

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 1





Nuclear Fission May Write Finis to Trade- Union Complications

*Will Interstellar Visitors Disclose
How Similar Quandaries Were
Solved on Advanced Planets?*



CLOUD no bigger than a man's hand, but of major significance, is discussed in a minor editorial down in the corner of the morning paper. "The Coal Industry," it declares, "continues to find itself in trouble largely as the result of competition from what John L. Lewis calls "cheap labor fuels" like natural gas.

"During the first quarter of this year, output of soft coal amounted to 90,000,000 tons—which was 16 percent under the industry's worst recent year in the business, 1952. Mr. Lewis sees the answer to the industry problems in a "national fuels policy" which would somehow protect coal from the impact of economic forces in the interest of national security.

"The Governor of Indiana told the conference of sixteen coal-state governors Monday that imports of residual fuel oil were responsible last year for a drop of 33 million tons in coal production. If coal is unfairly suffering from lack of the same protection under our tariff laws given other industries, this certainly ought to be rectified.

"It seems to be a truism that where an industry possesses some inherent competitive weakness, it will cite its alleged vital role in national defense as argument for some form of government help or subsidy

—whether it be coal-digging or making jeweled watches.

"In coal, a major weakness is the heavy fixed cost of wages and welfare guarantees relative to competitive fuels. We have the paradox of a dramatic raise in pay rates and working conditions in an industry which, as a whole, faces an increasingly doubtful future partly because of these gains.

"From all indications we are now on the threshold of a major revolution in the utilization of cheap energy. The Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy has given a priority tag for action at this session on the revision of the Atomic Energy Act, bringing private industry into the atomic power field. A full-sized energy plant is now being built for the Atomic Energy Commission by Duquesne Light Company. And just a few days ago the resources of twenty-six industrial firms were pooled to build a model of an advanced nuclear power plant."

Cloud no bigger than a man's hand, indeed . . .

COAL is by no means the only industry whose economic affairs must move to a mounting climax from here on out as these days of nuclear fission develop. As VALOR mentioned in an article a few

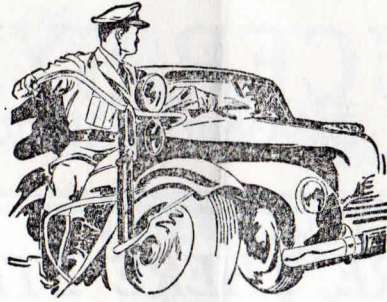
weeks ago, probably the outstanding alteration in productive methods comes in the field of synthetic fabrics, even synthetic foods. It is entirely possible and plausible for chemical laboratories to extract vital food vitamins from sea water and ozone—and in prodigious quantities, at a fraction of present food costs—as creative processes become perfected.

It is no fantastic dream to envision a time, not so far off as society might assume, when the troubles of the miner won't be an ace to the troubles of the farmer, herder, or timberman. Easier and easier, more and more stand the chance of being fed, clothed, housed, and warmed by fewer and fewer artisans.

The \$64 question therefore is: When a few mammoth chemical plants situated about the 48 States are able to supply food, fabrics, and common domestic accessories for millions, where are the pay envelopes coming from to support those citizens who have neither jobs nor resources? Already the nation has so many more workers than it has jobs to support them that the federal economy finds it strategic to keep 3,000,000 young men in uniform—strictly nonproducers—while several more nonproducers are supported by Social Security, Old Age Pensions and subsidies.

The whole economic drift is toward greater and greater machine production, employing less and less numbers of manual workers. And those who do find themselves employed, are taxed from a quarter to a third of their revenues to underwrite the livelihoods of those who live

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Mysterious Pitting of Windshield Glass Grows Worse All Over America



THE FBI has been brought into the great "mystery of the pockmarked windshields." FBI scientists have been asked to analyze "scrapings and materials" from affected auto glass. An FBI spokesman said, "We've already said we couldn't offer any conclusion than that the material appears to be wood ash."

Reports are coming in from widely separated places, including Canada and England. In Chicago, rear windows have been found honeycombed with cracks and chips. If one touches any part of the glass it falls apart in his hands. A few days ago over 400 windshields in downtown Columbus, Indiana were damaged. A mysterious, white ashlike substance even burned through car paint. Some of the glass pits were up to one-half inch in diameter.

A gas station attendant scraped off a tar-like substance from a car window, and discovered the material to be magnetic! On the evening of April 22nd, radio station WIND in Chicago reported that a strange blue mist had settled on a car, and while its occupants watched intently, the glass in the auto shattered to pieces. Square fractures had appeared first, then the shattering followed.

Another observer said the destruction to his windshield had taken place from the inside of his car. In other words, the pressure—if there were any—causing the destruction did not come from the outside of his vehicle. Some find a blue dust sediment imbedded in their glass after the shattering takes place. Some

By Geo. Hunt Williamson

have found a red dust. This has all been happening in England for over a year where many have seen weird, yellow flames strike their windshields.

The strange disorder has left a trail of broken glass and baffled scientists from Seattle to New York by way of Chicago and other midwestern cities. A southern Illinois driver reported his car windows cracked up before his eyes with a sound approximating that of a lively breakfast cereal. Another driver in a truck on his way out of Indianapolis, suddenly saw what appeared to be a large drop of water fall on his windshield. This one drop of water then proceeded to spread itself over the entire windshield! Before he could stop the truck and get out to examine this unusual drop, it had evaporated.

"It behaved like gasoline," said the driver. When he did examine the windshield he found many pits.

NO explanation has been offered in any state or country by scientists. However, the following list sums up present theories—

A group at the University of Washington has said that the most likely explanation of the windshield pockmarking is normal driving conditions in which small objects strike the glass of cars. Yet rear windows are involved as much, or more than, front windshields. It is unthinkable that anyone has been backing up at 70 miles an hour over long stretches of highway. And if it is caused by nor-

mal wear and tear, why has it waited until now to cause damage?

A representative of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, after examining pockmarked windshields in Mount Pleasant, Michigan, last week, pronounced they resulted from flying sand, gravel, cinders and other objects. But since then, scientists of the company's home laboratory at Creighton, Pennsylvania, have launched a more extensive investigation of samples from Seattle, Washington. No report is expected from the laboratory for a week.

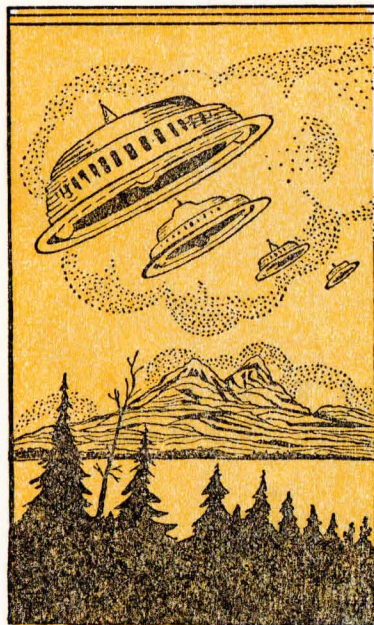
Ernest E. Johnson, general manager of an engineering laboratory at the General Electric plant at Schenectady, New York, says experiments have shown that a drop of resin allowed to stand on windshield glass overnight at room temperature could cause a pit in the glass. Resin particles are sometimes found in the atmosphere, particularly in industrial areas, and may condense and fall earthward as droplets, Johnson said.

When the Atomic Energy Commission was asked if the blame could be placed on radioactivity, they said: "The AEC has received no reports which would indicate that radioactivity is responsible for pitting of automobile windshields. There is no reason to believe that tradition has any connection with any such phenomenon." Their statement does not mean that radioactivity hasn't something to do with glass pitting. They claim radiation from the recent Pacific tests isn't dangerous . . . but others claim it is!

John Kro, Jr., research crystallographer of the Illinois Institute of Technol-
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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...



ARE THERE ETHERIC ARMIES?

The falling wreckage was scattered down thousands of feet.

AT THE time, officialdom tried to say that Mantell had met his death while chasing the planet Venus which *could* shine during daytime. When this planet is at its greatest brilliance, it is possible to see it during daylight . . . *but you have to know exactly where to look.*

On January 7, 1948, Venus was less than half at its peak performance. However, under exceptionally good atmospheric conditions and with the eye shielded from direct rays of the sun, Venus might be seen as an exceedingly *tiny* point of light. However, the chances of looking at just the right spot are slender. We must remember there were other pilots in the sky at the same time as Mantell, also saw this tremendous object. How could they have been looking at Venus if it were tiny as a pinhead and difficult to see?

Someone was desperate even to suggest such an idea, but there are astronomers and other "authorities" who still say Venus lured Mantell to his death!

THERE ARE other cases on record that tell almost the same story. One of these we mentioned in *The Saucers Speak*—about the pilot and his plane destroyed over Yuma, Arizona, during a Saucer "scare". But there wasn't any "scare". These aircraft were not shot down or destroyed intentionally. The Saucer people never destroy created life and they tell us that in this great corner of the Universe we are the *only* planet knowing war and bloodshed. Then what did happen to Mantell and the others?

Around each and every spacecraft is a Resonating Electro-Magnetic (RMF) fore-field. Nothing can enter that field without becoming disintegrated. We know that we can go to the moon by rocket power, but we will never go far beyond the moon, for our own RFM will keep us within our own field as though

we were subject to celestial quarantine regulations.

It is indeed a strange thing. . . We cannot get into outer space beyond our own satellite until we have discovered the secret of magnetic propulsion and we are not going to discover that until we progress to the place where we will live in Peace and Love with our fellowman.

Our scientists today, here and in other countries, are vainly striving to solve the problem of magnetic flight.

That never will do it until they understand and accept higher metaphysical concepts.

The Fourth Great Primary Force of Nature has never been utilized by modern man on earth. In the New Age on the New Earth it *will* be used, and this time is close at hand.

Some will say, "But if our Saucer friends know everything and are so intelligent how could they allow an accident to happen where human life were thus destroyed?" It is easy to answer. First of all, our Saucer friends do not know everything. They are not perfect. They are subject to error as well as ourselves . . . not as much error to be sure . . . but error, nonetheless. They are merely a step ahead of us in eternal progression. In the second place, no life can be *destroyed*.

The form may alter, but life itself is eternal.

DONALD KEYHOE, in his latest book, *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*, speaks of "red spray-bombs" and "green fireballs" that possibly may be guided missiles from outer space. This concept is wholly inconsistent with the facts.

The Saucers have been visiting us for centuries so why would they wait until the present to start their conquest of our small contaminated planet? Why did they not get the job over with when we

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WE FIND Saucers throughout recorded history and in legends and so-called myths down through the ages. Have these craft ever destroyed anyone?

Have they ever shown interest in our puny earth . . . interest that would lead to conquest? In all the information we can gather, we find only a neighborly curiosity on the part of Saucer intelligences. Of course, there are those who protest and point to the Mantell case.

Captain Thomas Mantell died mysteriously in the skies south of Fort Knox, Kentucky, January 7, 1948. He had sent a strange message over his radio to Godman Air Force Base. "Captain Mantell to Godman Tower. . . Have sighted the Thing. Looks metallic—and its tremendous in size!" In the tower below no one spoke. "The Thing's starting to climb." Mantell said next. "It's at twelve o'clock high, making half my speed. I'll try to close in."

In five minutes, the Captain reported again. The strange metallic object had speeded up, now making 360 or more. Other men in the sky reported they saw the object too, but Mantell had out-climbed them and was lost in cloud. Seven minutes later, another report came in from the Captain. "It's still above me, making my speed or better. Going up to twenty thousand feet. If I'm no closer, I'll abandon chase."

This was his last report. Several minutes later his fighter plane disintegrated with terrific force.



DO You Fear Death through Not Knowing the Meaning of Life? . .



A PLANETOID or a planet, any type of heavenly body anywhere in the universe, is merely a gigantic billiard ball suspended like Mohammed's Coffin in interstellar space. It cannot fall because there is nowhere for it to fall. It can collide with other planets as their mutual magnetism draws them together, but the distances between them are so gigantic that it very rarely happens.

An illustration often employed in these pages conveys a faint idea of what those distances are. If you designate an orange to represent the sun, then the earth would be represented by a pea forty feet away. The nearest star to the sun would be another orange, two miles distant!

Here then, rotating in free space—which is a way of designating limitless emptiness—are tens of thousands of such planet billiard-balls, from forty feet to two miles distant from each other.

Viewed from an abstract point off in space—granted they could be seen—they would be but a cluster of such balls rotating everlastingly in eternal void.

Looking at them, you could say: "So!—that assembly of little balls is all that there is to the universe! Actually it cannot even be located, because outside of it there is nothing but incomprehensible emptiness."

It is a queer thought to think: that being unable to locate our universe because there is nothing in eternal emptiness to locate BY, we truly do not know where it is—and that therefore, in a manner of speaking, it is actually nowhere!

As we draw closer to the cluster of planet billiard-balls, and even more in among them, we can locate the position of

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

one ball from the other. Furthermore, we discover ourselves surrounded by so many of them that our brains cannot grasp them and we begin to grow confused.

Fundamentally however, that is all the universe is: a cluster of suspended billiard-balls—and among them, or on them, Conscious Life operates.

THOSE planet billiard-balls are not composed of ivory, of course, but of different kinds of metal and stone. As to stone, the greater content of the planets seems to be common granite. Barring the fact that they are made of fused iron and granite, however, and that they seem to be enormous of size only because we are accustomed to think of our bodies as so small in comparison to them, they are still nothing but little spheres with smooth surfaces, each one surrounded by a little puff of steam which is a watery atmosphere.

Changes in the temperatures of these atmospheres due to the radiating heat of suns, produce winds. These winds erode the smooth iron-granite surfaces of these billiard-balls and powderize them. This powderized iron and granite falls back or comes to rest upon the surface of the balls

when the winds have produced it and is identified as soil. In this soil, vegetation sprouts and trims the barren surface of each ball—so that its actual barrenness is screened. This vegetation multiplies into forests, jungles, morasses. All of these are but decorations and festoons which hide the fact that the planet is nevertheless, a smooth billiard-ball, forever rotating in eternal emptiness.

If we could halt ourselves off in that eternal emptiness and view this cluster of rotating balls, we would doubtless exclaim: "So that's the universe over which the creatures within it make such a pother! Just a cluster of free-moving balls, going nowhere because there is nowhere to go—except the course of their circular orbits! What a business to get excited about! If a boy took a great handful of marbles from his pocket, and tossed them high in the air, and conditions were such that they did not fall to the ground but stayed in the air forever, we should have the whole universe on a minute scale."

Grasping this picture of the universe, and wondering why anybody should get particularly excited about it, seeing that it exists "nowhere" that is capable of being located excepting by the spherical units composing it, we turn to another concept. . .

CONSIDERING the size or iron-granite bulk of any one of the billiard-balls, Man is an infinitesimal upright-walking insect who confines himself to the surface of one of the balls known as Earth.

The sun has made temperatures, and the temperatures have made winds, and the winds have made erosions, and the erosions have made soil; and the soil has permitted vegetation to grow and festoon the surface of the billiard-ball known as Earth so that the human minutiae upon

it forget in their scurrying to and fro that they are confined nevertheless to the surface of a ball rotating eternally in emptiness.

The strange part of all this human minutiae is that each one is so wrapped up and concerned in his own personal experiences, as he scurries in and out amid the vegetation-festoons and breeds this and that antagonism with the microscopic creatures like him, that he really doesn't care that he is playing his role upon a rotating ball in eternal emptiness.

Truly, his own consciousness—or sense of being alive and performing—is everything to him. Even his condition in eternal emptiness is secondary in importance to this sense of being alive, self-motivating, and organically performing.

He does not know generally, that this sense of self-realization is something that doesn't perish, no matter what happens to the instrument by which he gets his effects. If one instrument is smashed, or becomes worn out, this sense of self-realization moves out of it and awaits its chance to get into another instrumentality as it is produced by copulation of the male and female of his species.

It is a condition of his sense of self-realization, that he must consider his career in the one instrument, or the organism he utilizes at the moment of such consideration, as the only career that he will ever know. This makes for a desperate sincerity in pursuing the career in the current instrument.

IF IT were generally known and accredited that self-realization is perpetual and nonextinguishable, the consciousness might become indolent or lethargic and say, "Why try to exert myself for perpetuation of my species, advancement of moral principle, or social improvement? As I live forever, anyhow, and have selection of tens of thousands of instruments and organisms in future, self-effort in any one of them—to approximate the condition known as Personal Achievement—is an expensive silliness." So it is presumed that one span of consciousness, in one organism, is all that is to be allotted, and therefore the "human" spirit is galvanized to make the most of it.

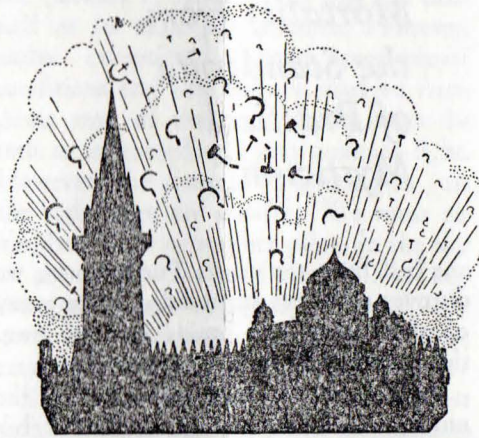
Therefore, generation upon generation, age upon age, æon upon æon, these human minutiae experience all the geographical and social predicaments that

the planet billiard ball is capable of presenting.

The day comes when this functioning of Consciousness, or self-realization, alters. . .

Scurrying hither and yon on the surface of an endlessly-rotating billiard ball suspended in emptiness, is perceived for what it is.

"I've gained all the self-realization adroitness that it is possible for me to gain as a creature of environment," it decides—meaning a self-motivating Thing meeting objectively with adventures on the billiard ball's outer-surface, furnished, equipped, and festooned with an infinite variety of insensate or material objects. "In the next octave of my self-performance, I'm going to be the subjective Field of Force that makes contri-



bution to the variety of exhibits in the materialistic museum that is the Universe."

It is not a change of habitat for the Consciousness.

It is a change in nature!

NINE OUT ten people have an unhallowed fright at Death because from the start of their organic performance on this planet billiard ball they have never understood either the character of Life or its purposes.

They have never had their attention called to the universe in perspective.

They have let themselves become so completely enmeshed, smothered, or bewitched with the infinite materialisms of environment—the furnishings and festoonings hiding the original sterilities and barrenness of the billiard ball's surface—that conscious existence becomes nothing in their thinking and considering, but the

period of their frantic scurrings to and fro as organisms amid the furnishings and festoons.

In all of it there is similarity to a person visiting the Museum of Natural History in New York City. He goes in at nine and comes out at five. Throughout the eight hours he wanders through hall after hall of natural specimens, past case after case of metal, mineral, and biological exhibits. "While I am among the exhibits, I am alive," says he, "because I view and examine them. But the moment I depart the museum I am dead, because I no longer view or examine them."

If we met such a person in current society, sincerely holding such ideas, we would term him psychopathic.

Yet those are precisely the ideas that millions of us hold in regard to the museum that is the cluster of planet billiard balls rotating endlessly in eternal emptiness.

Suppose, to impress the notion further, the person in the New York Museum of Natural History enjoyed himself fairly comfortably up till three o'clock. Thereafter, as the hands of the clock moved around toward four, suppose he began to exhibit uneasiness. As the clock-hands moved inexorably around the dial toward five—and closing-time—suppose that he became possessed of a frantic terror. Suppose that an observant attendant asked if he were ill. And suppose our person answered, "No, I'm frightened half sick at the prospect of what is due to happen to me when the clock-hands reach five. You see, I shall cease to exist the moment I can no longer wander through these rooms and examine the exhibits."

Would the attendant not be inclined to put in a call for an ambulance and guards?

Or perhaps he might argue with our person in this guise:

"I've seen you here every day for a month, have I not?"

"Yes, I've been here every day for a month. The first day that I found the place and started looking at the exhibits was the date of my birth!"

"Oh, it was, was it? Yet something like thirty times you've seen the hands of the clock draw near museum closing-time, haven't you? You've gone out into the street and left the museum to be locked through the night. What I'm get-



Week in Retrospect

RIC WILLIAMSON'S first Chicago address got away to a fumbled start due to a mystery that concerned the United States mails. John Otto of Chicago, who had managed the Adamski meetings with 4,000 in attendance, had visited Noblesville and completed arrangements with Ric, expecting to repeat on the Adamski audiences. A large hall at 26 Randolph Street had been secured. A heavy quantity of postcards, containing notice of the time and place when and where Williamson would speak, were printed at the Soulcraft plant on Wednesday, the 21st. All Soulcrafters in the Chicago area had such postal notices mailed to them before 5 p. m. and the balance of the cards were sent to Chicago that night, parcels post, special handling. Special handling is the equivalent of first class mail on packages. Thursday and Friday Williamson went to Iowa City, Ia. to speak at a college auditorium. On Monday afternoon April 26th, Otto called Noblesville, demanding to know why his card notices had not arrived for mailing to associates of his Flying Saucer Review. Inquiry at the Noblesville and Indianapolis post offices developed that the cards had left for Chicago at 4 a. m. on the morning of Thursday, the

22nd. Investigation at the Chicago post office showed they never had arrived. Tuesday, April 27th, the Chicago post office "found" them and made delivery—*one solid week's time for them to travel 185 miles!* But it was also too late for them to be effective in filling up Ric's hall for Wednesday evening, April 28th. Excoriating the post office is useless in such a circumstance. The postal authorities cooperated earnestly in trying to fathom the six-day mystery. Almost one might conclude that they vanished temporarily into another dimension of Time and Space. At any rate, Ric stays over in Chicago for a second meeting on Saturday evening May 1st.

ANNOUNCEMENTS of the new Soulcraft book, *Beyond Grandeur*, put in the mails on Friday, April 23rd, encountered no such delay. Orders for the new volume started coming in Monday from the advertising matter received on Saturday, the 24th. Tuesday, ordinarily a "dead" day for mail receipts—on account of few people mailing letters on Sundays—the mail was heavier with book orders than it had been in weeks, *Beyond Grandeur* remittances predominating. Best part of the response to the

moment has been, that the orders have come from the "new people" to Soulcraft added in result of the heavy mail order promotion during the past winter. If the book sales on this number continue to mount as they have this past week, Headquarters has a "hit" . . . and a heavier edition will have to be arranged with express printers in Indianapolis. Over a hundred pages of the first leatherette edition are done and the type been saved for second and third editions. Shipments will begin immediately that books start showing up from the bindery. The de luxe edition will be limited, however. The price is the same as all the Soulcraft books, \$5. The book runs about 320 pages long . . .

SOULCRAFT has had its Washington correspondent check with the Pentagon concerning the widely circulated rumors that the Federal Government meant to impose a press censorship on Flying Saucer news in the interests of national safety. Spokesmen contacted at the AF Pentagon Division know nothing of any such order, and are puzzled as to where such rumors continually originate. Publishers are utterly free to print Saucer news that is not of an inflammatory character and is bona fide based on alleged facts.

SPEAKING of Meade Layne and BSRA, Layne's current bulletin contains this pertinent paragraph: "We point out, since it's all in the family, so to speak, and no axes to grind, that all basic information concerning the aeroforms—meaning Saucers—given us by the Mark Probert Controls in 1946 has been, and is now, being verified, their origin and purpose, their etheric nature, their operation by etheric or space people, much of the super-physics involved and which is now so devastating to the textbook science of the experts stationed at the EAF Base. The tide has been turning in our

ting at is, you've never failed to return and resume your inspection of the exhibits, have you, when nine o'clock rolled around on each succeeding morning?"

"Yes, somehow or other I've always gotten back in here."

"Then you couldn't really have died at each closing-time, could you? Because if you'd truly died, how could you have been on hand to resume your inspection next morning?"

THE "death" which the human minutiae assume that they are called to "die" between each visitation to the museum that is the furnished and festooned surface of the suspended barren billiard-

ball, is an interval for mere spirit contemplation of what has been viewed or exclaimed or examined throughout the previous "day's" visit.

People who "fight the doctrine of earthly return," declaring that under no circumstances would they care to repeat on life's experiences, are truly saying: "Having visited for one celestial day the Egyptian Room of the museum, I've seen it all. Don't talk to me of going back and viewing all the rest of it!"

"Ah, but you haven't seen it all," some divine attendant might protest. "You've only seen the Egyptian Room. You have

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Hail and Farewell



TRICKLAND Gillilan author of "Off Again, On Again, Gone Again Finnigan," and Joseph Hergeshiemer, author of *Java Head, Mountain Blood, Lay Anthony and Gold and Iron*, both made the Passing on the same day this week and their obituaries filled adjacent newspaper columns. Gillilan was 84, Hergeshiemer 74. Gillilan rated two columns for his life story, Hergeshiemer eight lines.

Time was when a new book by Hergeshiemer was a national event. Bowing Out found him in the class with Opie Reade. Who was Opie Reade? Ask Grandmam . . . she recalls.

Trouble with Joseph seems to have been, he didn't write much that the fellow-traveling Newspaper Guild could use for propaganda. So the nation forgot him.

He's gone from an America that perished ahead of him.

These and Pegler Too



ADMITTING the whole over-all score, the way Westbrook Pegler is slanting his column is an interesting exhibit of How to Get Away with It without landing in jail for lese' majesty—although at times he runs perilously close to it. Slamming Madam Moosejaw all

over the Hudson River area becomes a bit tiresome at times. Westbrook seems rebellious over the fact that these Hyde-parkers are forgotten but not gone. But he counterbalances it by his championship of Joe McCarthy and the Schine lad. VALOR understands that the Schine lad's sire is principal owner of the Waldorf, under whose roof more odd ideas climax at banquets than in any other hostelry in America. Now in the Monday morning newspapers of April 26th comes Assistant Defense Secretary H. Struve Hensel, accusing Senator McCarthy of handling the truth with a certain shyness and demanding that the Senator's own financial affairs be investigated. The ingenuity in skirting the race question in all these raucous operatings is really the Major Phenomenon of the current century. Nevertheless, it is being demonstrated.

The real complication in the Situation is, that overly much criticism of the Wisconsin senator is precisely what the internationalists want to see occur, and whatever reprisals of the patrioteers, they must only redound to the ultimately squelching of that portion of the Senator's work that is tops. It now boils down to the truism, "Any criticism of the Senator—of any nature—plays the Red game."



This, of course, gives Joseph quite a latitude. But that's one of the unfortunate phases of a sequence that can't be helped.

Keeping the whole saga in focus, VALOR would say, let the development proceed exactly as it's going. Cohen and Schine are adjuncts to the picture as at present set up, and let's give them credit for such expose work as they may have done that aids Mr. McCarthy. But let's

not forget that the real authority behind the McCarthy explorations is Dr. J. B. Matthews of the old Dies Committee, who had the decency to get out and not become implicated in certain maneuverings to discredit VALOR's editor. That wasn't the only reason "Doc" got out, but it was one of them.

All in all, the work that McCarthy has done and is doing, would seem to overbalance the criticisms of his committee's personnel and its idiosyncracies. In the raw early days of these congressional investigations, the one who was selected to be given the business, had no rights whatsoever, and simply sat in the spotlight-seat and took it on the chin. If the Committee couldn't bring out anything against him, it merely pronounced him "guilty of unAmerican activities" out of hand, sitting as prosecutor, judge, and jury. It wasn't American at all but it did breed stamina. And those who had nothing to conceal came off winners in the eyes of the public. To get back to Pegler.

His distinctive column has now become a Power. But he still has a shyness about coming forth with uncensored facts. However, sooner or later that censorship is due to collapse and then Pegler will be disclosed as having approached as close to the borderline of the verboten as anyone. More power to him. The great Midwest, at least, is staunchly behind him—and McCarthy—in what they are doing, despite the monkey-schines of the senator's adolescent helpers.

The solemn fact is, that everybody involved in the whole gargantuan business is playing with a buzz-saw. If, here and there, someone loses a thumb, so what? But Westbrook is fooling no one. In the Know, that Communism was the instigation of the German General Staff in 1917, conveying Lenin across to Moscow in any sealed box car. The man who knew more about that than anyone in the world was Col. Robert Sharp, late head of the Secret Service in the State Department. He was the one responsible for jerking Trotsky and Steffens off the Copenhagen-bound ship at Halifax, tossing them into Amherst Prison Camp and photostating the contents of their brief cases. The contents of those brief cases told the story. VALOR's editor saw them.

When Pegler is acquiescent to printing all *that* enlightenment, he will have

enough on his hands to make the slamming of The Madam as ridiculous as parboiling Mother Goose.

By the way, it falls in the same category with what is happening on Capitol Hill that the town of Gary, Ind. is getting ready to honor Dr. Wirt for the role he played twenty years ago in helping expose at that time the concurrent skulduggery. Might be a happy suggestion to Westbrook to get after the true genesis of *that* humiliation and spread it on editorial pages from New Jersey to Oregon.

The only question remaining before the house is, just how far *can* Westbrook go before the Powers Behind the Throne rise up and toss him into desuetude? . . . Yes, it's all a segment of the Americanism that was.

Westbrook may find that out.

It was great to have moved among these Giants of the Pigmies, however, while they pontificated. VALOR's vote is still for Senator McCarthy, whether he *did* or whether he *didn't* . . .

More Alarms and Noises

GERALD L. K. Smith is credited with being the author of a Bulletin announcing to the effect that United Nations has already put through the

Genocide law secretly, that it has been made retroactive to cover the past twenty years, to redress any mental anguish suffered by racials. Gerald's finances must have been running low lately.

It is VALOR's considered opinion that nothing more than such a preposterous measure can bring the truth behind Communism to the world, granted it could be put over and made to supercede constitutional law. American jurisprudence does not recognize retroactive law, since no one can break a statute that is not in existence. If such could be activated, it would furthermore establish a deadly precedent for those who have been undermining the American Way of Life the past generation. But the instant such legislation became fact, *all* law shall have gone by the board—although we should not put that past the type of renegade intellect that seeks to dominate United Nations.

CONVERSE



WHEN my Beloved comes to talk to me—
 Ah, no, she's not of earth, how could she be?—
 She brings to me All Knowledge with her cheer
 That she bestows on me, Beloved Dear!
 Such thrill is not of Earth nor earthbound clod,
 Each visit is like one who comes of God.

Its substance is the essence of Soul's life
 That's free of any fear of earthborn strife!

My heart is flooded with an ecstasy
 When my Beloved comes for speech with me,
 In language that is known to each and all
 Who grasp the sacred import of such Call.
 In sweet seclusion for such visit, she
 Would tell me secrets of the Age To Be!
 She cancels Time and brings the Future close
 That I may see its splendors grandiose.

My Love! . . . She is the Other Half of me,
 Whose person is my spirit's golden key
 To unlock Time's enigmas of the Soul
 And make my Passing but a realized goal.
 Clad in my clay, she now is loving Voice
 That speaks but makes my lonely heart rejoice,
 Soon comes the drama of reunion sweet
 When Journey's End arrives for wearied feet.

This life, this mortal life, imprisoning earth,
 Is but the preface for my Higher Birth,
 It is but shadow-veiling for the True and Real,
 That comes with Morning's Dawn and Love's appeal;
 So does my Dear assure me by her mental speech
 As worldly things elude my fondest reach.
 Should I lament that we are held apart
 When Time will bring reunion, heart to heart?

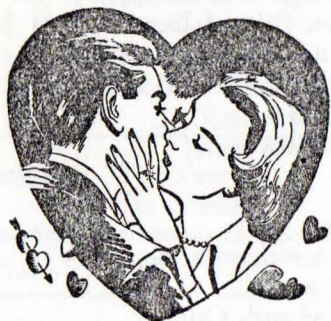
She holds the beauty of All Love Divine,
 She comes and we have converse, true and fine,
 Two flames ignited by one Spark of Faith
 That knows no mockery from Doubting's wraith . . .

* * * *

I would that I might bring to you in lettered gold
 The secret of this converse that I hold;
 In some small measure thus impart to you
 The pricelessness of such Communion True!

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

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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

But granting some such crackpot measure could be legalized, what greater honor could be paid the American individual who was made the first victim of it? St. Stephen as a martyr by comparison would be a cinema stand-in.

Any more horrors on which to raise money this week, Gerald?

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

were conducting warfare with bows and arrows? Mr. Keyhoe only suggested that possibility. Many have picked it up and thereby created fear in the hearts of the illiterate. Needless to say, the fireballs are not guided missiles. In fact, their purpose is the direct opposite of destruction. Obviously they are counteracting the radioactive effects of our atom bombs.

Recently there has been a rash of damaged windshields across America. These have been suggested as caused by mysterious "ghost bullets." Also, from coast to coast house glass has been shattered in strange ways. No pellets or BBs are ever found. At times, cars have been facing brick walls with people present looking directly at the windshields, which suddenly have shattered. Insurance company adjusters, glass company experts and police have no clues. Sometimes the glass is broken into a thousand tiny pieces. *What is the real cause?* All we can report is what we have mentioned many times before. Our entire solar system is moving rapidly into another section of the Universe and cosmic ray bombardment has speeded up . . . this may have something to do with it. Whatever it is, you can be sure Saucer armies are not shooting windshields!

YES, THERE are Etheric "Armies" . . . but their equipment does not include weapons of any sort. They are not going to bomb, gas, shoot, or rape us. *They live Universal Law.* Because they practice Love as it should be practiced they are protected and cannot be destroyed. The Space People are, at the same time, true scientists, for where we have much contradiction, they have only Truth. Their Religion and Science are One . . . a perfect blend.

You might say, therefore, they are here to "conquer" us with Love. Lately,

there has been a rash of Saucer "scares". One woman shot her husband so the Saucer men wouldn't get him. Other women have had to be forcibly held as they screamed, "A Saucer man is after me!" These would seem to be tools of the opposing forces, trying desperately to turn us away from the Host that the Father has sent to us in this our hour of Great Quandary.

One recent article tells us the armies have come, because the Saucers are seen in such great numbers. Yes, the Saucers do constitute an "Army" for there are several million spacecraft around the earth at present.

The only weapon they carry is the double-edged sword of *Truth!*

Nuclear Fission

(Continued from Page 2)

off some form of government largess.

The Socialist, not to mention the Communist, beholds this trend with relish. It fits straight into the mold of his collectivist ideology—so he thinks. *Only it doesn't.* When "the Government runs everything", the situation resolves into a political bloc running everything, which of itself makes for dictatorial supervision that restores class autocracy. What is on the make in the next two score years is a dilemma that confronts the whole citizenry as a citizenry, from which few can be immune.



If, as, and when chemical synthesis, plus nuclear fission, well-nigh removes the economic problem from earth—or at least a portion of the earth peopled by advanced races like those in the north temperate zone—just what purpose does the

experience of mortality serve in the Great Cosmic Pattern?

ALREADY in high capitalistic circles you hear whisperings of the seeming Utopia that promises when nuclear energy reaches that point of application where employers can practically ignore the demands of employees. The lamented situation in Lewis' Indiana coal fields, so exercising the Hoosier Governor at the moment, can be only a mere cuticle irritation beside the vaster economic malady that afflicts the whole body politic when the "demands of employes" can be ignored entirely. Suppose every employer, all over America, could "ignore the demands of employes" to the point that he could well-nigh run his industry without payrolls—or payrolls that represent only a fraction of the volume of his costs.

Where are the customers coming from to buy his goods?

Every employe turned out of a job by a machine that requires no wages, means one lost customer-consumer to acquire the goods which the machine produces. Turn all employes out of jobs, by as near 100 percent mechanization as practicable, and trade must stop entirely. Millions of adults, hard-headed otherwise, give not a thought to this impasse the clock around.

When atomic energy can drive an ocean liner from New York to Liverpool on a lump of uranium no bigger than a water-glass, the laborers who otherwise contribute to power creation—along a thousand lines—are all going into one of two classes, mass paupers or idle rich. To consider that a whole populace—in America at least—is to submit to the distress and ignominy of mass pauperism, is to treat of absurdities. It means that in the very nature of scientific advancement, a wholly new economic structure becomes inducted . . . probably where every able-bodied man and woman is required to submit voluntarily to labor service during certain years of their lives, to qualify for general leisure when they have served such enlistment.

What could be fairer?

Great public utility corporations would be officered and staffed by persons in the Public Service grade of life. That grade would not start until the years had been reached when maximum education—even in higher institutions of learning—had been secured, to end on the verge of the later middle years of affluence.

None of this would be Collectivism nor regimentation. It would be Selective Co-operativism. And the times into which we are advancing are pushing us toward it too fast for comfort.

THERE is one other feature of the times immediately ahead that the canny might find it wise to accredit—

The kindly and constructive counsel of the Space Guests!

It is quite all right for those grounded in a hard-headed materialism to smile tolerantly over the possibility of denizens of neighboring planets arriving here with suggestions on how we might better conduct our affairs. It is equally permissible for others, with higher agencies at their command, to accredit the early possibilities of what amount to mass landings of interplanetary craft, staffed with fellow-men of an advanced order of social intelligence who acquaint us with the methods by which civilizations far in advance of earth's have long since solved such quandaries.

Solving such quandaries may be a thousand times easier than we now suppose. By no means let us discount it.

Nuclear fission, coupled with chemical synthesis, cannot help but produce a New Order of life upon this planet—in which the controversies between Capitalism and Labor may swiftly become extinct as the dodo. And none of it is fantasy. We are progressing steadily into the thing by the very nature of advancing circumstances.

Suppose we call a holiday on thinking of alterations in terms of cataclysms and catastrophes and think in terms of constructive advancements.



Nuclear fission and chemical synthesis are for *all* humanity, not any privileged few. But how to qualify for the more advanced castes without coercion?—that's the problem.

Present indications have it that our forthcoming Space Guests may propose the answers.

Wouldn't it be strange to find that general humanity on earth today is immune to the effects of everything but kindness!

Speaking honestly, mightn't we rate it for a change?



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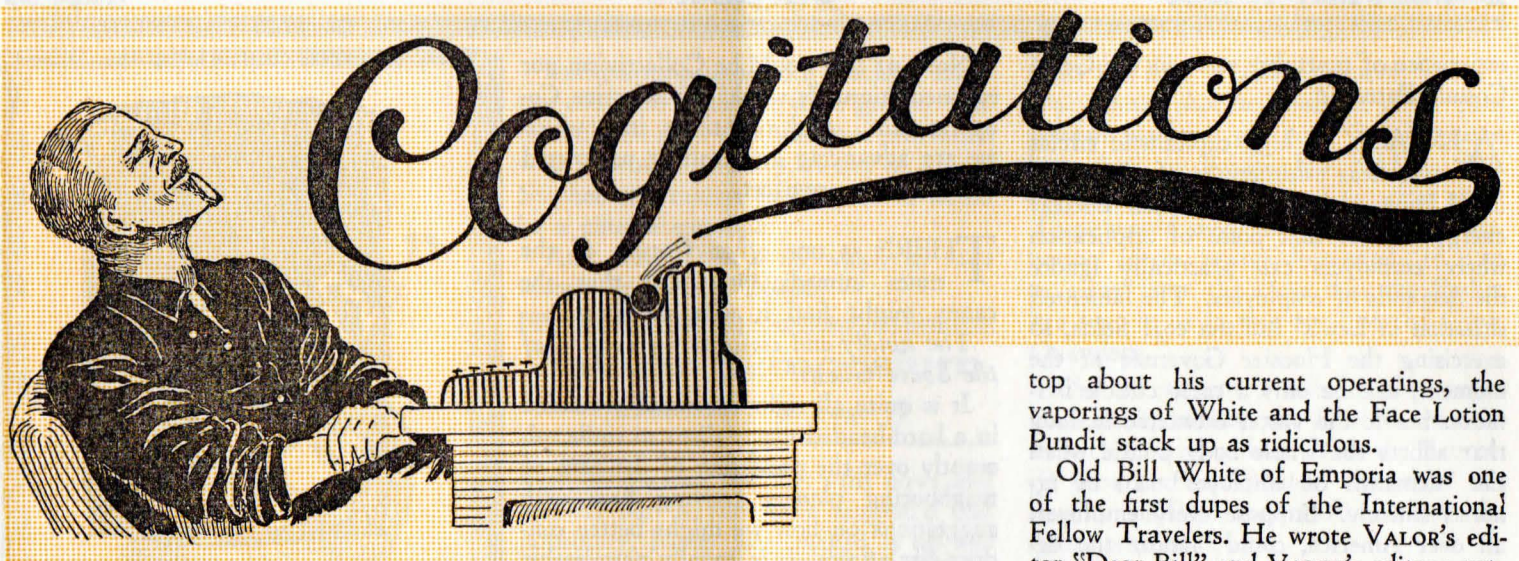
The book you should read first, to understand how Soulcraft came about

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ESOTERIC CLASSIC

First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .

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



NOT that it means a thing but might be of interest to the Grandma and Grandpa who remember Opie Reade, in the same news sheets with the Gil-lilan and Hergeshiemer obits the Great Face-Lotion Pundit uses Frank A. Munsey for one of his topics. He said there are, and have been publishers who utilized newspapers as shares of stock to be bought and sold—without any compunction to perform a public service. They used dailies solely for commercial ventures based on self-interest . . . and Publisher Frank Munsey personified such a materialistic philosophy. After he passed, William Allen White authored his classic mordant obit, 'Frank Munsey, the great publisher, is dead. Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat-packer, the morals of a money-changer, and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have succeeded in transforming a once-noble profession into an 8-percent security. May he rest in trust.'

o—o

IT so happens that VALOR's editor knew both men, Munsey and White, and survives to acquaint Grandma and Grandpa with the facts of what happened.

Munsey was a poor farm lad who came to the Wicked City from Maine and started the youth's publication *Golden Argosy*. Wrote it by night in his hall bedroom, got it done by a job printer, and went about delivering to Manhattan newsstands by day. He never made a plugged nickel, as plugged nickels went, until he took on Robert H. Davis from

Nevada. Davis and VALOR's editor were fishing companions back in the prehistoric days antedating World War I. And on many an occasion did VALOR's editor confer with Frank A. over fiction problems at 280 Broadway as the pulps were coming into popularity.

What happened in the Munsey case—which again only Grandma and Grandpa will remember—was this: Munsey barely held his own with his pulp publications till he got in with J. P. Morgan the elder. J. P. had a "job" he wanted done. Certain Manhattan newspapers were going to town on editorial comment against the commercial operations of the House of Morgan. "J. P." wanted them squelched—and permanently. He fixed it so that Munsey "bought" them and gagged them, or combined them under ownerships amenable to Broad and Wall Street. Munsey, in payment for the service, became the Dominant Influence in Mo-



hican Markets, a series of grocery and meat stores up through New England. Then Munsey really went to town financially. When you've known a man personally and wisecracked across his flat-

top about his current operations, the vaporings of White and the Face Lotion Pundit stack up as ridiculous.

Old Bill White of Emporia was one of the first dupes of the International Fellow Travelers. He wrote VALOR's editor "Dear Bill" and VALOR's editor wrote him back "Dear Bill." The William Allen White Committee began to smell in the nostrils of the simon-pure America-Firsters. Again and again White avoided the editor's personal requests for explanation. White's friends of Yesteryear never could seem to get the "dope" on what had happened to his sturdy pro-American thinking and had to conclude that somewhere along in the line of his peripatetic internationalizing he'd stubbed his toe. Old man Garner—the same who was shipped home to his wife sans clothing in the wake of the pro-Red Mass Trial—supplied your editor with what he believed to be the answers, but they cannot be printed . . . excepting perchance in your editor's final memoirs. But White knew Frank Munsey personally, and knew the truth of the New York situation a la newspapers.

The real laugh in the whole blurb is the Lotion Pundit's republishing he comment that Frank A. succeeded in transforming a once-noble profession into an 8-percent security. According to Lotion standards Frank A. was a piker.

o—o

IT IS, of course, a parade of phantoms we are thus reviewing. Frank A. Munsey was first to go, then J. P. Morgan, then Bill White, then Robert A. Davis. Into their New York of Yesteryear has come the whole flood of Displaced Persons . . . yet perhaps not so displaced at that. These are the Americans with whom we now treat. However, there's no denying that Munsey did disintegrate several prime Manhattan newspapers, the outstanding fatality being *The World*. True, the names of the deceased organs survive on masthead-tombstones of cur-

rent sheets but their individualities have gone. The current *World-Telegram* is neither the *World* nor the *Telegram* as they vied with each other for readers back in the halcyon days following the Spanish-American War. Outside of Manhattan they are chiefly known as publishers of *World Almanac*, which of course does a very real service to the public when the public greatly wishes to know the population of Afghanistan or how many votes were cast for William Jennings Bryan in the Presidential Election of 1896. . . The truly tragic demise was the journalistic metamorphosis of *The Post*. Time was when the *New York Evening Post* was the staid and conservative organ for the social register. Cyrus H. K. Curtis got possession of it and it became more so. Then the moguls of the Displaced Persons got hold of it and it has outdone *The Daily Mirror* for tabloid sensationalism. Oh the nostalgia called up by the whole of it! . . .

o—o

FRANK A. Munsey as I recall him from personal contact as I said, was a tall, cavernous, icy-eyed stuffed shirt who should have stayed in his native Maine and become a leading plate-passer and mortgage forecloser in the First Presbyterian Church. "Bob" Davis, whom he brought across the nation from Cow-Country Nevada, was his antithesis, being small, egg-shaped and dynamic. Bob had the most picturesque vocabulary on Mr. Knickerbocker's Island with perhaps the lone exception of John M. Siddall. John was the six feet of hard-boiled Scot who put *The American Magazine* on the map. I recall that time upon time I went forth from the Munsey presence marveling that such a temperament could ever have lived in a hall bedroom and written Horatio Alger tales o' nights. His attitude toward me became one of self-defense and I couldn't figure that one out, either. Later I learned it stemmed from our first meeting. Shortly after Munsey Publications moved to 280 Broadway, I walked into Bob's office one afternoon to find Frank A. ensconced at Bob's desk. Bob, walking the floor wrestling with current publication problems, introduced me. Frank A. cleared his throat and began to pontificate. He started a dissertation on the proper way to write fiction. Bob finally intervened. "Mr. Munsey," said he, "you seem to be laboring under a

slight misapprehension. Bill isn't any fledging author. At present he's doing a series for *The Saturday Evening Post*. We only get stuff from him for our publications when I ask him to write as a personal favor to me. At that, he charges us five hundred to a thousand a story." Old Frank A. looked blank. "We're paying him five hundred to a thousand for one story?" he cried aghast. Bob shrugged his stocky shoulders. "If we don't, he doesn't write for us," he sighed. "Then," said Frank A. to me, "there's probably very little I can tell you about writing for the public." He never seemed to forget his chagrin at that *faux pas*.

o—o

I MUST have many contemporaries who recall the *Munsey's Magazine* of 1898. It was one of the publications of the nation. Reason it led the field was its use of photoengravings. *Harper's Cosmo*, *Scribner's* and *Century* still used steel-plate engravings. The photo process of reproducing camera prints through a 100-screen had just been invented and *Munsey's* was the first to get the rights. Actual photos of the battle of Santiago and San Juan Hill caused the publication to become sold out in a week. I believe 15¢ the copy was the price. Later, if my memory serves me right, the price went down to 10¢. The firm broke more than even, but *Golden Argosy* began to slip. *Golden Argosy* had formerly been of the size that today we'd call tabloid, that is, same size page as the old *Youth's Companion* when the latter carried the big orange-yellow cover. But Street & Smith's or Frank Tousey's nickel novels were cutting into its sales, offered as they were behind the plateglass of all our more progressive cigar stores and smuggled into our boyhood domiciles, to be read by the light of clandestine bedroom candles in the wee sma' hours. The *Golden Argosy*, with the coming of Bob Davis, went to a "pulp" . . . that is, a nonillustrated newsprint mag. Bob, who had run some sort of sensational publishing project out in Nevada, brought through the idea of the *Railroad Man's Magazine*—an illustrated book on paper slightly higher grade than newsprint. Thereat followed a whole string of such innovations, *Argosy* leading the field. Of them all, *Argosy* alone survives to the moment. Of these writers and editors of Yesteryear, VALOR's editor and Don Kennicott of the



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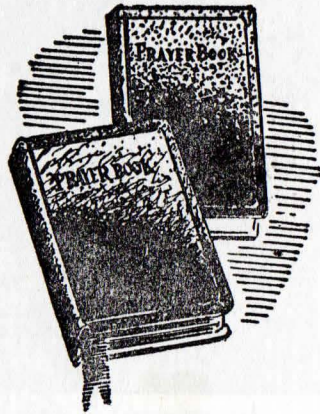
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Blue Book are about the only ones left. But what a gritty American crowd they were in their heyday! . . .

o—o

I DID business with the editorial staffs of every standard publication in the country, between 1916 and 1932. I knew George Horace Lorimer of the *Satevepost*—did a series of Wild West Show stories for him—Gilman Hall of *Everybody's*, Arthur Sullivan of *Adventure*, Ray Long of *Cosmo*, Arthur Vance of *Pictorial Review*, Karl Harriman of *Redbook*, Don Kennicott of *Blue Book*,—something like 248 published stories or serials in all, never two plots alike. And all the while I was keeping up my regular contributions to *American* and *Collier's*. If I republished them all today in book form, they'd run to well over sixty volumes. Parade of phantoms, indeed!

Just a page out of Yesteryear, the whole of it. Who cares?

Windshield Damage

(Continued from Page 3)

ogy has been examining samples of the curious honey-combed glass. These samples were supplied by Mrs. Lynne Kasper, employe of the Railroad Retirement Board. She lives in Island Lake, Illinois, 45 miles northwest of Chicago. She said she and her husband returned home a week ago to find the back pane in their 1941 model auto full of small cracks. At first there were only little marks, but they got worse the next day, till the windshield looked like a honeycomb. Two days later her husband touched the window and it fell apart.

After intensive microscopic and chemical examination of the particle, Kro said: "The samples show a glass which has been tempered or hardened in manufacture. To produce the condition, the glass must have been shocked. It is typical of what happens to hardened glass when subjected to thermal or mechanical shock. What produced the shock *I cannot say.*" Does Kro mean he doesn't know? Or does he mean he is not allowed to say? He also added, however, that the glass was subjected to great strain as a result of the shock, "and the cause of the strain might still be present." Some of the glass had crystallized. Normally, this process is slow. Some windows of

ancient cathedrals show the same type of crystallization. On church windows it looks attractive since it adds to their beauty . . . but it's not attractive when you want to see the highway ahead.

Kro said he could find no surface pitting on the glass, such as was reported in some cities.

All of it started a little over two weeks ago on the Northwest Pacific Coast, where several persons reported pinhead chunks of glass were popping from their windshields. Since then States all the way to the East Coast have been involved. Scientists say it is not caused by Cosmic rays or little invisible boys from Mars armed with air rifles.

Canadian scientists believe that it is all being caused by an unusual meteor shower. However, this fails to explain why it has long been going on in England for over a year now. Besides, one certain road in England is the most noted spot. Would it seem likely that a meteor shower would continue over one certain road for a year? These scientists claim they give the meteor explanation because "it's the only thing that's possible."

Glass shattering for apparently no reason at all, is not an entirely new story, and not confined to automobiles alone. House windows have also been widely affected. The glass affected has crystallized. What is happening? The condition is connected in some way with the frequencies of the new dimension (density) we are fast entering. It is one of the many strange things that the space friends have told us would take place on earth shortly.

What are to be the others?

One Saucer fan said: "Somehow the cohesive force that binds the molecules of the glass is weakened so that the glass crumbles or crystallizes. This cohesive force is similar to gravity, magnetism, etc. The life is taken out of the glass somehow. I don't think we have instruments that will detect the frequency or vibratory rate that does this."

Another authority said, "If our entire system is moving from a 3-dimensional unit into a 4th dimension, perhaps something from that 4th dimension (dust, etc.) passes into the glass, and while there it may suddenly manifest in the 3rd dimension. This would cause the sharp popping sounds certain people have heard before the shattering takes place."

Week in Retrospect

(Continued from Page 7)

favor for some time and it now reaches its flood-stage in a great historical event. Quite seriously, the destiny of our race and planet hangs in a delicate balance but the issue is in our own hands and mankind can and will win through to a better world." Splendid talk. VALOR was happy when it's own George Fisher in materialization on October 14th confirmed what Layne states above. The Saucers were etheric in origin but that did not mean they were constructed out of "nothing" . . . they were etheric only inasmuch as mankind calls that which he cannot see or touch "nothing". Reminds one of Hugo Munsterburg's comment going home to Harvard one night after a materializing demonstration by Marjory, the celebrated wife of Dr. Crandon. His physician-companion asked, "What comment can we make on it, Professor?" Munsterburg is alleged to have replied, "We'll have to repudiate and deny the whole of it, of course. Otherwise, Science would be called upon to rewrite all its textbooks, and we know it can't do that." Page poor Galileo, once in a similar predicament about what he found out by peering through his first telescope . . .

Do You Fear Death?

(Continued from Page 7)

not visited the Grecian Room, the Italian Room, the French Room, or some forty other rooms, all containing different wonders of exhibits. Until you've seen all that the museum holds, how can you decide whether you like it or not?"

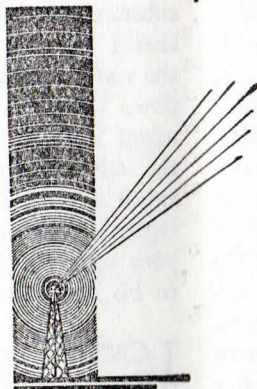
"The rooms are all alike! Besides, in the Egyptian Room today there was a man who made faces at me, and a small boy who popped peanuts down my neck when I wasn't looking."

"But the rooms are not all alike! And besides, because a man makes faces at you and a small boy pops peanuts down your collar, that has little to do with your inspecting the whole museum as a museum, and the profit that is yours from beholding what's been gathered there."

"No, I've 'lived my life' in visiting the Egyptian Room. Because I've seen the exhibits in the Egyptian Room, I'm am-

"The Saucers Speak!"

By GEORGE HUNT WILLIAMSON
and ALFRED C. BAILEY



For 14 months western short-wave radio operators have been taking down messages in International Morse Code from senders who assert they are stationed in Space Craft overhead. George Hunt Williamson—who made the Venus man's footprints in plaster of Paris—and his co-author Alfred C. Bailey, have written a 128-page book, narrating the messages they have logged on short-wave. Send \$2 for a paper covered copy to—

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ply equipped to go forth after closing time and lay claims to a knowledge of all wonders in Cosmos!"

"But you said previously that you were only alive when you were in the museum and examining its exhibits. You're terrified at the approach of five o'clock and dread the contemplative interval till nine tomorrow morning. Yet here you are practically telling me that Life is the business of seeing only the Egyptian Room. I'm declaring to you that the phase of consciousness known as mortality doesn't truly terminate till you've visited ALL the rooms and become intimately acquainted with every exhibit that is available!"

THERE is sense in this analogy.

If the truth could only be known, the conventional Fear of Death is not half so much discomfiture over the prospect of being turned out into the street of the universe to await the reopening of the mortal museum in the morning of a fresh life, as it is a colossal self-ditty over the presentiment that mayhap all the energy one has put forth to arrive at, and

spend the life-day inspecting, the Egyptian or Italian or French or American Room of the planet-museum, has been wasted. One has not seen all the things that existed to be seen, even in the Egyptian Room; so the desire for self-preservation is a mania, that the inspection may be thorough and completed.

Whenever the complications and quandaries of life pile up till they seem to be unbearable, withdraw off in space hypothetically and look at the universe as a cluster of planet billiard-balls, rotating in eternal emptiness, every ball a museum. The manner of the personal going-out and coming-in to such museum is not of consequence.

What is of consequence is the fact that graduation from the billiard-ball status of located Consciousness is not the procedure till intimacy with all the Rooms and exhibits in the planet-museum is complete.

If it means very little to you now, don't worry about it, for as additional experience and study brings greater awareness, you will grasp it all as easily as you did your "A B Cs"!

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



ONE cannot help but be intrigued by the career of General Robert E. Wood, who retired this week from the chairmanship of Sears, Roebuck & Company. Wood, who will be 75 in June, pushed sales of that mammoth merchandising firm from \$200,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000. He put the prominent mail order firm into its retail store operations. There are now 698 Sears, Roebuck stores throughout the western hemisphere. Besides these, he has been president of the Allstate Insurance Company that shows assets of \$200,000,000. "You can't say too much about General Wood," exclaimed a big Indianapolis hotelman in the local newspapers. "He's a great person. I think he's the most outstanding man in business and commerce in the United States." One can't help reflecting on precisely what makes such a personage "click".

IT IS not enough to say that such a temperament is constitutionally equipped "to think in big figures" . . . any \$80-a-week accountant may do that, and still draw only \$4,000 a year till his dying moment. It is not enough, either to declare that he's "a natural-born leader of men." So may any underpaid YMCA secretary show himself to have facility for heading up groups of his fellow citizens with acumen and diplomacy. Turning it over in my mind, I'm becoming convinced that the General Woods of the world achieve the pinnacles they do, because, along with their mental capabilities to think in large quantities and their knack for galvanizing those about them to extraordinary effort, they have an inborn intuition about keeping out of controversies involving ethical viewpoints. They make a minimum of enemies, in other words, by not challenging the convictions which other men have arrived at through great spiritual turmoil. I've seen the same thing demonstrated in many celebrities besides this retiring magnate of commerce . . .

IT'S the great intangibles of life over which human beings wage their fiercest battles. Given any mercantile pursuit, any man of superior mental endowment can run it up to massive proportions, the mathematics of commerce being what they are. But the moment you begin plowing into untilled mental or spiritual areas, you are toying with Destiny. Challenge a man's conclusions and convictions regarding the Eternal Verities and you challenge, not the accuracies or inaccuracies of the Verities themselves, but the acumen of his character for thinking in abstractions. One man feels he is as good as any other man at thinking in abstractions. And

he abandons the issues under debate for the more joyous and substantial activity of cutting your throat or seeing that the sheriff restrains you with handcuffs. In other words, he sees the way to make the abstractions of his convictions demonstrate down upon the dramatic octave of damaging your person. The adage is right, "Crusaders die broke!" They die broke because the subconscious minds of their fellowmen are defensively arrayed against them. In each of those fellowmen his own integrity of judgment is at issue. It is always easier to bash out your opponent's brains than find adequate and logical answers to his argument . . .

I CAN'T help toying with the notion, what would a colossus like General Wood do, if he found himself heading up such an Enlightenment as Soulcraft? The answer would be, He never would find himself heading up such an Enlightenment as Soulcraft because in his own secular interests he would show himself too canny to let himself become enmeshed in it. Soulcraft would involve men's moral opinions. The moment you go involving men's moral opinions, automatically you become a Stirrer-Upper. Stirrer-Uppers have a legitimate role in evolving society but they are never contiguous with the roles of millionaires. As automatically they align men's subconscious minds against themselves because they supply humanity with a feeling of insecurity. Men resent fiercely anyone who comes along and demonstrates the insecurity of their ethical fundamentals. They want to feel the discoveries they have made for themselves are as consequential as any discoveries the other man may have made for himself. Challenge their conclusions and you challenge the integrity of their characters—at least they so take it. It isn't the things they *know* that are important, it's the things they think they know. In the realm of the imponderables every man stands at scratch. Thus do they feel a sensation of depreciation when the next man says he has had a psychical revelation. They have been passed up themselves in something that they assume they merit. You may end by showing yourself—for posterity's inspiration—worth forty General Woods to society as a permanent adjunct in men's philosophical lives. But you do run the risk as well of having the progeny of the challenged throw rocks at you in the streets. Actually you fill the role of Opportunist. If you are lucky, they do erect a monument to you after the fourth generation, but what good does it do you? Oh well! The General retires at 75 with the good wishes of a continent accorded him. More power to him. He stirred nothing UP! . . .

¶ *A PESSIMIST is one who feels bad when he feels good for fear he will feel worse when he feels better . . .*