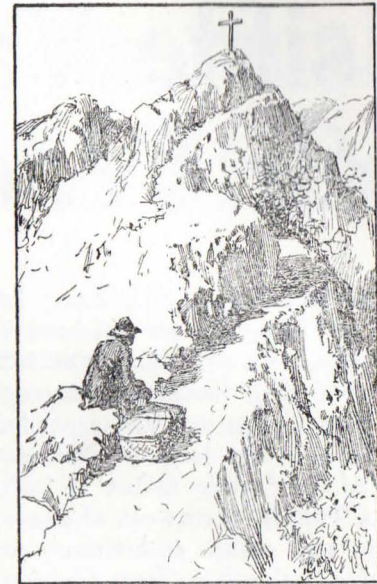
**T**O KEEP a warm, patriotic interest in his government and its overseas relations, the average man wants to feel that what he is receiving for his personal contributions to government is worth the amount he is called to contribute. Take this matter of Mr. Hoover's request for 7 million more dollars—or anyhow, \$6,700,000—for 1954.

Would Mr. Hoover be willing to go before the whole body of the citizenry on a test vote and say, "The FBI cost you \$70 million last year, but I want \$6 million, 7 hundred thousand more, for next year?"

The average man would not envision the FBI's function as being worth that much in actual dollars. This is not saying on the other hand that the FBI is worthless and should be abolished. If Mr. Average Man were being relieved of his wallet at the point of a gun, or transported to clandestine areas where a ransom was due to be asked for his return, he would wish for the FBI with a great desire. The point being made is, that there is a limit on the cost of such service—or any public service—in the public mind. So long as there is a sense of value returned for civic expenditure, the citizen pays with a smile. The moment the expenditure exceeds what the

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## The Querist . .



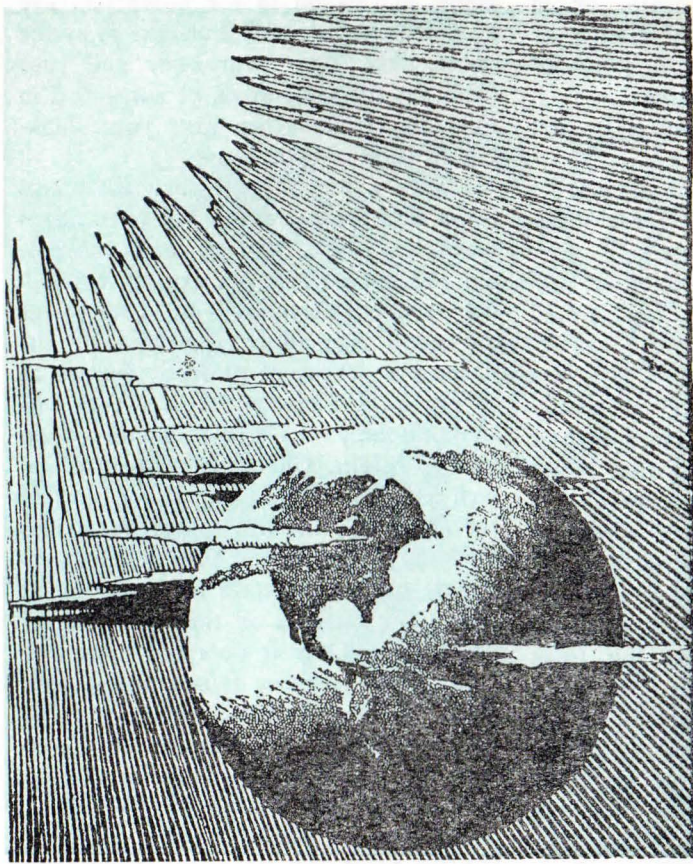
**L**N REALMS of Light we have no clocks,  
We have no barriers or locks,  
We have no need for segregation  
Or ought to hide in separation;  
Where words like Hate and Lust and War  
Hold now no meaning as before,  
When held in bondage of earth's rod  
And thought ourselves apart from God . .

I asked of one in Realms of Light,  
"Could you inform me, put me right?  
I feign would know the truth of ME,  
The answer how I came to be,  
The why and wherefore of my score  
That I may know forevermore  
What started ME, supplies the power  
Which keeps me conscious every hour?"

He smiled and said in accents mild,  
"Your questing heart is Mine, My child.  
I am your life, yourself, your task,  
I am the questions which you ask;  
I also am the answers true,  
The answers which I give to you  
In contact with the realms of earth  
Through lessons learned in soul's rebirth . .

Be patient, son, place trust in me,  
My answers shall soon set you free  
From bondage to illusive Time,  
Just trust in love that you are Mine  
And that I love you, strong and true,  
That naught of harm shall come to you.  
Full answers to your quests, each one,  
Shall soon be yours in love, MY SON!"

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL



## Do You Realize that Size Has Little in Common with Consciousness? . .



For want of a better term, we identify this essence as Spirit. We say that it is spirit that is conscious—or unconscious. We know that the human spirit certainly does have its periods of seeming unconsciousness—as in so-called dreamless sleep or when the mental mechanism has been disrupted by cranial injury or shock. For instance, a person “faints.” One minute he is aware of everything happening about him, and to him. The next he is as dead as the proverbial smelt—insofar as any such awareness exercises. The next minute he “regains” consciousness—or perchance it is the next hour, or handful of hours. He returns to the state of being aware of more happenings about him, or in which he is participant, or to which he is spectator.

To nine out of ten such persons, the solar time intervening has not existed. It is, as we say, an utter blank. If there were no clocks, no altered circumstances in his chamber, no sun that has gone down the sky in the interim, no friends to advise him how long he has been “out,” he would never throughout eternity be aware that any lapsed time had occurred. He might have been “out” ten minutes, or he might have been “out” ten million years. A mental blank is a mental blank. It has no qualifications.

Yet we are bound to concede that such a person must have had spiritual existence during that interval of blankness. Animation maintains in the body, and because it maintains, we subscribe to the acceptance that the spirit has not departed from it.

All of which is probably true. And it introduces us to the eccentric circum-

**I**T SHOULD be considered as performing a service of incalculable value to the average individual, to jolt him out of his everyday apathy and get him to regard himself for something other than he mortally accepts. Nine tenths of the human race are in the spiritual doldrums because they have come to assume that their life limitations are set, that they have probably become all which they ever can become, that changes take place in their personal affairs at too slow a pace to ever stack up in terms of enticements, and that if they lived for another thousand years, existence wouldn't be much different than they find it at present. When we probe deeply into Reality—or the natures of things as they essentially are—we discover that this fixity of situation is one of the worst fallacies afflicting the human race at present.

As previously asserted, there can be no such thing as the situations of life being permanently fixed. The fact that all things are forever altering—in some aspect or other, no matter how minute—supplies us with the only opportunity we are given for recognizing Life for what

it is at all. Turn everything into a state of static, and even existence itself would cease.

But people acquire notions about life, about the world, about themselves as individuals in the world, and it is the notions that become Life for them as they live it. They are dwelling perpetually with a compendium of illusions and never grasping that they are illusions from the cradle to the grave.

Take the item of Consciousness, for example. It is commonly considered as that state of sentiency that enables the normal animal, human or brute, to keep constantly aware of the nature of the activity going on around it, and, conversely, of its own nature as a participating entity. But for a state of anything to exist, the thing that is in the state must first be created. Consciousness, considered as something abstract, or as something which has existence unto itself, is commonly regarded as unthinkable.

In the human sense, there must first be the individual whose sentient state is known as consciousness. But what is that individual, or rather, what is he composed of, and can he be regarded as apart from his consciousness at all?

stance that spirit *can* have existence, then, without the slightest awareness of its own identity or the existence of objective properties.

Of course, it assumedly does spirit little or no good to have existence without awareness of its own identity or the existence of objective properties. Thereby do we likewise concede that spirit only acquires the conscious state to somehow enhance itself. But that is something for another discourse.

Spirit regards itself—when it is capable of regarding itself at all—as conscious. And yet here is the strange delusion entertained by nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand people: When they think of Consciousness as exemplified in or by themselves, they estimate or identify it as their physical selves in the animated state. They do not, ordinarily, consider consciousness as being capable of any other manifestation than the state of sentiency in the physical mechanism—or at least in some aspect of a material vehicle.

Tell them that perchance their consciousness has an aspect and identity apart from their physical mechanism, or some aspect of the material vehicle, and they will want to know what in the devil you are talking about—or perhaps they will consider it time to phone the local asylum for a first-class ambulance well equipped with an assortment of strait jackets. Yet consider this—

In particularly vivid dreams, we are usually spectators to events without being conscious of physical vehicles in ourselves. Or we go under ether for a surgical operation—as thousands attest having done—and eject something out of our bodies in which Intelligence resides, and in which it goes traveling to other scenes, zones, or octaves, till summoned mystically back into the material mechanism on the operation's completion. Or, to consider the extreme case, people die in the physical self, become spiritually discarnate, remain out of mortality for a period of years ranging from ten to a thousand, and subsequently discover some method of enhousing their spirits afresh in the bodies of properly developing infants. It cannot be said logically that any of them, as he or she appeared in any previous physical aspect, enters into the embryo or body of a new baby and thenceforth dominates it for a succeeding existence.

Consciousness in some form, or in some unusual aspect—by the nature of these circumstances—reaches a status of utter and complete discarnation.

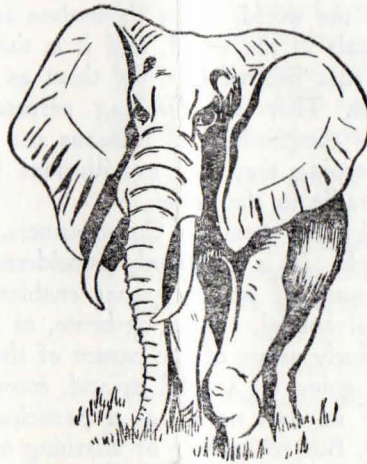
Very good, what is its aspect in that Ultimate Condition?

If any one of us, or all of us, had no bodily form in any mortal sense whatever, what would we "look like"?

Would we look like anything at all?

More than all else, how "big" would we be?

**N**OW ONE of the things that should startle most of us far more than it does, is being solemnly told that in all material creation there is actually no such thing as Size—not as considered as something with an identity unto itself. Size forever has to be figured in comparison with something else. Take away all other things in the universe but leave just one thing, one item, one object, and you or any other observer of that object would not be able to estimate or pronounce how big it was. This would be true, entirely aside from the fact that you, to make the condition absolute, could not be existing in proximity to it. Therefore you could not do what millions of persons commonly do when called to describe how big or how little a thing is: give answer by some sort of comparison with themselves.



If only one object existed in all creation, and yet your sentient consciousness was able to note its shape and perhaps something of its material essence, you could not tell whether it measured five inches in height or five miles in height.

For instance, take an apple. You can hold it, ordinarily, in the palm of one hand. It is, measured by common inches, three of them through its center. The

apple, in relation to the house you live in, is reasonably small. But take away the house, take away your body and your hand, let the same apple be suspended in Pure Space, and then gear your thinking to these proportions—

Under a magnifying glass, the seams in its skin are not seams but tremendous mountains, hills, valleys, and canyons. On this apple's skin are existing two billion sentient creatures—of course far too small ever to be estimated by the naked eye—each one perfectly formed as to organism and contour, yet each one standing only one fifty-millionth of an inch in height. One fifty-millionth of an inch is a bona fide height, if we but had the smallness ourselves to get down into a similar littleness and view it. Such infinitely minute creatures are going about their day's business on the outer skin of your apple. Only it does not appear to be an apple to them. It is a planet, awesome in size to them, requiring thirty days to encircle its ten-inch circumference according to speeds achievable in that microscopic universe. It is big because they are small.

Now, by the same scheme of thinking, try to think of our own planet Earth as approached by some gigantic entity, or reached for by some conscious colossus standing on Betelgeuse, and plucked out of its orbit in the heavens by a hand sizable enough to encircle it with its fingers. Our planet would be but an apple to that cosmic giant and would not seem particularly sizable to him at all.

**C**OMING back to our consideration of Consciousness, conversely it does not require size to observe bulk in objects objective to itself. A man seven feet high goes out on a starry night and observes distant Sirius. But a child two feet high sees the same star with equal facility. In fact, both in a matter of minutes observe approximately thirty four hundred heavenly bodies, millions of light years distant from one another.

What is the essence that performs such feat, and why should it endlessly consider itself by the relative smallness of its current physical entrapment?

By the same token, why should Consciousness need any size at all, to observe the mortal universe in which it commonly deploys?

As a matter of fact, we are advised  
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# Behind Russia's Dreadful Mask ---Nothing!

Japan. Had Stalin possessed one-tenth of the brains for which he was so fallaciously admired, he would have bent himself to keeping those two nationals forever from making a come back. Instead, his foreign policies took the opposite tact. They aroused the United States, Britain, and the remaining western powers, not only to permit the Germans and Japanese to make a complete and swift recovery, financing that come back for nothing, but have signed peace treaties with both that not only give them a fatal edge over the Russians, but also over America's own economic life for years to come.

When the United States and Germany ratified the treaty last month, its stipulations gave Germany and Japan the right to create their own independent army, restoring them practically to prewar independence. So actually the Balance of Power was restored in the world—at any rate on the continents of Europe and Asia. Was this “brilliance” in statecraft or was it diplomatic lunacy? . . .

**T**HUS it becomes nothing short of downright silliness to ask whether the new regime in the Kremlin can be “trusted” or whether it is “bluffing”. Granted it cannot be trusted in the slightest, what now remains that it can do?

Does anyone in his senses imagine that the recent behavior of both the Russian and Chinese Governments is the action of men who are overwhelming of military and economic power? As one correspondent asks, “Are they suddenly throwing us a crumb because they love humanity and want to see the Korean bloodshed stopped?” It is a thousand times more important, in a military sense,

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comes from refugees crossing the lines into West Germany that prices of food and commodities throughout European Russia and in the satellite countries are being slashed in dramatic deflation.

Why should these things be done? The answer is simple to those on or near the scene of the collapse.

Stalin's successors are grappling with the problem of serious internal trouble. In every satellite country there is a panic to escape. The situation in East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia is so dour that there is little food and less fuel. And starving people don't respect political authority.

*The world's Red regime stands on the brink of gigantic crackup, and the stupendous hoax that the Russian menace has been from the end of World War II, becomes emblazoned to the world!*

**N**O MATTER where the new leaders of Russia look, they see nothing but headache, disruption, and liabilities. Unemployment is general throughout China. China has, in the past, lived hand to mouth through imports of raw materials. Now the highly successful naval blockade has taken care of those. The Chinese cannot survive by taking in each other's washing—although they might be living in a far more sanitary country if they did. Everything that the super-idiot, Stalin, did wrongly, now rises up to bedevil those left facing his wreckage . . .

At the end of World War II, the United States—thanks to Roosevelt and Hopkins—had knocked out two of Russia's most feared enemies, Germany and

**S**UPPOSE we get our chins up.



Just the other day we were being told that the death of Stalin was tragedy, in that it left the “military group” in control of Russia . . . that Stalin's intuitive “oriental sense” had held him from precipitating general war all over the planet, that without his guiding caution the Iron Curtain would billow westward with a shout, and “invincible hordes” pour from under it.

Is anything of that sort happening?

Are there any signs of it? . . . if so, where are they?

Actually, the news coming from both Europe and Asia is exactly the contrary. With Stalin's oriental stupidity removed, there is not alone a lessening of tension—in all but the armament groups—with Malenkov tossing in the sponge respecting the Korean War prisoner stipulations the end of the Korean stramash in sight, and even the 15 doctors who had been accused of attempting to poison the top Bolsheviks, discovered to have been guiltless and released. The persecution of Israelites, you notice, has stopped.

The same week that the Communists accepted our prisoner-of-war terms in fact, they let thousands of prisoners out of jail throughout Russia. This was the first time such a thing had happened in 30 years. In the same trend, the news

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## Fantasia



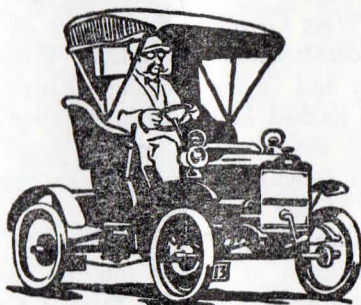
WHILE on this subject of a collapsing Russia, is it not a fantastic circumstance that those who screamed up the past twenty years about Russia having a supernal Navy, Air Force, Army, steel industry, and even nuclear fission development, never have been called to submit any evidence to back up their statements? Most of the "proofs" were Russian claims and statistics, most of them issued over bath tubs of vodka. As one economic authority puts it, "If our Intelligence Department got together the statistics that have led the American people into their present economic trap, then it should be shipped bag and baggage to Moscow itself."

The evidence has been plain from the first that the economic potential of Russia has been a farce, compared with that of Japan or Germany, both of whom America whipped at once. If you asked these propagandists, official or otherwise, where this fantastic Russian Navy or submarine force was anchored, you not only got evasive answers, but found that there wasn't a single American living, or any other western citizen, who had ever seen or had any proof that this great navy or submarine fleet existed. If you turned to figures on the Russian steel industry, you found that the Stalinites, after copious drafts on the vodka bath tub, came up with statistics that showed the entire steel output of all the Russias to be slightly under one-third of America's. Imagine this great Republic getting the heebie-jeebies about a country over which

it held a steel potential lead of 300 percent? And the same for motor transportation, guns and munitions.

You will look in vain in Russia or any of its satellite countries for evidence of ability to produce even a fraction of what America makes in stride.

The mechanistic-minded Germans, and the imitative Japanese, were well-nigh supermen in their capabilities to organize and methodize. They had, moreover, intelligence and the incentive to control the destinies of west and east. Yet in the face of American resource and know-how, they met disaster. Unless you have a great production machine in peacetime, you cannot create one big enough to do the job in wartime—not as world wars are waged in the present.



The thing—or the three things—on which the Russians capitalized to throw the scare into the free nations, were first, armor plate that American shells could not pierce at the opening of the Korean War; second, the MIG jet planes; and third, anti-aircraft guns. Had the Russians developed these themselves? Indeed, they had not.

The armor plate had been developed by German metallurgists and was used by the Nazis near the close of World War II. But after the Americans captured one of the German tanks made of the material that our shells could not pierce, the metal was flown home to the United States and in 30 days our metallurgists had the answer. Now the invincible armor plate goes into our own tanks.

Well, how about these "superior" Russian Jets? Always the braggarts for the Reds get around to boasting about Russian achievements in MIGS.

In the first place the Russian MIGS are not Russian, but British. We took pity on poor old Britain—"busted" by her efforts at defeating the Huns—and started paying her bills. And poor old

Britain took the money and government-subsidized the manufacture of the latest thing in British MIGS—for Russia. These Rolls-Royce MIGS reached Russia by the hundreds and some say the thousands—principally settled for by the American taxpayer. However, has anyone informed you what the Russians did when they got them, making them so "superior" to American aircraft?

They took the British jet engine and adapted it to Russian military tactics—which place almost no value on the lives of the pilots. They lightened, by a terrific amount, the armor protection of the flyers, to gain speed and air agility, and they reduced the size of the gas tank, so that the plane could fly faster than ours with a heavier fuel load. Our American planes placed first emphasis on protecting the lives of the flyers, and held gasoline for longer trips, so as to "make home" in event of emergency. When you don't value human life you can make many "improvements."

It is being reported that one of the chief reasons the Reds must now abandon the war in Korea is the perfection and volume of our latest jet planes. They beat anything the British or Russian designers ever have produced.

As for the aircraft guns, it is a matter of plain public record that what the Russians are using in Korea are none other than immense stocks of the American product that the inglorious Harry Hopkins made as a gift to Stalin under the aegis of Roosevelt.

Armor plate from Germany, jets from Britain, and anti-aircraft from Roosevelt . . . and still the Russians couldn't get anywhere that counted.

The situation would be mirthful if it wasn't so tragic.

In a communication received from West Germany by a VALOR correspondent recently, report was made by an East Germany refugee, of the capture of an American movie film that was taken into Bolshevia and shown—till a near riot resulted. The cause of the riot? Dwellers in the Paradise of Sovietia were standing in their seats and pointing raucously at the screen. "Shoes! Shoes!" they shouted incredulously. "Everybody in this picture is wearing shoes!" It panicked them.

So the Saga of Rooseveltia approaches inglorious close.

And over the hills the growing glow of the Golden Times shows pinker.



Time is at hand when we should begin thinking what sort of a country we are going to make of a Republic that has had the stamina to survive all these old-world saturnalias of blood, arms, and stupidities.

But what we want first is a period of reasonable tranquillity, if we can maneuver it. We would appreciate resting our frazzled and badly frayed nerves . . .

### Perspicacities



HERE is a phase of exposure coming in natural sequence of events that bodes no good for the world's real subversive elements. Have you ever stopped to realize that if Russian Bolshevism under Stalin's successors cracks up, there are not going to be any more "Commies"—at least not the Kremlin brand—on whom to blame all anti-social disruptions. If we cannot call them Marxists because the Marxists have lost out and vanished, and dozens of fanatical laws prevent us from referring to them as racists, how shall we label them? Truly, the way matters are proceeding, they are soon, apparently, to stand convicted out of their own mouths. Then will the "Seditionists" of a dozen years bygone, be vindicated . . .

And it is by no means wishful thinking, that the Marxists—at least the Kremlin brand—are on their way out.

If the Russians were ever "strong" by comparison with the United States, it was three years ago this summer. If the Russians had not been bluffing from the first, would they have led the United States on for three years, while American technicians and inventors developed and perfected the most powerful scientific weapons known to human history? Would they have permitted Tito to defy them, organizing other revolts in Albania and Roumania, even helping the dying Communist Party in France?

Where in the whole world, for that matter, has Stalin left the Communist Party in good shape? In the United States? Even the average American schoolchild knows that the Commies are a hollow shell of propagandists here, with their leaders in jail and their devotees on the hide. Is it in Britain, where they were all but eliminated in the past two

elections? Is it in West Germany, where they have become a joke?

Alas, the only place where the "strength" of the Reds is now taken seriously seems to be in Washington, D. C. When the brass-hats and politicians need a few more billions to spend, they have to dive deep into files and come up with an imaginary enemy hiding behind a paper-clip. They are fairly safe in asking for those millions—beg pardon, *billions*—because if they are not voted, the American economy goes whack.

But not Communism is the menace. It is those who have employed Communism to gain economic or racial edge on world society. And the collapse of the Kremlin Crowd is due to stand the latter nakedly on their feet in a blistering limelight and display them to a bilked and bankrupted civilization.

Well, they will have asked for it.

### Government Costs

(Continued from Page 4)

citizen senses or estimates it to be worth, subconsciously, there is grumbling or apathy.

The morning papers for Thursday of this week carried front-page stories of the senatorial investigations into the alleged lack of ammunition in Korea. It takes 9 months, according to Committee findings, merely to do the ordinary paper work for getting our soldiers supplied at the front. Senator Byrd brought out by questioning that a single order for ammunition passes through 42 separate agencies associated with the Pentagon and must be "cleared" by more than 200 persons before it even becomes a contract. The papers travel an estimated 10,000 miles over a nine-month period. Financial Officer W. J. McNeil for the Defense Department testified that actual deliveries of ammunition to Korea were delayed for 15 more months after contracts were let.

John Q. Public reads this sort of thing, realizes he personally is helpless toward doing anything to remedy it, and goes apathetic toward the whole of it . . . goes apathetic toward the whole defense program. He tells himself this sort of red-tape defense cannot possibly be worth what it is costing him. When he thinks of the Army, he thinks of a great plutocracy of Brass that requires the efforts

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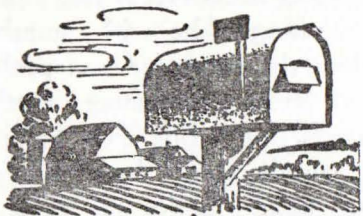


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of thousands over a nine-month period to do what private business would do in a forenoon. All government becomes a great sinecure for federal red-tapers in his mind, and playing patriotic music over the whole of it succeeds in creating even a rebellious cynicism.

WHAT the nation needs at this critical juncture is a sparking of the personal interest of the individual citizen in the welfare of his country so that he meets its financial problems not alone with a smile but with a warm cooperative interest.

The Republic suffers for personages at the head of this new Administration with the common sense—not to mention cleverness—to expound to the American taxpayer just what he is receiving for the third of his income every year. Not propaganda. Honest exposition of precisely what his money pays for. If it cannot be shown what his money pays for, then he is being dishonestly mulcted by his government and the members of the Administration are inviting disaster.

Why does not some brilliant intellect grasp that the American citizen would pay his heavy taxes with a smile if he were made to feel that every dollar brought back honest value?

Why does not such a bureau head as, say, J. Edgar Hoover, take the public into his confidence as to *why* his organization requires seventy millions a year, when in 1920 it wasn't in existence and the country still existed and prospered—prospered, in fact, far more attractively than it is prospering at present? Merely complaining that the influx of Reds in this nation is heavier than ever, does not justify a ten percent raise in appropriations for the FBI. The Reds in the nation and government were 300 percent heavier during the Roosevelt Administration than they are today, and the FBI did nothing noticeable about them. And tilting the FBI appropriations ten percent is not going to contain them during 1954.

Why was not J. Edgar astute enough to tell his committee of inquiry on appropriations that actually he needed ten percent less, times being what they are, and put the real blame for Commie infusion where it belongs—on those steering emigration of displaced persons to these shores?

Are we to conclude such wouldn't have been bureaucratic?

How much cleverer it would be all around, for the new political Administration to put a staff of public relations men on liaison work between the Government and the public—not propaganda artists but the same capable public relations men that great corporations utilize—and make elementally clear to the Man in the Street just why the Federal Government requires the funds that it does, where they go, and what the citizenry gets for them. Would not the morale of the entire nation be restored in a month of it?

Does the skeptic cry that it couldn't be done without exposing the graft, rotteness, and all-around corruption that has otherwise become the common practice of bureaucracy up the past generations?

The answer is that the graft, rotteness and all-around corruption never will be remedied until it is done.

It's ten minutes to twelve o'clock in the matter of going back to honest principles before high noon brings deflation, bankruptcy, and catastrophic collapse.

Deflation, bankruptcy and catastrophic collapse will bring it, anyhow.

Let's be smart and constructive.

J. Edgar Hoover has it within his function to lead the way in this sort of thing as he led the way in erasing bank looting and abduction back in the Twenties.

He would have an interested citizenry behind his FBI to a man.

## These Things Do Happen



DEAR Editor: Your chapter entitled *These Things Do Happen* in last VALOR prompts me to tell of one of my six personal experiences.

In October of 1942 or thereabout I was living in Detroit, Michigan. At 2:30 a. m. one morning I found myself transported to the home of my brother in Cleveland, Ohio. I saw my brother lying on a couch with a priest beside him.

Then I was taken to the Other Side. I stood by as a spectator as my brother was greeted by his celestial friends. As he stepped on the most beautiful marble portico, about fifty people dressed in robes greeted him.

As he stepped forward he said, "You do not have to help me. I know all about it."

In the background seemed to be thousands of entities, spectators. Only their faces could be seen. They were very close together. The light from the auras of the higher entities reflected from the faces of that audience in the background. It was a mellow but cold light. This light I have seen several times. I could see my brother's face clearly. He looked youthful, about twenty—and he had been 62 when he passed on . . . C. G., Ohio

## Dreadful Mask

(Continued from Page 7)

that the Russian policies have made Germany and Japan strong again, and not that we should continually exhaust ourselves building more and more armaments and trying to police the world alone.


Had Stalin's policies been truly crafty, he would have entered wholeheartedly into playing ball with the United States, made the Americans en masse friendly towards him, and done all in his power to prevent the recovery of Germany and Japan. That would then have been a situation wherein we should have feared him. People dumb enough to follow Stalin's policies of making enemies of the whole world are never to be feared. They are more to be pitied.

Russia from the first has been a house of cards, built on quick sand, and headed by anti-social maniacs. When the full story is disclosed to the American public, the latter will be angrily dumbfounded at the brilliant job the propagandists did, selling the West on the notion that because a country is great in manpower, it likewise is great in the military sense. It has been known since the days of Napoleon that not only does any army travel on its stomach but for every soldier in the field must be five trained technicians at home, keeping armament coming up to the guns.

Trained technicians in Russia are a joke.

Today, the Reds are spread out too thin all over the world, with masses of citizens at home suffering from malnutrition, and Malenkov and his colleagues faced with two choices: Stop the Korean

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imbecility as soon as possible and come to terms with the West, as regards Germany and other areas, or suffer to see disease and famine leave them with no country over which to rule much longer at all. People crossing into the West German zone are reporting that disease in Russia, China, and the satellite areas is so widespread and far advanced that little can save Russia from early prostration and the present leaders from being shot. When a paper-and-vodka empire like Stalin's begins to collapse, it goes quickly and dramatically.

Truly, have the *Golden Scripts* had it right when their splendid text told us that "the enemy felleth himself" . . .

There probably has never been a case in history where the hands of our military men were so ingloriously tied from pushing ahead and vanquishing the enemy—both Russian and Chinese—thus allowing them to operate in Manchuria almost completely immune from American planes and military power. Because of this, that enemy became accredited

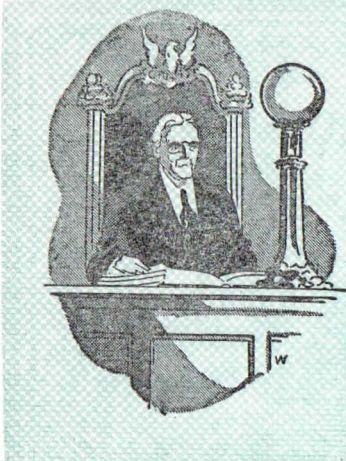
with a prestige of numbers and strength that it never had, just as Roosevelt, or the pro-Russophiles around him, gave the Stalinites a phony build-up of power, while our army waited, under orders, before marching into Berlin so as to let the Bolsheviks claim a victory that their tactics never warranted.

No, the Russians and Chinese are not bluffing now, nor stalling for time. Their quicksand empire is tottering, and the absolute psychopathia of Bolshevism is about to be demonstrated.

This journal is willing to "go out on a limb", maintaining the events of the next three months will prove it.

Suppose we get our chins up.

LIFE is a long, long process of finding out. When we find out all about ourselves, we first translate correctly that which we now label Selfishness. When we correctly translate Selfishness, and apply that correct translation to the next person, we automatically arrive at an excellent rendition of Selflessness.



# “Garden of Prophecy”

. . . Second Volume of “Door to Revelation” . . .

## CHAPTER VII

**H**IS final session of mine before the Committee was being held on a Saturday afternoon—chiefly because of public interest in the proceedings. Generally speaking, it had been a joyous week. I had been presented with the Committee witness chair as a public platform, giving me the ear of the nation. For practically seven years I had gone to and fro in that nation and up and down in it, inveighing against the inroads of the Communists in government under the aegis of the Roosevelt New Dealers, publishing literally millions of copies of expose literature, founding and supervising The Silver Legion that was organized in 22 States and stood ready to give the Reds a physical battle if they bethought to execute any *coup* to seize power by force. I had reason to believe that up in Seattle in the summer of 1936, the presence of over 2,000 legally deputized Legionnaires had averted violence attendant on the longshoremen's strike under Harry Bridges, that held a threat to burn the port of Seattle if it failed to win demands. Being without portfolio of any sort in the whole of it, however, the politicians and editors had looked on me askance. Generally the papers had killed my efforts with silence. Now I could say my say with both Washington and the United States listening. Up to the second afternoon, that is.

Eccentrically enough, the trouble seemed to stem out of one of the Republican congressmen on the Committee—J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey.

**F**OR some mystical reason, J. Parnell had an axe to grind with me, though I never found out what it was.

Here was a congressional committee appointed to investigate subversive activity—and here was myself, a private citizen who had done something aside from bemoaning Red activity, with seven years of my life and all of my personal resources sacrificed in the same fight, as a Committee was waging. Likewise, here was reputedly a Republican congressman—theoretically supposed to be in the opposite camp from fellow-traveling New Dealers—making it his business to impale me on the shafts of vindictive vituperation at every chance that offered. What ailed the man?

“Mr. Pelley,” he had asked me that second afternoon, “will you please inform the committee who writes all these journals, pamphlets and books that your publishing house down in Asheville puts out?”

He had asked for it. Already annoyed at his antagonism, I returned, “Well, Mr. Thomas, you wrote one of them.”

“I was referring to *The Impeachment of Madam Perkins*, a scathing assailingment of the lady who held the post of Secretary of Labor under Roosevelt. Mr. Thomas had authored it and gotten permission to insert it in the *Congressional Record*. I had found it, or had it brought to my attention, recognized its crusading merit and reprinted it in booklet form, some 25,000 copies which had sold for 10 cents each. I had given proper authorship credit to Mr. Thomas, although being a public document I had not been obligated to ask his permission to reprint it.

Thomas jolted. Then his face darkened.

“Mr. Pelley,” he declaimed—for the benefit of the spectators, newsmen, and perhaps the radicals of his home district—“I want to go on record as being personally opposed to everything you’ve ever done under the guise of this so-called patriotic vigilante work. I don’t approve of one single thing you’ve done that’s come to my attention.”

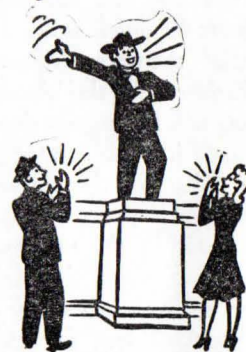
I tried the soft answer that turneth away wrath. “Then I too wish to go on the same record, Mr. Thomas,” I said, “as blanketly endorsing everything you’ve done—or are now doing—to save our nation from the Communists and New Dealers. You say you don’t approve of what I’ve done. I approve of everything you’ve done, and that this Committee seems trying to do . . . under obvious handicaps of personnel.”

The barb got him. “Do I understand that you approve of this Committee’s work and function?” he snarled, leaning forward as though he would spring at me.

“Unconditionally!” I returned. “The trouble seems to be that it doesn’t go far enough, but that’s due perhaps to the unfamiliarity of the honorable gentlemen with the seriousness of the situation we’re all here to investigate.”

Someone in the audience tittered, then started to applaud. Starnes decided they had heard enough for the day. He adjourned the session. Thomas jumped up and collided with a colleague. “The Kiss of Death!” I heard him exclaim.

Why, I had wondered, was it any Kiss of Death—if this “probe” were on the up-and-up?



That night, at my hotel, I was visited by Washington newspaper friends who came up to congratulate me on my testimony. I asked them what they thought was causing the Committee to behave so?

“There’s talk,” one informed me, “a deal’s been made with Mr. Big. Maybe some heavyweights up in Manhattan are behind it, some of the original Bolshevik financiers.”

"What sort of deal?" I had wanted to know.

"I think there have been promises of reward of the vice-presidency in the 1940 Democratic convention, for a certain party on the committee we needn't name, providing the committee forgets the Commie angle and goes for *you* with everything it's got."

The rumor wasn't news. I had heard the same from my agents in New York. Now I was making and unmaking presidents!

"But why go for *me*?" I affected to wonder.

"Because of the support you're building up against the New Dealers and Fellow Travelers in every State in the Union. It's common talk you practically control the politics of the State of Pennsylvania. The chairman of the committee said so. Anyhow, Roosevelt's scared . . . and that means he's mad."

"Does anybody on that Committee seriously suppose that I'm any government menace, after the seven-year fight I've led?"

It was the newsman's turn to appear astonished. "Is it possible, he put the query, "you're unaware you're the hottest political firecracker in our whole 48 States?"

"Tommyrot!" I told him. "What in the world do they imagine I can do?"

"Send them all back to the Old Country where most of them came from," was the answer. "And half of 'em are convinced you're going to do it, anyhow."

"Thanks," I said, amusedly. Old Man Pelley's little boy from New England certainly had landed in somebody's hair.

**SO NEXT** day, Friday, the chummy atmosphere had vanished. One of the committee investigators I had been working with—preparing the questions to be answered in the witness-chair—had passed a remark I had overheard: "It's a rotten business, if you ask me, having to be friendly to a guy, while you're getting ready to cut his throat."

Of course, not having been born a week from the most recent Thursday, I had come into the situation with plenty of concern that my jugular needed protection—especially from publicity-seeking Democratic politicians. Let them go ahead, however, if that was the way they wanted it. I had been "nice" to them up to this point, but if they wanted to get

tough, there was uglier information in my sack of knowledge that would make the sessions embarrassing for some of them.

What they did was, to turn this fellow Barker on me . . .

**BARKER**—I've forgotten his first name or initials—was a small-town Tennessee attorney, who had joined The Silver Legion in the summer of 1935 after a personal correspondence about starting a Legion post to combat the radicals in government. Obtaining a membership certificate, all the literature, and working knowledge of our objectives, he had hied him to Washington and fanagled a job on the federal payroll as "undercover man", watching my activities. Presently he was riding around the nation in government airplanes, snooping and spying, coming to Asheville for sessions with the postal authorities to copy off names of all persons who bought my literature, books, or publications. He began to accumulate a heavy sack of what he regarded as "incriminating documents", tending to prove that my general and ultimate design was the overthrow of Constitutional government in this country, a la Adolf Hitler. He gave it out privately that he was my Nemesis.

The radicals were so sold on their own propoganda, that the very thing they had in mind to do themselves, they easily read into all my intentions. I was "dangerous" to the peace and tranquillity of this nation because I might do the things they aspired to do—that was the way I reckoned it. And Barker was turned loose on me, I say, quite after the manner of a criminal trial prosecutor—and from Tennessee at that!

**HE WAS** a fanatical young man, with wavy, golden hair, and an idiosyncrasy of dragging his mail sack of "incriminating documents" along the floor after him by a length of rope. When newsmen asked him what was in the bag, he was mysterious and insinuating, contriving to express that was "the dope on Pelley." One of the newsmen who peeked in the bag on a certain occasion, swore it had contained half a dozen heavy telephone directories, scads of old newspapers and a brick. The "dope on Pelley" indeed! He began to raise ribald pleasantries always pulling that bag along after him, "upstairs and down and in

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milady's chamber"—until one of the radio broadcasters remarked that it reminded him of a maternal feline in distress, dragging its prematurely born offspring at the end of an unsevered umbilical cord . . .

So the committee hearing turned into a kangaroo trial, with Barker the prosecutor. Fine business! Dignified! On a certain occasion hadn't I said this and on another occasion hadn't I said that? Answer Yes or No! What had I meant, accepting \$500 from an impoverished old maid up in Boston? . . . as if that was somehow of jeopardy to government. He ranted, he waved his arms. He walked back and forth with hands in pockets, to pull them out violently and shake his finger under my nose until I avidly desired to bite it. All day Friday he pitted me, putting on a raucous exhibit and causing the newsmen to snicker at the wrong times. Saturday morning we had more Barker. Nothing of the slightest value was brought out for the enhancement of Congressmen in passing new legislation. Everything Barker scored was by insinuation or association of ideas. The committeemen were letting him do the work while they gossiped of this or that between themselves.

Barker was still ranting at half-past three of Saturday when that young stranger hastened into the room as I recorded in my last chapter, and whispered to Starnes. Starnes started violently and reached for his gavel. Its poundings halted Barker.

"That's enough," Starnes informed him. "We're winding this thing up. Mr. Pelley, after four days of public hearings, this Committee finds you guilty of un-American activities. Your subpoena is hereby cancelled and these sessions are adjourned."

I HADN'T been aware that this committee had been sitting as trial jury. But evidently Starnes so regarded it. And such was its verdict. Little or nothing about my own activities had been brought out . . . we had been in session about the extent and containment of American Communism.

For once, I admit, I was knocked off my poise.

The room became a stramash. People groaned or hissed. Nobody could understand Starnes' behavior. But I understood it in a moment. I stood up and

turned to speak to Mr. Hatfield my attorney. A portly figure intervened—Police Inspector Guy Royan.

"Sorry, Pelley," he said above the melee, "you're under arrest. Please follow me out peaceably—without my having to handcuff you."

"Under arrest for what?" I demanded angrily.

"Extradition to North Carolina as a fugitive from justice."

It was the last straw in this New-Deal travesty.

"But I'm under committee subpoena till Tuesday."

"I just heard your subpoena cancelled, I believe. However, if you care to fight extradition, that's your privilege. You can be admitted to bond."

I looked for Joe Starnes.

The doughty Dies Committee had faded. Having used me for four days, it had thrown me to the wolves. They'd show me who had the Last Laugh in all this subversive business.

It was the same afternoon, by the way, that Madam Roosevelt was entertaining the Young Communists' League at the White House.

I went along with Royan . . . peaceably! . . .

(Continued Next Week)

## Consciousness

(Continued from Page 6)

by intelligent beings in more complicated octaves of Matter, that Consciousness does have an aspect germane to itself, even in its utterly discarnate status, and that it appears to such as recognize it for what it is, as an exhibition or display of brilliant and concentrated bluish light.

Of course no one can estimate the size of a light. One only estimates it as to its brilliance. Brilliance, however, or lack of it, may be only a matter of the distance from which the radiance is viewed! But here again, we are confronted by the peculiar vibration of any light in order to be recognizable at all. The universe is filled with various forms of illumination, we are told, never discernible by the mortal eye, below the infra-red and above the ultra-violet.

So, if we should want to toy with the thought that the more masterly the consciousness, the vaster the illumination,

we can conceive of the utterly discarnate consciousness of what we might term gods as rivaling the brilliance of suns, whereas billions of individuals of one-cell intellects probably exist, whose discarnate radiance would not outshine the ordinary parlor match.

Hiding one's light under a bushel might not be so inaccurate after all.

**I**T WAS said to a noteworthy psychic upon the occasion of a vital lecture having been "wasted" upon a hall only one-eighth filled with auditors due to a rainy evening: "You should have seen what we in this higher octave beheld in your auditorium tonight. Your lecture was of such spiritual interest and illumination to those who had departed their physical bodies without their conditions being fully known and understood, that souls in countless numbers crowded the place to hear the speaker's words. We would estimate that close to ten thousand discarnate souls were packed in what seemed to you an empty assembly hall, all unobservable to the lecturer or the twenty or thirty persons attending in physical flesh. Remember, the ultimate discarnate spirit, estimated or measured by worldly standards, is no "bigger" than the ball of your little finger. This is the aspect of utterly discarnate Consciousness that interpenetrates the body of the pregnant woman and by synchronizing its vibration with hers to an exact degree, obtains possession of the embryo and issues forth as occupant of the infant's body on delivery."

It is indeed, something to think about, assuming it is true.

We are not men and women of an average five-feet-seven in height and a normal one hundred and fifty pounds in weight.

The true Consciousness inside us, that will ultimately divest itself of *all* bodies and arrive at the discarnation enabling it to make the return experience through the vehicle of some newly born babe, is of itself a small ball of ultra-violet—and therefore invisible—light, about a quarter-inch in diameter.

What tremendous hulks of gross materials we are encased in, therefore, that we come to think of as being synonymous with ourselves—immortal spirits!

See yourself from the discarnate octave, however, and one's entire viewpoint toward the universe changes.



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And that is happening, day unto day, hour unto hour, moment unto moment.

And true growth is this: Learning to realize that no matter how a thing ap-

pears, from a different octave it is probably something else!

From what octave, therefore, are you observing?

Thereby should you anticipate as many universes as there may be octaves.

Truly there can be small room in all of it for mental atrophy or spiritual stagnation!

**T h e P A Y O F F**

**C**ALLED into a large factory, when a complicated piece of machinery became jammed, an old-fashioned mechanic fixed it with a single blow of a hammer. Going to the cashier when the machine was running again, he declared his bill was two hundred dollars.

"In this place," she said, "you have to itemize everything. We insist you itemize why you're charging us two hundred dollars."

The man fished out a stub pencil and itemized his bill as follows—

Hitting blow with hammer . . . . .	\$ 1.00
Knowing where to hit . . . . .	199.00
<hr/>	
Total due . . . . .	\$200.00

**T**HE VETERINARY got elected sheriff and continued to carry on both vocations. One night, late, someone pounded on the door of the sheriff's residence. His wife raised the upstairs window.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. "I want Al. I want him in a hurry."

"Do you want him as sheriff or as veterinary?"

"Both. I want him to help open my dog's mouth—he's got a burglar in it."

**O**N HIS way home late at night, Mose encountered a shade from the nether world. He emitted a wail and took to his heels. Two miles he ran without stopping. Finally he clutched a post and fought for breath. A ghostly voice addressed him—

"Boy, we sho' been doin' some runnin'."

"Yowsah, yowsah," panted Mose, "an' soon's Ah gets mah breath we is gwan run some mo'."

**T**HE SHY young man had the shapely young lady out for an evening's drive in a remote section when the motor began suddenly to pound.

"Oh, heck!" groaned the youth, bringing the machine to a stop. "Now what can that knock be?"

"Mavbe," the girl purred, "it's opportunity."

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**M**UCH to the indignation of his wife, the manufacturer of electrical appliances was so devoted to business that it required the visit of a brother tycoon to coax him out to dinner in a night club.

The quartette were watching a curvaceous rhumba dancer doing her act when the manufacturer's wife exclaimed, "Well, I certainly am glad to see Old Volts and Amperes enraptured by the entertainment."

"Quiet!" ordered the magnate. "I've got an idea for a new type of agitator in our next washing machine."

**T**HE REDS are commencing to discover that the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse all ride steeds that are beginning to need a blacksmith.

**T**HE ATTRACTIVE wife cooed, "Were you annoyed with me, dearest, because I sharpened my pencil with your razor?"

"Twice," the patient husband replied. "Because, after I'd given up trying to shave, I tried to write with your pencil."

**T**HE STENOGRAPHER said to her boss, "There's a man outside who wants to see you about a bill."

"What does he look like?" the boss inquired.

"He looks like you'd better pay it."

**A** LITTLE girl was describing her experience in an elevator.

"We got into a small box," she explained, "and all of a sudden the upstairs came down and we got off at it."