

Valor

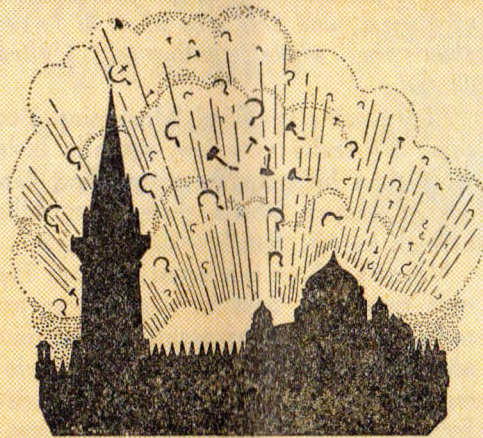
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, September 25, 1954

Number 22



WHY RUSSIA IS MORE OF A HEADACHE THAN MENACE

*FACTS for Soulcrafters to Retain as Orientals Best Us
in the Great Poker Game of Global Diplomacy*



FOR a considerable time, Soulcraft and VALOR have both discounted the military potential of Russia to conduct anything approximating a successful third World War. The true menace of Russia has been the wily oriental statecraft of her dictators plus the effectiveness of her international Fifth Column, ensconced in every free country and clamoring for rights and diplomatic privileges she scathingly denies to her neighbors.

Now with the European Defense Community ap-

parently gone to pieces—chiefly through the efficiency of this international Fifth Column in the affairs of France—it behooves Americans with their heads screwed on tightly to look at current Russia as she is. Henry J. Taylor, sterling news broadcaster for General Motors, helps with VALOR's assay of the eastern Europe situation by his broadcasts of augmenting facts in late August of this year.

VALOR's editor is not required to take Mr. Taylor's statements on hearsay. He has been there in person, has VALOR's editor. From late 1917 and throughout



1918, he traveled 7,000 verst-miles throughout Siberian Russia as a G-2 operative and consular courier attached to the U. S. Eastern Military Forces. What makes Mr. Taylor's data of outstanding moment is his obvious closeness to Secretary of Defense Wilson.

Soulcrafters can accept the statement well-nigh unqualified, that Russia on her own in a so-called aggressive war, could not last a fortnight. And here's why, quoting now and then from Mr. Taylor for confirmation—

“SOVIET Premier Malenkov,” Mr. Taylor, “was the Kremlin's aircraft Production Manager during the last war—a fact that may be hardly remembered. With Malenkov now in Stalin's place, I can tell you that he has put Russia's long-range bomber development—known over there as the ADD Program—directly under himself in the Kremlin.

“The Red tyrants have at least the prototypes of long-range jet bombers to reach your land and mine all right. And Russia today has about 200 airfields capable of handling these large planes. But our air leaders know where every one of these airfields are located. They are large, well-built, and widely dispersed. Even so, Russia's newest jet bombers require less runway for takeoff than earlier Red aircraft. *But here's where the better news comes in—*

“Russia's great size is generally spoken about as a reason why it would be hard for us to hit the targets inside Russia if she attacked us. But the fact is, Russia's size is her own greatest problem . . .

“The territory is such an enormous circle that this allows us an infinite number of directions from which to approach

those targets. Accordingly, Russia's air defense is even more complicated than our own—so say our air leaders in Washington. Let me give you a picture of the real Russia in terms of geographic fundamentals—

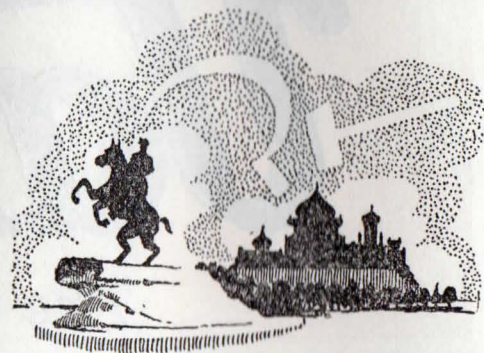
“RUSSIA is built like an amphitheatre, facing the Arctic Ocean as though the Arctic Pole were stage. The amphitheatre is bounded on the bottom by a high rim of mountains as if the rim were the balcony seats, facing north. Below the balcony, in the position of the orchestra seats, is a vast and mountainous plateau. It is as flat as the State of Kansas, *and this area alone is larger than the whole continental United States!*

“It contains the Ural Mountains. But these are really very low, actually little more than hills. In the astounding flatness of western Siberia, there are no hills as high as 400 feet.”

VALOR's editor can attest to that. He rode twenty-six days in a goods-car attached to a peasant train, getting out across Bolshevia in late 1918 with diplomatic documents strapped about his waist for delivery to the American consul-general at Harbin. Likewise he carried \$750,000 in funds of the McCormick Harvester fortune out to the same diplomatic pouches for transfer to Chicago, when the Harvester Company had liquidated its holdings in Moscow. Colonel Robert McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* please note! . . .

The average temperature during this trip was 50 degrees below zero. And this temperature maintained from October to May. It drove all human life under cover. What asset is territory if you can only operate normally in it during five months of a year?

“Clouds are rare in the upper atmosphere over Russia,” Mr. Taylor goes on, “but a great peculiarity of the world weather problem creates a very low and



dismal brooding cloud over nearly the entire Soviet land mass for eleven months of each year. Most of the Soviet Union is north of our own State of North Dakota. *Moscow is as far north as Alaska.* Winter is hardly ended before April and a green spring comes. The rivers are set free in a great breakup of ice which is generally accompanied by terrible floods across the vast flat lands. Those floods—comparable in extent to a general inundation of United States territory from the Mississippi to the Pacific Coast—are the worst in the entire world. They are the great annual crippling influence in the life of the nation that insanely expects to affect suzerainty across the earth.

“NOW this great Russian country is forty-five times the size of Germany—if size alone means anything. Nine-tenths of it lies not in Europe but in Asia. *Yet one-half of Russia's entire territory is dead and barren.* Her sea of forests, scattered with white birches like the crests of waves, lose themselves in the northern darkness of the Arctic night. Fog blankets everything. It is in these interminable birch forests that some of Russia's largest jet-bomber and interceptor fields are located. They do point at out air routes across the North Pole—if the fog ever lifts.

“By contrast, in the South are bright clusters of ancient and isolated towns where a scorching sun beats down mercilessly, turning the Soviet world into a series of parched deserts. It is in *this* area that the Kremlin's atom and hydrogen bomb experiments are allegedly conducted—also directly under Malenkov. So, to sum up, of Red Russia's total area more than half is forest. A fifth is desert or semi-desert. An eighth is frozen hard above the Arctic Circle. *Only about an eighth of the remaining Soviet area is*

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HOW the Atom Bomb Is Due to Bring about Its Own Eventual End

THE MORNING newspapers for the 21st produced headlines—concerning hydrogen bombs—of the highest esoteric significance. We can afford to give them a moment's attention.

The United States is reported to have finally evolved such a monster bomb as to be equal to 45 millions tons of TNT—so powerful that plans to test it have been postponed from fear of the damage to ensue.

This bomb was described as a "super-giant" of all atomic bombs. Its power was said to be so great that it "approached the practical limit of thermonuclear weapons," namely 45 megatons, or 2,400 times the force of the missile that destroyed Hiroshima.

The megaton is a force comparable to one million tons of TNT.

The bomb, it was stated, was to have been exploded at Eniwetok last March but the initial hydrogen test explosion was so great—reputedly 750 times that of the Hiroshima bomb—that the super-bomb test was put off until a greater expanse of the Pacific could be utilized.

It was during these tests that Japanese fishermen were showered with radioactive ash.

THE CONCENTRATION of such destructive power can only mean a new era in the world, although the intelligence of the man in the American street may be unable to grasp it. The U. S. Air Command, it is claimed in consequence, is capable at any time of completely annihilating every Russian city and every Marxist soldier.

The claim is out forth that within two hours after the first American planes penetrated Soviet territory, a thousand atomic bombs could be dropped on com-

*WHEN Assailants
Suffer as Much
as the Assailed,
It Means Perma-
nent Stalemate..*

munist targets, and Communism in those two hours would cease to be of earthly concern thereafter. By 1955 American bombers will be able to drop hydrogen bombs of 15 megatons—15 million tons of TNT—on all Russian centers of any consequence. This is the type of bomb already tested last March in the Pacific. But—and here's the rub—within half a dozen years any opponent of America's will be able to do the same thing in respect to the cities of the United States.

The world, therefore, arrives at another balance-of-power stalemate, only conditions are now promised where reaction from such titanic detonations *have equally the damaging power on assailants as well as victims*. You cannot set off such titanic blasts of radioactive power without their effects being felt the whole globe over. To say that the United States could explode the equivalent of a thousand hydrogen bombs and the reactions be confined strictly to the nation on which they are dropped, is to talk in absurdities.

If the United States decided to annihilate the Kremlin and most of its feeder municipalities—or even if the Kremlin decided to launch all-out atomic war on the United States—the turning globe would quickly evolve both countries in radioactive dust clouds that would mean the supreme penalty for such racial sui-

cide. Escape from it, even neutrals could not do . . .

This brings to international hostilities a decidedly new look.

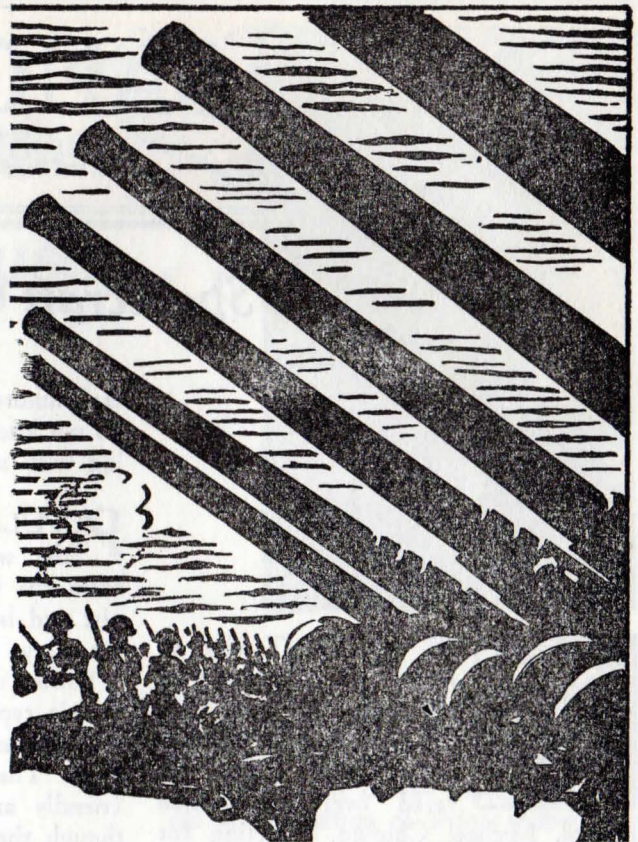
THE RACE now seems to have been put in possession of mechanical contrivances of such mighty potent that the question of species survival is involved. No longer can war be classified as the activity of given phalanxes of uniformed men, going off on a prairie-battlefield and discharging lead pellets toward one another, with given numbers ceasing to exist who chance to get in the pathways of such pellets.

War in the Aquarian atom-bomb age is one racial population against another racial population, but with the "lead pellets" of carnage repercussing on those who fire them from their "muskets" . . .

Drop a thousand 15-megaton hydrogen bombs on Russia, or confront a Russia essaying to drop a thousand 15-megaton bombs on America, and a condition is effected on the common planet where neither can survive. Then what?

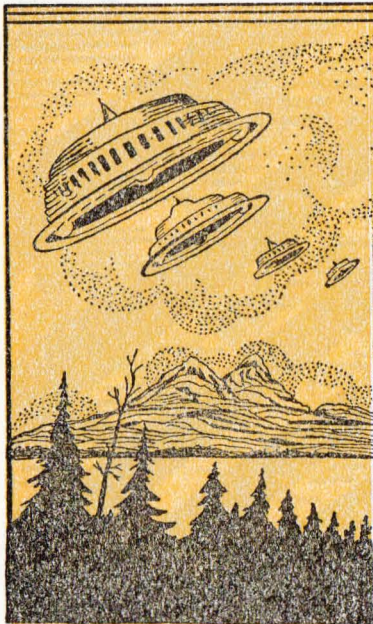
Can it not be advanced that with such futures in prospect, the hydrogen bombs have already defeated their own purposes? Will they not have outlawed War through the promiscuous destruction of

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SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson....



Spacecraft Over Rome and Fireballs in Washington

eral minutes. Air Force officials said they do not know whether Italy is experimenting with such a type plane.

POPULAR opinion in Rome is that the weird object may have come from the Communists but the Communist and left-wing press in Italy ignored the story.

Earlier this summer, Norway had authentic reports of alleged planetary visitors spotted in the country and remote areas. These strangers were said to be friendly and wore their hair long, although they were men.

A much more specific case of interplanetary visitors, however, currently is intriguing France. It involves, unusual, three-foot high men who are said to have "hypnotized" a French worker with some sort of a device when he saw them.

Recently, a man in Ohio started to go out his front door when he observed a Flying Saucer in a nearby field. His camera was in a shelf by the door . . . he reached for it and got a photograph that turned out excellent. One local paper printed the picture, but government agents paid him a quick visit and the entire matter was given the hush-hush treatment.

Sightings are now being reported from all over the world and are increasing at an amazing rate. A new phase is beginning, but it promises to be an intensification of old phenomena, not anything especially new. Radio contacts are being reported from Canada and Detroit, Michigan. Personal contacts in Canada, Norway, France, California and New York.

THIS week, VALOR was visited by Mr. David D. Bunker from Sumner, Washington. His report of recent developments in the Pacific Northwest area was excellent confirmation of the fact that Saucer activity at present is extensive in disaster and fault line regions.

On May 31, 1954, the Combat Operations Center at McChord Air Force Base, Washington, received eight reports of unidentified objects sighted over various sections of the Pacific Northwest. The objects were reported over Spokane, Pasco, Ellensburg, Yakima and several Oregon cities, including Redmond and Portland.

Fred Blackstone, a commercial pilot, reported at Moses Lake the object he sighted was absolutely silent and had a stream of reddish fire spouting from its end. The control tower at Yakima County Airport described the object it saw in a similar fashion, as did Justin Cereley of Spokane, an Air Force veteran of the Korean War who sighted another object just east of Spokane. He said the object glowed like a light bulb.

Sgt. George Berg, of the Spokane Police Department, said he and his wife saw a globe of light with brilliant red sparks shooting from the back. It was not going fast and made no sound. Other reports said that people had observed "bluish blinking lights," "flying white globes of light," "white balls making terrific speed," "silent spheres of light," etc. The Air Force Combat Center at McChord said there was no attempt at interception and declined to speculate on the nature of the objects.

On June 1, 1954, the State Patrol in the Ellensburg areas reported "flying globes," and several calls were received at Radio Station KLXE. Reports were now coming in from all over Washington, Oregon, parts of Canada, and even from Alaska. Willard Renfro, of Ellensburg observed a circular object with a "dome-shaped top" along with his wife and mother. He observed it for forty-five minutes through binoculars. Many observers said they saw "flat objects" flying in a northerly direction on a line parallel to the ground.

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THE ANCIENT city of Rome . . . eternal city of the gods, was in a state of excitement this week as a "Flying Cigar" hovered over the Italian capitol. Michael Chinigo, reporting for the International News Service, said:

"I saw with the naked eye the mysterious 'Flying Cigar' which flew over Rome Saturday night, September 18th. The object registered for thirty-nine minutes on radar sets in the area. My attention was attracted by the strange sound the object emitted as it passed overhead.

"It was like approaching thunder but with a staccato effect, a series of explosions that grew louder as the craft got closer. This was followed by dead silence as the 'thing' stopped or appeared to, at an altitude of about five or six thousand feet.

"Suddenly it shot upward and left an exhaust trail of milky white smoke. It went straight up vertically into the sky. The air was perfectly still and the smoke remained in a vertical trail. Many hundreds of people observed this fantastic sight."

There has been some disagreement about the exact shape of the object. The observatory at Ciampino initially described it as a "Flying Cigar" with a big antenna amidships. The Defense Department pictured it as a "clipped cone" with a smaller surface on the bottom, or as two semi-circular discs, one larger than the other, with the bigger one on top.

The object had the strange ability to "park" or stand still in midair for sev-

WHY Some Deceased Souls Haunt Abandoned Houses . .



THE DEEPER we probe into the phenomena that becomes apparent to us in Psychical Research, the more convinced do most of us find ourselves that we are delving into the mazes of plain everyday Psychology.

Regardless of orthodox notions held generally to the contrary, people do not become all-wise, or super-human beings, merely by escaping from their fleshly encasements. Their dispositions do not change. The same things that entertained them, or appealed to their emotions while occupying their bodies will continue to have attraction for them in those states called Discarnate. A sober, serious person who has made Service his watchword toward his fellows while physically alive, will continue to make Service his living shibboleth after graduating from strictly earth conditions. A flippant, mischievous person who has found strange satisfaction in plaguing other people while both of them were at mortal pursuits, will get the same impish delight in mystifying them or scaring them by his behavior when the disembodied state offers him wider opportunities.

Why does it give a certain type of mentality or temperament, roguish pleasure to plant a sharp thumb-tack on the chairseat of a companion? The companion undertakes to sit in the chair, suffers the protuberance to be jabbed into his person, and springs upward with a yowl. Thereat the jokester holds his sides in glee. The same urge will activate another person to spring out behind a door with a resounding "Boo!" to make some friend emit a cry of fright.

We get back into the realms of the spirit's constant animosity toward confinement in fleshly mechanisms, acknowledging that the latter state is disciplinary with the one resenting the necessity for such discipline.

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

The celestial soul knows that it is superior to these kindergarten confinements of flesh, and should be able to command them at will, or be beyond the necessity for suffering them. But just about the time that it feels sure of itself in this regard, the physical takes control and shows its mistake—that it has by no means mastered the lessons of the mortal.

This jerking back to a realization that spiritual control in the ultimate has by no means been achieved, is the thing that makes for humor—harmless as the case may be—in the program of life as we live it daily.

A pompous banker in a silk hat starts from his residence on a winter's morning. His physical carriage conveys that he considers himself quite in control of all the factors making up his world—and particularly his person. Suddenly a small boy espies the silk hat and heaves a snowball. The hat goes rolling from the august pate, the banker makes an awkward clutch for it and slips on an ice-patch. With a wild gyration of his august arms he not only sprawls his length in the snow, but gravity takes control of him

and an instant later he is hurtling down grade bottomsides up, sweeping all old ladies from their feet in his pathway. At the foot of the incline there is an ebullient amalgamation of Prince Albert coat and petticoats, and sundry heads and limbs that require much sorting out.

All parties to the catastrophe have had it demonstrated that they are by no means superior to natural laws or supervision of their mechanisms—and that fact, wherever and whenever it is discovered or demonstrated, becomes excruciatingly funny.

Now then, the practical joker who goes in for redhot tacks on chairseats, is, in a manner, precipitating this condition of uncontrol, or deliberately forcing it. Of course he does not always succeed. He may inflict atrocious pain with no loss of control of the physical mechanism demonstrated. No matter! He is soliciting such vague satisfaction as comes to a soul when it can cause other souls to react, willingly or no, to its bidding.

"Look! I have control of a sort over the conduct of other free and independent spirits!" it says to itself. And by the condition of a sharp tack being put upon a chairseat, it proves from what follows that it is right.

OF course, if the jokester soul emerges from that demonstration with eyes blacked and front teeth knocked out, the debatable humor in the gesture is in a measure salvaged.

What we are interested in, at this moment, however, is the proposition that

practical jokers want to joke on The Other Side as well as the state popularly called mortality. They want to see disquieted or terrified mortals react to their bidding, or to the conditions they discover a way to effect. Being more or less intangible to the physical senses of their victims, their field of performance is enlarged.

It gives them as much satisfaction in their disembodied state to scare people witless as it gives certain embodied people satisfaction to jump out from behind doors of darkened rooms and cry "Boo!" at some member of the family—who "jumps a foot" as a result.

Of course, after a time this sort of thing palls on the discarnate person responsible for it, or he finds other interests to occupy his attention. So the report goes forth that for some "mysterious" reason the "supernatural" phenomena in such-and-such a place have ceased. Or perchance a series of masses, said for the "repose" of his soul—if the miscreant has been a Catholic—bring home to him what a serious phase his behavior is taking.

If an individual in mortal life, given to puncturing people's buttocks with tack-points, should behold a group of devout prelate holding religious services and telling God all about him—or see a squad of policemen coming in at the door—he might suddenly realize that tacks on chair-seats are not funny.

In the discarnate state, a good sock on the jaw is, of course, impossible. Such spiritual quirks have to be straightened out by what we might call spiritual persuasions or appeals to logic.

The Poltergeist—or, as the Germans have called him, the Roguish Ghost—usually has to be studied and classified as an individual. His case is forever psychopathic, just as in mortality. And sometimes pathological!

If a man has been doing nutty things while in his flesh, so that his family and friends have consigned him to an asylum, he will doubtless do double the numbers and kinds of nutty things if suddenly freed from his body. If malformations of the body were responsible for that irrational state of mind, being freed of the recalcitrant body will after a time permit normality to return. The desire to commit pure mischiefs is not the sole reasons for hauntings, however. Far from it!

Uniformly we find persons sticking to

their earthbound states from a sort of obsession to adjust karmic conditions or work karmic compensations out of the order made and provided . . .



THE ONLY real shock that accompanies Death is making the discovery that Death is a fallacy.

Half the people who make the Transition are temporarily stunned to recognize that they have merely brought a sublimated form of themselves out of their discarded bodies, and that these sublimated bodies have senses of supernal delicacy, permitting them to discern aspects of the natural world that they had never dreamed as existing.

If they have been good church-people all their lives and reared in the prosaic notion of the Day of Judgment derived from the old pagan Egyptians, they will be at once in a painful bafflement.

They will not have been popped out of their bodies into any celestial courtroom, where the Almighty puts in His time the clock around deciding the eternal destinations of saints or sinners. They will simply have become projected into a higher and finer octave of natural law, where in a majority of cases the mental takes precedence over the physical. And it is oftentimes a long and mentally painful process to become weaned from the pre-lethal notions of what was due to happen, and make the adjustment to the obvious Realities.

"I'm not dead!" they cry over and over. "I can't be dead—see, I've got a body the same as I've always had!"

But operating mentally on the higher octave, they need a considerable time to discern that all apparent physical forms are also constituted at the same higher frequency. That comes to them slowly. Meanwhile, especially if they have quitted their lower-frequency bodies under some sort of cloud, their minds are riveted on the conditions under which they have "gone out".

Perhaps they were poisoned by a rela-

tive who wanted their worldly fortunes. Perhaps they came to a drastic end when their motor cars skidded, and their wills to the old home place have been left sequestered in a peculiar nook so that loved ones are discomfited because they cannot find such and get them properly probated. Perhaps they died in prison for a crime they did not commit, and are insane at the injustice of the thing—noting that relatives and neighbors take it for granted that they were crooks on principle.

Such mental upsets cause a wracking of spirit that must somewhere find consolations. Blundering about, striving to master the technique that would convey to people still in mortality that they are still "alive" and demanding justice, they effect demonstrations on three-dimensional materials that frighten mortal folks half out of their wits.

"Don't go up near that old house up on the backroad," the new resident in the neighborhood is warned. "Old Jones, the tin-smith, hung himself in its attic and his ghost haunts the premises".

But Old Jones never hung himself in that attic. A trio of young toughs broke into his bachelor domicile one night and hung him in vengeance for not finding a poke of savings on his property.

Jones is trying to get it across to relatives and neighbors that he by no means died a suicide. Naturally he would confine his demonstrations to place where he felt he had ownership rights. To begin fourth-dimensional manifestations in a schoolhouse in Florida or a blacksmith shop in Wisconsin, would mean nothing to anyone that would help solve Jones' problem. He stays about the premises to which he feels he has title, and groans, or bangs doors, or slaps "phantom rope" against the walls when anyone approaches.

He knows in an abstract academic way that as a "ghost" he is scaring the town-folk witless. But maybe sooner or later some studious or scientific-minded person will come along and make a thorough investigation of the phenomena he is causing. Then the truth can be conveyed. Time means nothing to him in his higher octave.

THE EDITOR of this journal investigated one such "haunted" homestead not far from Ossining, N. Y., in 1930
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The Constructive Approach . .

SOULCRAFT'S New Department Expounding the Nine Progressions of Human Knowledge . .



ONE out of ten laymen can tell you with the utmost cheerfulness what they think is wrong with the world in which they've discovered themselves. One out of ten occasionally has an idea of what can be done about it. But does he make any serious attempt to put it into reality? He voices his gripe, strives to think through to a solution, develops brain-fog and decides to go to a movie to recuperate mentally.

And the world rocks its bedeviled way along, men and women generally try to make the best of it, and they get so much of it that any notion of coming back for a repeat visit is anathema to them.

After long and astute reflection it gradually comes home to the top-echelon intellect that the chief thing wrong with the world is *improper and inadequate education in the cosmic fundamentals.*

We don't start the education of boys and girls in current times with an overall picture of what this world as a globe may represent in the galaxies, why men and women are upon it, how they get here and what purpose they are supposed to serve by being here. We start their education by teaching them how to spell Dog and Cat, how to multiply four by seven and get twenty-eight, and where they can find the island of Australia off the southeast peninsula of Asia. As a matter of fact, we don't "educate" children at all. What we do is give them a

progressive smattering of information as academics, leaving it to the experiences of adulthood to truly make them wise in celestial fundamentals.

By that time they're too exhausted at making a living—or paying gargantuan taxes—to care a tinker's dam whether school keeps or not . .

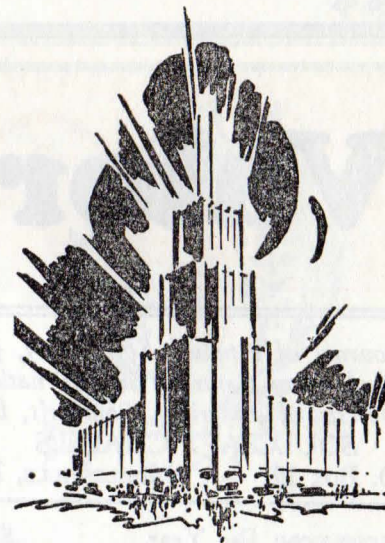
SOULCRAFT comes to a point in the 25-year publication of hyperdimensional transcripts that it realizes something concrete must be instigated to establish a new premise for Education on this bedeviled planet. In keeping with basic laws of good narrative—for narrative is all that education really is—it should tell in the first paragraph, first of all, WHERE, then WHEN, then WHO is concerned in the drama about to be portrayed. In other words, Location, Time and Identification.

Translated into practical academic matters, what is so wrong with tutoring the student mind first of all in Astronomy—what the great galactic pattern truly is, particularly as we're getting new light upon it from the 200-inch telescope and the space ships—thus locating our global world in Cosmos and establishing the nature of the mundane stage in which all subsequent worldly drama is played?

From Astronomy in the New Pattern should be but a natural to start moving down toward the specific . . into an examination of Planetary Composition, our own in particular, thus giving us a broad and basic foundation for *Geology* . .

How did this planet of ours come about, what's it made of, how does it perform as it does, what have been its background periods up through the æons, resulting even in the continents and weathers of today? How did it perform when it turned eight times as fast as it does at present, when the days were but three hours long? What price are its inhabitants paying today for the major catastrophe of that comet that struck it back in Miocene times? Most of all, *how did Life get upon it?* . .

THE MOMENT you come to a consideration of Life,, you're into a subject that not only informs but fascinates. Why shouldn't the Man in the Street have the broadest basic knowledge of



what Life is, and why it operates as we behold it? Why deny it to him? The facts are known to the great psychological research experts.

Why shouldn't the Man in the Street have a working knowledge in his commonplace mind of the imperishability of his soul-essence and how it returns into the earth-scene again and again to get specific lessons from the life-experience? Why shouldn't he have working knowledge in his head of how Races came about, what they are in the cosmic ensemble, and why friction develops between them when they compete with one another?

From Anthropology it would be put a step to grasping a ready working knowledge of *Enthnology*, or the science of peoples and governments. That would mean throwing new light on the institutions of today in reflections of the institutions of Yesterday. The common man would have a background of Government and Economics in result of these that would stop the predatory politician cold in his practices that are built on the public ignorance. Of course you would be teaching History in all of it, in the most grandiose manner. But out of History thus taught would come today's plunge into Science and the New Physics, embracing the principles of Magnetism, Radiation, and Nuclear Fission . .

OF COURSE you couldn't awaken the average mind to Psychics without developing the theme of Metaphysics, what it is, and why up through all the generations and civilizations it has held maximum interest for Great Minds. The

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Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. VII SEPTEMBER 25, 1954 No. 22

Relax for the Moment



WHAT VALOR prints in this issue about Russia goes in a measure for China as well. Neither country has anything other than manpower to wage successful assault against our United States. And excessive manpower means nothing in warfare when waged with guided missiles. To Soulcraft this week came a midwest businessman ready to spend an afternoon soliciting VALOR to press the point that Americans confront the tragedy of abysmal defeat to "arouse" China's millions against themselves. The existence of four hundred million bellicose laundrymen had him filled with international heebie-jeebies. He would have Soulcraft print his book, warning Americans to be up and to arms.

Soulcraft could not print his book. Under Soulcraft's corporate charter no books can be printed but its own. Still, that is not the point.

The midwest businessman indicated by every word he uttered that he lacked the faintest concept of the vaster and higher cosmic integration making for white, yellow, and black races in the beginning. There is a fundamental cosmic reason why yellow men can never be white men and neither white nor yellow can be blacks—biologically or intellectually—excepting through individual spiritual evolution. The reason why Soulcraft carries the benefits to understanding that it does, is because it is grounded on omniversal

principles and knows the reasons for the earth-scene being what it is. When you know the hypothesis in total, fear departs.

Nothing of permanent seriousness has happened to the United States yet, and nothing of permanent seriousness is slated to happen to the United States. But gestures of striving to grope through thick veils of ignorance can frequently exhibit as pathetic.

VALOR is fearful of neither Russian nor China, it repeats. But VALOR is very much concerned about international characters using mass ignorance to further their own designs and persuading Americans into economic measures that spell their financial bankruptcy—with the enforced commitments accompanying it.

Do you realize that if every adult man and woman had a working knowledge of the Soulcraft tenets in his or her head, *this nation would practically have no quandaries?* The great global melee would be constructively understood. And understanding would mean correction.

How then to educate this Republic swiftly and facilely? It's not so preposterous.

Arrange for the underwriting of such education.

Human nature will respond from the exigencies of further ignorance!



Phenomena to the Few



SOULCRAFT publicizes in its periodicals the psychical materializations of truly great mediums like Bertie Lilly Candler and the tangible evidence of survival of human personalities contributing to the wonders of an opening Aquarian Age. After every such narrative, come the poignant letters from the hinterland. "Why is it that I cannot get in

touch with my beloved departed ones? . . . I have many who have passed on. Why should such phenomena be allotted to the few?"

Barring the pathos of heartache in such appeals, the queries stack up with, "Please write and tell me why my wife is red-headed," or "I have two sons. One of them runs around with married women. Why is this necessary?"

Given ten thousand people who have graduated into the higher dimensions of Space and Time, immediately we confront ten thousand reasons why few may care to resume relations with those left on the earthplane. This is a severe blow to the vanities as well as loyalties of those still remaining in moribund earth-life. Not that those on the Higher Side have severed sentimental relations with earthly relatives but the same complexes may maintain toward communication as maintained in mortality. There is something "unhallowed" about communicating—this their religious orthodoxy had taught them. In the Higher Life the psychical positions are merely reversed.

People on the earth-side are shocked into exclaiming, "Mother would never treat me in such a fashion. If she could communicate with me, she *would*." But mother in earth-life couldn't have been persuaded to attend a spiritist seance if it had cost her a thumb. Why expect that because Mother has altered her status she has altered her notions on converse between the worlds?

However, granting that mother might be willing to forego her inhibitions toward contributing to psychical phenomena, what mediums of reliability are available and how can contact be established successfully? Mother never made any effort to educate herself in such matters when she was in body, so the matter is alien to her now. The number of bona fide mediums capable of furnishing the necessary ectoplasm is nil. Smaller factors enter in. It is a situation well-nigh tragic in its effects—or lack of them—on bereavement.

Soulcraft knows no greater boon that could be bestowed on the race than to instigate a Center where bona fide contact with the departed could be assured—and no commercial strings attached, with fraud eliminated utterly. But such institutions take time to establish.

So it is not a question at present of phenomena being allotted to the few. The "few" have made a grim and serious business of perfecting conditions where those without inhibitions can communicate if they elect, and what seems to be happening is their compensation.

The second forthcoming Soulcraft book entitled, *Karma, What Is It?* is going to treat of these matters in greatest detail.

Those persons now heartbroken at the seeming "silence" of their relatives may understand much when they have absorbed this volume.

It needs an entire book to make the details clear.

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

ON JUNE 5, 1954, six mysterious flying objects were sighted over Port Townsend. The Air Force dispatched an F-86 all-weather jet interceptor plane, fully armed, to Port Townsend from Paine Air Force Base.

The interceptor made no contact with the strange objects, however, and a negative report on the flight was filed. Jefferson County Sheriff Peter J. Naughton said he saw six yellowish objects "flying in echelon formation spaced about two-hundred feet apart." He estimated they were at an altitude of four-thousand to five-thousand feet and traveling at two-hundred fifty to three-hundred miles per hour. Naughton said he reported the objects to Indian Island, a Naval Base near Port Townsend. He said he watched the Saucers zoom through the skies for about twelve minutes before he went to the telephone. A short time later he received a telephone call from Seattle requesting him to go to the Port Townsend Airport and ground all planes because "interceptors were coming in with live ammunition."

The Flying Saucers returned on June 8, 1954 to amaze Seattle citizens. They appeared over many sections of the city about seven in the evening. Dozens of residents called the Post-Intelligencer and the Police Department to report the objects. Firemen stationed at the Fire Station at East 45th St. and Brooklyn Avenue spotted about six of the shiny

discs and promptly used binoculars to get a better look. A Queen Anne resident, Mrs. Sylvia Knight, told police she and a "lot of other people" saw Saucers moving "very high in the sky and shining like silver."

All of the above sightings are given to show the beginning of an enormous space visitor operation in the fault zone area of the Pacific Northwest. Some mighty strange things are happening there!



APPARENTLY VALOR made an unintentional blunder recently in passing along to its readers the story of the Dan Fry lie-detector test in Los Angeles. It seems the tale was copyrighted by one Max B. Miller, 18-year-old publisher of *Flying Saucers International*. Young Miller now feels that credit should be given him for his original publishing of the affair, and VALOR readily complies.

The narrative about Fry being subjected to the lie-detector test was apparently the exclusive property of Miller. VALOR published the story as it reached this editorial desk from a variety of reports. In the future, no more stories from *Flying Saucers International* will be circulated to Soulcrafters, jeopardized by the exclusiveness of young Miller's copyrights.

Mr. Fry himself writes VALOR as follows—

"I have your welcome letter of August 30, and I am greatly honored by your expression of interest and confidence in me. I sincerely hope and trust that you will never have reason to change that opinion.

"I owe you an apology for not having written you before this, to thank you for your very generous assistance in bringing the 'White Sands Incident' to the attention of the public. To this I now add my thanks for publishing the facts concerning the Paul Coates' TV Show. This show was only one of the attempts which have been made to discount the information which I have received; by discrediting me. There will undoubtedly be others, and perhaps more skillful attempt made. However, I still feel that if the information which I have has any value, that it



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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

can, and will, speak for itself regardless of what anyone may think of me.

"I am hoping to find the time to take a trip East sometime this fall or winter. I look forward with great eagerness to the time when we can renew and improve our acquaintance. In the meantime, I remain,

Your friend,
Daniel W. Fry.

Dan Fry's story in his *own words*, appeared first in "Saucers" September, 1954. Although permission to quote "Saucers" was not technically obtained, VALOR feels that Flying Saucers International, and president Max B. Miller, should be more than anxious to see the truth of Dan Fry's story released to the public. However, Mr. Miller wants it understood that all articles in "Saucers" are copyrighted by said Miller. *Saucers* is published by Flying Saucers International, P. O. Box 35034, Los Angeles 35, Calif., at 25¢ per copy or 4 issue subscriptions for \$1.00.

Atom Bombs

(Continued from Page 3)

such war's might? The answer would be in the affirmative, of course, excepting for one element—

What of the set of racial staesmen who might decide the chance was worth taking—annihilating their enemies even though repercussions were equally disastrous on themselves?

Thus does the global military situation resolve itself into the most potent aspects of Christ's adjurations of two thousand years ago: If your enemy desire your coat, give him your cloak also. In obverse, it poses the unsolvable problem, How do you love your enemies, and to what purpose, when your enemies may not care a tinker's dam about being loved?

If your enemies hate you enough so that they are willing to execute themselves while working vengeance upon you, what restraining force exists to make them show the proper sense? You say the restraining force of Self-Preservation? Suppose it is not sufficient? The world contains men in every age who say, I hate you enough so that I am willing to destroy myself if only I make certain that your destruction is complete.

In private life we call such ideology Homicidal.

When it is based on mass ignorance of the true nature of possible retributions on the homicidal maniac himself, the intellect has a problem—and so do the world's master statesmen. In playing with 15-million tons of TNT at a gesture the lives of the planetary species are involved. What shall be said of one little band of Marxist irresponsibles without the acumen to envision the penalties they are courting? Even self-preservation may require a medicum of intellect to effect it. So a planetary species could pay the price for abysmal moral irresponsibility of a handful. One moron playing with matches ignites a gaseous deposit that kills a thousand savants. The moron lacks the brains even to be held accountable. But that does not make the sages any less defunct.

This is the prospect we are facing in the explosive years immediately ahead of us . . . keep atomic explosives out of the hands of morons and irresponsibles—but how? It is one thing to talk about making War so destructive that its waging becomes impracticable. It is quite another to portray war's destruction to an intelligence that scarcely appreciates he is a living physical being himself, let alone the significance of two billion fellow corpses. It takes imagination to envision two billion fellow corpses.

The homicidal maniac, regardless what his race, has little imagination in his intellectual makeup—little, for that matter, of anything else.

SO WE have brought the development of War to that point where the enactment of it is equivalent to a suicide prospect for all. The launching of an all-out atomic war promises to be the creation of a planetary home uninhabitable for anyone. That should mean War's end—providing all humans in that planetary home possessed equal intelligence to sense soundly the penalties.

From the reasoning thus, it is, that Soulcraft stands firmly on the ground that the one crying need of the sentient beings on this planet is *education*. Education in the Cosmic Verities. Truly educated men do not engage in sanguinary contests with their fellows, not alone because their imaginations bring home to them the folly of it but because they dis-

cern that sanguinary contests on the national scale truly *settle* nothing.

Viewed in the light of what is coming to climax in the hydrogen-bomb development, *can* the various races involved acquire the education in responsibilities in time to do the earth-species any good?

Haunted Houses

(Continued from Page 6)

and determined that two such disgruntled individuals were responsible for the phenomena: one, a man murdered by thugs on the premises as long ago as 1888, the other a woman who with her husband had originally built the house as a residence. These two earthbound souls had continued to live as strangers on the property the same as they would have done in physical enhousement. But one wanted, somehow, to convey to his still-living relatives that he had not fled ignominiously into a life of crime as they had suspected at his disappearance. The other was angrily demonstrative at recurrent periods that present-day owners of the property were allowing it to fall into wrack and ruin after she and her husband had put physical lifetimes of loving effort into it. She was blinded from recognizing that her own earthbound obsessions and angers, having effect on materials, were keeping people out of it.

When the murdered man had recited the story of his fate, and the woman had been made to realize that the structure was continuing abandoned because of her spookish activities, both were content to vacate and move upward into higher and more important spiritual octaves. The supernatural manifestings ceased. Strangers bought the premises remodeled and restored them. The "ghosts" had been "laid."

Most of the authorities on hyperdimensional manifestation who have analyzed carefully the nature of all the happenings in Calvados Castle have reached the conclusion that an intelligent but earthbound spirit was seeking to reenact not one but a series of happenings that had transpired in that structure, for the particular benefit of the Abbe who probably had had something to do with their original performings in a previous life.

Letting oneself be physically terrified, babbling of "demons" and "creatures not

human," shunning places where "supernatural" manifestings take place, all so much childish reaction to great natural truths in process of transmission from higher to lower octaves of consciousness.

Of course it is unnerving to hear an unearthly yowl come up from the cellar, or to hear a sound like a lifeless corpse falling out of the attic, or to sit before the fire on a cloudless twilight and have a cistern of ice water poured down one's chimney.

But how else could a definite story of actual events be portrayed in terms of action?

Haunted houses, faugh! Get it through our heads they're just hangouts for malcontents . . .

New Education

(Continued from Page 7)

nature of Transcendent Life surrounding the mortal would sugar off into trenchant examination of Psychics Spiritualism—and you would have your student of the New Times proving up for himself the imperishability of consciousness and the survival of those who previously lived in mortal vehicles. You would be giving the human race an utterly different description of the nature and significance of the universe, by tutoring it progressively in Astronomy, Geology, Biology, Anthropology, Ethnology, Physics, Metaphysics, Psychics and—

The final Science would be Ontology, or the Philosophy of *Being*. It would embrace the recapitulation of all the lore that had preceded Ontology, and make sense of the worldly scene instead of its current confusion and fisticuffs.

Facing these titanic academic issues and solving them in terms that the infantile minds grasps is Soulcraft's idea of *The Constructive Approach*.

You are going to hear more about it . . .

Soulcraft intends to correlate these great studies, unify them, make them dominant and insistent in the nation's thinking, bending all its books and publications—but particularly its books—to developing the theme.

Nine Departments of Erudition . . . and what a tremendous amount Soulcraft possesses to contribute to them.

Next week on this page the treatment of the New Astrology will be outlined.

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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 have been published in a de luxe volume that is one of Soulcraft's current best sellers.

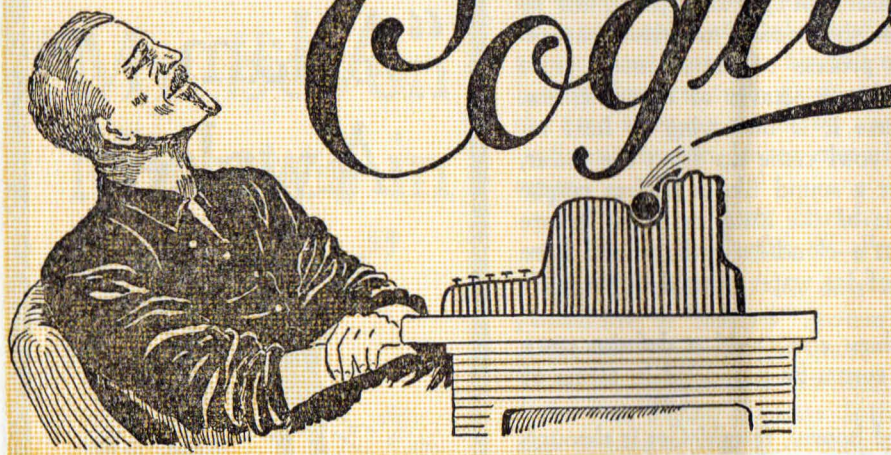
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Soulcraft Chapels

Cogitations



MY EYE happened to catch the headlines Sunday morning, describing Senator Flanders' latest blast at Joe McCarthy. Of all the asinine and senile vaporizing it ever encountered. Old Ralph's objections to Senator Joe are the blue-ribbon tommy-rot. One is left to wonder just how silly the human race can get? The crux of the trouble is, of course, that Senator Joe has probed to a point where his probings have *hurt*. Meaning they have become too effective for the Boys in the Backroom to tolerate. They don't mind a senatorial or congressional committee putting on investigations that wind up in glittering generalities and name a lot of small fry as not fit for innocent children to meet on their way home from school, but when your scalpel comes perilously close to touching the real grey matter in the skull of Publicus Stupidicus watch out. The Boys in the Backroom are due to take steps. And naturally they'll pick out some respectable old stuffed shirt from an ultra-conservative State like Ethan Allen's Vermont—to give their gripes prestige. As reported before in these columns, I know quite a lot about politics in ultra-conservative Vermont. I was intimately associated with three newspapers in that commonwealth in my younger years, two of which I owned. And I had an experience with a leading bigwig in its political field that I want to tell you about. Incidentally, he was a United States Senator—one of Old Ralph's predecessors. My name not being Westbrook Pegler,

I consider it poor taste to use journalistic hobnails to stomp all over corpses, so I'll just call my personal contactee the "late" Senator Frank, such being his first name. Senator Frank when I first encountered him at Vermont Press Association meetings was no more than a small-town congressman, but he was likewise a brother newspaper publisher, and I suppose that a few secrets among the trade were like marked cards in a poker game, played from beneath the table. I found out otherwise . . .



THE MAIN difference in rank between Politician Frank and myself in our earliest moments was premised on the circumstance that I owned a weekly paper whereas he owned one of the State's profitable dailies, which of course gave him license to look down his nose at me. But I took that in grace, cherishing designs—as youth will—on ultimate-

ly growing into the stature, biologically as well as professionally, where I might look down my proboscis too at the younger contingent as it came along. But in the course of his keeping an industrious ear to the keyholes of the Bock Rooms at the national capital, it begame the order of public business for Congressman Frank to be elevated to status of Senator Frank. All of which in due time was made administrative and legal. However, I was going up in the world a bit myself. I had quit Governor Howe's *Evening Banner* in Bennington, where I was mechanical superintendent, to join the staff of *The American Magazine* in New York under old John M. Siddall. Instead of making \$25 a week, I made \$250. I settled the ruinous bills arising out of Harriet's medical treatment and death, banked my pence reasonably, and in time had enough to travel up into the State's northern sections and acquire the *St. Johnsbury Caledonian*. I changed it from a bankrupt morning newspaper to an evening daily and to my own stupefaction, made quite a lot of money running it. Money poured in from all sides in those days. Particularly did it pour in from the Methodist Centenary folks down in Manhattan, who wanted *The American's* ace writer to take a trip around the world and compile a layman's report on the efficacy of Protestant Foreign Missions. All expenses for frau and self were to be paid, with a comfortable \$10,000 remaining as stipend for time and trouble. None other than Bishop Fred Fisher attended to it, he who later "distinguished" himself as one of the Methodist Church's leading pro-kremlin-ites, although I was stupid about Kremlinites at the time. I sold a half interest in *The Caledonian* to a couple of journalistic brethren—not Senator Frank in either case—who would conduct it in my absence, packed two suit cases with hands and feet, and headed for San Francisco. From that port we took ship in due sea-

son for Yokohama, reached our destination without shipwreck, and I began the asinine "task" of looking over the missionary effort in Japan. I was about as professionally equipped to do this as any feline to investigate the potencies of fish. But I traveled Japan from end to end. Meanwhile the Siberian Intervention was building up in diplomatic circles, to keep the British from superceding the French, who had superceded the Czechs, who had superceded the Bolsheviki at dominating unhappy Siberia. The excuse militarily was the possibility of assailing the Germans from the eastern front. Actually the gag was putting first-class highwaymen to catch a crowd of burglars. But I don't write of diplomacy, I write of congressmen who became senators by keeping an ear to the keyholes of the Boys in the Backroom . . .

o—o

IT WAS due to my reputation as a magazine publicist that I was waited upon one night in the home of Bishop Harris in Karazawa, Japan, by a group of Military Intelligence officers who solicited me to join up with the U. S. Forces and proceed up to Russia, ostensibly as Red Triangle Secretary, but really military photographer for the U. S. War Department, photographing everything of war value between Vladivostok and Tomsk, in the event that American forces made an ingress into that unhappy country to "checkmate" the Germans on the eastern front. I took the oath in the U. S. Consulate in Yokohama, got into khaki, and proceeded up into Siberian Russia, in which I was slated to spend the ensuing year traveling 7,000 versts and squeezing my camera-bulb at Bolshevia generally in the throes of Communism taking over. To make a long monologue short, I returned to Tokyo after the celebrated armistice of November 11th, and eventually Came Home. I had gotten reports that my money-making newspaper was about to be foreclosed on by the sheriff—that was of more immediate import to me than continuing around the world and seeing China, India, and the Holy Land. But I was full of punch and vinegar about World Conditions As They Were. And I had no sooner hit St. Johnsbury than I was solicited by the Vermont Press Association to favor it with a speech at its current Montpelier session, respecting my

world travels and the desirability of America joining the League of Nations. That was Hot Stuff. I'd gotten the Whole Idea from the Czechs with whom I'd been rubbing shoulders in Russian Siberia, as to exactly Whom and What were the motivating factors behind the Great War and the Russian "Experiment". And I was dying to give my Green Mountain editorial brethren the low-down. I accepted. Subsequently did I journey by motorcar across to Montpelier with a speech that was a honey. And I holed up in the Montpelier House until the hour came for fireworks . . . However, at three in the afternoon was I waited upon by none other than Senator Frank in Person . . .

o—o

I WAS the Squid that had come up a considerable distance in this Tired Old World—God knew why!—and now spake with authority and the Gift of Tongues. A hundred newspaper editors were about to "hang on my utterances" and the enterprise promised voltage. Senator Frank was effusiveness Personified. He slid into my hotel room with all the grace of a political carcass getting into a vault of vultures. Was I going to make a speech that evening on the desirability of the United States *keeping as far as possible from the skulduggeries of the League of Nations?* . . . I most certainly was . . . Uh-huh . . . Well, Bill, would you, as a personal favor to *Me* refrain from doing any such thing in the patriotic interests of our Republic and Ethan Allen? You see, I am going to be called to register my vote in the Senate presently on the national desirability of such a Move, and the time is Not Yet. My vote, you understand, packs just as much weight as the vote of any senator from New York or California. If I commit myself to this League of Nations thing, or do *not* commit myself to this League of Nations thing, I am being put On the Spot. Would you, as a personal favor to *me*—and the United States Senate—say absolutely *nothing* tonight before these editors about the desirability of us joining or not joining the League of Nations? . . . I put it to you as a patriotic responsibility . . .

o—o

WELL, that line of malarkey always "got" met. Putting it up to me as a "patriotic responsibility" hit me in the



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diaphragm. I was so painfully patriotic in those days that I would have called Black sky-blue pink if it had otherwise damaged my country in the slightest respect. Nice line of palaver to hand out to a journalistic adolescent who, twenty years later, was to be sent the pokey for Sedition for "opposing" our union with the Marxist Murderers in war-time. So the result of the professional lachrymosity was my pledge and promise that I would say absolutely nothing about the League of Nations in my forthcoming opus . . . I repaired to the dining room of the Montpelier House . . . an audience of a hundred molders of Public Opinion cast anticipative countenances in my direction. I had been *in Russia personally*, and none other fathead at that Board had remotely done that. I arose to my well-known feet. I confined my "remarks" to a descriptive tour of Siberian Russia as I had taken it. I avoided any mention of the League of Nations as though it were polio virus not yet discovered. And I sat down to perfunctory applause. Plainly all present were grievously disappointed . . . The next speaker was the Honorable Frank, our distinguished Senator from Capitol Hill. Senator Frank had gotten me out of his political pathway. *He proceeded to harangue those editors for forty minutes on the enforced necessity of our joining the League of Nations or hell would be to pay!* . . .

o—o

THAT's the way they put it over on you when you're young and gullible. I drove home to St. Johnsbury in the dark of the moon, let myself into my newspaper office, turned the button on the nearest linotype, and started to dig a political grave for the Old Ralph Flanders of that earlier generation. Did I do it? Of course I didn't. The national press took up Senator Frank as God's Gift to Humanity in the Current Generation . . . all from the conservative old State of Vermont from which Ethan Allen had once said, "Open in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," only duly interpreted he'd phrased it, "Open up this dump, or by God I'll knock it over and let Congress pay the damages!" . . . Old Senator Ralph, indeed! . . . As I size him up, he's a repeat performance on Senator Frank—who, by the way, went to Glory in result of an automobile hitting him in Washington,

D. C. and rolling him fatally along two hundred yards of pavement. Years later, when I got to Washington myself, and for a limited time was in the confidence of Old Bob Sharpe—chief of our Secret Service in the State Department—Colonel Bob gave me the low-down on Senator Frank. He was just washpot-boy for the Overseas Crowd—one of 'em—to whom you could "sell" anything if you only presented it in a banknote wrapping with "P" for patriotism . . . Dumb, if you know what I mean, although patriotic enough on 4th of Julys.

o—o

SO OLD Ralph wants Senator Joe taken out in the side alley and kicked where he sits down? . . . If the American public fall for it, it deserves exactly what the Boys in the Backroom have ready for it . . . Stacks up to me there's a group of Vermont manufactures up around Bellows Falls who want to sell doo-hickeys to the Soviets to get maximum of that Kremlin mazuma. And what does Senator Joe mean by raising dust that spoils several good business deals? How about our Senator going to bat for us, seeing we kicked in plenty for his campaign fund? Patriotism? . . . who *dares* to question our patriotism? . . . Let anybody who questions our patriotism be tried and sentenced for Sedition . . . that's the stuff! . . . don't we pay our shot of these mountainous taxes that protect us from Russia? . . . And so Old Ralph responds. That's what he's there for. And Senator Joe battles day after day and month after month to bring the real miscreants to the nation's attention. Oh well! The human race always was noted for spending half its life clamoring for a Messiah and the latter half crucifying Him when He appeared so—get ready for the Cross, Joe. Who are you, to imagine you're above it? . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Russia the Headache

(Continued from Page 2)

truly fertile and sustains an effective population."

Comparing the United States to Russia, suppose only six American States held the American population, with forty-two written off by reasons of ice, fogs or floods, and those six decided to go to

war against the world . . . what an imbecility would be represented by it!

“THERE’S an ancient saying in Russia,” Taylor reminds us, “that you can’t feed even one nighthale with words and stories. And the Russians through the centuries have learned it the hard way, even though her population is predominantly rural. Fifty-five percent of the great formidable human mass that we have brought to our attention in the propaganda, live on farms, and about forty-five percent in towns and cities. This is the reverse of American percentages. Russia, like China, must continue for a long time yet as comprising one of the starvation bands of the world.

“Furthermore, Russia’s truly effective population is barely larger than our own—a fact widely overlooked. Almost 60 millions of her vaunted 200 millions are lost in the incomprehensible forests and tundras and wastelands. They are ignorant, uneducated and slothful, not even having any comprehension of the geography or populations of the rest of the earth. Individual initiative they have none. Even if Kremlin Russia did conquer Europe and then America, the great mass of the Russians wouldn’t comprehend what they had achieved. As for occupying and supervising it, the notion is absurd . . .

“So all of it means a concentration of targets for aircraft intelligently piloted from hostile nations.

“Only two cities in the entire Soviet Union contain over a million population—Moscow and Leningrad. Leningrad can be practically disregarded. Today it is a ghost city. Every wheel that turns, every voice that speaks, every order that is given, emanates from the single city of Moscow. And this on a latitude with Juneau, Alaska.

“Supplementing that concentration, most Soviet industries are set in a limited triangle extending from the Baltic to the new industrial centers of Central Siberia. This is a highly vulnerable area. Yet it is the main sour of Russia’s war-making strength. Then there is Russia’s transportation system for successfully conducting any world onslaught . . .

“WASHINGTON knows over 80 percent of all internal freight in Russia must be transported over her

limited single-track rails. There are no western Europe canal systems and only a few large rivers like the Volga. Russia’s whole rail transportation system at the present time compares favorably with that of the United States in the year 1872. There are only 60,000 miles of rails for the entire Soviet territory. The United States by comparison enjoys 226,000 at the present moment, and for a third of the land area. As for Russia’s highway system, it is practically nonexistent. No one can own an automobile in Russia. There are no roads on which to drive it.

“America has 3,320,000 miles of highway, an equivalent of 133 times around the earth. But in the whole of Russia, the only highways of nominal importance lead from Moscow north to Leningrad, west to Minsk and south to Kiev and Karkov. You want a real and a true comparison? This nation that would challenge the peace and security of the earth doesn’t have as much paved highway in its entire domain as Americans enjoy in the single State of Florida! . . .

“Yet this limited highway mileage, and circumscribed railroad trackage, must serve and coordinate an area three times the whole United States, rushing up troops and supplies to keep an army in supplies that bethinks to overrun Europe, then sail across to America in a night and a day!

“In this matter of vulnerability may I add that to this very moment more than one-half of the Soviet Union’s whole oil supply is still coming from one vulnerable oil field on the Apsheron Peninsula adjoining the city of Baku on the Caspian Sea—easily within range of our fleets of bombers abroad.”

Overrun the world, indeed!

Have the Soviets educated such naivete out of their populations in the intervening generation? Even such assumption would be tragic.

Germany, a highly centralized and industrial state, peopled by some of the most intelligent human beings on the continent, kept the allied nations at bay for four years. But that is all that they did, keep it at bay.

Small wonder the Soulcraft higher mentors assert repeatedly that no major trouble is headed our way from Russia.

All of which belongs in a category of different treatment . . .



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



LADY in the South propounds a controversial question. She says, anent Soulcraft's plans for enlargement, "It appears to me it would be more important, certainly *necessary*, and I believe the public is more interested in, How to Live this Life in a Better Way, than that some sort of institution be established for the purpose of 'teaching all phases of the so-called Supernatural,' just because the study is very fascinating or to prove spirit-manifestation from *after* this life." The lady happens to be interested in a wholesale fight for unadulterated foods or foods devoid of deleterious preservatives and coal-tar drug products . . . The crux of her communication of interest at the moment is her expression, "I believe the public is more interested in How to Live This Life in a Better Way . . ." It is not a matter to be dismissed with a quip . . .

THE ISSUE I feel called to keep consistently before me isn't so much "what the public is most interested in" as the mission outlined for Soulcraft to pursue in the current generation. It is misinterpretation to conclude such mission to be an arousing of the public to interest in the supernatural. After all, the supernatural is only such because of mass ignorance of the laws and processes operating Behind Life. Truly there *is* no supernatural. That is merely a name for what men and women as yet do not comprehend . . . The lady makes the tedious orthodox blunder of assuming there are two lives, one to be lived in the physical Now, the other to be lived in the idealistic Hereafter. Soulcraft tries to bring home the realization that there is but One Life having these two phases as to points of consciousness. How to Live This Life in the Better Way—meaning in this correspondent's view the Healthier Way—partakes of the utmost sense. But if the lay public understood the entire agenda of Soulcraft and its errand intellectually, it *would* live this mortal phase in the healthier way and no room for argument. It is a widely noted fact that there seems to be less illness and physical frustration among Soulcrafters generally the nation and earth over than among any other classification of spiritual communicants with the single exception of Christian Scientists. Their thinkings being correct on cosmic fundamentals, their vehicles do not go out of whack chiefly to satisfy private and subconscious indulgences. Still, it doesn't write Settlement to the question . . . It is getting thinkings straight on real fundamentals that Soulcraft is basically striving to achieve . . .

Q *LIFE is a succession of experiences at learning how NOT to do things--and doing what remains profitably . . .*

STARTING the day off by eating the right vitamins for breakfast, sensing bodily vim and vigor in consequence, then motoring to office or industry to do all the wrong things that result from muddled or provincial thinkings, is assailing earthly complications from the wrong end of the cosmic binoculars. It would seem to be the greater challenge that the prime public interest should lie in learning why the human spirit discovers itself on the mortal plane at all. Healthy or nonhealthy, being filled with vim, vigor, and vitality is only a means to an end. The end in itself is intelligently understood Purpose. That is discernible with most clearness from the higher echelons of consciousness, not down here amid mortal turmoil and frustration. Unless one perceives mortality in overall prospective, the earthly tenure compares to driving a mechanically perfect motorcar along a super highway but not grasping one's destination nor any special reasons for the trip. To say it is "very fascinating" to know one's destination or the reasons for the trip, but after all the car's perfection of performance is the thing, is indulging a fanaticism and calling it a Message . . . This morning papers were full of headlines—about taxes, overseas alliances, senatorial investigations, atom-bomb potentials, and why John Doe strangled his red-headed companion in last night's assignation out on the East Road. Does the well-breakfasted citizen "know what it's all about" more readily or intelligently by having munched wholewheat bread that morning and what good does it do him unless the Master Plan has been made clear in his understanding? Soulcraft looks at the whole colossal performance of earth-life, tries to see it clearly and whole. Physical well-being may be the basis for facile and sagacious mental performance, applicable as well to a horse or a dog, but it's astute and instinctive reaction to all Life as phenomena that supplies the true peace of mind until evening's shadows fall . . . And that is the prescription in the human sense that Soulcraft is seeking to fill. It would pause the communicant on the elevated mountain spur and let him see the road not only behind but ahead, considering it all as Highway of Spiritual Commerce along which flows a never-ending surge of traffic . . .

Of course it's the exceptional person who does grasp such viewpoint. But in my peculiar position as Traffic Director I have to keep my ideological compass unobstructed and accurate. That's what I'm trying to do, but it takes a somewhat specialized temperament to succeed in it . . . I still say the establishment of an institution to formalize such traffic-directing would be a good and worthwhile thing . . . It makes the life-illumination so *complete!* . . .