

Valor

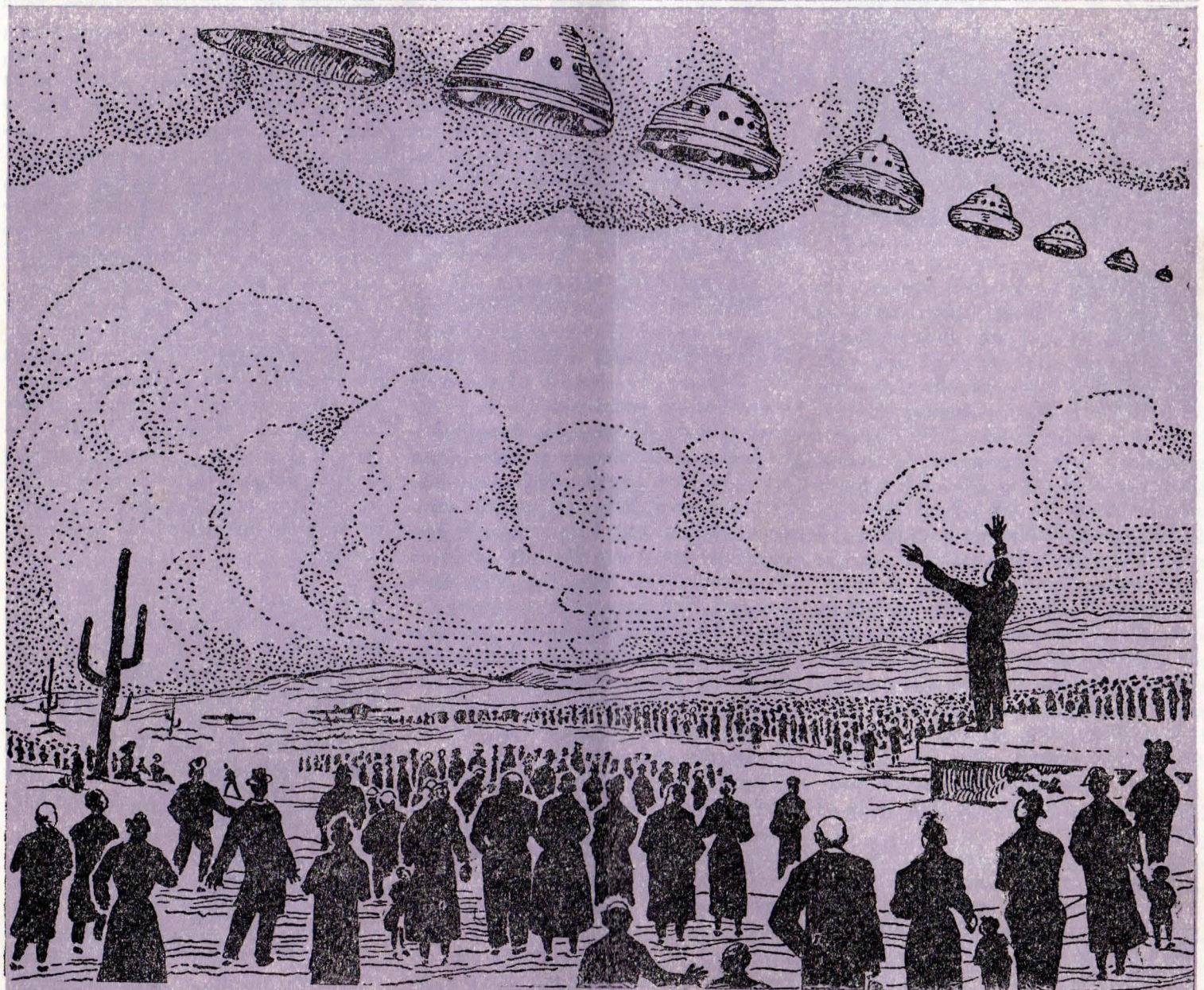
The Golden Times Weekly...

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

Volume VII

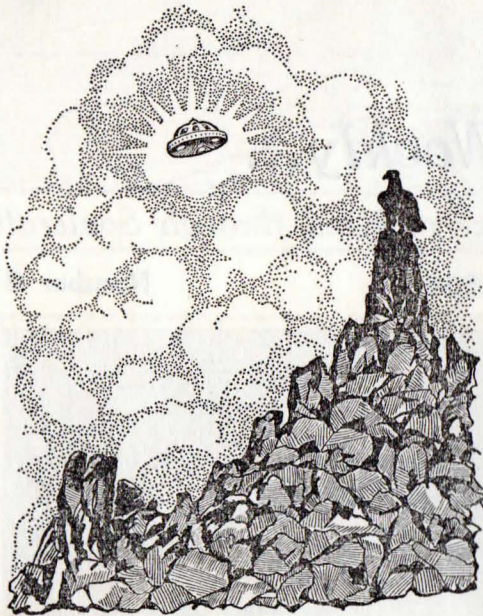
Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, June 26, 1954

Number 9



Amazing Story of Dan Fry at Giant Rock

New Mexico to New York in 15 Minutes . .



IN VALOR's opinion, the Flying Saucer story to end all Flying Stories came to hand this week from the New Age Publishing Company of Dorothy & Franklin Thomas, 1542 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles 26, California. It was a book called *The White Sands Incident* from the pen of one Dan Fry. What was the White Sands Incident and who is Dan Fry? Suppose we answer the last question first—

Daniel W. Fry is a native of Minnesota, age 46 years, employed since 1949 by Aerojet General Corporation, world's largest developers and manufacturers of rocket engines. During the years 1949 and 1950 he spent most of his time at the White Sands, N. M. Proving Grounds, engaged in setting up instrumentation for the testing of a series of large motors.

On the evening of July 4, 1950, this personable engineer, found himself in a well-nigh deserted army base, having missed the holiday bus that would have taken him to Las Cruces or Las Vegas for the Independence Day celebration. When his dormitory room became insufferably hot apparently because of trouble with the air-conditioning system, he decided to take an outdoors walk in the slightly cooler temperature of early night.

He walked southward and westward through desert mesquite. Strolling along, thinking his thoughts, he was amazed to see certain groups of stars blink out dramatically in a cloudless sky, as though some invisible object were intervening. Next he knew, an iridescent Saucer thirty to forty feet in diameter and twelve to eighteen feet high, landed near him, crushing the mesquite with slight crackling sounds as it settled to earth.

APPALLED at the sight, Fry's first impulse was to flee. Whereat an audible voice addressed him, apparently coming from within the Saucer itself, and reassuring him in perfect English he had nothing to fear. It came with such startling volume, like a loud speaker turned up to maximum, that Fry recoiled. Catching his heel in a root, he fell backward on the sand in a sitting posture.

Thereupon a five to ten minute conversation ensued—his conversant obviously continuing to talk through an amplifier although the strength of the voice abated—which ended with Fry being invited to enter the craft. He discovered it to hold a small observation room about seven by nine feet in which were four cushioned seats. When the entrance port-hole had shut behind him, the craft proceeded to elevate into the skies, accelerate to around 8,000 miles per hour, flash eastward, and permit him to survey St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and then Manhattan from a 20-mile altitude. On the return journey whosoever was operating the craft gave this master technician an illustrated description of the Saucer's construction and operation.

Just before permitting him to descend again almost in the exact spot from which he had been lifted thirty minutes earlier, Fry was informed that his dormitory air-conditioning had been purposely interrupted in order to send him forth on the stroll where the Saucer operator could apprehend him such an experience in order to "sell" his brother technicians as to Saucer reality and cooperative purpose.

REGAINING his barracks, Fry had recorded all details of the experience while he were graphic in his mind, even

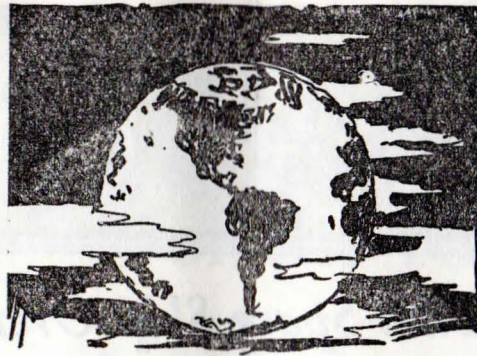
to reproducing a drawing of a cross-section of the Saucer's construction as it had been shown him a half-hour earlier. But fearing either ridicule or summary military action, he had kept silent on the exploit until the Interplanetary Saucer Meet at Giant Rock, April 4th, under the supervision of George Van Tassel. With two to three thousand Californians listening to the addresses of individuals who had also contacted Saucers—Soulcraft's George Hunt Williamson among them—Fry had sought out Van Tassel, made his identity known, and asked to add his testimony for the first time to those of the other speakers. So forthright and technically expert was the detail he presented, that Franklin Thomas, Los Angeles publisher of Saucer literature, sought him out at once and contracted for the immediate publication of his story in book form.

The work runs to only 66 pages but is the more valuable on that account, in that it is cluttered with neither comments nor editorial matter. It presents a graphic and concise account of something that *happened*, take it or leave it. Furthermore, it does what no other Flying Saucer book purports to do—it explains Saucer operation and counteraction of gravity from an understandable engineering standpoint.

VALOR has no desire to spoil an excellent narrative by quotes from the work itself, so it strongly advises its readers interested in Space Ship phenomena to send \$2 to the New Age Publishing Company at the address first given and thus acquire and read this remarkable account that decidedly has a most vital place in the annals of the growing Saucer.

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HOW Sure Are We that the Moon Has No Atmosphere and Is Lifeless?

OUR closest celestial companion in space is Luna . . . our own satellite we call the Moon. For untold generations this object has been looked upon with awe and much speculation. How and why does she shine? Is she a dead world? Are there inhabitants? Is there air? Where did she come from?

There are numerous folk tales dealing with "moon madness" . . . lunacy . . . and strange happenings during a full moon. But old Luna has her greatest effect on the astronomers themselves . . . she drives them crazy? To them, she is the Great Enigma of the heavens . . . here's a few reasons why:

It is surprising how many people are unaware, that according to modern astronomy, the dim iridescent outline of the satellite on its dark side, visible when the moon is at Half, is truly the reflection of the sunlight it gets from the Earth. The sunshine is striking the Earth, causing it to appear so bright in the sky that it lights partially the moon's dark side, like a miniature sun in its own right.

Remember there is almost ten times as much surface of Earth disclosed to anyone standing on the moon as is visible to anyone standing on earth and viewing our lunar orb.

WHERE the moon came from, is another controversial subject in modern Astronomy and Astrophysics. The popular belief that it was probably thrown off from the earth-planet when the latter

Our Latest Sightings Are Disclosing Some Peculiar Phenomena on Our Lunar Orb

was in an earlier seething state and revolving much faster than at present, has long since been challenged. Charles Darwin, father of Evolution, was a strong proponent of that theory. What casts much doubt upon it is the very nature of centrifugal motion.

It has been reliably estimated that the earth at one time turned so fast from west to east that its days were less than three hours long. This would logically seem to be the time when the great molten mass of our globe would "throw off the moon" as mud thrown off the rim of a fast-moving carriage wheel. It should further imply to our reasoning that the moon would thus be "thrown furthest" while our globe was whirling fastest. But the exact opposite are the facts.

At some very remote period the moon must almost have touched the earth, at a time when even Darwin concedes that our planet's day could not have been much more than two of our present hours. Now our day has lengthened to twenty-four hours—in other words, slowed down that much as respects the sun—and yet the moon has been thrust out to a distance

of a quarter-million miles. And the end is not yet.

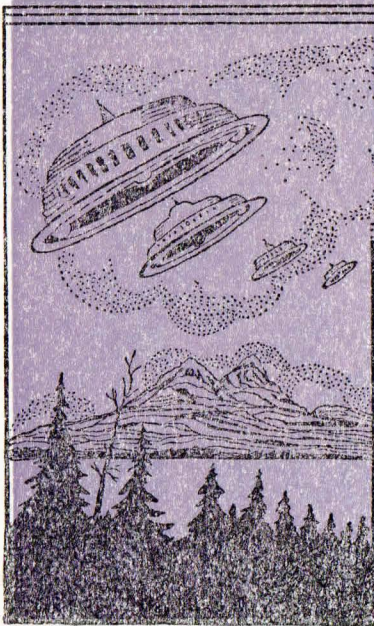
Some astrophysicists are of the opinion that the same progress of events must continue, till, at some remote period in the future, the day has come to equal the month, lunar tidal action has ceased, and the face of the earth looks out always at the moon with the same fixed stare that the moon now turns toward us. Should we care to take even greater liberties with the future, it may be made to appear—although some astronomers dissent from this prediction—that, as solar tidal action still continues, the day must finally exceed the month and lengthen out little by little towards coincidence with the year. This is given as the limit when the moon must pause in her outward flight and come swinging back on a descending spiral. Finally, after the lapse of untold æons, it must reach down into "Roche's limit"—about 10,000 miles away—and explode in a mighty pulverization, with what consequences to our own planet may be imagined.

How this sort of thing could occur with an earth *slowing up* all the time, is the centrifugal problem. Anyhow, it is nothing for our current generation to lose any sleep about.

The lunar orb that gives such beauty and romance to our nocturnal scenery is at present a quarter of a million miles away and doing quite nicely by herself, thank you. Still, there are other enigmas about her origin and possible capture by the earth-planet that *can* be to-morrow's headaches. Page 11

SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

By George Hunt Williamson...



That Space Ship Over the Grand Canyon

can't believe what I have seen! When the object was almost directly opposite us, it appeared to have a row of five extremely bright lights . . . like portholes . . . along its side. The one bright light I saw at first came from the nose of the object.

"It took slightly more than a minute to travel from the north, where it was first seen to the south-southwest. When it disappeared it was heading toward Mexico. John, who served with the air force during World War II, estimated the strange craft was no more than three miles from them at its closest, and flew in a straight line at an elevation of 5,000 to 6,000 feet. After John had observed this strange craft through the binoculars he said the object apparently had no wings and no visible means of propulsion. I could discern no glow or exhaust from the device.

"It was absolutely different from anything I have ever seen. The weird humming, buzzing sound emanating from the craft was also unlike conventional sounds of the sky . . . it was like one of those Buck Rogers space ships.

"We obtained confirmation of our unusual experience the following morning when we questioned an elderly Indian who had camped approximately one-hundred yards from us. This old Indian said he had seen a 'light in the heaven that was like a worm.' My son and I returned to Boulder City on Monday afternoon, but John went down into the canyon to continue his exploration."

JOHN GODDARD received national recognition last year while conducting an exploration of the Nile river in a kajak. His article on his experiences will

appear in the September issue of the National Geographic Magazine. He is a former missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and has lectured extensively in Utah and the West. He is listed as a guest instructor at Brigham Young University.

Elbert Edwards, active in the Mormon church in Boulder City, received his bachelor's degree from the University of Nevada. He has studied political science and education at the University of Southern California, the University of Utah and George Washington University.

A full report of this excellent sighting was requested by officials of the Civil Aeronautics authority in Las Vegas, Nevada, and was immediately relayed to Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio. This, of course, is the control point for the government's top-secret Flying Saucer investigation.

A CINCINNATI, Ohio, businessman called Lt. Col. John O'Mara at Wright Field a few days ago and quizzed him regarding Saucers. This man believed that the American people should be told whether or not Saucers exist. Shortly thereafter, the man visited with the Colonel in his office at the Air Base in Dayton. The officer, presumably, is Deputy Commander for Air Force Intelligence at Wright-Patterson. At one point during the conversation our businessman said: "Colonel, are you still receiving Saucer sighting reports here?" The officer said, "Oh yes, about 700 per week!" The response was quick . . . "You mean to tell me that you have received 700 reports per week since the beginning of the year? Why, I just read that the Air Force has only received 87 reports since the first of this year and the claim has been made that Saucer reports are on the decline! Can you explain this?" The officer didn't have much of an answer for that one. This merely confirms what

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IT WAS the strangest thing I have ever seen! For all the world it was like one of those Buck Rogers space ships!"

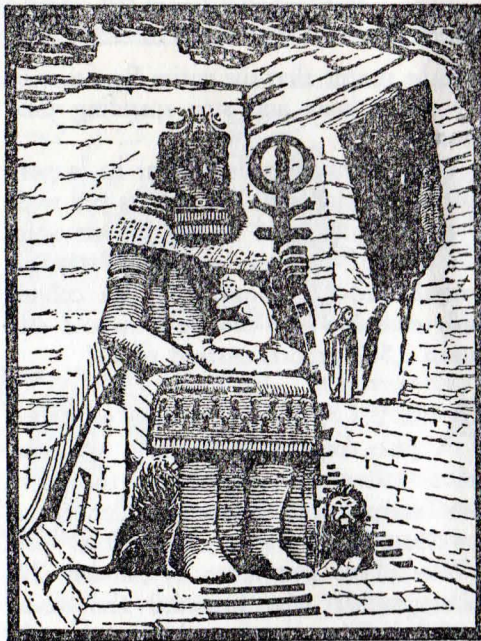
These were the words used by Elbert Edwards, superintendent of schools in Boulder City, Nevada, to describe a weird object in the skies above Grand Canyon, Arizona, on Friday evening, April 22, 1954. He was accompanied by his seventeen-year-old son Arthur and John Goddard, internationally-known explorer and ethnologist.

Edwards said he and two companions saw the brightly-lit cigar-shaped object at 10:20 p. m., mountain standard time, as they were camped above Havasu Canyon in Grand Canyon. Here is Edward's story:

"I SAW it first as a bright light in the North. I thought it was a star, but after noting that it was much too bright for a star, and moved, I knew it was something else. It grew rapidly as it came towards us and I'm certain it was not a conventional type aircraft because it had no flicking wing and recognition lights.

"I immediately called this strange phenomenon to the attention of John Goddard whom I had accompanied to the canyon as part of an ethnological exploration. John rushed to his car and obtained a pair of 8-power binoculars, which he trained on the object for the rest of the full minute it took to cross through the sky and disappear into the southwest. When John took the glasses from his eyes, he said: 'I can't believe it! I just





(Concluded from Last Week)

LAST WEEK'S VALOR told the story of the probable origin of the monarch's royal scepter—a vril stick holding a death-ray, the pointing of which at a disagreeable or dangerous person resulted in his instantaneous death. That it was a royal possession exclusively goes without saying. The nonpublic rooms of the British Museum are said to hold a specimen of this ancient glass stick, hermetically sealed, that was recovered from the ruins of one of the ancient eastern capitals.

That it held some sort of resonating magnetic current operating thus fatally in reverse, would seem to be borne out by the wonders of such lethal currents becoming notable in current Space Ships—the approach to which is accompanied by a certain amount of physical risk.

That the ancients were familiar with such magnetic principles is scarcely to be gainsaid. But such arts have long since been lost, apparently with the great Atlantean catastrophe.

As VALOR stated near the close of the first half of this article last week, your modern representative of the one-time avatars, at least in the theologic sense, not only knows nothing of the simplest A-B-Cs of such scientific fundamentals but withers you as a disciple of the devil, dealing in black magic, if you attempt to learn of them yourself.

He worships the Great Christ as a god—and rightly the Son of God—because

The Necromantic Origin of the King's Scepter . .

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

the Great Christ was a past-master in these items, but libels it as a species of Christian impropriety if the modern follower of Christ essays to perfect himself in the same things Christ demonstrated in His physical person.

He ignores the possibility that human souls may have lived in other bodies and times before the present life, regardless of the fact that Christ Himself attested that John the Baptist had done so.

The wisdom of the one-time great avatars has become utterly washed out, emasculated, and subverted in his hands to an impractical bedtime fable: As in Adam all men ate an apple disobediently so in Christ have all men received pardon through Roman-murdering. Of course, along with this somewhat vague axiom, all men should try to live uprightly and give their neighbors the same sort of deal they want themselves—but a hundred philosophers had already said the same as far remote as Hotep-Aman. It is really the miraculous spiritual attributes or faculties of the Christ that have made Him divine in their eyes, but that such attributes or faculties may appear to be miraculous only because of the modern clergy's abysmal ignorance in regard to how they may be performed, only occurs to that clergy in aspects of demonism.

And if any modern spiritual scholar, truly devout because he KNOWS, affects to say that colloquially the modern dom-

inie is talking through his surplus and feeding his people spiritual fallacies, and sterile childish ones at that, he is a ribald scoffer at the doctrine, a foe to society, a disciple of Set, and a puller-down of existing institutions. The vril stick would be too good for him. He should have a hanging, a burning at the stake, a drawing out of his vitals while still alive, and red-hot lead poured down his windpipe.

Within the last two hundred years precisely such verdicts have been executed.

IT IS because the Church has gone far, far astray in its research into the Eternal Verities—gone so far astray, in fact, that it has turned about and excoriated the Eternal Verities as being of Satan—that quite devout men of a more provable and demonstrable erudition are decrying at present its wholesale prostitution.

The modern church bases its whole inconsequential teaching on the premise that the mortal obstetrical incident is the commencement of an immortal and never-dying soul. Thus in principle does it set any old pair of besotted parents on a par with the Almighty in that they have power to give, or not give, life.

Inject the proposition that all men have lived before, and will probably live scores of times again right here in physical bodies on this earth, and the whole, great, fallacious, theological structure wobbles and comes down in debris.

That means no jobs. That means no credence of the prenatal-life under orthodox theology.

So by all means, rather than add to the ranks of the unemployed, let TRUTH continue to be ignored and the people be taught a sterile thing.

When they turn in dissatisfaction from a fallacious and sterile thing, let an attempt be made to fetch 'em back by using the pulpit for the promotion of Communism.

Communism says that religion is the opiate of the people—Christian religion, that is—and all Christian churches should

be closed. So Red speakers mount into Christian pulpits, and bespeak assailment of Christianity in the open name of atheism.

Just where sense and consistency come into it all, is difficult to state. But then, whenever was there sense and consistency to the Pauline Hypothesis, anyhow?

WE ARE spirits clad in veils, striving to get cosmic instruction that shall make our experiencings understandable as we deploy up through vaster octaves of everlasting Consciousness. The Ancient Avatars made it their business to supply such instruction, not by preaching vociferous orations based on indistinct folklore-fables but by qualifying as instructors by bodily and mental demonstrations of fact.

So when truly learned men speak sympathetically of the Church today, they have reference to that external institution in earthly society that exists to instruct in all cosmic tenets.

When the same men speak disparagingly or critically of the modern breed of theologians, they make reference to the stupendous avatar-degeneracy that has come about by the long emasculation of the Christian Religion by its enemies—working insidiously on the text-books of its seminaries and abetted by a metaphysical laziness on the part of applying students.

No one in his senses wishes harm to come to the Church. What men in their senses want, is for the Church to make a renovated business of studying what the eternal verities truly are, and then giving the facts about them to a piteously hungry human species.

Any religion of ritual and formality is a living witness to the certainty that the officials are metaphysical ignoramuses who go through the hollow pattern of the once stupendous revelation and its application, in return for the salary attendant on the sinecure.

Where are the spiritual leaders in life today whom you would want to trust to wield vril sticks to honestly remove from life its incorrigibles that society might truly flourish devoid of deterrent influences?

Ninety-nine out of every hundred so-called spiritual leaders of the present would immediately feel an inclination to turn those vril sticks on members of their

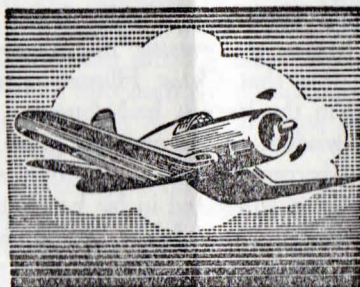
own congregations who have been recalcitrant in meeting church deficits.

The Methodists would go up and down Main Street blasting the Baptists, Methodists and Baptists together would blast the Romanists, and the Levantine rabbinate would certainly run amuck and blast Methodists, Baptists, and Romanists in the grandest display of vril pyrotechnics that ever lit up a public park on Independence Day evening.

If the human race has made spiritual progress over the past hundred centuries, it is somewhat difficult to see wherein. There still are no hatreds in the world today that approximate religious hatreds. To blast and smash the theological opposition out of life, or suspect that the other side is trying to do it, is quite as recent as the APA. Latter Day Saints were slain in this country for their religious opinions scarcely fifty years in the past.

God knows a lot more about the human race than the parsons suspect. For one thing, He has placed the possession of vril sticks among the Lost Arts.

It is a lot more safe for the Protestants and Romanists and Midianites to fight out their differences on Brotherly Love with their vocabularies or their fists?



Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

VALOR has been saying over and over again . . . *Saucer sightings are on a great increase!*

The Cincinnati businessman was informed that he could relate any part of the interview with the Colonel. The officer said that Flying Saucers do not exist, yet they are spending thousands of dollars to investigate the phenomena. They say that they must investigate because tremendous pressure has been brought to bear upon them from the American people. But it would be much easier to

tell the people that the entire Saucer matter was a hoax and stop spending their money!

Our informant tells us that he is positive the colonel said 700 reports per week—that would mean 14,700 reports since the first of the year instead of the acknowledged 87! However, if the colonel only said 700 per month, it would still mean 3,500 reports instead of 87!

ANDY LANE, a TV news photographer, reports he has seen a picture of a spacecraft taken above the April 4th Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention at Giant Rock Airport, California.

The photo was taken by another TV photographer who attended the desert meeting. The man was driving over the bumpy road toward Giant Rock, which is sixteen miles into the desert from Joshua Tree, California, when he observed a peculiar formation. He was approximately four miles from the Giant Rock when he noticed this . . . it was also observed and commented on at the Airport by large numbers of people. It was a perfectly round cloud and it didn't drift past with the other clouds.

The photographer saw all of this through his windshield and then noticed what he described as "red hot coals" dropping out of the center of the cloud. This is very similar to reports of the "fireball" that exploded over the Airport on the preceding evening of April 3rd.

The man stopped his station wagon, got out, and grabbed his camera. His adult son alighted on the other side of the car with a 35 mm color camera. The older man was so excited he forgot to pull the plate out of the press camera, so he threw it back in the car and seized another one.

In the meantime, his son was clicking pictures. Then they both saw a large dome rise partially out of the strange cloud. There were puffs of what looked like smoke coming out along the upper edge all the way around. It appeared that the Saucer was manufacturing the cloud to hide itself.

IN 1952, George Van Tassel said in *I Rode A Flying Saucer*, "There will be a variety of strange things happen to your many types of electronic instruments." Since that time faces have appeared on

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Week in Retrospect

QUIETLY, unobtrusively, over the past three to four months, Dr. Garrett C. Rush of San Antonio, Texas, has been on the Soulcraft Headquarters Staff, assisting in answering its voluminous mail. A rangy Texan, 65 years of age and a widower, deeply grounded in substantial esoteric principles, he has fitted into Headquarters operations without fanfare and sought to remedy the unprecedented constrictions attending on current accelerations in Soulcraft promotions.

That Soulcrafters may know more about this welcome addition to its executive staff, Dr. Rush responded to an editorial request for autobiographical data with the following resume of his career to the moment—

What Soulcraft Means to Me

SOULCRAFT means to me *everything* as compared to all else—in values.

As I look back to my childhood I recall that as early as I could think logically, RIGHT appealed to me as the most attractive of goals, for the reason only that right *was* right, however applied to whatever subject or circumstance. Being an ordinary human I didn't always live up to the ideal. For that I have paid, as we all must reap what we sow.

My great-grandfather, Lenard Rush, was a Methodist minister in the Alabama Conference. So was my grandfather, John Gassoway Rush. He died when my father, Garrett Chamberlain Rush, was 15 years of age. I was born in Texas where my father died at age 31, when I was one year old. My mother, Clara Lelia (Rust) Rush took over rearing my older brother, Frank, and me and we had a fair education in that old reliable school of hard knocks.

At eight years of age I conscientiously joined the little Methodist Church in Alabama which my grandfather had built

and preached in. I loved it. It appealed to me as being so *right*. When sixteen years old, while living "on my own" in Beaumont, Texas, I saw a vision in the night of One who appeared to me to be Jesus the Christ. I couldn't fathom its meaning, so it caused little change in me that I am aware of.

I was continually beholding the ideal of RIGHT. I became discouraged in my efforts to be right as I understood right conduct, and stopped praying at night because my respect for God suddenly made me ashamed to ask His forgiveness for errors of the day while knowing I would probably fall into similar errors in days to come. Where and how I could find the way to be RIGHT was my continual enigma. My emotions floored me. Then at the age of 19 years I found the answer.

Under the preaching of a Methodist evangelist I learned how—to GIVE. Give much? No, GIVE ALL. So I *gave*. Gave all—past, present and future—to that invisible power known to me only as God the Father and/or Jesus the Christ. The resulting calm could only be called "That peace which passeth understanding," and the resulting emotion could only be termed the ECSTASY of the soul's realization of its kinship with the Divine, the JOY UNSPEAKABLE.

Everything was changed. An entirely new sense of values. In the simile of the tapestry my life was weaving, RIGHT appeared as a thread of gold ever more luminous.

NOW doctrinal questions became the big, ever important enigma. I searched. Had to make mental adjustments to what seemed to be evidence of Right not taught by the Church. Finally after having made two unsuccessful attempts to prepare for the ministry, I left the church. When 21 years old I married Lula Noel in Washington, D. C., went to California, then to Texas and with

two little girls born there we returned to Washington, D. C. where my son was born. Then I decided to minister to the human body.



Dr. Garrett C. Rush

I earned my doctor's degree in Chiropractic and entered practice. I loved it. To make sick people well was then the greatest thrill of my life. Next I was admitted to that noblest of fraternities, Freemasonry. Here I gained much Truth esoterically not found in the churches. I attained to the 32nd degree in Scottish Rite Masonry and became active in the degree work where I was honored with the decoration of Knight Commander of the Court of Honor. I loved it. It seemed so "big", so wholesome, so RIGHT.

But the quest for doctrinal RIGHT was still urging me on. I met with different groups, bought various Bible helps and commentaries and eventually fell in with Metaphysical groups, took lecture courses, bought books on that and related subjects. I entered upon the study of law,
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Over-All Symposium



WITH July 4th in early prospect, VALOR's editorial desk is littered six deep with every category of patrioteering pamphlet and monograph that could be written or imagined, assailing conduct of our affairs nationally or internationally. The implication seems to be that this Weekly should add to the protesting bedlam by republishing it or at least giving it mention. The country, these stirrer-uppers agree, is in one devil of a mess. So, for that matter, is the world.

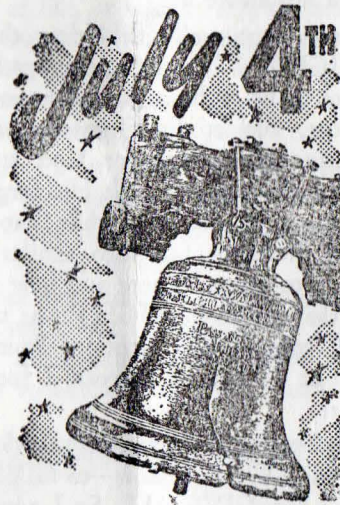
Uh-huh. So what?

Twenty or more years bygone, the editor of VALOR went all-out at telling the truth about the causations behind the skulduggery that now comes to fruition. He paid for his temerity with seven and a half years of barred solitude, while today's belated screamers after rectitude nodded agreeably that at last he had met with his come-uppance. All of a sudden they perceive that what he shouted about is appallingly imminent. However, time has run out for anyone to do much about it.

Letting the thing come to fruition is decidedly not defeatism. It is permitting the benighted to pay the price of stupidity. How else square accounts on the books of dispassionate Cosmos?

Twelve years in the past the *Indianapolis Star*, as apt illustration, looked down its nose most priggishly at the Pelley warnings and fulminations. Today it

is screaming editorial matter that a dozen years bygone, under a different federal set-up, would have gotten Eugene Pulliam, publisher, and James F. Stuart, editor, indicted and brought to bar for "sedition." On a recent morning it even went so far as to recommend editorially that considering the way matters were being handled out of Washington, the time might be ripe for the citizenry to take the law into its own hands. It even criticizes the Chief Executive whom Pulliam only two short years ago was megaphoning as the one indispensable man in the national electoral field. And the same thing is going on in a hundred contemporary Republican newspaper offices.



The blind have led the blind to the brink of disaster. Now they wish to turn back—as though the current date were 1942.

But there is no turning back.

The thing is required now to proceed to the payoff.

Again, however, the VALOR staff is in the vanguard for perspicacities and could lay other answers on the line if it were officially permitted. It is not so naive as to accept there has been any fundamental alterations among the powers behind the thrown.

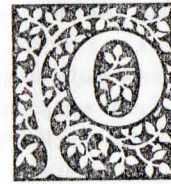
Time and event are working for the exoneration of VALOR's editor. Even those who can't see him for dust because of his religious rejuvenations will ultimately perceive he is right in those as well. Time and event are so tied into religious reformations that the three can't be separated.

So let the bedlam come to climax. Only those are going to be hurt who have been too consistently biased or stupid to learn

otherwise. America herself is due to survive—gloriously—but she must be taken to the cleaners first in order to delouse her from certain of her self-styled bleeding-heart officialdom.

That too is upon the cards to happen. But describing just *how* is looked on as verboten . . .

Bombs Phooie



ONE THING is certain VALOR is not sitting up nights beside a thrice-shaded lamp waiting for the distant roar of Kremlin bombs dropping over the environs of Manhattan or Chevy Chase, Md. Granting that Russia had the bombs to drop, such conflicts of human extermination are not to be permitted. And augmenting its contention, Baxter's International Economic Research bulletin this past week comes out with the following—

"All over Europe, in the countries bordering the Iron Curtain, it's the same story . . . of Russian failures, of secret agents escaping and giving us the confidential secrets of the Reds, and of thousands of technicians, farmers, and others escaping to the West. One of these top Red men recently told American authorities *that the Russians do not have the atom bomb!* He said, 'As for the Soviet development of the A-bomb, it is my own belief that the Soviet regime was able to produce some models by laboratory methods and explode them purely for the psychological effect upon the West.'

"Both the Russians and the Chinese are putting on the most colossal bluff in all history, hoping, in desperation, we will buy them off with trade and credits. If we fall for that, then we deserve what happens to us.

"The British Foreign Office is thinking and planning in terms of *TRADE* . . . and not in terms of American lives. Our so-called 'partners' tied the hands of our American generals and refused us permission to bomb the source of Korean supplies in Siberia. Now they hold a veto power, preventing us from arming the Germans and Japanese properly so that they, and not American youth, could go after their eternal enemies, the Russians.

"The Reds have had no pressure exerted upon them in East Germany where

they are hated and are weak from a military and economic viewpoint. Think of it! . . . the weakest country in Europe, France, which is losing her empire in Asia and soon will lose her North African colonies, is living on our money and yet holds a veto power on anything we do to rearm Germany. The bankrupt French and English won't let us arm some real fighters to put pressure on the Reds in Europe. History records no similar single case of a country like ours being played for such a sucker. We learn the hard way. Fortunately, both Germany and Japan are getting stronger and stronger anyway, and the Russian ship is beginning to sink to such a degree that already the rats are deserting her. They know!

"From a military standpoint, this is wonderful news for the younger American generation and its parents and relatives. From an economic viewpoint it means serious deflation until we get to a point where our leaders can get work for the people without keeping them temporarily quiet making 'guns'."

End quote!

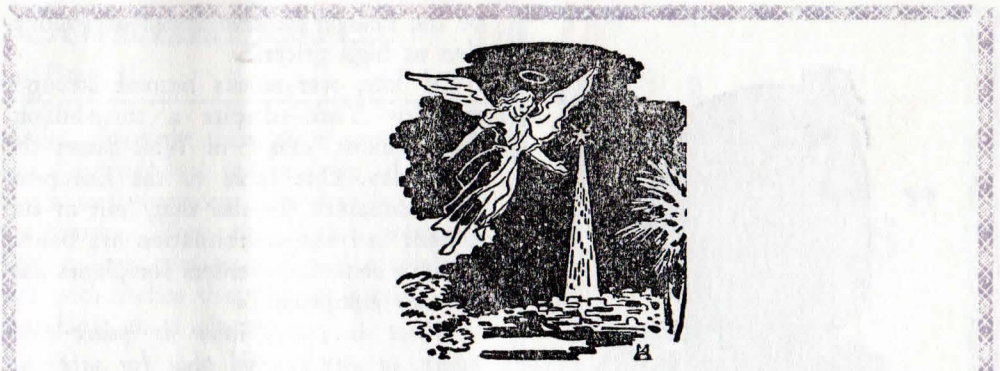
The Status Quo



LOOKED at in the Machiavellian sense of international politics, the day that Russia actually folds up is going to be a tough one for the "anti" countries of the earth, because then there is due to be no foe anywhere on the planet against whom to present a colossal military front that is keeping our economy on any even keel VALOR has reminded its readers again and again, and means to go on reminding them—especially with July 4th of this year in prospect. With our military preparedness program gone kapoot, our industry follows suit.

You want to know why it is costing us almost twice the federal taxation to maintain our peacetime ways as it cost us to actively engage in every day's military activities of World War I? Consider what one traveler says, returned this week from Europe—

"Go where you will on the continent, you see one huge American spending program after another. American businessmen have lost control over their national economic policies and have been replaced



COMMUNION



MY BODY is a temple rare,
 As any place of holy prayer
 Or any shrine set on a hill
 Wherein abides a Presence Still;
 Or where an altar, reared in praise,
 Stands out before the wandering gaze,
 Or as those chapels whence ascend
 Our songs of praise to God, Our Friend!

Therein most dazzling lights we see
 Which shine or burn eternally,
 Where we oft sense a Presence Bright
 Who floods our consciousness with light.
 Within such chapels living bread
 Is placed before each prayerful head;
 The Wine of Life, full spirit wealth,
 Is consecrated to our health.

Whereat our follies are absolved,
 And dour disease denied, dissolved.
 There virgin Purity we face
 Like Youth in Love's unsoiled embrace.
 Our God, Our Friend, in loving voice
 Bids that we LIVE, advance, rejoice.
 My body is a temple rare,
 One constant, contrite, holy PRAYER!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

by a new and extravagant lot of brass hats . . . Why, only this week I saw in Germany a new group of 3,800 apartments built to house American military personnel . . . They have their own golf courses, their own schools for American children, their own stores, and practically their own communities. Believe it or not, there are now over 100,000 West Germans working for the colossal military machine that we have built up in that

country alone. Of course the American taxpayer is supporting these outright.

"In Casablanca, in North Africa, more of the same—Spain, France, Italy, England—a monotonous tale of our western republic building up the greatest war machine the world has ever known—far surpassing Kaiser Bill's in 1913. No one questions armament spending any more. It is 'normal' and normalcy means good profits to the few and the maintainance



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of the Federal Reserve Index of Production at high prices.”

Of late, war stocks become stronger in New York—despite a three-billion-dollar minor “crash” in Wall Street the other day. One cable to the European press explained the rise that “out of the present international situation are bound to come some large orders for planes and military equipment.”

What is feared now is peace—real peace, or any general plan for safe and sane disarmament!

Not only are the Americans today a “kept” people, depending on a huge armament program for jobs, but that is true as well of the parasitical European empires which shudder at any suggestion that the United States will abandon the role of “patsy” and return to its own concerns.

That's what Winston is coming over to see Ike about this week!

It is becoming more and more apparent that most other major nations of the Continent, including Spain, France, Italy and the British Isles, are losing out in every way, whether it be military or economic. They are all living in the past, refusing to accept the reality of having burned up the savings of 400 years in two major wars, and adamant about paying the price for it so long as the United States remains nominally solvent. Any partnership with them—for America—is of utterly no value.

When we finally run out of currency, spent in supporting them in the style to which they were accustomed before 1914 squanderbust was launched, we'll all be obliged to face the folly of it. That's going to be the real adjustment. Care to make a bet?

Now let's celebrate the Fourth of July.

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 6)

television screens to last for days; automobile instruments have gone wild; telephones have been ringing for no apparent reason; and radios get turned on without any aid.

Recently four people tried to contact space visitors by ESP in Los Angeles, California. They asked for a signal of some kind after they thought they were getting a reception. They wanted to

know for sure whether it was really coming from space friends or if it was from their own minds. Suddenly a TV set that hadn't been on for over four hours started showing a blip similar to radar blips. This moved around on the TV screen. They pulled the plug out of the wall and moved the set into the middle of the room . . . but the blip *still kept coming in*. No power was being received by the TV set . . . as far as anyone was concerned it was a dead set!

Dr. Garrett C. Rush

(Continued from Page 7)

graduated and was admitted to the bar in Texas and to practice before the U. S. Supreme Court.

My wife passed away in our early years and the children and I “grew up together”. In 1951, when they were all grown and married, I retired from the United States Government service as an attorney and returned to Texas. There, in February of 1952, as I stepped out into the bright sunlight of noonday, *another vision of Jesus the Christ, previously referred to, reappeared to me exactly as before*, but this time explained by the words, clear and unmistakable, “FEED MY SHEEP!” Presently then I learned of Soulcraft by receiving through the mail a brochure describing a list of books by William Dudley Pelley.

I was still short of my goal of the RIGHT in knowledge of Truth. So I ordered books. After reading chapters in that ineffable treasure, *Golden Scripts*, reading *Behold Life, Road Into Sunrise, Thresholds of Tomorrow* and finally the prize book, *Star Guests*, I became conscious of having embraced the goal of RIGHT in TRUTH. I experienced then with profundity indescribable and inexpressible, an exalted ecstasy and unspeakable joy of utter abandon to that sacred kinship with the Master who says, “Call me Elder Brother”.

I sought. I found. I learned to GIVE. I received.

Soulcraft reveals the answers to my quest for the RIGHT in Truth and the golden thread now illumines the whole tapestry of my life's weaving. Soulcraft means to me EVERYTHING as compared to all else.

GARRETT C. RUSH

Does the Moon Contain Life?

(Continued from Page 3)

First, does she have an atmosphere? Second, has she got inhabitants? Science has always answered No to the first. Largely it has based its opinion on lack of solar refraction as an effect on our eyesight even when viewing her through telescopes.

HOWEVER, Dr. Harlow Shapley of Harvard Observatory claims that the Moon *definitely has an atmosphere!* Snow has been seen in lunar craters, and meteors have been observed "burning up" in the Moon's atmosphere. One scientist will claim that erosion takes place on the Moon . . . but how can there be the process of erosion if air is wholly lacking?

Yes, apparently old Luna does have an atmosphere . . . but, she also has more. There are cities that grow, signal lights, explosions, and strange, geometric shadows. These and other fantastic matters, unexplainable by known natural laws, have now been sighted on the Moon by reputable scientific observers.

Is the Moon inhabited? Space ship intelligences coming here from Outer Space say "Yes." But many of our own astronomers, now operating under Top Secrecy, could also answer that question in the affirmative for us.

The astronomer Gruithuisen found curious formations of criss-cross lines and squares that bear a startling resemblance to long-range aerial photos of city blocks and streets. This man of science discovered the first of these north of Crater Schroeter over 130 years ago, but scientists are still arguing the fact. Since his time, many others have been found. There are large ones in the craters Plato and Gassendi . . . and some of them are growing! Gruithuisen's original find has grown considerably larger since it's been under observation.

Nininger has found what appears to be a glass-lined tunnel twenty miles long connecting the craters Messier and W. H. Pickering. In December, 1915, a strange black wall suddenly appeared in the crater Aristarchus. It runs from the center to one rim . . . and it wasn't there at all before 1915!

In 1922 three long artificial-looking mounds showed up on the floor of Archi-

medes. Presently three more were found not far away, set in the form of a triangle and connected by low walls or earthworks. Then the French reported both a long curving wall and a straight one with arches that bore a startling resemblance to a viaduct.

A FEW years ago a group of bright white spots appeared on the floor of Littrow, arranged in the form of a Greek letter *Gamma*. Then the crater Eratosthenes produced something resembling a gigantic construction in the shape of a letter X.

Despite the existence of these enigmas observable on our Moon, modern astronomical texts come out directly and say that almost all lunar study is being done these days by amateurs. The great 200-inch reflecting telescope on Mt. Palomar is not much good when it comes to Moon gazing. The Big Eye magnifies the moon, but it also magnifies all the little atmospheric disturbances too small to bother lesser instruments.

Another reason the professionals have practically abandoned the lunar field to the amateurs is because Outer Space is a lot safer for guess work. The pro's will tell you all about the size, weight, mass, temperature and physical content of a star a billion light years distant . . . but they can't tell you the same thing about our Moon. Old Luna delights in making fools out of scientists!

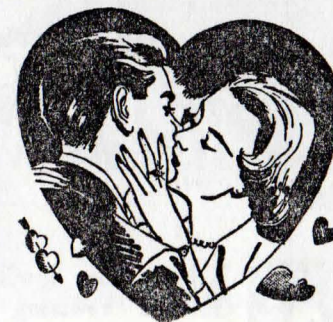
One of the moon's most baffling mysteries concerns the rays. They can be seen, streaming out like huge splashes from many craters. They all have a silver luster, but those from Kepler and Aristarchus are the brightest. The rays from Tycho are up to 10 miles wide and 1,000 miles long. They don't cast shadows so they must be level with the landscape . . . yet they cross chasms and mountains without deviating a hair!

No one can explain the weird rills, some a half-mile wide. There are deserts that aren't deserts, and great round domes. There is an entire cluster of domes east of Copernicus.

There is enough accumulated information on crazy spots on the moon to fill

(Continued on Page 15)

"Adam Awakes"



The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

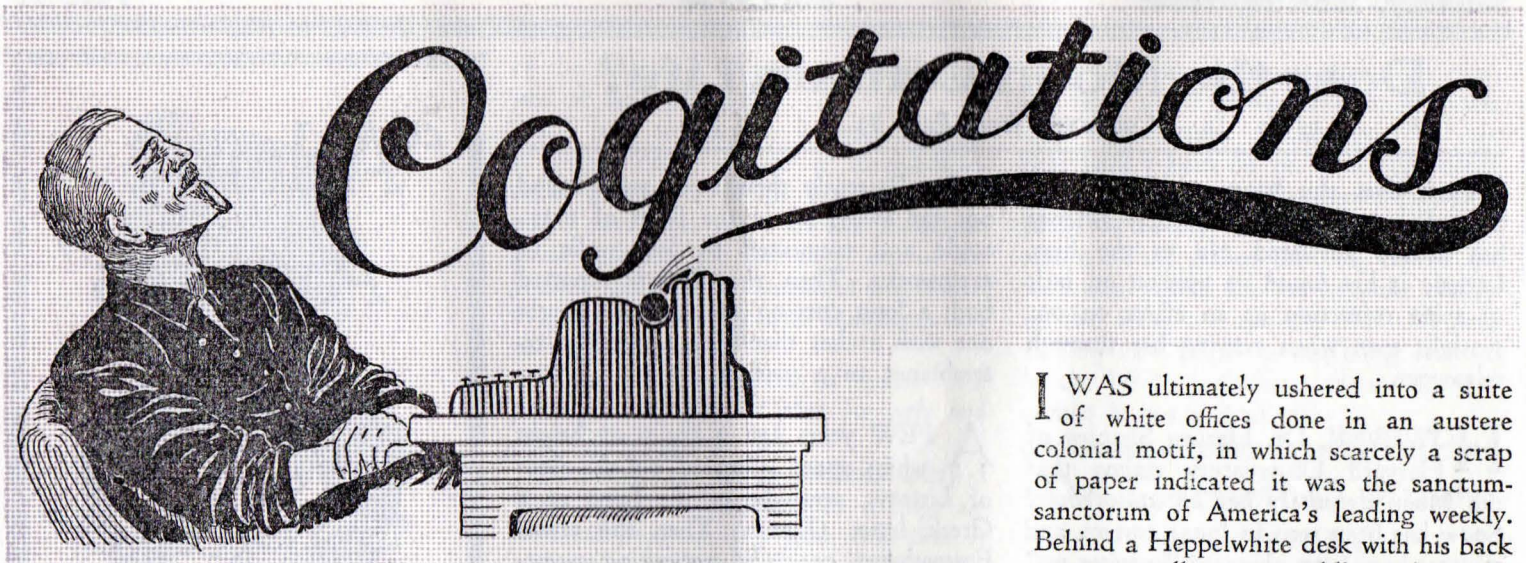
HERE at last is the Fourth Major Soulcraft Book that rationalizes the Adam and Eve fable of Woman's creation from a rib of Man. The views of the Great Cosmic Hierarchy on mortal Romance and Matrimony are assumed to have been communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, and are being published in a de luxe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

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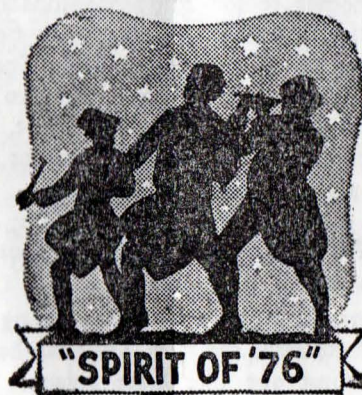
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Soulcraft Chapels



AMONG the intellectual Goliaths towering high on my adolescent horizons—helping me to compile my economic philosophy—was George Horace Lorimer of *The Saturday Evening Post*. George Horace Lorimer, the man who put *The Post* in the unchallenged forefront of American publications, is but a myth and tradition in publishing circles of the present. As for the populace in general, seventy-five percent of our people have scarcely ever heard of him. I would expatiate on him for a few hundred words this week, for I not only knew him at an early period of my writing career but worked for him and heard expressions of his economic orthodoxy fall from his lips. This was back in 1916-17, thirty-eight years in the past would you believe it. Men are now heading departments of state who had not then been born. *The Saturday Evening Post* was not only the first publication in America to attain a circulation in excess of a million per issue, it was the bell sheep in the publishing field for hardheaded Americanism wedded to dispassionate common sense in its cultural viewpoints. The present generation can still buy copies of *The Post* on newsstands weekly, but it is no more the periodical over which George Horace Lorimer presided than *The Daily Worker* is *The Christian Science Monitor*. Today's *Satevepost* could fold up completely and never be missed, but that was not a fact during Lorimer's regime of circulation building. With office looking out on Independence Square, Philadelphia, the *Post* reflected that locale.

IFIRST made personal contact with this monumental American of a week of the autumn of 1916 when I returned from a camping-trip in the mountains of southern Vermont to find a note waiting in the mail, on the embossed stationery of the Curtis Publishing Company. "We like your story 'Courtin' Calamity' which you have submitted to us," it read, "and we are prepared to offer you \$300 for its publication in the *Post*. It is verbose in



places and needs some editorial supervision but our surgery shall be painless. At your convenience we should like to see you in Philadelphia and discuss other work of yours that we might publish." And the justly celebrated and distinguished signature of George Horace Lorimer was affixed across the bottom. I lost no time in getting down to Philadelphia in my (then) new Saxon touring car, wearing a fur-lined overcoat borrowed from a friend, for the Saxon Six was an open-top model and the weather of October, 1916, exceeding impregnated by wintry frost . . .

I WAS ultimately ushered into a suite of white offices done in an austere colonial motif, in which scarcely a scrap of paper indicated it was the sanctum-sanctorum of America's leading weekly. Behind a Heppelwhite desk with his back to west wall sat a middle-aged, stocky dignitary with hair parted exactly in the center but a jaw that might have changed functions with the scoop of a bulldozer. This was not only the literary genius that was sending his publication above the million-a-week sheerly by editorial discernments, but to me he was the economic Goliath, as aforesaid, who had written *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son*, That book, of course, like *The Post* of yesteryear, is an antediluvian opus that the current generation would be unable to understand. But some oldsters may recall it. Lorimer greeted me with all the effusiveness of an Arctic icebox manufacturer instructing little Eskimos how to crush ice cubes for their January midnight milk bottles and gave me at least seventeen minutes to outline what the *Satevepost* wanted in the way of a series of yarns about Wild West Show Life. He seemed to think I could supply them, although I had not—up to that date—ever been west of the Mississippi in my life. I did supply them, at any rate, and they can be found in the *Post* for 1916-17 by reference to bound files in any public library. Four were subsequently made into movies. That, however, was my introduction to Lorimer, and the association continued on and off until the Twenties, when I committed a *faux pas* that washed me out of his graces. I was going all six with him when I chanced to submit a new story—not particularly about Wild West show life—to John Siddall of *The American* before I had first let Lorimer pass upon it for acceptance or rejection. John bought it, and from the moment it was published I was *persona non grata* in Lorimer's sanctum. He had an idiosyncrasy, I later learned, about

having nothing more to do with writers who did not accord him first selection of their writings once they had started with *The Post*. Irvin Cobb, I was to discover committed the same *faux pas* when he went to Hearst, the Judge Priest stories stopping in the *Post* overnight. However, that was Lorimer. You either were one of his writers exclusively or you were not.

o—o

NOW the chief reason why I was always a Lorimer admirer, even though *The Post* became barred to me, was because he'd come up in the business world the Hard Way and took a grim pride in enacting it. My understanding has always been that after high school he began business life with old Philip D. Armour of the meat-packing industry, and *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* were merely an entertaining digest of the economic philosophy of the Chicago stockyards founder. Young Lorimer had been either his office boy or clerk in some confidential capacity that had schooled him in the Armour orthodoxy, American to the core. If you aspired to become an outstanding industrialist you didn't apply to RFC for your capital, then spend your first ten thousand equipping yourself with a sumptuous office for "impressing" the out-of-town buyers; you bought a hog off the farm for two dollars, cut it up expertly, found uses for every portion of it but the squeal, and totaled your selling costs at seventeen dollars, the difference of fifteen compounding to the permanent capital of your enterprise. Maybe when you worked up a million-dollar bank credit you indulged in a trifle larger closet under the stairs than you had occupied as office when you were making it, but the point was, you tied up no funds in anything of a frozen nature, and it was more commendable to have your favorite typist pound her Underwood atop the nearest brine-keg, placing her dimpled knees to right and left of it, than type your missives to the Omaha butcher from a chromium desk respecting next week's quotations in the pig-knuckle market. You grew sizable commercially on receipts, you could count by whetting the thumb, not on capital promoted from widows and orphans. In other words, you kept yourself liquid. Parities from a philanthropic Administration weren't coming along to sustain you when you showed mercurial judgments,

and if you failed to meet your payroll of a Saturday night for a sixty-hour week on the part of employes, you stood your own losses if they took steps and wrecked the place. You learned to be self-reliant and not indulge in mistakes of judgment. If you ultimately left ten millions to your progeny that was your affair as well, the Washington politicians not assuming they had the right to step in and grab four-fifths of it to finance ball parks in Patagonia for winning the international pennant from Buchistan . . .

o—o

GEORGE Horace Lorimer's admiration for hard-headed Old Philip was unbounded, and *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* were well-nigh the Bible of the Horatio Alger element back at the turn of the century. Today even the Algiers are an extinct breed, not to mention the Armours and Lorimers, and the *Satevepost* of the present scarcely blinks an editorial eye when Harold Stassen loans a hundred million of our federal funds to Communist Poland then expects the taxpayer also to finance all countries combatting Communism. It all makes perpetual war a surety, and perpetual war means perpetually good business. Likewise it popularizes that school of "modern" business executives who must have at least \$4,000 worth of pressed steel furniture in their "sanitary" offices—of drawingroom proportions—before they can even fill out a Social Security card for \$8-worth of weekly Withholding Tax. If running a business corporation with all the prodigality of a modern war leaves it millions in the Red, there is always a host of alphabetical Washington bureaus to whom to apply to make up one's dampfoolism. George Horace Lorimer—not to mention Old Philip—can be enjoying no Eternal Rest in their present cemetery locations, due to their incapacibilities to stop themselves spinning . . .

o—o

LORIMER, strange to realize, was a native of Louisville, Ky., where he'd been born in 1866. This made him just one year younger than my own dad and gave him full license to conduct himself paternally toward me. Graduating from Yale, he hied himself to Chicago as the aforesaid Armour menial, did newspaper work betimes, and in 1899 landed the job of running the *Satevepost*. This meant



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that he was only 31 years old when that responsibility fell upon him. Those were the days of Edward Bok and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Edward having wedded a daughter of Old Cyrus H. K. and popularized the *Journal* by going editorially as far as he dared in telling innocent maidens the Facts of Procreation. Lorimer ran Edward a close second, popularizing the *Post* by going editorially as far as he dared in telling embryonic Vanderbilts and Rockefellers the Facts of Economic Procreation so that they went hence and did likewise. *The Post* became the Bible of the element that spent no moneys until they were earned and went in debt for nothing but unavoidable hospital bills—indeed, it frequently implied that demise was greatly to be preferred to a hospital operation for which one had no money. It idolized such financial geniuses as Old Man Loft of the Candy interests, whose private offices even after his firm was doing business in the millions, weren't much larger than a modern telephone booth. Almost Loft was required to dictate his morning mail through a rent in the glass door of it. Picture-book offices mean nothing but nourishment of the vanities of nincompoops, anyhow. To turn out dividends was—and is—the thing. Even the corporate president who owned more than five suits of clothes was regarded with suspicion . . back in 1899.

o—o

IT WAS a great school to be raised in, because it did breed self-reliance, thrift, and independence. It enabled one to see through the economic phonies by at least the third day of beholding them perform. You learned that delusions of grandeur paid off no politicians, and that there rarely was a man out of work who essentially didn't have himself to blame for it. Good men transferred from one job directly to a higher because the greater responsibility invited them. Workers didn't rely on the mass strike to hold their jobs but made themselves so invaluable no one could replace them. The main objectives to shoot for in life were security and stability, whether you ran a steel corporation or a peanut stand. And symbolizing all of it, the *Satevepost* came out week upon week, always in the same distinctive format, sold for 5¢ the copy, and reflected from its pages the security and stability of the United States that was.

"We don't want any more circulation," George Horace declared to me on one occasion, "because the sheer paper cost per copy exceeds what we get for it from the purchaser, and our advertisers can stand no further tilts in our ad-rates." Of course the first thing his successors did, in what they called "keeping up with the times" was to abolish the *Post's* typographical distinction and make it look like every other pictorial weekly on the stands. But Soulcraft does owe George Horace a debt of gratitude, in that the principles it inculcated have tended to keep the Soulcraft presses turning a matter of twenty-six years. The boss may draw but \$30 a week and work in the lean-to of a made-over box-factory, but the point is, the presses do turn and never throughout its history has Soulcraft been sued for a merchandise account. It all boils down to the fact that Economics have neither styles nor seasons. And like pig's knuckles, so periodicals. Sell them for a dollar when they've cost you 99¢ and you go upward. Sell them for a dollar and let them cost you \$1.01 and by simple mathematics you merely fold. Oh well, it's old-fashioned but it still works! . . -THE INTERPRETER

Dan Fry's Story

(Continued from Page 7)

cer literature. In it can be found the straight-from-the-shoulder answers to many enigmas about the Saucers that are most puzzling to the laymen. Fry does not require to "prove" anything about his narrative; the text proves itself conclusively from what it discloses. But by no means is it a book "written to make money out of the Saucer racket." It was chiefly at Franklin Thomas' solicitation that it was published at all.

With 14,700 Saucer sightings reported to the Air Force since the first of the year, it is evident that something is happening which cannot be interminably discredited. *The White Sands Incident* will help tremendously in its understanding.

Daniel W. Fry has done his puzzled brethren an important and timely service.

AS SOON as people are old enough to know better they don't know anything at all.

Life on the Moon?

(Continued from Page 11)

a book. These spots grow . . . shrink . . . and change color.

Bright beams have been observed shooting out of certain craters; bright objects have been seen around the Moon, and dark spots come and go. On January 27, 1912, astronomer F. B. Harris was badly shaken. He had looked at the Moon and instantly wished he hadn't. He saw what he reported as an "intensely black object" whose size he estimated at 50 by 250 miles!

Space intelligences claim that they use the Moon for a base, and that the famous "little men" are inhabitants of the Moon. The answer to what's causing the lunar phenomena is obvious.

It must really be a miniature planet of which our earth is sub sun!

Anything to Oblige

THE loving wife demanded, "Honey, if I were to die before you, would you promise to keep my grave green?"

"Don't be morbid," the husband answered, wishing to read his evening paper. "You're a long way from dead yet."



"Yes, I know," the wife persisted, "but I want to be sure my last resting-place will not be neglected. You might get married again or something and forget me."

"Huh?" growled the spouse, without looking up.

"I told you I didn't want to be forgotten. Darling, are you positive you'll keep my grave green?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, that's a great consolation. Only I'd like for you to say it with more fervor, more devotion, more tenderness. Precious, are you absolutely certain—"

The pestered man crashed down his paper.

"Hannah," he exploded, "I'll keep that dad-gummed grave of yours green if I have to paint it. Now are you satisfied?" He straightened out his paper and went on reading.



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Noblesville, Indiana

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

THE MAIN Soulcraft event of the week has been the retirement of Bill Manspeaker from Soulcraft affairs in order to pursue earlier commercial projects requiring his time and enhancing his prospects. Owing to many developments since February—not all of them within his control—Bill had not been able to realize the Headquarters achievements he had optimistically visualized. The conduct of a successful publishing business requires a highly specialized background, not to mention training. Bill's experience has been entirely in the fields of metallurgy and heavy manufacturing. Furthermore, he had uniformly been connected with firms of ample established resources where technique of management did not demand the assiduous application of the individual that must be the practice in the small businessman to keep his enterprises solvent. Almost from the first we discovered we by no means saw eye to eye in the craft of Management itself, he contending that large operation automatically took care of mechanical details whereas my own policies dictated expert surveillance of all processes, that waste and error be held to a minimum. Furthermore, I had been trained in a school of doing the essential thing at the time it was essential, and making each dollar count in creation of product. At a critical conference on Monday night a week ago, the issues were thrashed out, Bill concurring that he might more happily return to those fields of activity where he felt himself at home. The separation was amicable, however, and decisions reached with Soulcraft's good at heart . . .

I REALIZE clearly that, seen from outside, it should be no difficulty to publish books, advertise books, and sell books—on a million-dollar annual basis quite as easily as upon a hundred thousand dollar annual basis. By simple mathematics, any experienced executive should do that. Unfortunately, in the Soulcraft instance, it is not only a vital matter to write and produce the books but to do it consistent with the enlightenment that's in the books. That's where human nature enters, the unknown factor. Methods that are entirely proper and workable for manufacturing motorcars may run up against all kinds of complications when selling a product embodying idealisms. From the very start, the nature of the *source* of the funds involved must have the most astute and sophisticate surveillance, or interests find lodgment whose censoring influences can wreck the whole program. You can't go to a man and sell him a hundred thousand dollars worth of

stock in a publishing house without his sitting up and taking notice of what the said house may be essaying to publish. If he fail to approve in every instance, discord and frustration is introduced. Or your hundred thousand dollar investor dies and his stockholdings are distributed among his heirs, to be subsequently disposed of to someone who has clandestine interest in seeing that the Soulcraft publishings are disrupted or halted. An executive not inhibited by these stipulations might indeed achieve a surpassing accomplishment. But disregarding them purblindly might ruin in a fortnight all that Soulcraft has built in a quarter-century . . .

AN IRON hand has been kept on the Soulcraft rudder for twenty-six years, in consequence of which it still endures and expands. Disruptions or assailments have come and gone, but as a spiritual project it has hewed to one major and undeviating policy—for which it is becoming known throughout the Christian countries of the earth. Its founder's abnormal knowledge of subversive forces has kept it clear of jeopardizing entanglements and affiliations—which is why he acquired it. Although some of its Headquarters' facilities may seem rudimentary, it has knowingly shouldered no obligations it has been unable to amortize. It wasn't Bill Manspeaker's fault that he felt optimistic at the beginning about results that my own twenty-five years of technical vicissitude made me look at askance. As time vindicated me quite as much as it dismayed Bill, I had it brought home to me that it was indulging in desire-wish thinkings to assume that two skippers could pilot one ship or I could take holiday and let another attempt it without my background to guide it. So long as I'm alive, therefore, I must chart the course of Soulcraft. Apparently having started it, it means I must finish it. I may have my limitations and even my deficiencies, but I *do* know how to write and print books and publications that the public buys and reads, and so the responsibility for doing it is mine. Bill has therefore retired most graciously. We are better friends than ever because there is only one of each of us, and neither can be the other . . .

¶ IT IS just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you or smearing you, as it is when they are shooting at you . . .

but that is quite as it should be, individuality being what life's experiences make it. I believe in putting all my eggs in one basket and then watching the basket with hawkish concentration. My basket of eggs is Soulcraft, and my other interests nil. I was especially trained for forty to fifty years to fill the niche I'm at present occupying and I might as well like it and stop growling because there aren't a dozen of me. Think of a *dozen* of me! God forbid!