

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VI

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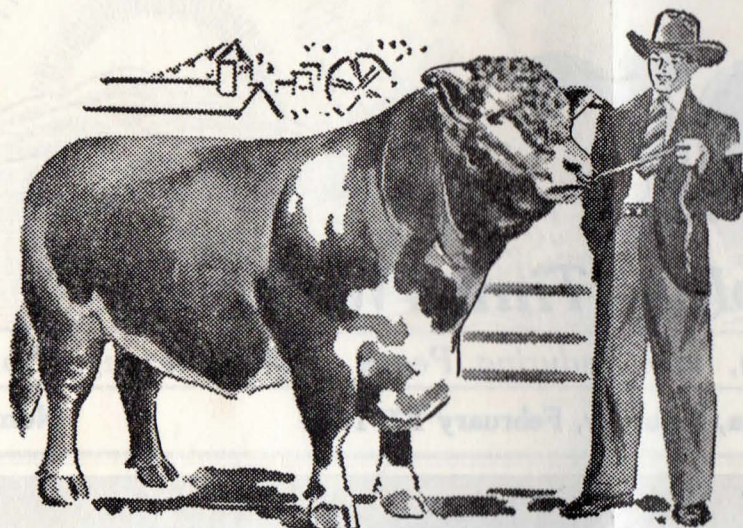
Number 18



THE PLOW MAN ON THE HILL TOP ..

IN the sixty days just ahead, ten thousand American farm-workers will be cleaving their plow-shares through verdant soil along the skylines of ten thousand American hilltops, looking down upon their acres nestling in ten thousand American valleys. The scene below repre-

sents the American land of which they find themselves a part. Between earth and sky, including the dim haze of the industrial center on the horizon, this too is the whole world as they know it. It is the limitation of their observation-points. Well might they ask themselves, what are the major problems of this world, or perhaps more significant, why should this world that



The tremendous unleashed energies in the composition of the Atom;

The stupendous enlightenments in respect to man's integrity as an earth-creature as presently to be adjudicated by the comparisons of his civilization with the accomplishments and achievements of the denizens of others planets, and—

The necessity for gearing production to consumption, and consumption to production, so that there will no longer be periods of feast and famine between mortals on different social strata, and human creatures be eager and willing to toil for reasonable and equitable sustenance without stringent Civics entering into the picture and substituting the rule of Fiat for the rule of common sense and mutual agreement and concurrence.

There are no *real* problems in this earth-world outside these three. There are only sensible adjustments and adjudications . . .

LET IT be realized, among the Enlightened at least, that the day is coming shortly when universal mankind is coming into a consciousness of its prior existence, each and severally, on this earth, and that each life in flesh is an experience for a definite purpose and achievement.



Mankind denies this sort of thing in the current day, first because of his disgust at the inequalities of station in the earth-scene as currently constituted, and his unwillingness to understand why he has entered flesh at all; second, through the sheer perversities of so-called Religious Teachings that lead him off on a strictly theological tangent and offer him a vicarious atonement which he is only too eager to accredit, seeing that it ab-

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they view hold problems at all? The second is easier to answer than the first.

It holds problems, this world, that Man as a created creature may establish and develop spiritual character. Problems of any sort mean the cultivation of ingenuity to meet and solve them. For this thing specifically does he discover himself a unit in the human scene at all. He has come into this human scene to develop the mental qualities of discrimination, sound judgment, ability to distinguish that which is true from that which is false, to rise superior to quandaries of environment. As he does so, thus he considers his "life" successful or unsuccessful.

But what is he doing in the greater cosmic sense?

Is he not learning to identify, estimate, and evaluate utter freedom of spirit by currently learning delimitation of freedom? Only by suffering the circumscriptions of person in the physical and economic sense can he ever come to grasp what it means to "live in eternity" with no bounds set to his activities. In what other manner could he get this, excepting he entered into the mortal coil periodically, as a given personality, and met the shocks and abrasions of personal or economic handicap?

People who look level-eyed at this circumstance have cracked the riddle of mortal frustration. They are the spiritually liberated in their thinkings and idealisms if not in their personal problems and limitations.

But at least there is no particular hiatus of love and morals for them. They "understand" why the earth-scene has to

be necessary, and why they have entered into, and become part of, this vast global scene with its seeming upsets and turmoils.

That is not strictly the problem we are considering.

What are the major problems of the world in which they find themselves, and is there a perfect solution to them? . . .

THE REAL problems of the world—and the nation—upon which the plowman looks this season, considered in the ultimate, are three—

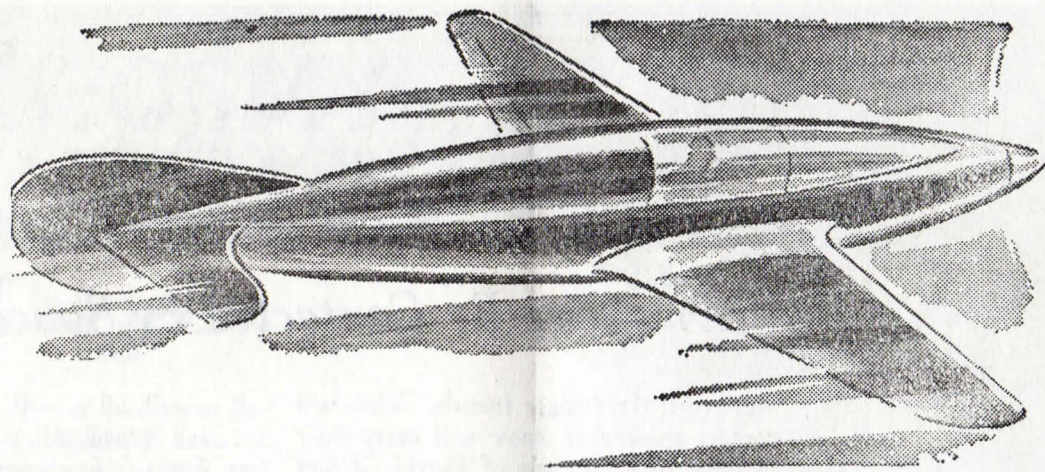
There is the Problem, presented by recently "discovered" nuclear fission;

There is the Problem presented by the imminent descent of the Space Men or denizens of other planets coming into our stratosphere for weal or woe;

There is the Problem of correctly coordinating the producing power of industry with consuming power of goods created, thus eliminating for all time the spectre of depression and financial impoverishment.

Some go further and maintain there is a still greater quandary of the establishment and security of international peace. But this question of peace between the nations is more or less a quandary of leveling off common living standards throughout the earth. To the sophisticate, the issue of peace or war ever resolves itself to the question of which nations are the more equitably favored in respect to high or low living standards. A highly cultivated and prospered people do not resort to War because there is no adequate incentive in war to obtain them any coveted possessions which they lack.

We are confronted by the issues of—



How Greatly Do We Need to Fear Russia's Atomic Bombing Armada at Present?

CALLING the hand on the Russian bogie that seems to have buffaloed and bamboozled the world's statesmen now for upwards of 37 years, a significant interview was accorded *Town Journal Magazine* of Philadelphia this past week by Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, Undersecretary of Defense Roger Keyes, intelligence authorities and Pentagon strategists. It was reported in an article, *The Russians Aren't Twenty Feet Tall*.

The gist of the intelligence conveyed is, that not only is Russia criminally over-rated in her capacity to inflict any sort of fatal damage on the United States but she would be committing national suicide if she dared launch any atomic attack on America at present, or anything nearer than three years in future—if at all.

Russia has long-range air power, in isolated instances of equipment, for only one all-out atomic attack on this country, and if it should fail or be in any way subverted, she would be in for quick and final annihilation as a great world-state.

THE MAGAZINE presented the Soviet air picture in this manner—

Looking at the Russian war potential in the utmost realism, the nearest thing that Russia possesses to intercontinental bombers is the TU-4, which has a flight-limit of 4,000 to 5,000 miles. Without refueling, these bombers could not pro-

¶ Red Planes Not Capable of Attack 'til 1957, by which Time Economy of Soviets to Collapse

ceed further than Seattle, if they came from central Russia over the North Pole in an American attack. Plowing down into the heart of industrial America, particularly in the great northeastern sector of the nation, would be a manifest impossibility, granted ideal conditions prevailed and everything on such a murderous expedition went without a hitch.

Russia has an estimated 400 to 500 of these bombers. If they had no prearranged accommodations on American soil for descending and refueling, half of such an attack fleet would have to be given over to carrying supplies of gasoline for the return trip. This would mean that less than 250 bombers would be left to carry bombs.

So, if you are thinking about a bombing attack on the United States, be realistic and don't picture it in terms of "thousands of bombers." Russia has no such "thousands of bombers" . . . and

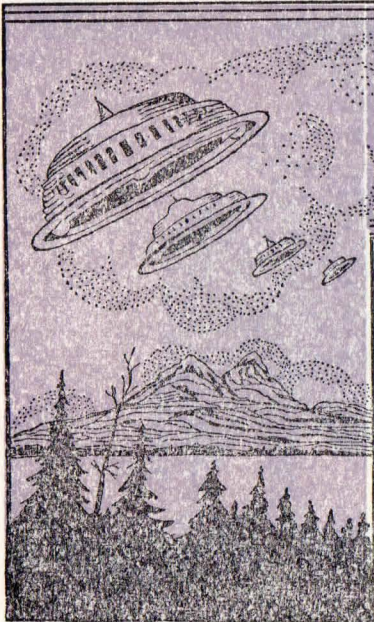
when they got over the North Pole—granting they came that way—or even over Bering Straits, they must run out of gasoline at just about the strategic points where they want to drop their bombs. This means that the planes themselves would be caught in the cataclysm of the very bombings they precipitated.

Granted the Russians have bankrupted themselves to build 400 or 500 of the TU-4s, the fuel problem alone means that the attacking force is cut down to 200 to 300. They might launch their first bombs on Seattle or Portland, but this would immediately trigger all the retaliative forces in aircraft and aircraft protection which the United States possesses all over the globe. It would be the signal for the moving in for the kill on Moscow and the Kremlin. All bets and restrictions would be off. Not only would all our Northwest air-squadrons zoom in to the air to assail those Russian bombers—meaning that almost none of them would ever get home alive—but all the forces of aircraft we are maintaining in foreign countries adjacent to Russia would concentrate on the target of atom-bombing the last vestiges of Communism off the face of the earth.

BY CONTRAST, the United States shuttle missions over Russia at random, taking off or landing in North America, Greenland, Britain, Germany, Spain, North Africa, Turkey, Saudi Ara-
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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson



Will Everyone Be Contacted by Space Visitors?

we attract these space friends. They will contact those they know will carry their message to the people of Earth! If you are more desirous of helping suffering humanity than you are of worldly gain or fame . . . then you are a good candidate for space visitor contact!

THIS IS, of course, an early phase of contact, and every one deserving a meeting with these great intelligences may not have such an experience; for we know that these people are very well organized as they represent a higher authority, and their plans are well laid. But they do know every man, woman and child on this planet . . . so don't feel that you've been left out, for eventually *all* of earth's people will have an opportunity to meet our visitors.

If we went to another planet we would first monitor the radio broadcasts—if they had advanced that far—and we would learn the language and then, if we deemed it wise, we would contact individuals of that planet who were concerned with *communications*. Yesterday, I received a letter from a very close friend of mine who is in the field of radio broadcasting, and he is at the moment employed by well-known western radio station. Here is a significant part of that letter:

"I am doing a shift Saturday afternoons and nights, and Sunday morning. I naturally open up and I am alone in the studio until about 11 a. m. Well, last Sunday, I signed on at 8:00 a. m. After identification, good morning, etc., we log a program "Music For Sunday" from 8:05 until 8:29 a. m. After my opening theme on a 78 RPM disk, a short introduction, I faded out the theme and on another turn table faded in a 12" 33 1/3 RPM of Mantovani's Victor Herbert Concert. I still had my head-phones on because I was busy logging meter readings, etc. At about 8:15, over the music faintly, I heard the following: 'All is well,

all is well, all is well . . . soon, soon, soon . . . all is well, all is well.' Needless to say, I was at first startled. I left the control room and started searching the entire studio to see if there was an open mike or if there was somebody around . . . checked to see if one of the several radios around the station was feeding back some other program . . . even went to the door to see if my car radio was playing. Everything checked out, and I returned to the control room and listened to the headphones and again, faintly, I heard: 'All is well . . . brother, brother, soon.'

"I thought maybe I was crazy, so I called several friends on the phone that I knew were listening to their radios and asked them if they had heard anything unusual along with the music. They all said, 'No!' Then I quickly grabbed the tape recorder and set it up in another studio . . . checked to make sure I had it hooked up O. K. . . . and recorded the following: 'I am, today is Sunday, Jan. 24, 1954, I am at the studio on duty, Radio Station, during the program (see our log) I heard a voice over my head-phone set at approximately 8:15 a. m. and again at 8:21 a. m. It did not go over the air to other listeners. I checked *all possible sources* for feedbacks and there were none . . . no other persons within one-half mile of me. I will attempt to record the voice I just heard after station break and the start of the next, a recorded program.'

"I then went back to the control room and made the station break, introduced and announced a fifteen-minute news cast, and at 8:45 a. m. started another fifteen-minute transcription which was a musical program. With an extension running from the control board, I took the headphones to the other studio where I had the recorder set-up. Then I listened to the program with the head-phones. At 8:50 a. m. I could hear the voice very faintly again and I brought the head-
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MANY people have asked me: "Why are some people contacted by the saucer occupants and others not?" This is a good question and one that deserves some attention! First off, I should mention the fact that certain individuals are acting as agents for these space visitors, and may very well have volunteered for this duty before taking up their present incarnation!

Also, there are people from other worlds who live and work among us unknown . . . but what about the inhabitants of good old earth who are being contacted? I remember what a radio operator who made contact via radiotelegraphy said: "Why should spacemen be interested in me . . . I'm nobody, why don't they contact our great scientists and government heads?" How do we know they haven't been contacted, I retorted!

SPACE FRIENDS have told us that high military rank, material wealth, talent, good looks, etc. are not prerequisites to being contacted by them. And many of our so-called "sins" are not considered as such, by them. If they were here to contact only those who were completely "pure of heart", or those who diligently went to vespers or followed 100 percent the ritualistic dictates of the church, they wouldn't find many of us ready!

They say the important thing is that we stand in that Light, drawing it to us, we desire the LIGHT itself . . . and as

What You Should Know about Pain and Tragedy . .

THE AVERAGE man or woman accepts Pain and Ill-health as facts of life. They "catch a cold" or they succumb to a disease. Nine out of ten persons assume that a cold or a disease hits upon them as victim by a Law of Chance. One moment they are feeling physically fit, the next moment there is an irritation somewhere, they begin to run a temperature, the doctor comes and prescribes for them, and they get well or grow worse—without the slightest suspicion that their conscious wills may have anything to do with this turn of events in the slightest.

Some people are confirmed invalids. Some people are hypochondriacs—that is to say, they "enjoy being sick" and take a morbid delight in remaining physically under normal. Other people are angered by an attack of this or that. At least they appear to be angered. They get feeling "mean" and this "meanness" grows worse. They are frightened and disgusted. "I don't want to get sick right now!" they exclaim. "Too much depends upon me." Their conscious wills put up a battle to overcome the malady that threatens. Conflict is introduced. They declare that they are "fighting off" the threatened indisposition.

Or perhaps there is a dull ache in a certain portion of the anatomy day after day, month after month. They finally go to a physician. The man makes an examination and his features grow grave. "I hate to shock you," he says, "but this trouble that's bothering you has all the symptoms of being from cancer".

Cancer!

The conscious mind of the "victim" does a tailspin into panic.

Cancer is popularly supposed to be fatal. With a sinking feeling in the pit of the tummy, the victim emits a hypothetical wail. "Why should cancer at-

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

tack me? I don't want to die. I've got everything to live for!"

And for that moment—emerging from the physician's office—all the world is altered. Life henceforth, the career, the ambition, everything! must be subverted into a mad campaign to preserve the physical existence.

SO THE gamut of disease runs all the way from mild influenza to cancer, and the human soul decides that Life is very hard indeed. The vexations of Life are bad enough, without having physical collapse occur to make the struggle worse. Others there are, who for no seeming reason are committed to mad pain. Rheumatism, arthritis, a thousand and one chronic ailments, seem to afflict the bodily mechanism without the slightest reason. Crutches are called for, pathetically utilized. Family lives are thrown out of gear because some member of the domestic circle is "stricken" with this or that.

We seek out the Wise Mentors and we ask them: "Why in the name of all that's compassionate, does Pain as physical handicap or inconvenience have to be? Why must some people suffer, and others be exempt from suffering? What sort of



a God exists at the head of the universe, that he picks out this man or that woman for a mattress grave—fine moral people who seemingly have done nothing to deserve such fate—whilst others without a conscious thought about existence from New Year's to Christmas abuse themselves vilely and never suffer penalty?"

The Mentors smile, for they are very wise. "No one," they answer sadly, "ever suffers anything that he has not decreed for himself. The Law of Life is the law of self-election. Pry into the subconscious minds of persons who succumb to illness and you will discover strange, strange reasons for their unwonted bodily discomfiture—forever self-motivated!"

The suffering mortal is furious at this.

"Would I, by any chance, decree this agony for myself if I had the gift of self-election?" he cries.

And the Mentor answers: "Yes! That is precisely the thing that you are doing. You have deliberately invited a physical condition in order to balance something in your career that otherwise is uncontrollable—or at least out of control. You may not recognize consciously just what that out-of-balance condition is. But you, and you alone, are answerable for the distress which has afflicted you. You are 'after something' which you cannot obtain in the ordinary maneuverings of human intercourse, and what you are doing is striving to destroy the physical because the physical has seemed faithless in performance."

FEW TERMS in the English language are used more incorrectly than Health and Disease. People talk about "catching" a disease. They speak of "regain-ing" their health. They do neither, strictly speaking, for each would be impossible. We get the word Disease from the old French "aise," signifying Relaxation, and "dis" the prefix meaning Apart, Asunder, expressing the contrary of what is implied by the second element. In other words, Dis-ease conveys the pristine thought-picture: apart, asunder, or contrary, to relaxation.

How can you "catch" a contrariness to relaxation?

Or consider Health. It comes from the old Anglo-Saxon root-word "hal" and conveys the pristine thought-picture of Completeness. We get the word Whole from the same root—we get the words Hale, meaning sound or hearty, and Holy, which needs little definition.

To speak of repossessing one's Completeness, is a trifle absurd.

If a man lost an ear in a motorcar mishap, and some small boy found it, and carried it to the emergency hospital, and the victim said, "Bless my soul, that's mine!—by all means sew it back on," and the surgeon did so, and three months later the owner of the repossessed ear could wiggle it quite as dexterously as before he took his head-dive through the windshield, then he might be entitled to say he had "regained his health." But that would be about the only instance in which the term would fit.

It is a strange fact about our language that you can take about all the synonyms for physical stricture—ailment, malady, affliction, all the rest of them—pull them apart to get their original meaning, and find that scarcely one of them describes literally any such business as little bugs getting into you and gnawing daylight through you, so that you die.

Practically one and all convey this thought: The bodily processes are either speeded up, or speeded down, from what is commonly the tempo of the mechanism for most efficient exercise. They do not imply that any of the body's members have dropped off, or any of the internal workings fallen out like cogs dropped along the highway by an ancient Ford. They say that the physical self is functioning at improper speed.

Now something normally makes the physical self function at any speed whatever, and we call it the Life Principle within it, the Psyche, or Soul. So when the body is misbehaving, something has happened to alter the tempo of its operatings—or rather, make the Life Principle, the Psyche, the Soul, alter the tempo of its operatings.

The old lady who has a complex on draughts can't stand in the open doorway two minutes "without catching her death of cold" and probably in the end, perishing of pneumonia. Or a whole nation of people read that a flu epidemic is felling its thousands overseas, and a pandemonium of Fear starts a similar epidemic on this side of the ocean. The nitwit asks awesomely, "How did the flu-germ ever jump across three thousand miles of water?" The flu-germ didn't



jump anywhere. Influenza microbes are probably being washed in and out of every human being's body a thousands times an hour, every one of the 365 days in the year, but the mind doesn't feed it the thought-aspic in which to breed.

It amounts to that!

The woman who doesn't like children, or who doesn't want children, or who has been subjected to motherhood excessively, or who has had a dickens of a time giving birth to her last baby and shrinks from the distress of having another, will mystically grow a fibroid tumor.

Any tumor is the improper alignment of growing cells. They take shapes or patterns that they shouldn't.

But *why* should they take shapes or patterns of themselves? Of course they do not. They obey the behest of Mind. Mind is thus only subconscious Will.

The only real disease is the vertebrae of the spine getting out of whack, through a mishap in work or gymnastics, shutting off vital fluids to the brain or

pinching the nerve-centers of the spinal cord. Then follows Lack of Ease, indeed. But who in common phraseology would describe a crick in the neck as a "disease"?

THE AVERAGE person thinks that he goes gobbling up the germs of diseases like little pollywogs. If he happens to snare one in his nostrils or his gullet, he is in for a spell of sickness. But examine the temperaments of the persons who "come down sick" . . . observe how they behave as tired of the economic struggle, "fed up with life," starved for affection, or at odds with the social circumstance.

What they truly want—subconsciously—is a vacation or graduation. So they take a mattress joy-ride, or they toy subconsciously with the idea of suicide, or self-death out of season, for a matter of days or weeks. Then the drive of the old life-errand comes back, and they decide to get along with it. The local paper says their friends are rejoiced to learn that they have recovered their health—a nonsensical phrase conveying the thought that they have "put a new cover on their wholeness."

The local paper means to say that the person concerned has quit his subconscious idea of personal physical indulgence.

People who joy in their work and find every moment of it enthralling, people who are happily married and have enough to equip them with life's reasonable necessities, people without much of a gripe at the universe, don't "get sick" from decade to decade.

The doctor or nurse whose professional business it is to treat the sick, usually passes unscathed through a thousand pestilences. And the explanation is simple. They are too interested in their work of human healing to take time out for self-indulgence in a personal vacation.

They stay well because the mind instructs the body to keep its tempo.

Even the very word Sick betrays this thought. It comes from the old Anglo-Saxon "seoc" meaning Lanquishing—as with some unattained desire.

There you have it: unattained desire! Tell me your unattained desire, and I'll tell you how to end the rubbish of sickness in a tail-shake.

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PLOWMAN ON A HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 2)

solves him from deeds done in the flesh.

VALOR anticipates that the "Risen Souls" coming into our stratosphere from interstellar space, are going to change all this completely. They are going to bring the *real* heavenly state into mankind's consciousness, and it is bound to alter his concepts of life and immortality in a manner that prevents Churchianity from standing up under it.

This is the true significance of the Flying Saucers.

They are going to prove to humankind, first, that each and every soul lives more than once on earth and has to stand up against, and suffer for, the inequities of man done unto man; second, that the Salvation Doctrine has been grossly misconceived and that man dictates his own Salvation, according as he rectifies previous life errors and makes restitution in kind for evil acts performed against others in previous careers.

The world will not "take this" now, but it is going to be forced to take it as interstellar event demonstrates it. How, and in what manner, mankind receives it is due to be the Problem Number One in human relationships in the months and years immediately ahead. We get this not only by ESP communication but by testimony of those on the Higher Side who rematerialize under earthly conditions and expound it by word of mouth.

Humankind is going to be forced to take due cognizance of the Fact of Reincarnation in the months and years immediately ahead, and there is to be no immunity for the doubting or doubtful.

THIS is going to work a tremendous transfiguration in man's thinking as it penetrates down to the Plowman on the Hilltop. Man is going to see himself in a totally altered position amid earth's scimmages and pitfalls. When the Plowman on the Hilltop looks down on his acres and his homestead and thinks to himself: "I am here regarding this as a Soul-Unit of Cosmos, supposed to get a definite increment out of my sojourn amid these surroundings," he is due to take an altered psychology toward the political and economic problems of his world.

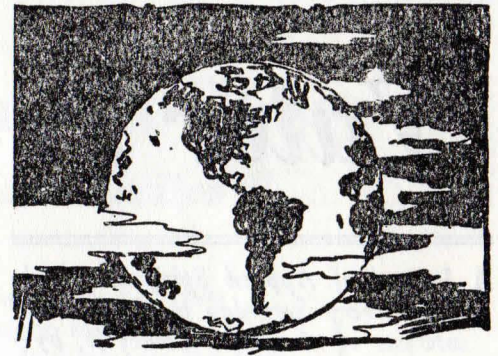
That Russia is coming over to the United States in the item of global planes and blowing the United States into debris in order that Communism may be triumphant throughout the world, is remote and absurd. No highly evolved spirits confirm it.

But that denizens of other planets in Outer Space are entering into modern man's world and bringing home to him a sense of his limitation and cosmic stupidities, is as certain as the fact that day follows sunup. The churches are not going to be able to combat this positive evidence that the After-life is not what theology has claimed for it. And with a revolution of sacred fundamentals occurring in Theology, the Plowman on the Hilltop is going to be forced to alter his concepts completely respecting the scene below him that he is regarding.

In fact, churches as we know them today, being distributing cells for the advocacy of the Vicarious Atonement ideology, are due to pass away utterly. The concept of "God the Father and of Jesus Christ His only begotten son" is due to become enhanced. It is to be Theology and not Religion that is slated for the *coup de grace*.

THE PLOWMAN on the Hilltop has entered into mortality and become a plowman in order to learn given lessons in Limitation, that he may the better appreciate Delimitation and utter spiritual freedom when he graduates from his body. His plowing is merely incidental to the Greater Business being enacted.

It is the business of getting these Greater Truths into the Plowman's consciousness that is paramount. Nuclear Fission is a revelation of mightier forces at work in the Omniverse than mankind has hitherto dreamed. The arrival here this coming summer of Spacemen in prodigious numbers of their interstellar craft is due to cause a revolution and regeneration in man's concept of the old Hebraic provincialisms respecting God and the universe. As for the readjustments on their way in, for the more equitable distribution of the earth's wealth, those are to be determined largely by the disclosures of the first two phenomena.



But they are all on the cards to happen!

This is not going to be a pleasant choice of mankind, whether he cares to espouse these great fundamentals or not. He is due to be compelled by circumstance to espouse them. And this is due to bring in a New Heaven and a New Earth.

Wait and watch it happen . . . for the first time in his earthly career, man is face to face with conditions and situations where election of belief is a travesty.

God is going to show man precisely what the Cosmic Conditions are, to which he is supposed to subscribe or plunge into everlasting darkness and nonentity.

So out with theological theorists!

This is an age that is ordained to deal with FACTS! . . .

Pain and Tragedy

(Continued from Page 6)

A PROFESSOR in a college was secretly loved by a woman pupil. She sought to attract his interest in the conventional feminine manner. He was too interested in his work to take time out for romance. One day it was reported to him that the woman had suffered a "breakdown," was confined at home, and running a dangerous temperature. He must hasten at once to her bedside, said a message.

"Fiddle-faddle!" he snapped.

"But she truly *is* running a temperature," the doctor conformed.

"Let her run it," retorted the first, "till she breaks your thermometer. If there's one thing I can't tolerate, it's a Sick Woman. Tell her to stop her play-acting and come back to class!"

The doctor reported this conversation verbatim.

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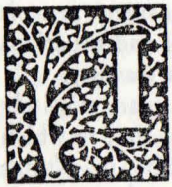


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Confirmations



IT'S one thing to talk grandiosely about one's psychical talents and declare that one converses with those graduated from physical bodies onto higher octaves of consciousness. Always there remains the annoying suspicion of doubt, that such claimant is really "imagining" it, or pulling up the reputed intelligence from the depths of subconscious mind. It's another thing to have it proved.

But how can such phenomena be proved?

Let's say this thing happens—

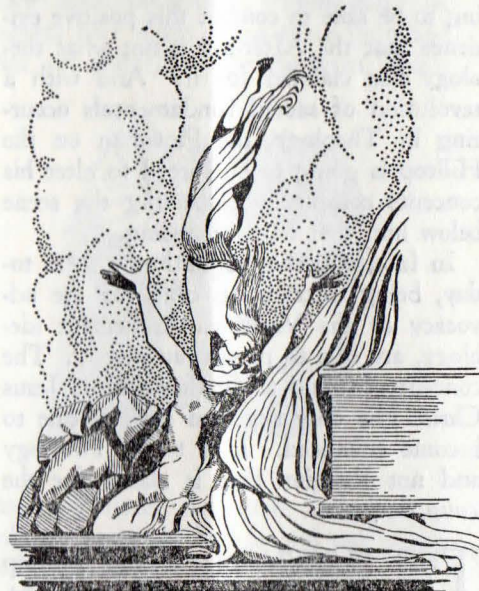
One is engaged on a magazine article at one's typewriter late at night, any night. The premises are silent, excepting for the nibble of a vagrant mouse somewhere in a wainscoting. Suddenly in pause for cogitation, one hears his name spoken—a sort of mystical whisper close above one's ear. Responding with a "Yes?—*who's speaking?*?" suppose a series of statements begin to be spoken, imparting information about some subject that by no stretch of happenstance could possibly lie entrapped in one's subconscious. Some technical subject, for instance, on which one has never had enlightenment. Or the pattern of events to come in early future.

Suppose, frantic not to miss what is being stated, one swiftly slips fresh paper in his typewriter and transcribes the words—not one sentence or one para-

graph or even one page. Suppose a dozen pages are thus dictated. Suppose one puts the question as to who is speaking? Suppose the name of some past celebrity be given. Or suppose it's merely some former acquaintance whose funeral one may have attended in earlier seasons.

Imagination? Subconscious? Of course it *could* be either.

But what is to be said if days or weeks later one holds a materializing seance in that same room, where one dictates every condition and fraud is impossible because the medium is not only above reproach for honesty and integrity but there cannot be misrepresentations or fabrications within the privacies of one's own domicile.



Suppose in ample ruby light, before one's entirely wide awake vision, the celebrity or the erstwhile associate *materializes*—stands before one in every aspect of remembered contour, stature and countenance, and speaks in familiar voice that the world had assumed is long since hushed. Suppose entirely reputable relatives or friends are present to witness the phenomena and corroborate every detail of personality and voice, having known the materialized one in life themselves.

Suppose, from the long "dead" friend three feet from one, the same familiar voice—audible enough to be picked up and recorded on electronic tape by a microphone alive on a nearby table—*starts conversing about the clairaudient intercourse of the recent evening when the premises were silent excepting for that mouse.*

Suppose the converse in the seance concerns corrections in the transcript where the writer "heard" incorrectly, or where it is necessary to expound points that had been dictated to the typewriter-record in a hurried or inadequate manner.

If the transcript itself had never been shown to anyone, and the medium or any person present but oneself had ever been aware of the clairaudient dictation, *might not such a set of occurrences logically and rationally "prove" the legitimacy of Clairaudience?*

Such is the consoling confirmation that the true clairaudient or psychic sensitive may experience.

IT HAS happened so many times in Noblesville, or in Asheville, or earlier in Washington or Manhattan, that it no longer raises comment.

Only the illiterate or the benighted believe that "dead men tell no tales," or that people who "hear" ghostly voices should have a couple of white-coated orderlies in attendance. Those who have majored in psychical research have encountered so many and such irrefutable truths of the survival and return of the human personality that Death itself—both as a word and as a fact—has to be dropped from the English vocabulary.

But one thing does trouble the researcher who has his head attached tightly—

What sort of an altered culture is to be effected when all mankind everywhere is as overwhelmingly convinced of Survival and Soul Return as the professional "mystic"?

And what becomes of the Orthodox Church? *What becomes, in fact, of the entire Christian dogma?*

Who is able to refute or to answer it?

Soulcraft's Fisher



GEORGE B. FISHER was a Canadian, born in a large family of brothers and sisters in Toronto in the late Eighties. Equipped with a mediocre education from the Toronto public schools, he left home in his teens. He traveled down to New York. He got a job in a firm making ladies' tissue dress patterns. Reaching his majority, he became a naturalized American. Just before World War I,

he connected with the *Woman's Home Companion*—published by The Crowell Publishing Company—that likewise published *The American Magazine* and later *Collier's*. Evolving a patented improvement in dress-pattern designing, he sold it to *The Companion* on a royalty basis and began making a fortune.

Crossing to France with the American Forces when the United States entered European hostilities, he became one of the editors of the tank corps newspaper, *Treat 'Em Rough*, published in Paris. But George had early access to psychical talents of which his associates knew nothing, and that later would bring him into Soulcraft. His buddies discovered he could foretell imminent events connected with hostilities with such uncanny accuracy that they gave up wagering with him, because of his winning so much of their money. George always smiled quietly and spent the winnings on fancy parties for the Crowd.

Returning to Manhattan in the Twenties, he resumed work for Crowell. Never marrying, he was well-nigh a millionaire when the famous Crash of 1929 happened in Wall Street. Then one afternoon in 1937 he showed up at *Liberation Headquarters* in Asheville, N. C. He'd procured some of the esoteric Pink Scripts of the League for the Liberation and wanted to make the acquaintance of the man who'd recorded them.

By 1940, *Liberation* had become Soulcraft. George resigned his directorship with Crowell to devote the rest of his life and all his resources to helping spread the metaphysical enlightenment contained in the Soulcraft books. It was due to his financial generosity that the Soulcraft publishing facilities were ultimately moved up to Indiana. Closer and closer grew the bonds between him and the Recorder of *The Golden Scripts*, until each carried pocket keys to the other's home—one in Darien, Connecticut, and the other in Indianapolis—and used them as their own.

Never in their twelve-year association did the Recorder go to Fisher for help in financing either his enterprises or his litigation costs, that he met with refusal.

Then of a midwinter afternoon in 1949, George started across the Main Street of Darien, from a line of parked cars. A speeding motorist veered in time to avoid striking him, but a heart attack resulted

that ended his mortal career at midnight that night. Services were held. A large crowd attended his funeral and saw him waxen in his casket. He was ceremoniously interred.

YET at a quarter to ten o'clock of the evening of October 14th last, George B. Fisher, replete in every detail of personality and voice, stood recreated in the center of *The Recorder's studio* in *Noblesville*. Before a group of a dozen Headquarters people who had known him in flesh, he conversed for 20 to 30 minutes on his former camaraderie with The Recorder, on his experiences in making the Passing, on the present status of the Soulcraft work after his association with it, but more than all else, what he'd found out concerning events to occur on

this earth-plane in the next few months and years. Already at a similar occasion earlier, he'd affirmed the absolute authenticity of the origin of *The Golden Scripts*.

"Chief," said he, in voice unmistakably his own, even to his inimitable chuckle amidst Canadian accents, "there's a Message coming down shortly which mankind must know. It's about the Flying Saucers . . . or rather, the true nature and purpose of these Flying Saucers for they're called by another name . . ."

He knew now, he said, why he'd had to make the Passing when he did, after such long and intimate companionship with the Recorder. It had been that he might serve in precisely his present capacity on The Bridge between the Worlds, transferring down intelligence that Soulcraft and VALOR might pass out to Amer-

The Soulcraft Way

by Winchester MacDowell



MAY I give friendliness and cheer
To everyone who enters here,
If I find words that cheer and bless,
Some kindly thought to lighten stress,
For any, all who call on me,
Then they and I will happy be.

Bless him who calls on me today;
Oh, let no stranger pass this way,
Without a flash of cheer from me
However hurried I may be;
A heart'ning glance, a swift-winged prayer,
A cheering word, that he may wear
Upon his heart a brief glad while,
To help him win his next hard mile.

For friend, or foe who enters here,
May I reserve a blessing dear;
Bid him to rest a lovely while
Beside my hearthfire's ruddy smile;
When evening's happy sands run low
Let friendship's kindest candles glow,
Thus speeding on a gladder way
The one who rings my bell today.

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

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Soulcraft Chapels

icans during the time of the so-called Great Speaking.

And what was the *real* significance of the Saucers in our stratosphere? . . . The Recorder is not at liberty to tell all he knows, *but one may readily infer that the time is close, very close, when Orthodox Theology must stand mute, exposed, and disillusioned in the face of the real facts about Death and the Higher Life.*

The doctrine of the Salvation which ideology and the church expounds so authoritatively is due for its great collapse and regeneration at the hands of Flying Saucers and Space Ship mechanics.

The Saucers are really the advance phenomena of the Second Coming of Christ!

Almost within a time-limit that is known, the churches of Christendom will have scarcely "a leg to stand on." Their "teaching" about the Afterlife and the Vicarious Atonement is to stand exposed as manifest and titanic error and mis-interpretation.

What are they to do?

How are they to rationalize the vast juggernaut of wholly allegorical dogma that they have recalled over earth's benighted millions for so long as "pure and undefiled religion"?

Well, Soulcraft's beloved George Fisher isn't the only one who is saying the same and making similar speculation.

If sobeit the "dead" come back to the earth-plane in prodigious numbers, proving they have not met with the Judgment Sequence that Churchianity has proclaimed so long, but that REINCARNATION is the sole and strict criterion of mortal destiny, how shall they ever recover from the travesty of past error?

WE ARE living in an interim-period just now. The crashing, scintillating Dawn of the Golden Times is just around the corner of the years and even the months. Saucers in unprecedented numbers will be witnessed in the summer that lies ahead—and each has its significance.

It is one thing to hatch this sort of anticipation in the desire-wish thinkings of the Subconscious. It is quite another to have the Program uttered clairvoyantly, then such a sterling Christian and proven friend as Fisher stand forth in revitalized and immortal body and utter words heard and recognized by a dozen who had known him in the flesh, and be living testimony

to the fallacy of the hypothesis proclaimed by Theology.

Someday when the Soulcraft Saga shall have run its purpose, its books of transcripts may be opened. The public may learn what the *real* knowledge was, that The Recorder carried in head and heart for a time of years that numbered over a score.

These are the *true* and *arrived* Christians thus making themselves vocal behind the writings of Soulcraft. And the truth behind the farce and travesty of The Recorder's persecution by subversives as well will duly be disclosed from the Great Akashic records.

That truth is coming out eventually, and the world is due to turn over in a mighty convulsion of spiritual awakening that must *be* an awakening. We're all of us too close to it now to grasp its mighty significance. But does it matter?

There IS a God. There IS a Christ. There IS a Plan of Salvation that even in these hours of atom-bomb experiments, Berlin conferences, and Flying Saucers, IS working out in inescapable denouement. But it's not the Plan of Salvation that the theologian proselytes.

When VALOR says to Soulcrafters, "Lift up your heads and know a great joy, for your deliverance draweth nigh!" it isn't the idealistic vaporings of anyone's subconscious.

VALOR has PROOFS!

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

phones directly to the mike on the recorder and kept it there until 8:57 a. m.

"The rest of the morning, I heard no more voices over the head-set. At my first opportunity, I played back the tape that I had made . . . AND I GOT THE WHOLE THING! But, a half hour later when I went to play it again . . . *only my voice was heard!* The other voice simply didn't come through . . . and get this: *Neither did the music!*

"Now . . . before I left the studio at 1:30 p. m., I made a tape of a commentary on world events to be played over the air at 3:00 p. m. It's a fifteen-minute commentary, mostly features that come over the AP teletype, which I edit and announce. On this tape, I talked for about five minutes on world affairs and

then I related my experiences of that morning with the voices . . . this took up the next three minutes . . . then I finished it with Washington news!

"After making this tape, I took it to our auditioning studio and played it back for a check . . . and *it was all there!* However, and get this . . . when the tape came on the air at Three p. m., my own voice came out with the world affairs . . . then there were about *three minutes of absolute silence* . . . followed with my Wash-ton news! The rest of the gang saved that tape for me and I played it again this morning . . . it was COMPLETE excepting for my full account of Sunday morning's experience with the voices . . . three minutes, twenty seconds of *total silence* in the middle of that tape!

"At first, I thought it might be some electronic fluke, that I was maybe picking up some 'ham' or something . . . but after that series of strange happenings, I am of the firm belief that it was no 'ham' . . . nor was it coincidence! What do you think it was, old boy?"



I WILL answer my good friend right here and now. This young man has been very interested in the "saucer" phenomena. He and his wife, only a few months ago, were "social climbers" . . . they thought the main goal in life was to own a Cad, a diamond big as an ice-cube, and eat caviar and hob-nob with the "best people". Lately, they have changed their minds . . . they realize that to help their fellowman means more than those material items. They have earnestly desired to have contact in some way with our space friends! So the answer to my friend's question is obvious!

I have heard that people have contacted through car radios, FM-radios, "ham" sets, and, of course, by ESP. And you can be contacted by *visual* observation of space craft! Space friends once said to us: "Show us when you are ready to venture!" So, show them when YOU ARE READY TO VENTURE . . . and let us know of your experiences so we may tell others!

Pain and Tragedy

(Continued from Page 7)

The woman was so "mad" that she turned up in class next morning quite normal.

Question: If her internal pollywogs had been responsible, what became of them when she thus learned that her professor despised her?

The item of Pain, is quite something else. Pain as a word comes from the Greek, down through the Latin, and means—something you'd never guess!—a fine. The Greek spelling of it is "poine" and the Latin, "poena." The word Penalty likewise comes directly from it.

Of course, defining Greek and Latin words is a silly and superfluous business when one's toothache is making his jaw look like a cabbage, or when one has a disturbance in the abdominal parts that feels like a major explosion about to detonate. Nevertheless, the meaning of the term is pat.

Pain is what we receive in the nature of a fine, or penalty, when a bashing has come to a physical member, or when Mind has let the tempo of the body get so wild that the physical engine has gone out of control.

It is the piston-rod that comes through the physical crankcase when too high speed within causes the motor parts to "let go" and something in the nature of the ambulance-towcar is urgently desired for a mechanism decidedly dud.

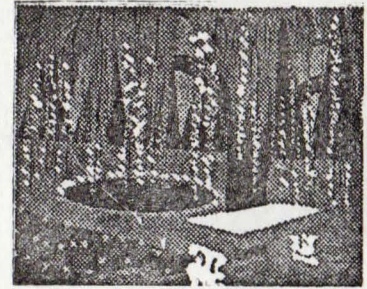
But here is the strange part about Pain. It rarely comes from the injury itself.

It comes from the immediate conflict which Mind sets up, protesting the fact that the mechanism has not disclosed more stamina.

Pain hurts because Mind fights it.

The Christian Scientist says there is no such thing, and the Christian Scientist—or Mrs. Eddy—is and was uncannily correct. Stop fighting Pain, and the agony diminishes. But Mrs. Eddy never said anywhere that there is no such thing as antagonism, conflict, contest, between Mind and Mind's enhousement. If she did, then she is guilty of a paradox in her own teaching, because if Mind had no conflict with its enhousement, then there could be no possible need or excuse for the cult called Christian Scientists.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



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YOU should begin your study of the whole Soulcraft philosophy with the reading of this epic and understand what happened that began the recording of the monumental Scripts. Nearly three million people have read this narrative since it was first published in 1929. It marked the beginning of an era in new Spiritual Acceptances . . .

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



COGITATIONS

THE MAIL came in Thursday morning last, and the mail-clerk dumped a heavyweight manila envelope on my desk. Seeing that it held the corner return-card of the New Age Publishing Company, Los Angeles—which meant my good friends Dorothy and Franklin Thomas—I opened it at once. I removed a bound brochure about $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of an inch thick, done in a lavender paper cover, across the front of which were the words in script: *The Saucers Speak*. A byline announced, by George H. Williamson and Alfred G. Bailey. Added was this explanation: *A Documentary Report of Interstellar Communication by Radio Telegraphy*. I riffled its pages with my thumb—127 of them. For one awful moment I wondered if I'd committed one of the supreme blunders of my career? Not by opening the envelope and subtracting *The Saucers Speak*, I don't mean, but by not giving Franklin and "Ric" Williamson more personal cooperation in issuing this volume. Here in my hands was one of the mightiest books ever brought out in print since Newton's *Principia*. Let me tell you about its genesis in a great many words . . .

o—o

HE stepped off a stratoliner on Weir-Cook Field, Indianapolis, the afternoon of November 20th, 1953, the lad who'd written this book. I'd had some earlier correspondence with him about his adventure with George Adamski at meeting the Venus man in the Arizona desert exactly one year before. I shook his hand and my jaw went agog. He was the "spittin' image" of my own flesh-and-blood son William, only three or four inches shorter than Bill. But never had I seen a resemblance so startling—excepting in a pair of twin girls I had working for me down in Asheville, N. C. in 1933, whose names I had to ask before I addressed

them, not being able to tell them apart. His face was the same, his voice and mannerisms the same. Could it be possible two lads could so resemble one another? And what was its significance? . . . I drove him out to the plant in Noblesville. And during the rest of the afternoon and evening, George Hunt Williamson regaled me with explicit descriptions of what actually had happened in the famous Adamski-Venusman's contact. He'd not only wit-



George Hunt Williamson

nessed the landing of the Saucer a few hundred feet away but later taken plaster casts of the Venus man's footprints in mushy desert sand. However, the story he related about his relations with Adamski weren't one-two-three with what he presently began recounting of his actual contact with the Space Ships before and since *by short-wave radio!* It had all started as a pranked at a house party, he'd informed me. He and his wife had been visiting friends named Bailey over on the east side of the State and started jesting about ouiji board messages. Forthwith

they'd constructed a homemade ouiji and tried to get communication. They'd gotten it with a WHAM! Ric, as he told me his intimates called him, was instructed to abandon the ouiji board instrument and hie himself to a short-wave transmitter. "They" had intelligence to impart to him by international Morse code, they said. He'd gone back home to Prescott and looked up a "ham" operator, submitting to him the signals and call-letters that had come over the ouiji. Take it or leave it, within a matter of minutes signals and messages were snapping down from two gigantic Venus Mother-Ships hovering overhead, of so implicit a tenor that there was no mistaking their source. They were even referring—through the ham-operator, mind you—to what had been spoken over ouiji in Williams, Arizona, a few days before . . .

o—o

RIC stayed three days with me, and related his tale to a group of affluent men I called from Boston and Chicago to listen. He sketched for us the graduated steps of the contact and all that came from it, not omitting instructions to proceed to Palomar, contact George Adamski, and go with him to a forthcoming desert contact with the Space Men on the approaching 20th of November. He'd driven to Palomar with his friends the Baileys, met Adamski, found him amenable to taking the Arizona party along, and gone with it. He'd seen the Mother Ship, and the Saucer bearing its interplanetary visitor with his own eyes. Later he'd gotten additional messages over the short wave about the adventure in question. He'd been in personal telegraphic contact with Venus and Martian people for a matter of 14 months in fact, and embodied the whole log of his transcripts in a book he'd written called *The Saucers Speak*. Where was the manuscript? He'd turned it over to Dorothy and Franklin Thomas of the New Age Publishing Company in Los Angeles. Remember, Adamski's book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, had not

then become a best-seller in the nation and the world. I listened to "Ric's" whole recital, made a tentative arrangement with him to speak at the forthcoming Cleveland Soulcraft convention, and eventually put him back on the Prescott airplane. Then I wired Franklin to get aboard an eastern plane and come talk to me about the whole thing—bringing the proofs of the manuscript with him. Franklin responded electrically . . .

o—o

I SPENT half the night after Franklin Thomas' arrival, reading the entire Morse International Code log of Williamson's contacts with the Space Men. I read it in bed. At 3 in the morning I finished the last page, reached for my detestable pipe—which most metaphysicians in the Movement deplore that I smoke—and lighted it. Uh-huh, in bed! And I considered what I faced . . . and the whole human race faced. What were any publishers' moral obligations in such a situation? Was it "policy" for the human race to be told what the Space Men had so communicated to young Williamson? Granting the previous Administration in 1942 had pronounced me the nation's prize S.O.B. and "put me away" so that I wouldn't stand the government on its head, I still didn't see an uncensored story of these space contacts and their predictings going out to the nation indiscriminately. There had to be a mighty job of editing done on these transcripts. And the material ought to be "shaped up" in the more professional literary pattern. I faced Thomas with it when he came over from the local hotel at 8 a. m. Unqualifiedly he agreed with me, but he was up against problems in publishing, including filling of orders at an early date which had long since been received. What to do about the whole quandary, Williamson and Bailey not being present to confer with us on it? Here was quite as big and vital a book as ever Adamski and Leslie had done, I knew from my personal correspondence that had gone on with Adamski. We talked about a combination publishing deal as between New Age and Soulcraft, and Franklin jotted down all my suggestions for reconstruction of the story. He departed for Los Angeles late that afternoon, promising to interrupt his plane flight at Prescott to confer with Williamson and discuss my suggestions . . .

I'LL NOT go into the contents of the phone conversations over long-distance the next three days, strictly the business of the parties concerned. But they ultimately sugared off in a still closer understanding between Williamson and myself. He was not arbitrarily averse to some of the major alterations I wished to see made, but there remained Franklin Thomas' predicament of getting the book out in some shape as early as possible in order to clear with advance purchasers of the volume. At length, we compromised all around on The New Age Publishing Company bringing out a paper-covered edition that omitted nothing of the main content of the story, with the idea that later—when Rick had transferred his interests to Noblesville—a more detailed, explicit, and pretentious clothbound should be issued that Soulcraft as well could make one of its main items of merchandise, replete with illustrations and art work. But this present afternoon, reading the text in this paper-covered edition, I have been entirely gratified to see that most of the offending material has been eliminated and a truly fine book has been produced, though physically it deserves a more pretentious format. This may be remedied in subsequent editions when Ric is here at my elbow, and the linotype keyboard only a few steps away, to shape up the topography so that a general sales campaign can be undertaken, placing it in all the nation's bookstores . . . Meantime, I'd called off the Cleveland Soulcraft Convention until Ric's book had become available in connection with his public addresses—and for other reasons I won't detail here.

o—o

SOULCRAFTERS, here is a *mighty* little volume, and I mean *mighty*. Franklin did the best he could with it, and all my sympathies are with him and Dorothy. They wanted, and deserved, the utmost assistance they could obtain, in issuing *The Saucers Speak* in the face of the tremendous materialistic skepticism that maintains throughout America in respect to such sky wonders. But at least it's in type. The two books—Williamson's and Adamski's—make a tandem, and should be read together. Ric's due here at Headquarters this coming week, and we'll iron out future publishings in concert. But here is the obviously truthful story of a young anthropologist who



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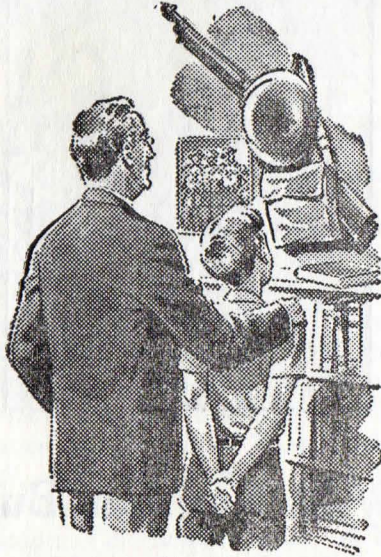
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has been for a year to 14 months in nightly communication with the much-contested Flying Saucer operators, receiving from them a full log of all the events presently to happen upon this earth-ball. Not one page of fragmentary communications, but pages and pages of the fullest prophetic and explanatory transcripts, received by Morse International Code. Franklin and Dorothy, with their limited publishing facilities and bearing in mind the contemporary literature on the same subject, have put a rather poignant price of \$2 the copy on this first paper-covered edition. It would have been cheap at \$25 the copy or even \$100, considering the significance of the information imparted. Of course, you may not see the matter through my eyes at all, and declare when you get and read your copy that the manifest purpose has been served. But anyone reading the log of communications from the Space Ship brethren, coupled with all the confirmatory data that is most mystically centering upon Noblesville, cannot fail to grasp that here indeed is the Story of the Century—manifest communication with denizens of other worlds—told in a manner that obviates doubt of legitimacy because of the experiences which the receivers encountered in recording.

o—o

I INTEND to have much more to say about *The Saucers Speak* in forthcoming issues of VALOR after Ric gets here and joins the staff. But you're doing yourself a disservice if you don't remit a \$2 bill or a money order or cheque to The New Age Publishing Company, 1542 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles 26, California, getting your copy of this advance edition and reading every word it holds. And don't address your remittance envelope to Glendale, California, as some Soulcrafters have done. It's Los Angeles, not Glendale. Get your copy and read it religiously, every word from cover to cover. Then you'll be familiar with the contents I mean to comment upon, as the weeks of spring go onward into this most momentous of summers. What I'm really trying to say is, that *The Saucers Speak* deserves a durable and de luxe printing befitting the material within it, issued in a format that it's available in all bookstores. I think worlds of camaraderie toward Franklin and his devoted wife Dorothy, and even

they should be getting a better break on the whole thing as a project. Well, maybe the situation can still be retrieved and *The Saucers Speak* put on the front pages of the nation's press. Right now, you buy the book and apprise yourself of what's in it. Perchance then you'll realize why I seem to be so exercised . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Russian Planes

(Continued from Page 3)

bia, or Japan. Round trip missions from Turkey for example would need to fly only 6,500 miles—and American B-36s and other giant bombers have a range of over 10,000 miles. The entire area of Soviet Russia, both European and Asiatic, could be pulverized by such concentrated aerial missions in a matter of hours—and no calls for refuelings.

But what if the Russian assault came directly from Europe and elected to exterminate Manhattan and the American industrial Northeast?

In the first place, Russia would not dare strike against the industrial Northeast until it had a fleet of intercontinental bombers with a range of at least 8,000 miles without refueling.

As for seapower, the Soviet submarine force consists of some 300 vessels, of no great deep-sea experience, with only 60 that are long-distance craft.

The Russian TUs, even taken as the latest thing in titanic aircraft, would be sitting ducks for America's latest jet-fighters, moving at well-nigh the speed of sound. Granted, in such a suicidal attempt, the Kremlin autocrats decided to vent their rage on such a metropolis as New York, it is doubtful if more than a half-dozen ships, if that many, would ever get home alive. But all inhibitions on bombing Russia would be off. And what a holiday for American airmen! . . . they could move in from half a dozen countries adjacent to European Russia in a brief half-hour and exterminate this international pesthouse between breakfast and luncheon.

THE AUGUST wits in the Kremlin, of course, know these facts, and their only recourse in the face of such overwhelming odds is to continue the Cold War practices against civilization, hoping

against hope that their own nuisance value drives the American economy to go bankrupt in preparing against their "scars". But that again is too far-fetched to be a rational happening . . .

If Russia continues to build TU-4 bombers unrelentingly for the coming three to four years, it is possible that she may be in a position to assail prime American cities with paralyzing atom bombs by 1960 or thereabout. But America's own strides in protective ordnance in the meantime should be taken into account. The interesting question raises its head as to whether or not Russia can last economically until 1960 . . .

Meanwhile, she serves as an excellent *causis belli* for the pursuance of greater protective measures by the American military. By 1960, planes driven by whirling propellers—as the TU-4s are—may be as obsolete as the dodo.

There is no way for Russia to win in this international air armament race, lacking the know-how and mechanistic initiative and coordination that is the free American heritage.

The very bombing of such a great American metropolis as Manhattan, for instance, would be the signal for American aircraft in the European area to concentrate on those assault ships trying to return to their bases. Not a one would presumably get back alive, envisioning the forces arrayed against them over the eastern Atlantic.

Whatever the rulers of the Kremlin may be otherwise, they are not fools in the current military sense. They have proven it by the manner in which they have "held their fire" in previous crucial circumstances since the end of World War II. They only go in for those military exploits that are what the average American terms "a sure thing" . . .

There is nothing to be gained by a wholesale mass bombing of American cities East or West but a quick converging of the forces of retaliation, against which the Kremlin has no second line of defense.

The very realities of the situation dictate that nothing of that nature is on the cards . . .



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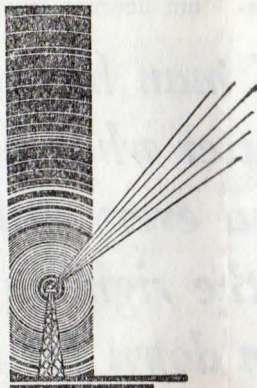
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A f t e r t h o u g h t



WE NEED a new word to describe the capabilities of the thinking spirit operating in or out of the body—or both. Somewhere back over the years, when it seemed apparent that man's soul was by no means what dogmatic religion claimed it was, and that it could perform feats and exercise functions of which Theology took no note, somebody when making academic reference to such performance and functions, used the term Psyche. Psyche was the Greek word for Spirit or soul; in fact a man's psyche "was" his soul, considered as distinct from his physical body. Consequently when this soul began to demonstrate itself as independent, and exhibit capabilities unto itself with which the physical body apparently had nothing to do, these academicians forthwith set it down that such person was "psychic" . . . Today, so clumsy and careless have we grown in the employment of this word, that to say of a given person that he or she is psychic, may make reference to his super-physical traits as a clairvoyant, or clairaudient, or psychometrist, or vacating trance-medium, or bilocation projectionist or plain mental telepathist. Like most Greek terms, however, besides being vague and inappropriate, it is coldly technical and lacks what the dramatist calls "emotional color." "Spirit" or "spiritism" is another word like it—technical, dispassionate—having reference to practices as terrifyingly uncanny as they can be fraudulent. We need a new term to describe the capabilities of the thinking spirit operating within the body during incarnation, particularly as such performance concerns that spirit in its celestial relationships, obligations, and reactions. Psychics is inadequate. Instead of Psychics, I suggest the word *Soulcraft*.

OF COURSE, just as we have debased the term Psychics by improper applications up across the generations, so have we debased the word Craft. We got the word Craft in our language from the old Anglo-Saxon word "craeft" or "croft" meaning skill or ingenuity in any calling especially manual employment. When we speak today of arts and crafts in the academic sense, we are using the term correctly. However, as men of highly skilled trades appear to unskilled and illiterate people as being a bit necromantic, so humanity's job-lots have stigmatized the word Craft and used it to describe ingenuities approaching the diabolical—that is, cunning associated with ignoble motives. In the general sense the word Craft means an artful calling or training, or a person's ability to perform in a thorough and skillful manner. When we talk

about Soulcraft, therefore, and use the word in its legitimate sense, we are referring to the sentient spirit's facility in handling or displaying itself in pursuit of its thousand and one capabilities higher than the physical. Soulcraft, therefore, is the blanket term describing what man's spirit is able to accomplish as an entity unto itself whether it be occupying the body in a specific span of mortality or performing in any one of its series of Light Bodies between three-dimensional visitations. *It means the skill of the soul in progressing up the worlds!*

CHRISTIAN theology as we have come to know it or as we subscribe to it today, has encountered its most disastrous pitfall because it has arrogantly or unwittingly ignored Soulcraft from Christianity's very inception—at least in the documents to which we have access. Christian theology says that the soul came into existence as a result of a Midianite deity breathing the breath of life into Adam's newly-formed organism in the Garden of Eden, whereupon Adam came alive and in the ideology of his progeny has been alive ever since. But when this clay ceases to have animation, the quality or attribute which has animated it does not return by inhalation back into Jehovah's lungs from whence it issued. It seems to continue onward as a disembodied entity unto itself, to live in the semicomatose condition known as Sheol until the blast of the Trumpet of Doom on Great Judgment Day. Whereupon the Lord is expected to go into the business of "judging" the several trillion souls that have lived in the flesh since Eden was closed and a No Trespassing sign hung upon its gates. The inconsistency of the business lies in the fact that each and every one of those individual souls expected to receive individual attention from the Lord, the conclusion being that if He gave at least an hour to each one to examine his mortal record, He would play the role of magistrate for several million years by common arithmetic. The soul had no particular attributes or craft of its own, not according to bibliology. It was just pushed around on earth as well as in heaven or hell. When it came to be found out down in Egyptian and Greek times that souls of men and

EVERY man has the right to utter what he thinks, and every other man has the right to knock him down for it!

women who had "died" showed some sort of capability of function and that they proved their identities after vacating their bodies, Christianity put the whole thing down as paganism, even deviltry. Let's popularize this more humanized and understandable term of *Soulcraft*. It conveys the essence of everything that the soul can do, no matter in what status it discovers itself by reason of cosmic conditioning or evolutionary experience. It's a natural . . .